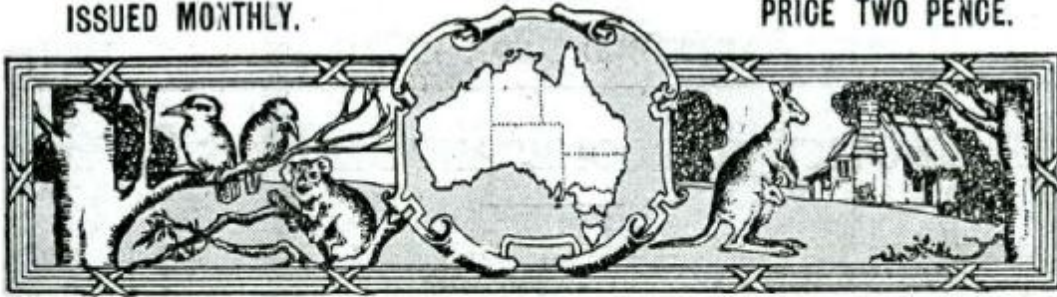


ISSUED MONTHLY.

PRICE TWO PENCE.



The HAREFIELD PARK



BOOMERANG



NUMBER TWELVE.

FRIDAY, JUNE 1, 1917.

NOTICE TO BOOMERANG READERS.

After this issue the Boomerang will appear on the first of every month only; the next issue will be published on July 1st. The charge will be threepence.

RETURN MATCH.

(Sisters v. Canteen Ladies.)

The weather turned so cold on Wednesday, May 16th, thus preventing many of the patients from watching the return match of the Sisters v. Canteen workers.

For the Canteen workers Mrs. Hearne played a careful and finished game; her co-operative with Mrs. Venning, when she played the "stonewall" game, was much admired. After Mrs. Hearne, for all-round good play Miss Daisy Young must be mentioned. The bowling of the C.L. was markedly improved.

For the Sisters, Miss Parsons proved that she was even better than she led us to believe before, gaining through her brilliant catches following in the taking of a wicket the much-coveted hat trick. Mrs. Jackson was again in her element as wicket-keeper, and Miss Young stopped some very hard balls when fielding.

The Canteen Ladies won by eleven wickets. The decisive match is to take place on Wednesday, May 30th, when it is hoped that the whole hospital will turn out to watch and applaud.



CAPT. ADAMS' SHELLIES.

OLD PULL-THROUGH.

"He came straight in from the bush," the man began to his mates, as they sat around the stove in their ward. "He used to earn his grub splittin' railway sleepers out West. He stood over six feet high, and I don't believe I ever met anyone who was more skinny than he. We used to call him the 'regimental pull-through,' 'cos he was so thin we could have pulled him through a gun. With a smile on his old mug, he would sit in our dug-out and yarn about his travels. And if anything went wrong, fair dinkum, how he would swear, would old Pull-Through! But when everything was looking blue and our luck was out, it was always old Pull-Through who pulled us through. Blest if he ever took any rest, and the result was that he grew more and more skinny, and we used to kid him that he would never stop a shell 'cos he was so bloomin' thin. But there was something about that chap that made us love him. Our section would have followed him through hell.

"Then one night we had the orders to charge. We scrambled out of the trench and charged clean through the storm of bullets. Then I saw old Pull-Through reel, but just then I got one in the head. When I came round I was wracked with pain. I looked about for someone I knew. Just on my right was old Pull-Through. He had a bullet in his chest. He was fighting for his breath. I gripped his hand. He understood. A moment after he was dead.

"I found out afterwards that he carried me to where he thought I could get safely dressed, but just as he was binding me up a bullet plugged him in the chest.

"Parsons say as heroes never die, and I'm blest if, up in heaven, there ain't a soldier whose number is 218, and the colours on his wings red and brown. You chaps can have your fancy girls and the smiling lips and their lovely hair what all men adore, but give me back my cobber, my old Pull-Through!"

H. W. LOCKE.

A SENTRY'S THOUGHTS.

