

THE HAREFIELD PARK



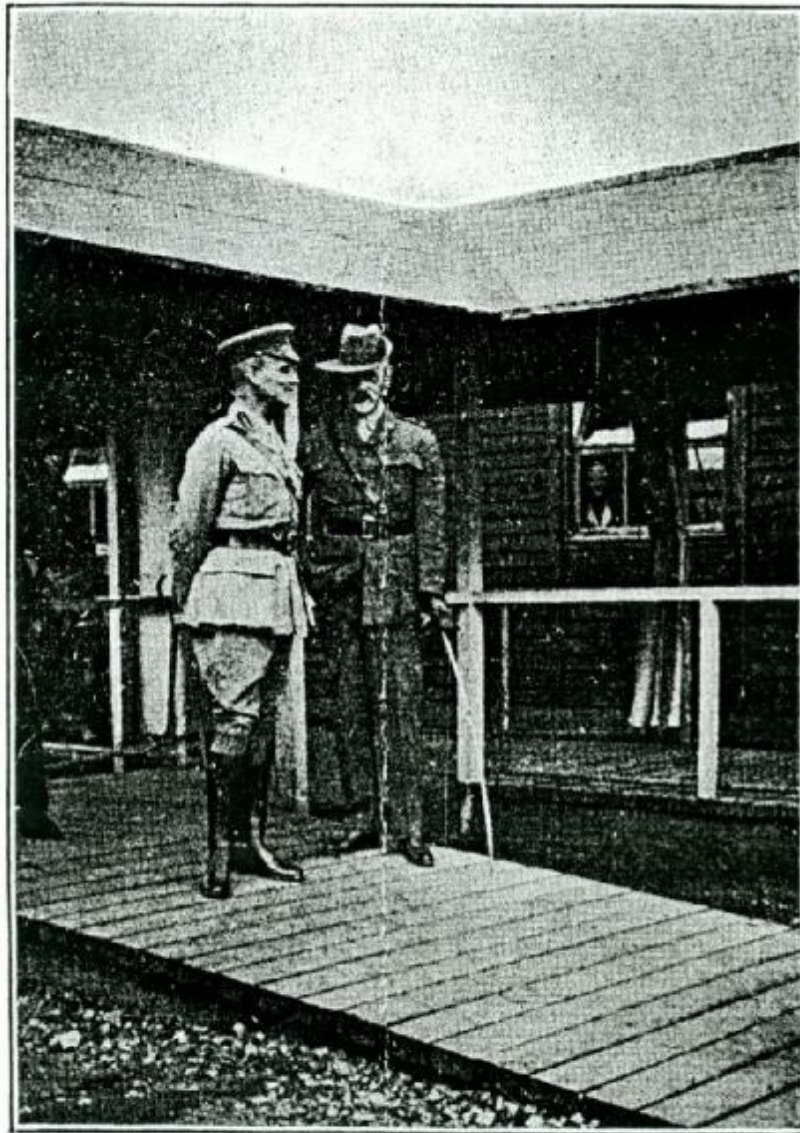
BOOMERANG



December, 1916.



HE DISTRIBUTORS, upon whom devolves the responsibility of gauging the demand to a nicety—turning no would-be reader away and preventing a bulky irreducible remainder to choke the incinerator—invite advance orders for the next issue before December 30th. Copy and sketches should be sent to the Editors before the 24th. All communications, business and otherwise, to be addressed: "The Editors, c/o The Registrar, 1st A.A. Hospital, Harefield, Middlesex." January number will contain the first of a series of sketches of Harefield Park history from Norman times.



General Birdwood and Lieut.-Colonel Hayward. ^{R.L.}

The *Boomerang* will be sold by the canteens and by A. Jackson, Stationer, Harefield. Get in early! We undertake to post the journal for six months to any address for eighteen pence. The block on page five was kindly lent by the *British Australasian*, to whom best thanks.

E. & K.

THE HAREFIELD PARK BOOMERANG

Issued by permission of LIEUTENANT-COLONEL HAYWARD,
Officer Commanding First Australian Auxiliary Hospital,
Middlesex, England.

No. 1.

December, 1916.

Price Twopence

The *Harefield Boomerang* dies to soft music, and is resurrected in new form and features as the *Harefield Park Boomerang*.

Our forerunner the outcome of praiseworthy private enterprise of two enthusiastic tyros; the present effort a result of their generous gift of kudos and goodwill to a species of co-operative directorate drawn from all sections of the hospital staff.

In launching their little journal upon the great sea of London journalism, the Editors are reminded of Landseer's "Dignity and Impudence," but assert that the terrier has no ambition to be adjudged a bloodhound, and will play its own little part to the limits of its capacity.

