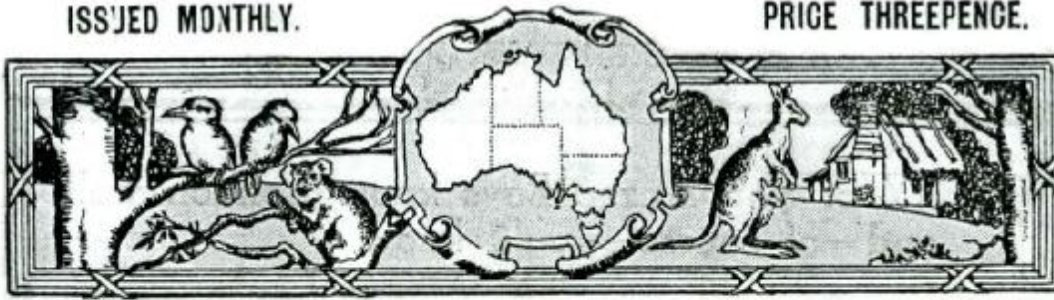
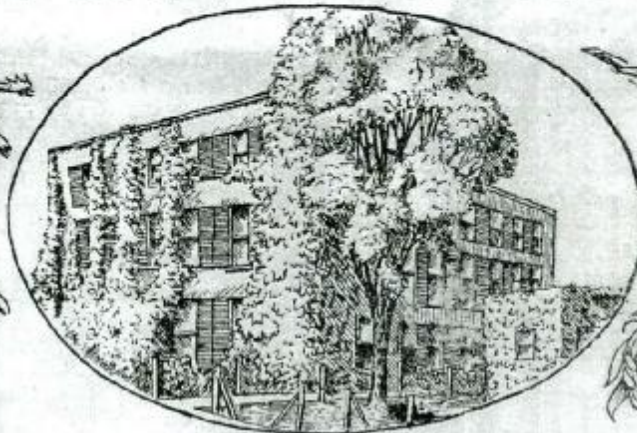


ISSUED MONTHLY.

PRICE THREEPENCE.



The HAREFIELD PARK



BOOMERANG



NUMBER FOURTEEN.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 1, 1917.

MANY of you Anzac Boys know London well,
and—of course—you'll know

GAMAGES

Some of you, though, will have been too busy getting on with the "big job" to have had time to see the sights.

We want all of you to come and see us after you leave hospital; you'll find we can give you the right prices for everything you want, and if you don't feel inclined to buy you'll be welcome just the same.

In the meantime, may we send you a Catalogue?

We specialize in Pipes and all practical Smokers' Requisites for men on "Service."

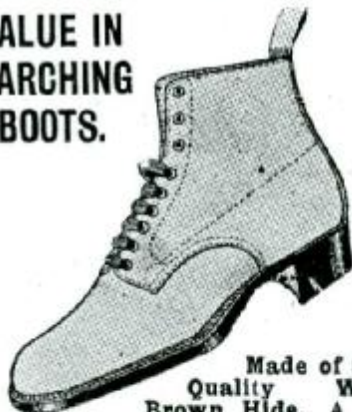


SILVER MOUNTED PIPES

(Inlaid.) All shapes.

c1015 small.	c1016 medium.	c1017 large.
5/3	5/6	6/-
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VALUE IN MARCHING BOOTS.



Price
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Made of the Finest Quality Waterproof Brown Hide. A nice dark brown mahogany colour. Stout 3/4 in. soles. Waterproof, inner-soles perfectly smooth. Made with or without toecaps. Splendid Marching Boots.

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Gilt Metal, 1/- each. Silver or Silver Gilt, 3/6. Postage U.K. 2d.
9-Carat Gold, 26/6 to 30/- (according to size), post free.

Very Choice 9-Carat Gold Brooches.

Handmade.
Correct Military Crest (any Regiment) on Solid Bar, Price 16/9, post free.



New Zealand.



Australian Commonwealth.

A. W. GAMAGE, Ld., Holborn, London, E.C. 1.

Editorial.

The original drawing by Cecil Hartt goes to Pte. J. P. Petro, Ward 36, for the title,

“NIL DESPERANDUM.”

Other titles sent in were:—“Are We Downhearted?”, “The Danger Zone,” “Hard Men for Soft Jobs,” “A Way They Have in the Army,” “No Man’s Land,” “Entanglements,” and many others. It is interesting to note that Private Petro, through being temporarily blind, has not yet seen the sketch. He had the subject of it explained to him, and then sent in his suggestion for the best title.

