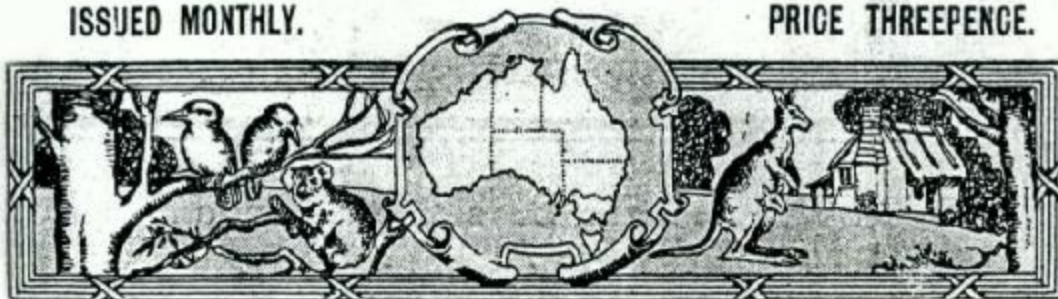


ISSUED MONTHLY.

PRICE THREEPENCE.



THE HAREFIELD PARK



BOOMERANG



NUMBER FIFTEEN.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1917.

(Passed by Censor).

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."

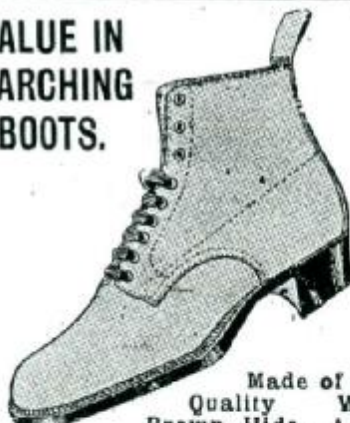


SILVER MOUNTED PIPES

(Inlaid.) All shapes.

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5/3	5/6	6/-
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VALUE IN MARCHING BOOTS.



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

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SOUVENIR BADGE BROOCHES.

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,
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New Zealand.



Australian Commonwealth.

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

Editorial.

The October number of The Boomerang will be a special Autumn issue, consisting of twenty pages.

The prize for the competition on "How to Swing the Lead" goes to "F. W. C.," one of our readers at H.Q., who has sent in the following version:— "HOW TO SWING THE LEAD."

The very best way to "swing the lead,"
And earn a nice, soft, easy bed,
Plenty of "eats" and whisky waters,
Is to join our Staff, down at Headquarters!

Will everyone please look out for and use the "Boomerang Box"—a letter-box now erected in the Canteen, in which you are asked to drop any contributions in verse or prose; also any sketches. The box will be collected before each issue.

Remember—that you can have the Boomerang sent to any address for three shillings for twelve months.

As was anticipated in the last issue of the Boomerang, L./Corp. Filshie has gone back to Australia. He has, however, promised to try and start a sale of the magazine in Sydney, and has taken back some copies to distribute. The "mantle of Filshie" has descended on Corporal Savage. In other words, L./Corp. Filshie having left, Corporal Savage is now the "Is it Dinkum" Editor, and he will be grateful for any "Is it Dinkums" that you can send him. Good luck to the late "Dinkum" Editor!

Another member of the Boomerang Committee to leave Harefield is Private Mardel. However, Captain-Chaplain Terry has consented to join the Committee, and has kindly promised to take over the circulation of the magazine. So ask him for any Boomerangs you want.

The winners of the "Rick Elmes" raffle were as follows:—

1st Prize (sketch of Wee MacGregor): Miss WILLS (canteen worker).

2nd Prize (sketch of soldier buying "Sweetheart" postcards): Sister MOIR.

3rd Prize (sketch, "Trench Feet"): Pte. SHAW.



S.N.: "The new patient is rather light-headed."
M.O.: "Delirious or blonde Sister?"



MESSAGES FROM OUR VOLUNTARY HELPERS.

A literary contribution or orthodox message is quite beyond me. I will only misquote "We don't want to lose you, but we know you must go"—back to Australia. And I do wish you all the best of luck, and that it may not be long before you get just what you want.

EDITH MAYOR.

FIGHTING YET.

(Referring to the landing at Gallipoli, a portion of the London Press said: "The Australians seemed to be down and out one minute and fighting the next.")