There is no danger of contributors being paid, but thanks will be lavishly distributed. The passwords admitting to our rare pages—Originality and Brevity. Feelers hereby for snapshots, drawings, thumb-nail reflections and impressions, yarns, verses, and other literary paraphernalia. Patients with the time, talent, and theme invited to drop a contribution for the *Boomerang* at the canteen.

The Editors know no politics, though they do not bar political comment above a contributor's signature. In the Army, Liberal and Labour, Conservative and Progressive, Individualist and Socialist, are merged into one party of national safety. When the work of defeating the Royal Prussian Anarchist is complete, we shall doubtless turn our combative energies against each other with all the old-time unreasoning bitterness; but for the time we have bigger game, and are comrades in the noblest crusade of the ages. Patrician joined with plebeian, state with state, Australia with the Dominions, Britain with her overseas progeny, the Empire with the allied nations—one people with one purpose: worthy of our best, demanding supremest effort, till out of the rough, ugly stone of warlust is hewn the comely lines of a nobler Europe and a stronger manhood.

Reflections.

The Spirit of Our Boys.

One cannot but be struck by the all-round cheery tone of our large family from the grim fields of France and Belgium. Meet them where you may, in the wards, the grounds, village streets, or off for a day's outing with friends, our boys exhibit a rarely bright spirit, whatever their physical disabilities. It is not by any means an easy matter to get a comrade to say much of his experiences as a combatant over the Channel, but if you ask him of his mate, or a section or battery with which he has been connected, his enthusiasm fires at once, and you hear graphic reminiscences of the storming of some enemy position in which a pal heroically figures, or a decimated company holding its ground against a horde of better armed foemen. Many an interesting story is told round the ward fires: recitals of facts in which individual nobility has been conspicuously displayed. Blackie, the dearly-loved Edinboro' professor of Greek, spoke well when he said: "The mind should be decorated with heroic pictures." This is the young life, of such various types, that has come from sunny homes with a right hearty will to do and dare for the Empire to the utmost of their strength. In converse with friends, our young warriors know well how to describe their own homes far away in towns or by country-side, and compare them with those of Great Britain; and none more than they know how to acknowledge the kindness of the noble-hearted residents of Harefield and neighbourhood, to whom we all owe more gratitude than we are able to express for their extremely hearty interest in our well-being at all times. G. M.

The Will to Co-operate.

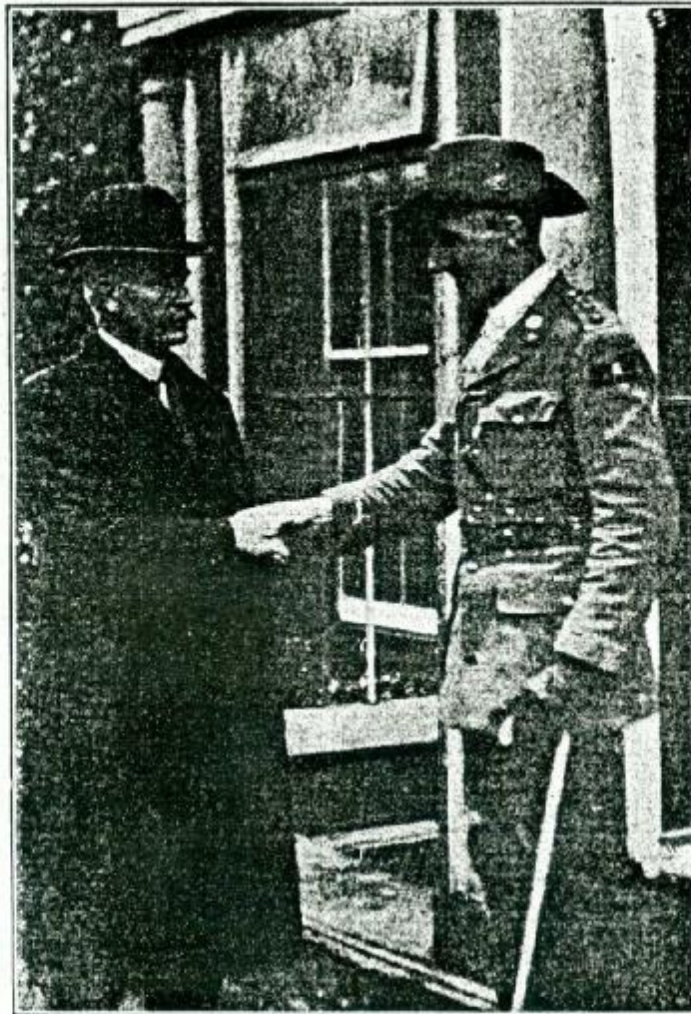
Tact, personal influence, adherence to strict methods, fair play—these factors are as essential for success in civil occupations as they are for success in war, not only in the firing line, but behind it. We hold our efficient leaders in high respect for their capacity for supervision and co-operation. The "Soul of Anzac" was a well-earned name! Foremost among the common ends of the moment is to defeat the Hun by destroying Prussianism and to maintain the freedom that has always been enjoyed where the British flag has flown. To realise so great an end there must be smooth working of our armies, and in every part of them. The will to co-operate must exist among all ranks. We are Australians and proud of our freedom; but don't let us be slack. We must pull together. The road to victory is by discipline and the will to co-operate.

