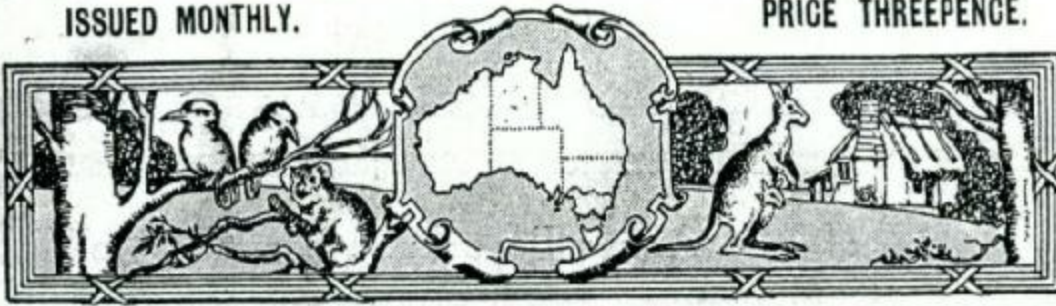


ISSUED MONTHLY.

PRICE THREEPENCE.



THE HAREFIELD PARK



BOOMERANG



NUMBER SIXTEEN.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 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."

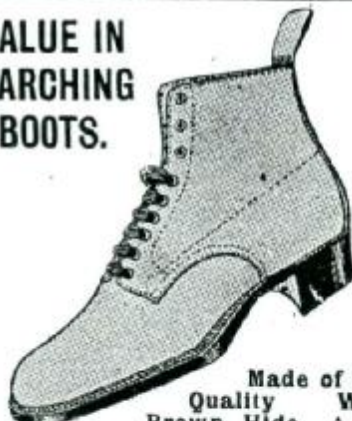


SILVER MOUNTED PIPES

(Inlaid.) All shapes.

c1015 small.	c1016 medium.	c1017 large.
5/3	5/6	6/-
Post 3d. U.K.		

VALUE IN MARCHING BOOTS.



Made of the Finest Quality Waterproof Brown Hide. A nice dark brown mahogany colour. Stout $\frac{1}{2}$ in. soles. Waterproof, inner-soles perfectly smooth. Made with or without toecaps. Splendid Marching Boots.

Price
37/6

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, post free.



New Zealand.



Australian Commonwealth.

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

THE HAREFIELD PARK BOOMERANG

No. 16.

October 1, 1917.

Price Threepence.

Editorial.

With this number the Boomerang has regained its original size. And, behold! not only has it returned to its twenty pages, but also to its original type. Let us hope it may go on growing, for it has a future before it, and it is going to be a big success with your help.

We welcome on to our pages the War Chest Club, which has taken a page of the Boomerang for its announcement every month. We are glad to be connected with such a splendid organisation, for anyone who has ever had the pleasure of being entertained at the War Chest can never forget the wonderful value they receive for their money, and everyone must admire the system on which it is run. Our admiration and thanks goes out to those voluntary lady helpers who serve the men day after day. Surely the War Chest Club is one of the most splendid organisations that has sprung up since the war!

Will all the ex-patients remember that the Editor would welcome any news of or from them, and any articles or verses they may have stored up their sleeve? And should this number of the Boomerang happen to fall into the hands of some of our old contributors will they, too, remember we are glad to have further contributions from them? These are the names which we want to see appearing once more in these pages:—Pte. C. Lowry, Sgt. Lennie, Pte. Rick Elmes, Pte. N. A. Tolhurst, J. C. Russell, "Bendie," Corporal C. Grimshaw. They may have passed out of life here, but not out of our memory.

The list of subscribers grows steadily, and almost daily come postal orders for three shillings with a demand for the Boomerang to be sent for one year.

Farewell !

On relinquishing the command of Harefield Park Australian Hospital I take advantage of the friendly pages of "The Boomerang" to say "good-bye" to the Ladies of the Canteen and all its voluntary workers who have done so much to ameliorate the troubles of Australian soldiers who have been under my care—men who have voluntarily shown their patriotism and love of justice by forsaking their normal employment and enlisting under the flag of the British Empire.

It is nearly two years now since I attended a meeting held under the presidency of Mrs. Billyard Leake with the object of instituting a Patients' Canteen. This Canteen was started in January, 1916, and been carried on uninterruptedly since then by a band of ladies. From this initiation other good works were introduced, notably the wool-work Instruction Classes, which have been so marvellously successful; the Library; the Educational Classes; last, but not least, the Boomerang. Other ladies have undertaken the prosaic but very useful work of the "Linen Room"; others have given great pleasure to the patients by devoting their time driving motor-cars for excursions, so giving the boys fresh air and a taste of English scenery and an acquaintance with the places of interest in the locality. The great kindness shown by residents in the district who have entertained parties of patients at their homes I cannot forget. Neither must I forget the Concert and Theatrical parties whose entertainments have been such a source of pleasure to my soldier patients.