Shot and healed, and shot again,
Maimed and bruised—and sore beset,
Yonder where the bullets rain,
Fighting yet.

Spliced and bandaged, off they go,
Eager to erase a debt;
Keen again to meet the foe,
Fighting yet.

Britain shall not strive in vain
When such sons her lands beget;
Down and out—and back again,
Fighting yet.

Adding lustre to a name
That the world shall not forget;
Thus Australia plays the game,
Fighting yet.

W. W. ROCK.

BUGLE CALLS.

Reveille	6. 0 a.m.	"Christians Awake, Salute the Happy Morn."
Rouse (5 minutes' warning)	6.10 a.m.	"Art Thou Weary"?
Fall In	6.15 a.m.	"Go, Labour On."
Physical Jerks	6.30 a.m.	"Here we Suffer Grief and Pain."
Breakfast	7. 0 a.m.	"Meekly Wait and Murmur Not."
Officers' Mess	8.45 a.m.	"All Things Bright and Beautiful."
Sick Parade	9.15 a.m.	"O God, Our Help in Ages Past."
Orderly Room	9.30 a.m.	"Eternal Father, Strong to Save."
Lecture by Officer... ..	10.30 a.m.	"Tell Me the Old, Old Story."
Dinner	12. 0 noon.	"Come, Ye Thankful People, Come."
Fall In	1. 0 p.m.	"Just as I am, without one Plea."
Route March	1.15 p.m.	"Onward, Christian Soldiers."
Dismiss	4. 0 p.m.	"Praise God, from Whom all Blessings Flow."
Tea	4.30 p.m.	"When I Survey."
Officers' Mess	6. 0 p.m.	"Fight toe Good Dinner with all thy might."
First Post	9.30 p.m.	"When you come to the end of a Perfect Day."
Last Post	10. 0 p.m.	"Now the Labourer's task is o'er."
Lights Out	10.15 p.m.	"All are safely gathered in."
Inspection of Bed's	11. 0 p.m.	(if Officer is Home) "Peace, Perfect Peace."
Zepp. Rail	2.30 a.m.	"We plough the Fields and Scatter."

Bugler A. WATERMAN, Harefield.



GETTING A BLIGHTY.—By "D.," Ward 22.

Is it Dinkum ?

- That the hospital is now clean, as we have a Char-man here?
 That Kirk once went to Kirk o'er the Lea?
 That we buy bread, and yet have a Sgt. Baker in the Kitchen Store?
 That some young ladies go "Whelan" the patients out?
 That Southall has recently been provided with window cleaners and
 Landscape Gardeners?
 That "Nap" has come home again?
 That Christy's Glad?
 That Matt. is a Con-she-entious objector?
 That the painters are giving us a new fleet of motor cars?
 That "Painting" should be one of the artists?
 That the Charity Department has been closed at the Orderlies'
 Canteen?
 That a certain officer was proved guilty of a "Tiny" breach of Dis-
 cipline?
 That a spiked Cushion is being added to the orderlies' billiard table
 so no more can get on?
 That fish is off, as Jona has killed the whale?
 That a certain N.C.O. has been tin fishing?
 That he'd have had good swimming if the tin fish had caught him?

A VISIT TO "PEDLARS' MARKET."

Have you ever been to the Pedlars' Market. If not, why not?

Arriving in London, we tubed by the Piccadilly Railway to Caledonian Road, from whence a short walk brought us to the Caledonian Cattle Market, which on Fridays is given up to the pedlars as a depot for disposing of any goods which they may wish to sell.

For the small sum of 1s. any person may set up a stall, whether the stock be large or small.

Walking around the various booths one sees an amazing collection.

"Cum arn, cum arn; pick 'em out, eny price yer loike," comes from a raucous-voiced coster with all sorts of brassware, silver-ware, and brumagem.

"'Ere y'are, missus; 'ow abaht a pair er curtins, real good lacens; on'y six bob a pair."

"No thanks, I don't want 'em; they're dirty."

"Orl right, missus; take a pair wot ain't been unfolded; ere's a noice clean pair."

"'Ere y'are, gents, a minytur 'istry of Hingland. Smallest never published. Yer can read ivry word of it; honly 1d."

We each picked one up, but found it unreadable, and replaced them on the tray.

The coster was exceedingly disappointed and angry. "Do yer think it's a bloomin' free library? Hany more er your sort knockin' rahnd? Don' be so bloomin' rash with yer money."