H. R. H.

Honours for Heroes.

Visit of the High Commissioner.

The Right Hon. Andrew Fisher, P.C., High Commissioner for Australia, visited this Hospital on Sunday, November 19th, and presented several medals won by members of the A.I.F. for the deeds of gallantry detailed below in extracts from the "London Gazette" and other official records. The ceremony was performed in the Concert Hall.



The High Commissioner and our Chaplain.

[Underwood & Underwood. Photo.]

Mr. Fisher was accompanied to the platform by the Officer Commanding (Lieutenant-Colonel W. T. Hayward), the Registrar (Major J. A. Smeal), and Mr. Box (Private Secretary to the High Commissioner). Mr. and Mrs. Billyard Leake, Mrs. Box, and Mrs. Gregg MacGregor were noticed among the visitors. Of the Hospital staff present may be mentioned Majors Verco, Allan, Furber, and Cameron, and Captains Vernon, Butcher, Gray, and Bradshaw. Matron Gray and a number of the sisters were also interested spectators.

Mr. Fisher warmly congratulated each recipient, and Mrs. Fisher assisted by pinning the medal to the soldier's breast, this being preceded in each case by the reading of the official record of his deeds, as follows :—

Distinguished Conduct Medals.

Private (now Captain-Chaplain) J. V. F. GREGG-MACGREGOR,
No. 611, 1st Field Ambulance.

“For conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty on the 25th April, 1915, and subsequent days, after the landing at Gaba Tepe (Dardanelles). In company with another man, Private Gregg-MacGregor showed the greatest bravery and resource in attending to the wounded. Totally regardless of danger he was for three consecutive days under a continuous and heavy shell and rifle fire dressing and collecting the wounded from the most exposed positions. He allowed no personal risk or fatigue to interfere with the performance of his duties, and his gallant conduct and devotion offered a splendid example to all ranks.”

Sergeant F. ALBERRY, No. 867, 8th Battalion.

“For conspicuous gallantry in action. He controlled four machine guns with great skill and determination, and did fine work with them throughout. He was wounded while being relieved, while holding a strong post, and has since lost a leg.”

Sergeant A. SCHLEON, No. 218, 8th Battalion.

“For conspicuous gallantry during operations. He showed great determination during several days of intense artillery fire and throughout an attack on the enemy. He was badly wounded establishing an advanced strong post.”

Private JOHN MILES, No. 2244, 1st Battalion.

“Private Miles carried despatches under heavy shell fire for eight days, in the course of which time all the other despatch riders fell. He exhibited extreme devotion and an entire disregard of peril.”

Trooper THOMAS M. RENTON, No. 969, 10th A.L.H.

“For conspicuous gallantry and coolness under very trying circumstances. He has done fine work, and lost a leg as the result of wounds received in action.”

In this case the D.C.M. ribbon alone was presented, as the medal had been forwarded in August to the Officer Commanding of the Anzac Mounted Division in France, and therefore was not available for the Harefield function.

Military Medals.

Sergeant ALLAN B. DREW, No. 716, 4th Battalion.

“Sergeant Drew was in charge of a supply party supplying the First Brigade at Pozieres. He managed to get rations into the front trenches during an intense artillery bombardment lasting five days. He showed a total disregard of personal danger.”

Corporal F. L. PERCY, No. 277, 4th Battalion.

“Corporal Percy stood by an ammunition dump that had been ignited by an enemy shell, remaining in this perilous position warning his comrades who were passing down a sap near by until the last man had passed in safety. The whole of this N.C.O.'s section approached his officer commanding to state their appreciation of this unusually gallant action.”

Private PATRICK E. SOUTH, No. 280, 4th Battalion.

“Private South carried on his work of bandaging and bringing wounded into cover for hours without intermission and during most galling fire. He exhibited rare courage and coolness under exceptionally trying conditions.”

Sergeant JOHN L. BRYSON, No. 1884, 18th Battalion.

“Sergeant Bryson, after holding a position on the right of his company with a machine gun, went over with ten men of his section, carrying ammunition, and helped to take two lines of German trenches. On his arrival at the second line all his comrades had fallen, yet undaunted he set his machine gun in a shell hole in advance of the second captured trench and secured much of the ammunition dropped by his fallen comrades. He assisted in digging out his wounded mates and carrying them to shelter. During this gallant action his right hand was blown away.”

Sergeant R. CROW, No. 2124, 23rd Battalion.