The devotion of these ladies to the work they have undertaken is worthy of all praise; when all have done so well it would be invidious to particularise. I am sure that the boys are grateful to them, and that there are many Australian mothers who would gladly thank them. Personally, I am deeply indebted to them, for their help to me has been invaluable, and in saying "Farewell" I thank them, one and all, from the bottom of my heart.

W. T. HAYWARD, *Lt.-Col.*



Messages from our Voluntary Helpers.

I have been asked to write a few words to accompany my photograph.

Shall I wish you as many happy days in your life as cups of tea that I have handed over the canteen counter for nearly two years now?

I know then that if this wish comes true, you will never be unhappy again!

EDEN ROSCOE.

Nursing Notes.

There have been many changes in our nursing staff during the past month, several of the pioneers of Harefield having left, or are leaving for duty on the other side of the Channel.

Sisters E. P. Wright and N. Ford left us about three weeks ago. Both are greatly missed. Others who will shortly depart from our midst are

Sisters Ritchie, Jones, and E. D. Smith. Harefield will not be itself without these familiar faces, but we know they are pleased to do some work on the other side. Sisters Fraser, Just, and Wearne are also taking up duty in hospitals in France. We wish them all every success and happiness in their new spheres.

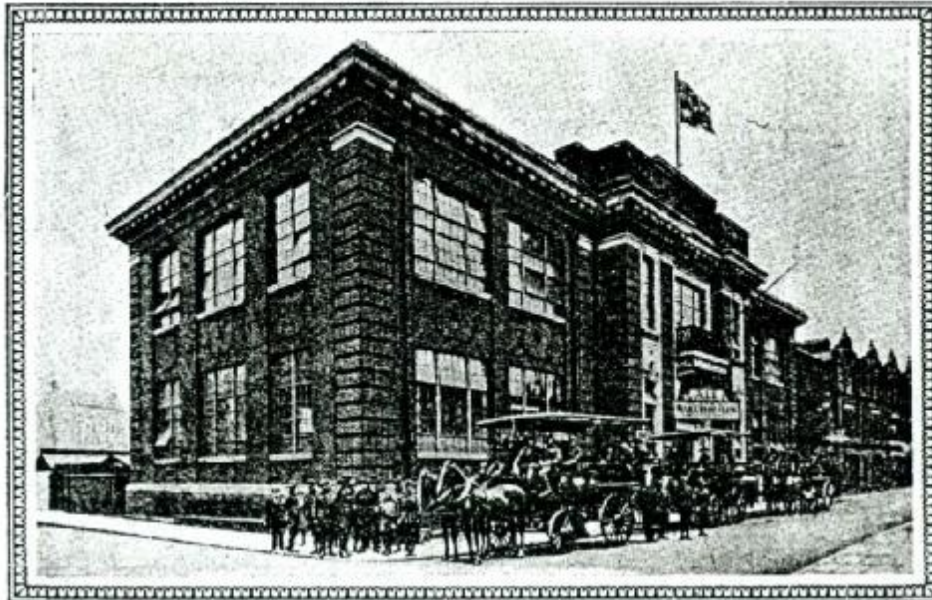
Sister W. J. Smith has gone to Southwell Gardens for a very well earned rest. She has "carried on" in one of the heaviest wards of the hospital for the last two years, and although we are sorry to lose her for the time being, we are glad for her to have a rest.

Sister Coolan has also said farewell to us. She has taken a trip home to our own dear Sunny land. We send after her "Bon Voyage."

A Story of Success.

FIRST YEAR OF THE A.I.F. AND WAR CHEST CLUB.

A little more than a year ago the A.I.F. and War Chest Club was first opened at 97, Horseferry Road, opposite Administrative Headquarters. It is difficult to imagine that the Club is merely a one-year-old. One wonders what the Australian did in London before its establishment. What he would do without it now is beyond the pale of wonder. Its first year has been a remarkably



TOURING PATIENTS LEAVING A.I.F. AND WAR CHEST CLUB.

live one—a year of experiments, sometimes tentative, but mostly bold—and the net result has been startling even to the most sanguine of its promoters. There was every reason to believe that the Club would be useful. The experience with the Anzac Hotel in Cairo was sufficient foundation for this belief. The optimists of the early days had visions of a nice little Club doing its bit and earning its little quota of appreciation. But, so to speak, the colt took the bit and bolted, and the candid history of the first year has been a frantic effort on the part of the promoters to keep pace. Development succeeded development like pictures on a film. The colt was of the right breed for the Australian soldier, and he came along to take a leading hand to make the pace a cracker.