A new Boomerang Committee has been formed which will meet every third Monday in the month. The Committee consists of the following:—Major Baker (Chairman), Sister Cumming, Corporal R. Savage, Pte. Filshie, Pte. Hook, Pte. F. Mardel, T. Roscoe (Editor, Sec., and Treasurer of the Committee). The Boomerang is completely self-supporting, but any profits that should be made will be handed over to the Recreation Dept. for the benefit of the patients.

The sale of the Summer Number of the Boomerang went so well that before a week was out we had to order another edition.

We are fortunate in having an energetic and enterprising Boomerang agent at H.Q., Horseferry Road, in the person of Pte. F. Pearson (ex-patient of Harefield Hospital). Long may he remain at Horseferry Road!

We already have a list of subscribers to the magazine, both here and in Australia. For three shillings, paid in advance, you can have the Boomerang sent post free to any address. All names, addresses, and subscriptions to be sent to the Editor c/o Recreation Dept.

The Editor will be grateful for all contributions of original verse, short stories, jokes, and pen-and-ink sketches.

TWO PRIZES.

A Prize will be given for the best parody on the chorus of “It’s a Long Way to Tipperary.”

Another prize will be given for the best poem, not exceeding four verses of four lines each, on “How to Swing the Lead.”

All competitors to send in their verses to the Editor, c/o Recreation Dept., marked “Boomerang Competition,” by Friday, Aug. 24th.

The Present, the Past, and the Future.

By
MATRON.

There is only one message to send, and that in three parts:—

The Past: Bravo, Boys of Australia! Your women are proud of you.

The Present: Courage, Boys of Australia! We are not in the very, very least underrating what you are enduring with all those brother soldiers of ours, and all for the sake of Liberty and Freedom.

The Future: Shall I draw a few word-pictures?—

1. The side of a hill, overlooking the blue waters of Kogarah Bay; here and there a white-winged yacht, and away in the distance "Kurnell" beach with its monument. A picnic party is sitting enjoying "billy" tea, and presently a small, tired voice says, "Dad, may I lean up against you; I am tired?" Soon the three men of the party are busy with the years 1914 to 1918. And, quite forgetting the "Little Pitchers," they talk freely and earnestly. Presently the laddie sits up with blue eyes full of fire, and says: "Are all Australians the same as you, dad?" "Why, yes, of course, my boy!" "Then I am glad to be one, and I mean to grow up just like you, dad!"

2. Miles and miles of bushland, and in a small clearing a weather-board cottage, near by a stream, with here and there a clear water-hole reflecting the willows and wattle on its banks. Sitting on the verandah a middle-aged woman, whose very appearance and attitude suggest looking back along Life's way. Presently a tear falls on her book, in which lies the last letter. She wipes it away furtively, but not in time to escape the notice of a girl of eighteen, who was the subject of that letter: "Tell Dad's girl that she is to be always ready to battle for the right." Coming quickly from the side of the house, and said:

"Mother, are you weeping for him?"

"No, darling; for myself—that I ever begrudged him to his country. Here, read," and she passed over the book. The girl read: "Every man who made the great sacrifice in those Elysian fields will be proud of the part he played in obtaining the beauty of life and freedom for the nations." For under the sun there exists now no people that is not enjoying peace, and even the smallest nations may choose their own way of being happy.

Just one more dream-picture:—

Overlooking a busy thoroughfare on the corner of a verandah stands a wheel chair, and in it a man who has patiently waited for "the day" many weary months. Surely here we shall find some of the misery that Kaiser and Co. left us as a legacy when they "flickered out" into "No Man's Land." Not a bit! In the whole of Sydney Town there is no braver man than John Anzac. Sometimes he thought he would never walk again, but his country saw to it that no stone was left unturned to get him cured, and now he is resting, after strolling from one end of the verandah to the other with only the aid of a stick. What is he saying? "Boys, I would do it all again for the joy of that walk!"

And so farewell to you and every section of the army of the Empire! We salute respectfully all soldiers, *especially* those who hated war, and yet did their utmost when opportunity offered.



"OUR MATRON"
Miss GOULD.

[Photo by M. L. Emery.]



MESSAGES FROM OUR VOLUNTARY HELPERS.

Mrs. J. F. L. EVANS.

If anything I have done has made some of you Australians, so far from home, feel a bit happy, I am more thankful than I can tell you.