A brazier fire at twilight,
A thousand stars ashine,
A searchlight sweeping heaven
Above the firing line.
A rifle bullet whistles,
The message that it brings,
Of death and desolation
To common folk and Kings.
The sentry at his station,
Upon the trench's rim,
Has thoughts that draw souls
nearer,
For You are there with him.

D. DUFTEY, Ward 31.

Four little V.A.D.'s,
Sitting 'neath a tree,
An O.C. came along,
Then there were three;
Three little V.A.D.'s,
Thinking what to do,
An M.O. came along,
Then there were two;
Two little V.A.D.'s said,
"Oh, what fun!"
A Q.M. came along,
Then there was one;
One little V.A.D.,
Sitting in the sun,
A big M.P. came along,
Then there was none.

BENDIE, Ward 45.

WARD COMPETITION.

The prize goes to Ward 3, which sent up a list of 631 words.

SOME PAGES OF HAREFIELD HISTORY.

VIII.—Moorhall.

When you pass Harefield Church and continue along the road in the direction of Denham, just in the right before reaching the canal stands an old red-brick house. It lies back from the road in a field, and close beside it is a barn that looks very much like a rude chapel with its pointed windows. This old house and outbuildings has its history.

Years back, about 1300, it was a Preceptory, in other words, a small religious house, which was an offshoot of the Monastery of St. John's at Clerkenwell, a district that is now part of London. This little religious house at Harefield was part of the property of the famous Knight Hospitallers who with the Knight Templars were the first Christian Crusaders. The actual monastery where the monks lived has gone, and the old farmhouse stands on the site of it, and



VIEW OF ANCIENT TREES AT BURNHAM BEECHES.

this farmhouse dates back to Tudor days. But the building standing beside it, which, if you were to go inside, you would most probably find inhabited by some stray hens and animals, is the old Refectory, or dining hall, of the monks who lived here centuries ago. And behind the old farmhouse is a pond, where you can imagine the monks kept their fish. Moorhall has been the property of the Newdegates family for many centuries.

There are rumours that an underground tunnel connects Breakspear with this old religious house, but nothing is really certain.

When you pass by on your road to the station have a look at the old farmhouse—in itself about five hundred years old, standing in the site of a still older building—and then at the tall barn beside it, the dining hall of the monks—the only part of the little monastery that is left.

MESSAGES FROM OUR VOLUNTARY HELPERS.



The Editor has asked me to send a message to you, but I can think of no other than to wish you all the best of luck and safe return to your homes; and I would like to say what a great pleasure it is to me to be allowed to work here as a V.A.D. with such a happy throng of boys and sisters as we have.

NANCY BIRDWOOD.

HEADSTONE APPEAL.

I would be glad if you would kindly have published in the "Boomerang" the following amounts received towards the above appeal:—

Amount already published	£53 19 3
Received from:—		
Nursing Staff (per P/Matron)	9 4 0
Orderly Staff (per L/C. Hawkesford)	4 18 6
Captain-Chaplain Gregg Macgregor, D.C.M.	2 2 0
Grand Total	£70 3 9

Donations to the above Fund will be thankfully received, as a large amount is still required to complete the work.

R. H. MAXWELL, W.O., Chairman.

IS IT DINKUM?

- That 22lbs. of lead is missing from the Q. Master's Store?
- That one of the Q.M. Staff is reported to be swinging the same lead in Ward 29?
- That one of the Staff is reported to have developed a system guaranteed to be accomplished in eight minutes?
- That the piccolo player has missed his vocation—that he should have been a sky pilot?
- That several members of the Sergeants' Mess are suffering from "Motoritis"?
- That one, Comans, is very tired of cycling?
- That he will probably see "red" on his visit to Uxbridge?
- That "shep" is a coming cyclist, and is training for the 20-mile Road Race?
- That condition is somewhat against him at present?
- That Harry Lauder's understudy now holds forth at the Orderlies' Canteen?

CASTLES IN THE AIR.

A certain member of the —th Field Ambulance has fallen to earth with a dull, sickening thud.

While crossing a bridge not far from the camp, he perceived a notice to this effect: "Anyone damaging this bridge will, upon conviction, be transported for life. 1813 A.D."