At various stalls could be seen secondhand clothing of all descriptions, new and old footwear, furniture, kippers, fruit, tobacco, groceries, and practically every article imaginable, from a needle to a motor-car.

We purchased a few old coins as souvenirs of our visit to one of the most interesting corners of London. S. F. S.

Remember to slip any articles or verse in the "Boomerang Box" in the Canteen!

A Wedding.

On Saturday, August 4th, a number of the staff and patients of this hospital proceeded to the Harefield village church, where the wedding ceremony took place of Dvr. L. Kirkley and Miss L. F. Essen.

The ceremony was performed by the Rev. A. H. Harland, assisted by Cpl. Gorrie.

After the ties had been made, the bride and bridegroom proceeded to the cars beneath an archway made by a number of girls with their weaving sticks and the staff and patients' with their walking sticks, amidst a shower of confetti.

The "Wedding March" was played by L./Cpl. Filshie.



The wedding breakfast was held in the breakfast-room at the Works, where for 30 months the bride had worked. About 150 guests were seated, when toasts were proposed and healths drunk.

The happy couple then proceeded to Rickmansworth; from thence they departed on their honeymoon.

They have our very best wishes for their future happiness.

One of the many poets of which Harefield Hospital boasts gave the following version of the wedding:—

"We all trooped down to see old Kirk
'Sign on' and get a 'blessin';
We little thought without much work
He'd capture famous 'Essen.'"



"Hi! Sergeant! Is this one of the guys
I've got to salute?"

JOTTINGS FROM HEADQUARTERS.

UNFORTUNATE AUSIE.

The other day conversation was overheard between two of the H.Q. members here, and it went something like this:—

The Private: "Well, sarge, what do you think of latest rumour?"

The Sarge (who had recently been promoted): "Oh! I'm always dead stiff! No sooner than I'm getting on all right than something happens. It's always the same in the A.I.F.!"

WE CAN'T LOSE THE WAR.

There are hundreds of callers come here every day
Seeking soldiers—lost, wounded, and those gone astray.
"Why, dear madam, your boy has good health galore.
Out of action? Nonsense! We can't lose the war!"

The smart Q.M. bloke is almost as shrewd
(Instead of Q.M. he should be controller of food),
If you ask for a nail he will just go off sore,
Get an indent, oh why! We can't lose the war!

The Pay Section, too, exercises much care,
To the Ausies from France they grunt like a bear,
"I'll give you what's owing and not a cent more,
Don't be wasteful, we can't lose the war!"

On parade every morning when all's looking smart
After inspection they go from the start,
Our guard nabs the stiffies as they rush through the door,
"You're late, wasting time, we can't lose the war!"

The scheming that's done up here every day
Would send you dopie or turn your hair grey;
Working week in and out in every corps,
When you squeak you get told, "We can't lose the war!"

Red tape and promotions blend here every day,
You've only to wangle to get extra pay;
But scheme not nor wangle, and expect but to score,
You'll find out quite soon we can't lose the war.

F. J. P.

ABSENCE.

(To someone in Australia.)

"Absence makes the heart grow fonder,"

Though the saying is not new,

Every day from you I'm parted

Makes it seem to me more true;

Makes me long to see you, dear one,

Look into your loving eyes,

Teaches me how much I miss you

And how much your love I prize.

So, when once again I meet you

On that happy day in store,

You will know, dear, when I greet you,

Absence made me love you more.

BY SOMEONE IN NO 3 WARD.

The Chronicle.

A FAREWELL WORD TO "WEE MACGREGOR."

Captain-Chaplain Gregg Macgregor, better known to these pages as "Wee MacGregor," has left us for work in France. From all he went through in the Gallipoli campaign we feel that he will enjoy being once more close to the danger zone, and we know, too, that his fearless spirit will do much to inspire the men, as it did on Gallipoli. Captain MacGregor has left behind him a memory of a wonderfully kind soul. There is no one that loves his fellow-soldiers more than he. Captain Terry is now Chaplain here, and we give him a hearty welcome.

Mrs. MacGregor has done valuable work in the Hospital Library, and her energy has been unflinching as Honorary Librarian.