Your C.O., Matron, Doctors, Sisters, and whole Staff have filled me with admiration in the way that they, and so many more from our vast Empire beyond the seas, have left all they hold dear to come and help the Mother Country in her hour of need. The patience of the sufferers here in Harefield Park Hospital makes one feel that in no period of the world's history have men been braver and nobler; and my heart goes out in truest sympathy to those in your beloved Country of the Rising Sun whose "Boys" have fought so fearlessly and died so willingly, and who never can return to them.

KATE EVANS, August, 1917.

(Mrs. Evans and her splendid fellow-workers are present every Monday and Friday afternoons in the Reception Room, ready to give out silks and wool, cushion-covers and bags to all interested in needle-work.—Ed.)

AT SEA.

To the Editor of the Boomerang.

June 17, 1917.

Just a few lines to let you know we are still afloat and have dodged all dangers up to date. We have had a good trip so far; very little sickness. We have had a few concerts and sports, but after we leave — we will be able to have lights of a night. I am sending you some few gags that might be of use to you; also some stamps, as I want you to send me out Nos. 10, 11, 12 of the Boomerang. With best wishes to all old friends in Harefield.

I caught a cold in Blighty,
Dead square, it was a beauty;
I paraded sick, but all I got
Was Number 9 and duty.

"BENDIE," late of Ward 43.

Is it Dinkum ?

- That the M.O.'s have given their Mess Room to the Nursing Staff?
- That a patient on seeing B.I.P. written on his chart was dreadfully unnerved by the thought that it was R.I.P.?
- That Ward 36 is particularly at-TRACT-tive?
- That the Bathroom is a favourite hiding-place?
- That Miss Hook of Holland does not care for raspberries, yet she hooks them when she can?
- That the Q.M. has been asked for an inventory of D.G.'s, B.C.'s, and B.L.'s?
- That our V.A.D.'s are very artful Dodgers?
- That our motors frequently miss the train since the introduction of "Speed Limit"?
- That such "Speed Limits" make Ray Savage and Walter Ball?
- That the boy with the crinkly hair prefers "Woodbines" to the "Corner House"?
- That Mrs. J. of the Linen Store hasn't worked for Mumps, and Mumps, and Mumps?
- That at the send-off to Capt. Mathews one of the M.O.'s stated that the only time he was ever angry with the Q.M. was when he held a "pair of eights" against his "sevens"?
- That our dear old, unsuspecting Padre immediately rose and remarked he was thankful to the Q.M. who had once supplied him with a pair of boots?
- That some of the Orderly Staff were here at the "landing" of Harefield.
- That the Nursing Staff are on biscuit rations? (Elsie P.)
- That one Sister took two and gave one to the dog?
- That the L. Room is out of bounds between 10.30 and 11.30 a.m.?
(We wonder why.)
- That the new Army of Amazons (?) is commanded by "General Whiteford"?
- That Green played Low down, or that Low turned Green?
- That they will avoid such Stains in future?
- That the tailor on certain occasions prefers to push a bike rather than sit in comfort and safety in a side-car?
- That another member pushed the bike home for him?
- That a certain N.C.O. in the Registrar's Office is seldom seen in the Patients' Canteen now?
- That the Sergeants are not so keen on secondhand motor-bikes now?
- That the Politicians of Ward 40 have finally disposed of the war?
- That the Sisters are not extremely delighted with the New Nominal Rolls?
- That their thoughts, if published, would treble the circulation of the "Boomerang"?
- That "Darkie" Dave is partial to Kiwi as a hair tonic?
- That "Birthdays" made Cliss-old?
- That parties make Bert fil-shy?
- That the occupants of certain cubicles will be able to obtain hot-water baths next winter?

A BOOMERANG CONUNDRUM.

- Why do some M.O.'s resemble a golf course?
Because in their daily round they enjoy a course of "Tees."



First Patient: "Oo—Oo—Oo!"

Second Ditto: "Oh, you beautiful doll!"

JOTTINGS FROM HEADQUARTERS.

? ? ?

We are wondering if a certain Q.M. at H.Q. had anything up his sleeve when he issued out to some members of the A.I.F. an hour before the air raid of Saturday, the 7th, the new form of "Will." Or if the Q.M. was interested to know the extent of the real and personal estate of the members and to whom they allotted same.

THE LOST CHANCE.

The Australians have held the remarkable reputation of always taking care of the feminine sex, but on Saturday, the 7th, at the Church House, old Fritz caused them a special privilege during his visit over London. Both the members of the A.I.F. and the lady clerks were wisely sent to the basement for cover. During the short interval of anticipation the girls felt neglected, and became feared by the absence of that fair dinkum twangle which had, prior to the enemy raid, been exercised with agreeable humiliation. However, some rev. gentleman of the House, feeling it his duty, as a clergyman, made an attempt to comfort them, but with very terrifying effects.