“Sergeant Crow after going over into ‘No Man’s Land’ with his platoon, and digging in fifty yards from the German trenches, as ordered, proved himself in the absence of stretcher-bearers of singular service in dressing and bringing in wounded under heavy fire. Sergeant Crow subsequently lost a limb as a result of wounds inflicted by a German bomb.”

Sergeant F. E. BRADSHAW, No. 2107, 23rd Battalion.

“During the 14th Battalion raid on the enemy trenches at Armentieres he did specially good work in bringing in the wounded from this battalion, which was being cut up by the Germans’ machine guns. He led three of his platoon in a most gallant attack. Sergeant Bradshaw was personally congratulated by General Birdwood.”

Corporal A. McGORM, No. 1785, 5th Battalion.

“Corporal McGorm displayed very great presence of mind in rallying about thirty men during heavy shell fire at Pozieres, and thus he saved many lives.”

Private (now Lance-Corporal) W. E. BUTCHER, No. 2579, 51st Battalion.

“Private Butcher during an attack on a German trench on the night 14th-15th August, 1916, showed splendid initiative when all the N.C.O.’s of his platoon were either killed or wounded. He took command, rallied the remainder of the men, and ordered them to dig in and hold on till daylight. On the morning of 15th August, under fire, he assisted in bringing in five wounded men from ‘No Man’s Land’ to shelter within our lines.”

Lance-Corporal Butcher was also presented with the ribbon of the Russian Order of St. George, 4th Class.

Private DONALD ROSS, No. 13352, 13th Field Ambulance.

“Private Ross collected and dressed wounded in ‘No Man’s Land’ under the heaviest bombardment, and showed entire disregard of his personal safety.”

Private Ross had already been decorated with the Military Medal ribbon on the field in Belgium by General Birdwood, and had also received a congratulatory communication from General Cox.

It was announced that Military Medals had been awarded to Private R. Charman, No. 853, 11th Battalion (now of the A.M.T.S. attached to this Hospital), and to Private W. J. Delaney, No. 3064, 59th Battalion, a patient. Neither of these medals, however, were available for presentation.

Another Presentation.

On Monday, November 20th, a pleasing little ceremony took place in the patients’ canteen, when the Officer Commanding (Lieutenant-Colonel Hayward) presented to Private P. S. Nankivel, No. 949, 30th Battalion, the Military Medal awarded to him for bravery at Fleur Baix in carrying during a terrific bombardment, and in the face of numerous barbed wire obstructions, a despatch from his platoon commander to the officer commanding his battalion.

A. D. W.

The Hospital and Round About.

The darkness of December nights is responsible for many misunderstandings in Harefield. Incident number one. Scene: By the Hospital fence. Time: "Lights out." Two figures pause as they meet. "I say, old man, give us a leg up over the fence." The accosted one: "See here, my man, if you want to get into the Hospital try the main gate." "And who the blazes are you?"—heatedly from the other—"You ought to be in the Army." "Quite so," icily responded the accosted; "I am the W.O.!" Exit patient.

* * *

Incident number two. At the main gate about 11 p.m. A figure emerges out of the dark and hurries through the gate. "Halt!" demands the picket. No response. "Halt!" The figure turns. "I say, old man," exclaims the picket, "don't you think it time you took a tumble to yourself and stopped whenever you're challenged? What hut do you belong to?" The challenged one: "No hut at all; I am Captain Blank!" Exit picket.

* * *

Jock Mathie, of the patients' canteen, attended on pay-day with a collection-box for the brass band. He coaxed and cajoled and promised with much artfulness. The limit was: "Don't forget the band, lads; you'll be the first to squeak if we don't come and play at your funeral."

Little Jock Mathie went to the messroom

To get the brass band some dough;

A man wanted change! Said Jock, "That's strange,

I reckon your change I must owe."

His advice to a man who wanted change was: "Try Jerusalem!—first turning to the right, second to the left."

* * *

In the staff canteen a few nights ago football was, of course, the principal topic. Several Rugby enthusiasts rose to show the Australian Rules players what a "scrum" was. I couldn't quite see who was conducting the operations, as all were huddled over an imaginary ball. "Exert all your strength now, lads, and hold firmly together," a voice said. At this crucial moment M— stumbled into the canteen and against the demonstrators, and the scrum was floored.

* * *

The very first number of our forerunner, *The Harefield Boomerang*, to be sold was bought by the Denham Station boy, who had difficulty in lighting the fire in the waiting-room. Copies of that journal went to Scotland, Australia, France, India, Egypt, South Africa, Canada, and Malta. Of a truth, the Home and Colonial fires are kept burning!

C. A. E.

Things Seen.

Five Nights.