He immediately proceeded to kick off a piece of stone, hoping and praying for transportation to sunny New South Wales. Apparently nothing has yet happened, for his letters are still being sent to the same address.

FILSCH.

SOME VISITORS.

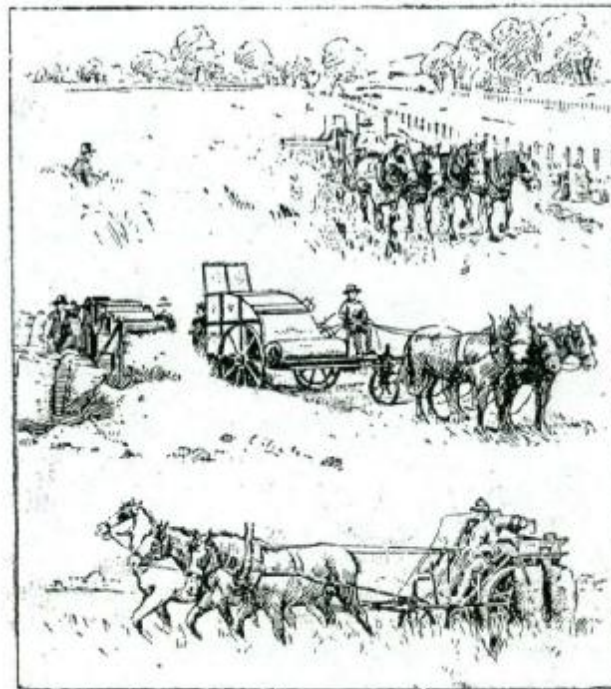
Some visitors are the limit. Tell them a fair dinkum tale, and they don't believe you. I was talking to one the other day, and she asked me if I had a very big station in Australia. Of course I told her "Yes, a fair-sized one." Then she asked me if I kept Gohannas or Prickly Pears on it. I told her Gohannas, but that I grew Prickly Pears for a hobby. She said it was so nice to have a hobby. Her hobby was taking us out for motor rides, dinkum. Then I told her that before I enlisted I worked in a soap quarry, but the work was dangerous, and the wild blacks were always trying to spear us with boomerangs. She said she knew I was telling her a fib, as another friend of hers told her that boomerangs only grew in hothouses, and she was certain that the blacks in their wild state would not trouble with hothouses. That ended me.

BENDIE, Ward 43.

FLOWERS THAT ARE IN BLOOM TO-DAY.

The woods now are carpeted with bluebells, a mingling of mauve and blue, whilst overhead the oaks are changing their yellow foliage to a strong green. There are cowslips, too, and wild orchids in the field. The wild apples—crab apples, as we call them—are shedding their pink and white petals over the bluebells in the wood. And have you seen the wisteria hanging in mauve festoons from the houses—the old English houses? In Denham there is an ancient tree, on the Swan Inn, that has a trunk which speaks of centuries; and another beautiful wisteria is the one growing about the inn at Redhill, on the Uxbridge Road. And then the lilacs! As I look upon them now growing so abundantly, making an avenue of mauve and white—an avenue that sends forth a deep scent, I think, does not all this make up for the long, dreary winter?

THE EDITOR.



AUSTRALIAN FARM SCENES.

TO MY MOTHER.

(Written after a ward concert.)

To-night, dear mother, in a far-off land
 Your son lies wounded, but oh! it's grand!
 Such a bonnie time I've spent to-night,
 Songs and laughter and music bright
 By friends that came to cheer us up;
 Far better than physic and medicine cup.
 Songs I've heard that bring back you,
 Your dear old face and heart so true;
 And dear Old England! God bless this land!
 And the people here, and their generous hand.

I'm glad I came from Australia fair
 To this distant land to do my share;
 I've done my bit, and, I hope, done well!
 I'll bring home marks of a German shell.
 But what does it matter, mother dear?
 Dry from your eye that glistening tear.
 Let your heart rejoice at the pain I've borne,
 For it's helped us on to that glorious morn
 When the sun shall shine on our lands so true
 From a peaceful sky of azure blue.