A GOOD MOVE.

The fine comb which Harefield spoke of in the last issue has had a Raking effect here at H.Q., but, however, some of our members have become worn and tired-footed through walking on so many recent "Boards," and very shortly you will see them S(winging) over L(head). We do not hesitate to say that their grit and determination will prove the same as the gallant Second Lieutenant Wilfred Graham Salmon, a Queenslander, who attacked the German raiders of the 7th almost single-handed and died a noble death. You will say "Well done!" to the Queenslander and "Good luck!" to the late H.Q. Boys.

THE AUSTRALIAN SHOP.

Look! Soldiers! — Good Stock of FANCY GOODS,
TOBACCO POUCHES and CIGARETTE CASES, etc., etc.
Also HIGH-CLASS TOBACCOS and CIGARETTES,
always in Stock, and Prices marked.

ENTIRELY & THOROUGHLY ENGLISH PEOPLE.

PRITCHETT'S.

SOLELY ENGLISH FIRM.

TO ALL MEMBERS of the A.I.F. :— You cannot go wrong
by calling on us when on your furlough for your complete
Outfit. All Military Clobber on Stock.

RIGHT OPPOSITE your Headquarters MAIN ENTRANCE,
and at 183 and 184, Tottenham Court Road.

Representative calls regularly at Hospital for Orders.

PHONE No.: VIC. 3429.

The Chronicle.

FAREWELL TO THE QUARTERMASTER.

Captain Mathers may be leaving us any day now to take up his new appointment in France. All who have come in contact with him in his duties here will regret his departure. We wish him success in his new work. The W.O., Mr. Maxwell, is appointed in his place as Quartermaster.

A MUCH APPRECIATED GIFT.

Six Electric Fans were presented to No. 1, 2, 3 Wards by Mrs. Billyard Leake. Ten Electric Fans were presented by men working on Mr. Billyard Leake's property, "Kenyu," near Burrowa, New South Wales. No gift could be more appreciated, as the wards get very hot and there are so many bed patients; whilst the benefit derived from this generous gift is already very marked. We only wish that those in Australia who have so kindly contributed towards the greater comfort of their soldiers could visit Harefield for an hour one hot summer afternoon and see the difference in the relief of the boys where an electric fan is installed.

OUR FALLEN COMRADES.

Since last going to press we have to record the loss of three more of our dear boys, Ptes. C. Stevens, F. W. Koop, and Cpl. B. Smith. The two former died on June 26, and were buried at the same funeral on Thursday, 28th. Cpl. Smith died on July 18, and was buried on 20th. Relatives were present at the service in the case of Pte. Stevens and Cpl. Smith. Wreaths were sent by the High Commissioner and Mrs. Fisher, and by Mr. and Mrs. Billyard-Leake, and by members of the Staff. We should like to record our whole-hearted appreciation of the ever-ready and able services of Sergt. Comans and the members of the Hospital Band, and of those of L.C. Dyer, whose fine work at the organ during the church portion of our burial services will always be remembered with gratitude; and also to thank L.C. Filshie and Pte. Porter, our enthusiastic workers at the Park services, and the present conductor of our Band, Cpl. Elliott, for their part in the conduct of the funeral of the late Cpl. Smith.

FRENCH CLASSES NA-POO!

Miss Roscoe has given up her French Classes, but she will always be pleased to hear from or about her old pupils.

ENTERTAINMENTS.

The following are the "thrills" enjoyed by the patients during the month up to the day of the magazine going to press:—

- July 2nd.—Cheeroh's Concert.
- 3rd.—A.R.C.
- 4th.—Lecture (Mrs. Le Blond).
- 5th.—S.E.F.
- 7th.—London Camp Choir (50 voices).
- 9th.—Lecture (Capt.-Chap. Wilson).
- 10th.—Nancy Ray.
- 11th.—Illust. Lecture (Miss Anderson).
- 12th.—S.E.F.
- 14th.—Oscar Asche and Lily Brayton Dramatic Society Entertainment.
- 17th.—A.R.C.
- 18th.—Lecture (Mrs. Harris).
- 19th.—S.E.F.
- 20th.—Sisters' and Patients' Concert.
- 21st.—Gray Wallis and Salt Bush Bill.

NURSING NOTES.