Furlough in London, with five cold, dreary nights to fill in. Tuesday, Drury Lane : heart jumping and eyes protruding from sight of explosions, shipwreck, motor race on moving stage, fall from cliff, submarine exploits, divers' struggles—unreal emotion, unpassionate passion. Wednesday, Lyric : Doris Keane's restrained, natural, psychological interpretation of courtesan character under new transforming influence. Thursday, Old Vic. : threepenny gallery, amid odour of orange peel and stale sweat, and noise of cracking peanuts and snappy critiques—"Othello," followed after tea by Verdi's "La Traviata" : keenly presented and as keenly appreciated. Friday, His Majesty's : Gorgeous colouring, true to Eastern originals; catchy musical numbers; "Chu Chin Chow," a typical Oscar Asche medley of dramatic form : ballet, pantomime, melodrama, comic opera. Saturday, Aldwych : Sir Thomas Beecham and Verdi's masterpiece, "Aida" : ancient Egypt living again in its grand temples and palm-enshrined oases, the inspiring strains of the master's music giving voice to the psychic forces that traditionally attach to the remains of the ancient glory, even as they now lie broken, dusty, neglected, against the encroaching wilderness.

G. A.

Ely Cathedral.

Among the swamps of Ely Hereward the Wake held out for long against William the Conqueror. On the highest part of Ely the Cathedral is built. Approach through its grounds, which extend almost to the station, and you have delightful glimpses of the glorious old building all the way. The symmetrical central tower first attracts, for the design, octagonal, is so uncommon. The great porch—the "Galilee porch"—is the most beautiful in the world, and we remain spellbound in admiration. We pass into the nave, which is 208 feet long. The painted ceiling—six scenes from the Old Testament and six from the New Testament—at once attracts the eye. The ceiling plan of the octagon is something never to be forgotten. The sculpture, windows, and colour scheme all harmonise, and produce such an effect that one involuntarily exclaims, "How beautiful!" In the Lady Chapel, built in 1321, the stonework is quite a marvel of man's handywork. The chapel is 46 feet wide, but the stone roof has no supporting columns. The foundations of the Cathedral were laid in 1083, and there are examples of every period in the structure. It is in a fine state of preservation. Oliver Cromwell, who helped to destroy much of the sculpture of other cathedrals, was Governor of the Isle of Ely, and saw that little damage was done to this building.

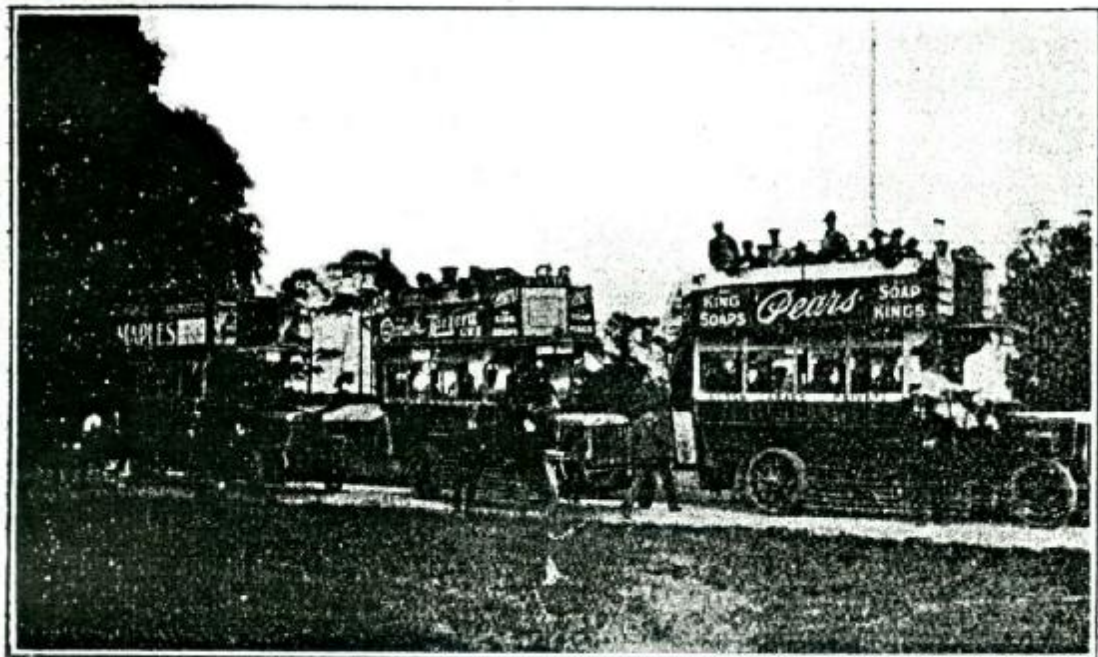
C. H. S.

The Chronicle.

The Registrar has attained his majority. Our congratulations and best wishes!

* * *

Sister Lucas, always spoken of as the "Dinkum Sister" by patients and orderlies alike, has been transferred to France, much to everyone's regret.



A Day's Outing.