Another well-known figure at the Hospital who has left us is Mrs. Jackson. She will be much missed, for she has filled so many rôles here at Harefield. Besides her valuable work in the Linen Room, she will be remembered as having worked hard in raising Staff Concerts; and last, but not least, as a dinkum cricket player!

And still another farewell! This time it is Major Clowes, who has left preparatory to going to France.

AUSTRALIAN SOLDIERS.

They turned, the soldiers of a Southern land,
 From lotus-eating and from idle dreaming,
 From fair ideals growing faint through lack of heeding,
 From pleasures idly chased, and acts of joyful seeming.
 The far-off cry of Belgium desolate,
 The wail of France, and Britain's mightiest need,
 Rang loud and clear across the ocean wide,
 And roused these men from careless ease to earnest, cleansing deed.
 Their bodies cleansed by many a deep, cool plunge
 In rivers wide or mighty breakers rolling;
 Their minds kept pure to match their bodies' cleanness,
 They went through sunny fields and shady forests strolling.
 For wattle blossom with its odour cloying
 Scents all the bushland air from blue hills blowing,
 Breeds in the heart a mystic, solemn yearning,
 For deed of high emprise borne out with ardours glowing.
 The loud war-cry of Britain was the call
 That crystallised the yearning into act,
 And Britain's younger son to manhood came
 And turned from fancies fleeting to face eternal fact.
 In many corners of far foreign fields
 Their dear, dead bodies find a scanty room,
 With courage high they beat life's measure out;
 The threads are cut, the pattern is complete on Life's great loom.

JOHN N. PHILLIPS, — Australian Machine Gunners.

"Damage to the extent of £25,000 is said to have been caused to the crops in Australia by mice, and the Australian authorities contemplate the purchase of a mouse-trap."—"Punch."

"There may be a shortage of dyes, but the particular stuff they use for red tape seems plentiful enough."—"London Opinion."

HAREFIELD HISTORY

UP TO DATE.

Someone in the office proposed that the History of Harefield should be published.

"Not really!" ejaculated the correspondent to the Bindy-wundy and the Periwinkle Times.

"Dinkum," responded the Petticoat.

"It can't be done; it would immediately be censored."

"I mean the history that has already appeared in the Boomerang—the visit of Queen Elizabeth——"

"My dear madam, that is a relief. I thought you meant the history of Harefield since the coming of the Australians."

The Bindy-wundy and Periwinkle correspondent replaced his pipe and continued his hammering on the typewriter.

"Let us begin the Harefield History—up to date," said the Tired Sole, leaning back in his chair after the arduous task of reading through the "British Australasian."

The Ray of Sunshine looked up with his usual long face from his usual long list of figures.

"It couldn't be written, and it couldn't be read," snapped he

"Let's begin with our friend the correspondent for the Bindy-wundy and the Periwinkle Times.

"Or the Tired Sole, who drinks sixteen cups of tea every morning to fortify him for his sofeul work—or else cooks chops in the canteen."

"Hush! Don't talk about it," came from the Ray of Sunshine.

"My dear chap, a man must live"; and the Tired Sole leant back wearily in his chair.

"But what about the history you were so keen to write," said the Bindy-wundy and the Periwinkle Times correspondent.

"Well, you are the chap to start. What's the good of learning a trade and then not being able to do it? Here's copy for you"; and he surveyed the office, where at one window the Ray of Sunshine leant over his endless figures, and at the other the "B.-W. and P." correspondent tapped on the typewriter. "There's copy," and he pointed out of the window to where two old bushmen in their grey dressing jackets sat yarning, head to head.

"Bother your history! You want me to do all the work," burst forth the irate correspondent as he sat hammering out words on his machine. "For heaven's sake tell me how many l's there are in shrapnel."

"One—if it hits you," sadly replied the Ray of Sunshine, without looking up.

After this great effort the office was stunned and had to close for the day in order to recover from the shock.

P.

FREDDY'S NOSE, BY ONE WHO KNOWS.

Freddy went to cricket,
As everybody knows,
He bowled to hit his wicket,
But struck poor Freddy's nose.

Ted Nye pronounced it broken,
And felt the poor old nose;
But Tommy Mills has spoken,
He knows, and Fred's nose knows.

MARY.

(To an Australian Girl.)