Sister A. Forsyth has been attached to the Staff of the 1st A.A.H. She is one of the pioneers of the A.A.N.S., having left home by the Kyarra in Nov., 1914.

Sister Symonds has left us to return to duty at Southall, much to our regret.

Sister O'Brien has been admitted to the Sick Sisters' Hospital at Kensington for a well-earned rest.

Sister Loughrey is returning to Australia for six months' sick leave.

One of our old-time comrades, Sister Gillham, was down to visit us last week. She is returning to France next Wednesday.

The appreciation of the Nursing Staff is accorded to the six transport sisters who came to give their valuable assistance to tide over the "invasion and evacuation."

(Sister Cumming, Ward 29, will be grateful for all Nursing Notes for insertion in the Boomerang.—Ed.)

"HEADSTONE FUND APPEAL."

Amount already received	£74	13	3
Orderly Staff, per Lance-Cpl. Green	3	0	6
Mrs. Edwards (Northwood)	1	0	0
Anon.	2	2	0
Total	£80	15	9

I would also draw attention to the fact that owing to the increased number of Funerals held lately this Fund is greatly in need of assistance, and every donation towards same will be very thankfully received.

H. H. GREEN, L/C., Hon. Sec. and Treas., "Headstone Fund."

ACROSS THE CANTEEN COUNTER.

Bronzed Cornstalker: "I've come back to have a look at Harefield."

She: "Were you once a patient here?"

He: "Yes; two years ago—when it was a hospital."

She: "I don't understand."

He: "Before it was a town."

She: "Will you buy a Boomerang?"

Cautious Anzac: "My mate has one in the ward. I'll have a look at his first."

Shy, but well-meaning patient, seeing a lock of fair canteen worker's hair descending: "Excuse me, but your hair's coming—er—off!"

He: "A cup of strong tea, please. Got a touch of Australitis?"

She: "Do you know the best way to get sent back to Aussie?"

He: "Wish I did."

She: "Then join the Boomerang Committee. Private Evenden was on it—he's gone home. Mr. Gilchrist was on it—he's gone. Now there's Lance-Corp. Filshie—he's going—"

Hasty exit of patient to find the Dinkum Editor.

The Editor will be grateful for any back numbers of the June issue of the Boomerang.

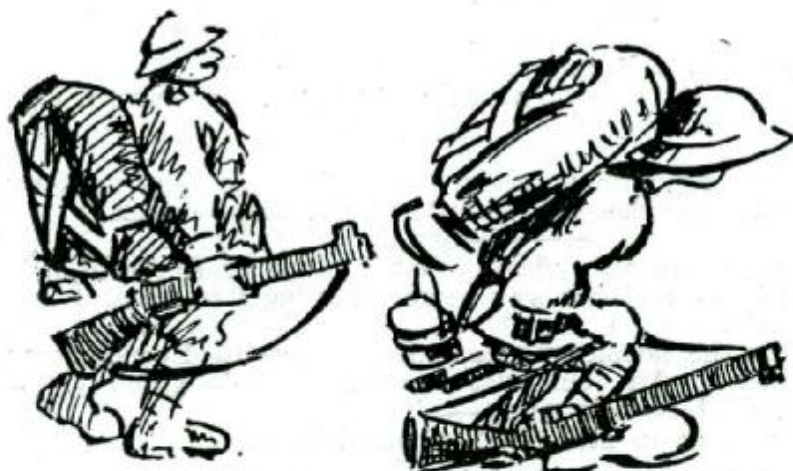
MARCHING AT EASE.

(Australians in France.)

On the outward march there is laughter gay,
 And the rhythmic, regular beat
 Of the tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp,
 Of the freely-swinging feet.
 There's a merry smile and a back-flung jest
 To a comrade in the rear,
 And laughing eye answers laughing eye
 With never a sign of fear.
 Then the music floats from the foremost files
 Of "Australia Will be There,"
 And is taken up by every voice,
 And thrills through the summer air;
 So they march along in their care-free way
 On the firm white roads of France.
 They think of the mighty deeds they'll do,
 And they'll never miss a chance
 Of showing the stuff that Australia breeds
 On her far-flung sunny plains;
 They'll do their part for the love of it,
 And to fair France be the gains.

On the homeward march there are dragging feet
 And silent the laughter gay;
 Though weary the body be and tired
 At the close of a toilsome day,
 Yet the spirit high is sobered down,
 And it only burns as strong
 As it did when they marched with laughter
 That morn, to a lilting song.

JOHN N. PHILLIPS, — Machine Gunners.