R. L.

During November Mr. and Mrs. A. Mayor held a sale of souvenirs of the Zeppelin L31, which fell at Potter's Bar on October 1st. Many interesting souvenirs were sold, and the gross proceeds, amounting to £6, were handed to the Director of Recreation for the recreation account. The thanks of all are due to Mr. and Mrs. Mayor for their donation.

* * *

Mr. Ross Jones showed his usual energetic conception of the duties of his post as Director of Recreation and Study by providing a series of enjoyable outings and entertainments during the month. Early in the month patients had a long 'bus ride into London through the green (or rather autumn-tinted) lanes to attend afternoon tea at Mansion House on the Lord Mayor's (Sir Charles Wakefield's) invitation. A few days later about eighty witnessed the Lord Mayor's Show from Australia House and the Agent-Generalcies of Queensland and South Australia. On the 16th the Ironmongers' Company entertained twenty-four of our boys at the Royal Colonial Institute, while fifty heard "Elijah" at Westminster Abbey on the 24th. There were also sundry concert and theatre parties.

The finest picture treat in our own Recreation Hall was the "Battle of the Somme," given on the 27th at 6.30 and 9 o'clock. The concert companies were generally excellent, and it is invidious to make distinctions. We may be excused, however, if we mention Mr. Peter Dawson's afternoon visit, and his splendid rendering of "The Toreador's Song" from "Carmen" and "The Little Irish Girl." Mr. Dawson was ably assisted by the contralto singer Miss Eileen Boyd, who is also well known in Australia.

* * *

At last we have a band at Harefield Park, for which much credit is due to all the members, and to the bandmaster, Private R. G. Comans, and the drum-major, Staff-Sergeant Williams. There is much room for improvement—that goes without saying, for its age is barely thirty days; but members are settling down



Returning from a Comrade's Grave.

to earnest practice, and already there are signs that a band will evolve not unworthy of the name of Anzac. Members have already performed in public on three occasions with more or less success. Anyhow, we are proud of ourselves now that we are able to march behind a real noisy, martial brass band of our own.

* * *

We regret to announce two deaths during the month. Private A. V. Farthing, 13th Battalion, 5685, from Sydney, died on November 9th, after being in the Hospital little more than twenty-four hours. Private Leo Knox, 1st Battalion, 1562, from Ashfield, Sydney, died on November 15th. Both were given military funerals, which were largely attended by officers, patients, and staff. Captain-Chaplain MacGregor officiated.

The late Private Knox was at the landing on Gallipoli, and was in the Lone Pine engagement. He was wounded on August 29th and was invalided to Malta. Rejoining his unit on October 2nd, he took part in the evacuation of the peninsula. He went from Egypt to France with the first contingent of Australians, and was wounded at Pozieres.

* * *

The new Red Cross store will be a favourite spot in future, from what we have seen of its Presiding-Genius-to-be. We welcome Miss Staley to Harefield, and hope she will find us not as "red" as we are painted.

* * *

Thus a sister: It was with somewhat mixed feelings that we saw a number of our sisters leave for France—glad that they were faring forth to new fields of usefulness, which seems the goal of everyone's ambition; yet a little sadness crept in, the reason for which I had to leave undiagnosed, as perhaps it was only disappointment that we had not been chosen instead. The majority of these sisters—Sisters Lucas, Harrison, Cuming, and Craney—had toiled here for many moons; in some cases, I think, from the transformation of Harefield Park into a hospital. The other two—Sisters Connolly and Newell—had recently joined us from Bagthorpe Hospital, Nottingham. We speed each and all with our best wishes, and hope the lines will fall for them, if not in altogether pleasant places—which would be out of place in war time—at least in useful ones.

* * *

The first big break in the Hospital staff for many a day—Matron Gray going to France to a bigger job. Hearty congratulations and the best of good luck from everybody! We shall miss her, but we are glad her worth is recognised by Headquarters again. The last time was when she received the Royal Red Cross (First Class) some months ago.

* * *

A truly Anzac wedding was celebrated by our distinguished chaplain at Codshall, in the Midlands, where Private E. Nye, of the Hospital staff, was married to Miss Jones, who previously served as a nurse in a military hospital in Egypt, where the couple first became acquainted. Lance-Corporal Rainey was best man. The honeymoon was spent at Barmouth, Wales.

* * *

Rickmansworth Church presented a festive appearance on November 25th, when Miss Helen Atkins, of that town, was united in the bonds of matrimony to Private Charles Sandry, of our staff. Private Colin Greville acted as best man. A dainty supper was partaken of at the home of the bride's parents after the ceremony, and the honeymoon was spent in Brighton.

Is it Dinkum

That somewhere the sun is shining?
 That "the hoar frost is the very devil"?
 That red noses are the rule about waterproof capes?
 That if you put fuel on the fire it will burn?
 That a board is not a board till you're aboard?
 That the Australian jackass at home wakes one early every morning?
 That other jackasses keep one awake here well into the night?
 That a space is still being watched in a messroom?