Think of the deeds of our gallant band!
 Think of our Empire hand in hand!
 Do not fret or worry, dear,
 For in my thoughts you are always near.
 Hands that are gentle, hearts that are true
 Look after your boy o'er the ocean of blue.
 Soon I'll be well and on the sea
 Speeding for home and love, to thee,
 With but one regret to mar my joy—
 That I leave Old England who nursed your boy!

J. J. COLLINS.



HARVESTING ON AN AUSTRALIAN FARM.

ADJACENT PATRIOTS.

The two words at the head of these few lines are purposely chosen to express two definite and suggestive ideas—proximity to Harefield Hospital, and the patriotic spirit as illustrated by individual lives. The two form a tie between the historic past and the not less historic present; between the ancestors of the British race and the young generations beyond the seas. For the patriots who lie—*hic jacent*—in English soil belong to and are part of the whole of the British Dominions.

To enumerate some names—and that is all space will allow—the first who lies, as the crow flies, approximately some ten miles from Harefield, and here let the reader imagine Harefield as the base of a fanlike expansion of ground, is John Hampden. His home and his last resting place—Hampden House and Church—are agreeably placed on the highest spurs of the Chiltern Hills among beech woods and juniper-covered commons. The walker who proceeds thence to the top-most escarpment of the hills looks northwards over a fertile expanse of pasture and ploughland to the borders of Oxfordshire, where is Chalgrove Field, on which Hampden received his fatal wound in the cause of democratic freedom—the same cause, in a different form, as that for which Australians are fighting to-day. To the right of the geographical fan and about six miles from Harefield is the historic burial place of the Russells at Chenies Church, where generations of a family of patriots, men who worked hard for their country and were essentially patriotically-minded, are buried, the most distinguished of later generations being Earl Russell, better known in the history of the reign of Victoria as Lord John Russell, more than once Prime Minister. To the left—about the same distance from Harefield—one notes the old coaching town of Beaconsfield, near which Burke lived and where he is buried, whose patriotism has become classical by reason of his political speeches and writings, and whose famous advocacy of the rights of the American Colonists is one of his chief grounds of remembrance. Space will only allow the enumeration of the names of William Bentinck Earl of Portland, the friend and counsellor of William III.; of Lord Grenville, Foreign Secretary in the younger Pitt's Administration during the Napoleonic War and afterwards Prime Minister; and of Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield: all are adjacent neighbours, who belong to England and Australia by reason of the bond of patriotism which the mere existence of Harefield Hospital shows to be as strong now in the British race as in the days of John Hampden.

E. S. ROSCOE.

IN THE HOMELAND.