Sweeter than the honeysuckle,
 Radiant as a morning rose;
 Scattering a little sunshine
 Here and everywhere she goes.
 Fairer than the fairest fairy
 Is my Southern sister, Mary.
 There is music in her laughter,
 There is rhythm in her feet,
 And the children follow after
 When she passes down the street;
 There is goodness in her glances,
 All her movements speak of grace,
 And a smile for ever dances
 On the playground of her face.

Sweeter than the honeysuckle
 Of the land that gave her birth;
 All the lucky stars were shining
 When she stepped upon this earth.
 Kinder than the kindest fairy—
 Mary! Mary!
 There is courage in her spirit,
 There is virtue in her name;
 Rarest gifts did she inherit
 In that Southland whence she came;
 There is truth that never wavers
 Rooted in her heart of gold,
 But the measure of her favors
 Never can be fully told.

AN AUSTRALIAN.

TAKE ME BACK TO "AUSIE."

Take me back to dear old "Ausie,"
 Put me on the boat for Sydney town,
 Take me over there, drop me anywhere,
 Sydney, Perth, or Hobart Town—well, I don't care;
 I should like to see my best girl,
 Walking out again we soon shall be,
 Oh! Blighty is a failure, iti-idlity-iti,
 "Ausie" is the place for me.

ONE OF THE B'HOYS, Ward 26, 1st A.A.H., Harefield.

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 FIRST JOURNEY.

How long I had been waiting for that ship
Which carried me upon my maiden trip,
And showed to me new lands, new life, new faces,
And gave me strange adventure in strange places,
And taught me more of Nature's mysteries—
Warm, scented perfumes in the gentle breeze
That waves the crowned heads of coco-palms
So stately—and her many charms—
The fascination of the angry storm,
The peace that follows after; then the morn
Which breaks with golden glory on the grey
Sea, turning it blue as night turns into day.
And, after day has faded into night
The starlit sky, the moon's pale beam of light
Dancing upon the surface of the ocean,
Playing with the wavelets; then the motion
Of the fast transcontinental train
Straining to race time; and then again,
The ancient haunts and taverns of the city,
The dazzling lights of theatres, and the pretty
Maids of England with their fresh complexions,
Stealing with glances soldier's fond affections.
All these have given me great joy and pleasure,
And when I lie, half-sleeping, in my leisure,
Such reminiscences oft crowd my brain,
And each sweet moment I live o'er again.

'Twas my first journey all these things revealed.
Now to the wanderer's call I ever yield,
Knowing that I am destined e'er to be
A vagabond on life's adventurous sea.

N. A. TOLHURST, A.I.F.



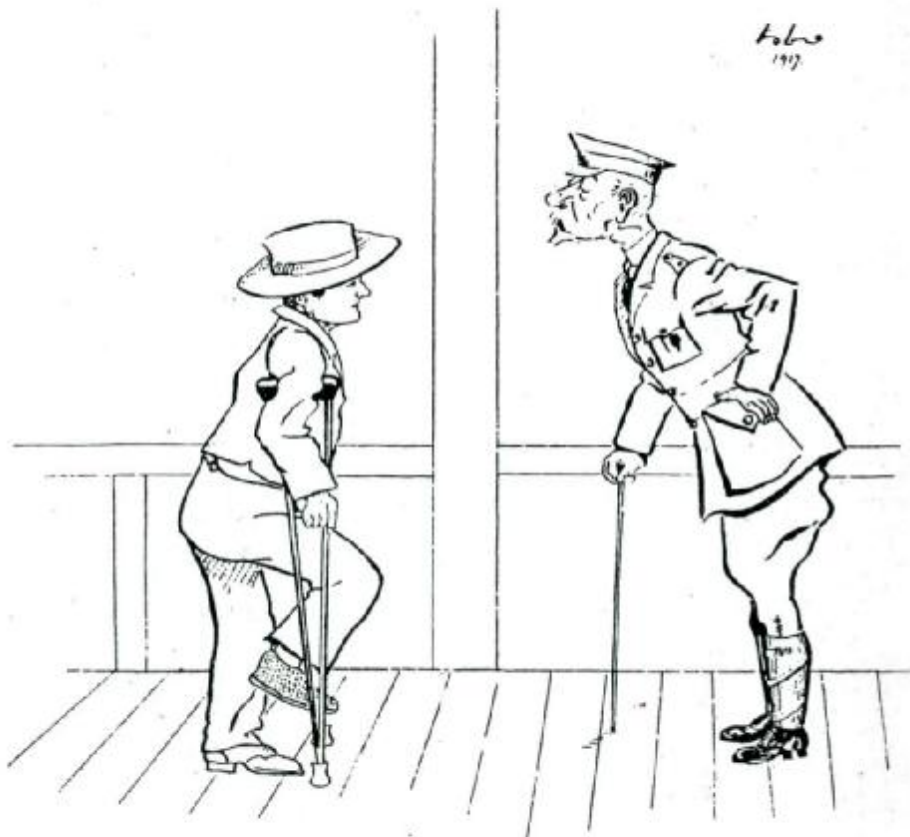
STANWELL PARK, NEW SOUTH WALES.