A Ward Angel and Her Care.

That Robinson Crew-so because he smelt Friday? Phew!
 That a mess orderly has had a haircut?
 That it is a good opportunity to re-hair the ward brooms?
 That J.J.J. stands for James J. Jeffries or for Jerry Jennings the Juggler?
 That the Registrar's clerks don't take sugar—when it is on bogged lorries?
 That a gun-carriage arrived at the Hospital twenty-four hours late for a funeral?
 That the Canadian Rugby team thought it suggested the Australian's usual short way with stubborn umpires?
 That out-sizes in hats became scarce after our Rugby victory?
 That we resumed normal sizes a week later?
 That indications point to a local marriage epidemic?
 That someone is looking for a jackeroo?
 That the pioneers poisoned the O.C.'s dog?

- That the cats all wink at Sergeant Clarke?
 That there is a new incinerator growing?
 That the sergeants did not pay their rent?
 That they are moving to the stables because there are no horses?
 That they will then be lieu-tenants?
 That the quartermaster-sergeant is a teetotaler?
 That it is a mystery what makes him tight?
 That the Harefield Tribunal accepts no excuse for over-indulgence?
 That the old familiar faces are not now seen on sick parade?
 That our dentists haughtily reproved the patient who dropped into their chair and ordered a shave?



D. L. H.

Our Mascot.

- That the dental staff is dilly on Zeppelin relics?
 That any flyer who brings down a Zeppelin near Ward 11 can have all teeth out free on demand?
 That the Q.M. can hardly be seen nowadays for mud?
 That motor-cycles, drains, fires, Christmas dinners, buildings and indents quite fill his cup of contentment?
 That he has something to say on the English climate which we decline to print in these unsullied pages?
 That he can best be located at 11 in the canteen between the layers of a sandwich?
 That it is asserted on the highest authority that there is activity at the officers' cubicle boiler at 2 a.m.?
 That the boiler is 60 centigrade and the language boiling point?
 That the sisters are annoyed at only half hearing what is said by the distinguished stoker?
 That they propose to instal a megaphone?

Football.

Rugby Rules.

At last a Rugby football club has been formed at this Hospital. On Saturday, November 18th, it was officially launched on the Harefield Common, which, for the occasion, had been transformed into a lovely frozen lake. Our opponents were the Canadian Headquarters. The announcement of a match "Australia v. Canada" attracted an enthusiastic crowd of patients and villagers. About 3 o'clock the teams filed on the field, and Harefield won the toss. Both teams then exchanged cheers, Lieutenant-Colonel Hayward blew the whistle, and the first football match played by a team representative of this Hospital commenced. Snow was falling at the commencement of the game and, continuing throughout, created weather conditions entirely foreign to the majority of our players. The sloppy nature of the ground and the consequent greasiness of the ball prevented a dazzling display of football being provided, and the spectators were treated to an exhibition of wet weather tactics.

During the first half Rawlins and McGregor scored tries for Harefield, both of which were unconverted. The second half was very evenly contested, and play was at times fairly fast. There was no score by either side, and when the final whistle blew Harefield raced off the field winners by 6 points to nil. Private Woodham refereed the match impartially and gave every satisfaction to both sides.

After the match the teams dined together in the orderlies' messroom.

R. J.

Australian Rules.

While Australian Rules is essentially a game in which combined play is the main feature, it nevertheless lends itself to frequent and, to some extent, necessary individual effort. Apparently, with this latter fact in view, the Harefield team tackled a most formidable proposition in the shape of a solid combination from Horseferry Road on the Harefield Common on Saturday, November 25th, and it was in a large measure responsible for the downfall of the home team.

The visitors elected to play with the wind, and from the bounce off by the O.C., Colonel Hayward, more or less demoralised the home team by a pretty exhibition of concerted work, which resulted in one point being registered. Forcing the play without cessation, Headquarters confined the play to the vicinity of the Harefield goal line, where a smart snap kick hoisted six more points. Even at this early stage of the game it was apparent that the Harefield team were outclassed. Against a team which had considerable advantage in the matter

of weight, condition, and knowledge of each other's play, the home side found great difficulty in making headway.

On resuming after the first quarter, Harefield showed a considerable improvement, and on a number of occasions pressed Headquarters to their own line. They were, however, for the most part momentary flashes, which in the main devolved upon the forward and centre men. On the other hand, Headquarters, instead of confining play to several men, gave every member of the side an opportunity of handling the ball, with the result that at half-time the scores stood at 31 points to 12 in their favour. The second half saw Harefield defending well, and at times more than holding their own. The marked advantage which the visitors exerted over Harefield in many respects was in a good measure counterbalanced by the fleetness of the home boys. The third quarter was by far the most strenuously contested of the match, and frequently exciting bouts of massing and ruck work elicited great applause from the enthusiastic crowd of onlookers. The quarter ended with Headquarters still holding a material advantage in the matter of points, but with the knowledge that, although they were playing a weaker team, it was one which could fight back stubbornly and effectively. Two tired teams followed the bounce for the last quarter, and in the failing light a straggling, scrappy scrimmage ensued, with Headquarters always holding the upper hand. The final whistle blew with the scores : Headquarters 6 goals, 15 behinds ; Harefield 3 goals, 2 behinds. Mc.