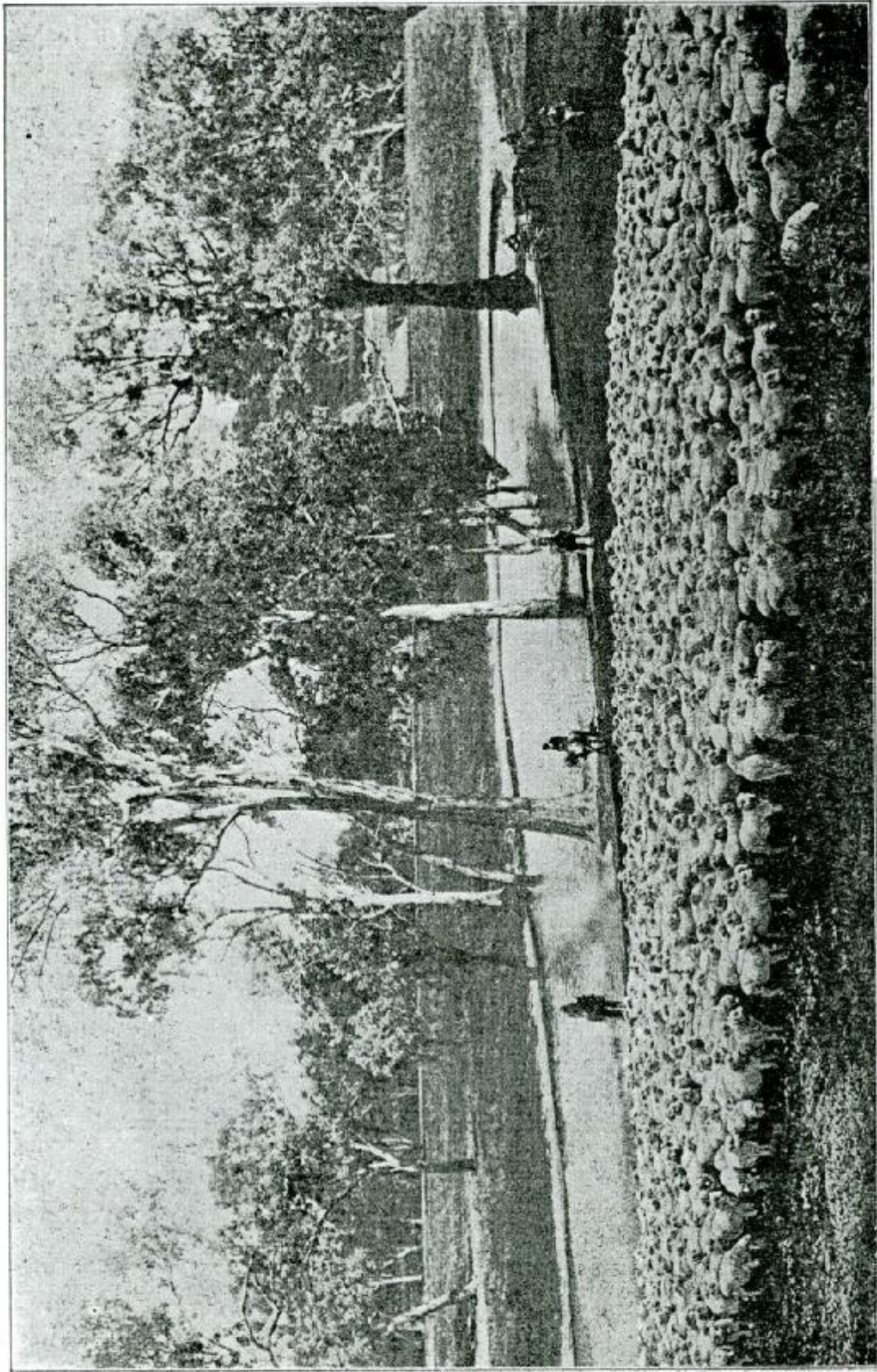
I know of a land, a lovely land,
Where someone waits with outstretched hands,
And waves to me across the seas
Sweet thoughts of love and memories.

I know a free and faithful heart,
Of which I claim the greater part,
A part which means the world to me,
When I go back across the sea.

I know of two, two dear blue eyes,
Oft filled with silent tears and sighs,
Which long and long for me to say,
I'm sailing back again to-day.

I know a true and tender mind,
That'll think of me when all's unkind,
That'll buck me up and keep me true,
And make me fight and win right through.

(Sgt.) S. KITTRALL.



A FLOCK AT A BILLABONG.

MY HOSPITAL VISITOR.

Gloomy and glum and rather sore
 I sit here alone watching the floor;
 I'm thinking hard of the day we spent
 Just taking a puff at the smokes you sent,
 When Sunday comes around again,
 And happy I'll be if it does not rain.
 For your dear face all wreathed in smiles
 Will make me forget the miles and miles
 That I'm from home and Australia fair—
 My little girl with the golden hair.

When on the ocean wide I sail,
 Bound again on the long, long trail,
 Thoughts will come to me on deck,
 Thoughts that nothing on earth can check.
 I'll think of you and all you meant
 On the days when my life was nearly spent
 And my body was suffering awful pain;
 And I'll live with the hope we'll meet again
 In a far, far land away down South—
 My little girl with the ruby mouth.

We may meet again in that sunny land,
 We may stroll together on gleaming sand
 And watch the waves as they leap and play.
 Then how my thoughts will fly to the day
 When in my hospital cot I lay
 Wondering why you could not stay
 To cheer me up and keep me bright.
 But you helped me a lot, and I'll soon get right,
 For you the hours knew how to beguile—
 My little girl with the charming smile.

J. J. COLLINS.

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