FOR THE COT CASES AND "HOPPIES."

It is not often that cot cases are to be envied, but on certain Monday afternoons they now might be, for it is their privilege to be asked to a special Cinema Entertainment and Tea in the Concert Hall. For an hour before their party starts there are beds and boxes on wheels being pushed along the "ramps" and getting stuck round corners, but the patients take it with a smile, for, after all, even if they are wedged in between a door whilst the bed refuses to go either in or out, this is some excitement after having lain for weeks looking at the same boards in the same ceiling without ever a change. Now all cases that possibly can be moved are invited on Mondays, at 2.30, and for an hour they forget their troubles in the joy of seeing Charley Chaplin on a moving staircase. Then follows the tea, which is provided each time by someone who wishes to give the cot cases and "hoppies" a special treat, the money for which being sent to Mr. Coxen. Each entertainment costs about two pounds. The first was given by Lt.-Col. Hayward; the second by Captain and Mrs. Venning; the third by P. Twigg, of Toksowa House, Dulwich; the fourth and fifth by J. H. Mortlock and H. Coxen.

How much this weekly entertainment cheers the men one need only see by their faces when they emerge from the Concert Hall. Both the tea and Charley Chaplin combined act like a tonic on their spirits, and life smiles again upon them.

EDITOR.



Officer: "Well, how are you to-day?"

Billjim: "Aw, bonza! If it weren't for my leg I would be as right as the Bank!"

GOOD-BYE, AUSTRALIA.

The call came to Australia
 From the dear old Motherland,
 And though the seas divide us
 We'll be there to lend a hand.
 Hear their voices ring
 As this refrain they sing:

Good-bye, Australia!
 Farewell my Southern home,
 I'll always think of you
 Wherever I may roam;
 Your sunshine I'm leaving
 To cross the ocean blue,
 And fight for old England
 And her brave Allies, too.
 But when the golden wattle
 Blooms 'neath your skies of blue,
 Just like the boomerang,
 I'll come right back to you.

The parting soon is over,
 And we're off to do our share,
 But we'll dream of you, Australia,
 For our hearts are ever there.
 Loud their cooees ring,
 And once again they sing:

Good-bye, Australia!
 Farewell my Southern home,
 I'll always think of you
 Wherever I may roam;
 Your sunshine I'm leaving
 To cross the ocean blue,
 And fight for old England
 And her brave Allies, too.
 But when the golden wattle
 Blooms 'neath your skies of blue,
 Just like the boomerang,
 I'll come right back to you.

L./Cpl. E. A. MOORE, late of Ward 15.

A MOTOR CONVEYANCE

WILL LEAVE THE

"CRICKETER'S INN," HAREFIELD,

TO AND FROM THE HOSPITAL.

PALMER'S VEHICLES

Meet all Principal Trains arriving at Denham
 from Paddington and Marylebone.

TIME - TABLE ON APPLICATION.

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

Why Pay for Photographs ?

When W. EMERY (otherwise known as Dandy) will teach you how to take them yourself

FREE, GRATIS, & FOR NOTHING.

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.

When he is at home his address is—

**W. EMERY,
HIGH STREET, PINNER.**

**H. G. McMILLAN,
HIGH STREET, HAREFIELD,
NEWSAGENT &
STATIONER.**

Good Assortment of Local, Comic, and Birthday Cards.

Agent for KODAKS.

**E. A. CLARK'S
HAIRCUTTING, SHAVING,
and
SHAMPOOING SALOON,
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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. & C. and other Pipes,
from 1/- to 10/-.

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

"SIGNET"

The Sign of Superlative Value.

DRINK "SIGNET" TEA.

ALFRED BUTTON & SONS, UXBRIDGE.