Our Interviews.

1. With the O.C.

The other morning I came home late—only thirteen and a half hours—and the W.O. insisted most unnecessarily on my appearing before the O.C. at orderly room, 9.30 a.m. I didn't want to bother the O.C., and said so quite forcibly—in fact, I swore it most positively ; but the W.O. is very dense at times. And 9.30 of all hours ! Just the time when the O.C. wants to read the paper and suck his pipe. I wonder he puts up with it—but perhaps the W.O. has the same persuasive ways with the O.C. that he has with me. I hope so, I'm sure. Anyway, at 9.25 a.m., with four other shivering criminals, I shuffled about the floor outside the Registrar's office and tried to look honest. As this effort failed miserably, I scowled viciously at everyone who passed, and was just getting into real good form when the O.C. came through and I had to spring to attention at a moment's notice. I don't like these sudden moves either—I believe they are bad for the heart. I suppose he has so many deaths on his conscience already that a few more don't matter ; at any rate, he is quite callous about it. Presently the W.O. appeared again and called out in a loud voice, " Private

McMurphy!" I shuffled into the office, walking lame with my uninjured leg, and holding my uninjured arm at an awkward angle, while my face presented an appearance of everlasting woe. The Colonel had forgotten to do up his buttons and his cap was on crooked, but just as I was going to remind him about it he started to read out the charge. "Private McMurphy, No. 7162, 14th Battalion, you are charged with being absent without leave from the Hospital for thirteen and a half hours. How do you plead?"

"Not guilty," said I.

"Not guilty?" says he. "Well, what excuse have you?"

"Well, sir," I says, "it was this way, you see. I went into London—the first time I've been into London, sir—and I met me brother over from France, sir; hadn't seen him for twenty-four years, sir, and I couldn't tear myself away, sir, and that's the fact, sir; and I just missed the 6.25 p.m. train, sir—got to Paddington at 6.26, sir."

"Well, why didn't you come by the next train?" says the Colonel.

"Well, sir," I says; "you see, sir, the next train didn't go, sir—there was a Zeppelin raid on, sir; so I caught the very first train out this morning, sir, the 10.25 train, sir."

"How many drinks did you have?"

"Only one, sir; not more than one, sir; and it was given to me by a man, sir, I met in the street, sir. He came up to me and asked me if I'd like to have a drink. I'm a teetotaller myself, sir, and I felt too ill to come home; couldn't hardly stand, sir; so I took a drink, sir, and it seemed to go to my head, sir."

"Three days' detention," said the Colonel; and fifteen bob went bang!

It's a hard world. This is what comes from being honest, and telling the truth. Swelp me—never again! VICTIM.

Who?

Who tease all the pretty girls,
And break their hearts—and steal their curls?
Who wander out of bounds and try
To pass the M.P. on the sly,
And knowledge of his guilt deny?
Lads of the Rising Sun!

Who swear they never did before
Kiss any girl, 'til you they saw?
Who's heart is strong and courage true,
Who came across the waters blue
To save our Flag—and honour too?
Brave lads of the Rising Sun! D. S.

OLD BOYS of Harefield Park. We are always glad to hear of those who have left us, and will find space each issue to record their latest addresses for the benefit of friends left at Harefield. A few are appended:—An ex-registrar of this institution is now O.C. of the 14th Australian General Hospital, Abbassia, Egypt. Captain Beard is O.C. of the 60th battalion. Captains Power and Barlow are attached to the 7th battalion. Captain Clowes has been invalided to the 3rd London General from France. W. O. Pollard is a first lieutenant at Parkhouse Camp. Private Fender has given his life for the Empire at the front. Private Higgins was invalided to Dartford from France. Private F. Blake is in France with the 7th Field Ambulance.



The Staff Canteen.

R.L.

PATIENTS are reminded that the Director of Recreation and Study has an office next the canteen; that a cosy writing room is provided in the same building; that a dark room is available for use of amateur photographers; that the billiard room is open all day; and that the ladies assisting in the canteen are generously giving their services for the benefit of the Australian wounded in England. Free classes in French and woolworking are conducted by these ladies, from whom full particulars can be had. The Soldiers' Entertainment Fund gives a first-class Concert every Thursday at 6.30, and the Australian branch of the B.R.C.S. on Tuesday afternoons at 3.30. Cinema pictures every Friday at 6.30. Other entertainments as announced.



TYPICAL AUSTRALIAN BUSH.
A halt by giant Jarrahs in Western Australia.