Before and After the Route March

“WHAT DID YOU DO IN THE WAR, DADDY?”

(Time: The Future. Place: Manly Beach.)

I was a soldier in the A.M.C.,
Physicked the sick without any fee,
Had good quarters and soft feather beds,
Killed the cats while swinging the lead—
That's what I did in the war, sonny;
That's what I did in the war.

Never a bullet led me a dance;
I never saw an acre of France;
While in the trenches others felt steel,
I was all out for a dinkum deal—
That's what I did in the war, laddie;
That's what I did in the war.

I was a “Knut” from Botany Bay,
Smiling, beguiling, drawing good pay;
Dreaming, swigging only hop bitters,
Feeding the staff on peanut fritters—
That's what I did in the war, kiddie;
That's what I did in the war.

I was a man of medium good looks,
And laid to dust the hospital spooks;
I knew nothing of physical drill;
Put on swank and military frill—
That's what I did in the war, nipper;
That's what I did in the war.

When nights were cold and beer was bad
I'd lecture and bully our old man “Dad”;
I never saw Pozzie or inside hell,
But I wore gold stripes on my left lapel—
That's what I did in the war, dinkum;
That's what I did in the war.

I never handled the bombs or guns,
I steered my barque away from the Huns,
And away from the wet and dirty trenches,
Redolent of rats and lice and stench—
That's what I did in the war, youngster;
That's what I did in the war.

I never started a mine or so,
I never longed for a “D.S.O.”;
I scored my meals and plenty to drink,
Dodged all duty and kept out of clink—
That's what I did in the war, my boy;
That's what I did in the war.

I'd yarns and tales of all I'd done,
With which I told the girls for fun;
But, oh! they've used the small tooth comb,
And I was not labelled “Fit for home”—
That's what I did in the war, laddie;
That's what I did in the war.

Private WILLIAM ANDERSON.



Anzac: "Give us half-a-dozen of them postcards with 'From your loving sweet'art' writ on them."

SHADOWS FALL.

Put me to sleep, pray heavens, do,
 Far, far away from the war and all;
 Dark are the nights when I have to creep
 Under a waterproof down in the deep.
 Far, far from Ypres I long to be,
 Where German snipers can't pot at me;
 Think of me crouching, as all the world knows,
 Waiting for somewhere to dry my wet clothes.

W. SIMPSON (Ward 28).

The Editor of this Paper can guarantee that these Advertising Firms are genuine.

A MOTOR CONVEYANCE

WILL LEAVE THE

"CRICKETER'S INN," HAREFIELD,
TO AND FROM THE HOSPITAL.

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 from Paddington and Marylebone.

TIME-TABLE ON APPLICATION.

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—♦♦♦—
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 from Australia,

"GUARANTEED RELIABLE."

Mrs. COHEN

is carrying on the business whilst
 her husband is away in the Army.

GOOD STOCK OF

*Wristlet Watches,
 Brooches, and
 Rings, &c., &c.*

SPLENDID SELECTION OF
 FANCY GOODS.

We deduct, for Soldiers, one-third
 of the prices which are all marked
 in the window.

Call in on your way to your H.Q.

142, Horseferry Road.

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Incidentally he will be pleased to sell you a Kodak.

HE ATTENDS THIS HOSPITAL DAILY, AND WILL TAKE YOUR PHOTOGRAPH IF YOU PREFER PAYING FOR THE ARTICLE.

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SHAMPOOING SALOON,
High Street, HAREFIELD.**

Razors Ground and Set.

Safety and other Razors. Strops.
Brillantine and other Toilet Requisites.
Walking Sticks. Large Selection of
Plug and other Tobaccos & Cigarettes.
(Loewe) L. & Co. and other Pipes,
from 1/- to 10/-.

Pouches, Cigarette Cases and Tubes.
"Rising Sun" Badges, Buttons,
Numerals & Brooches in great variety.

DON'T READ THIS UNLESS
you are interested in Photography. An interesting little volume, chock full of photos and valuable hints for amateurs and others. 2d. each; by post, 3d.

From **A. GUNDRY, RICKMANSWORTH.**

— *Atten's Hospital Daily.* —

**READ'S CASH STORES,
HAREFIELD. THE CHEAPEST AND BEST!**

Khaki Shirts, Ties, Collars, Handkerchiefs, Nugget, "KIWI" Boot Polishes and Outfits.

BATTALION COLOURS!!! BATTALION COLOURS!!!

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BOOT AND SHOE REPAIRER,

HAREFIELD, MIDDLESEX.