To-day the A.I.F. and War Chest Club is as an accepted fact as furlough itself. It is as much taken for granted as the

fortnightly pay, and would be missed as much. For the average Australian it is the centre around which his London furlough gyrates. It is even less local than that, for if he goes to Edinburgh or Killarney he starts and ends up at the War Chest Club, deposits and gathers up his goods, banks his money, collects and writes his letters, and starts off with the comfortable feeling of a man leaving home for a few days' jaunt. Like the casual beggar he is, he leaves his affairs in the hands of the Club, and perhaps it is because the Club interests itself in these affairs that it has attained its success. The Australian soldier has made it an interesting place, very alive and very human, with a fascinating story to tell when in talkative mood. Perhaps the best listener is the hospital patient, who likes to keep in touch with the men on leave, and who, sooner or later, will come along "to have a feed," play billiards, and meet old coppers. Meanwhile we propose to tell some part of its story every month to "Boomerang" readers—stories of the Club, its doings, and its members—and we can promise that if all else fails the last at least will be interesting.

"TAKE ME BACK TO DEAR OLD AUSIE."

Re a parody on "Take me back to dear old Blighty" appearing in the September number of "The Boomerang," it is quite apparent that the originator ("One of the B'hoys") has a weakness for one particular spot in Australia.

The song, as far as I know, goes thus:—

"Take me back to dear old Blighty,
Put me in the train for London Town,
Take me over there, drop me anywhere,
'Liverpool,' Leeds, or Manchester,
Well, I don't care, &c."

We will all admit that there is a suburb in Sydney known as Liverpool, and instead of Sydney appearing twice in the rhyme I would either suggest Liverpool or Woolloomooloo!

I am given to believe that Adelaide, Brisbane, and Melbourne are towns of some note in Australia. Why leave them in obscurity?

I am sure the "One of the B'hoys" would be the recipient of many B—Hoyes! if the Adelaide, Brisbane, and Melbourne lads gave their opinions.

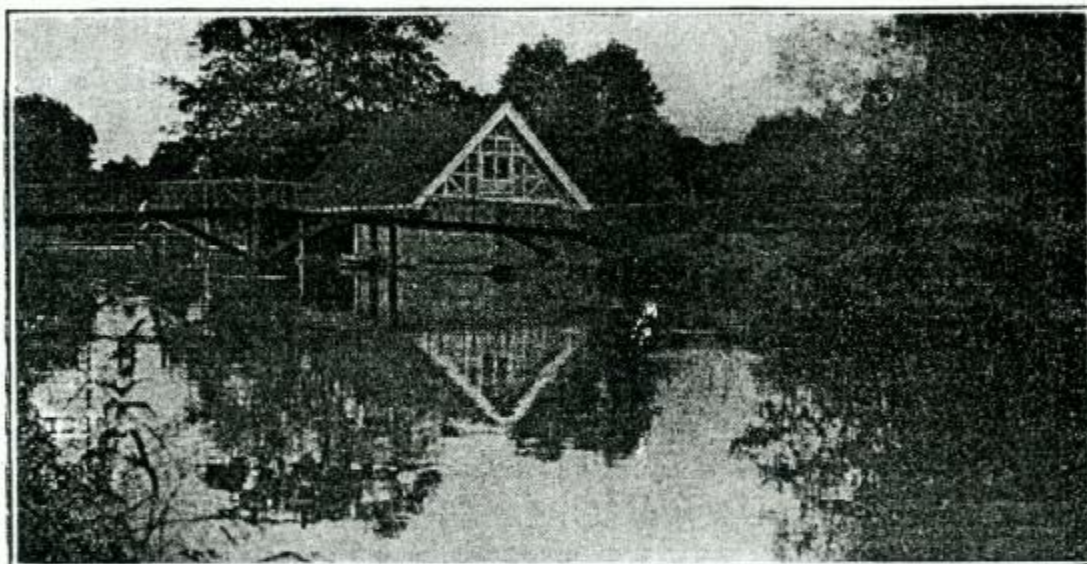
"SMITTEN."

Is it Dinkum?

- That the Paper shortage is at an end, as there are tons of leaves about?
- That Hospital trains disturb the snores of the Staff?
- That certain "houses" in the village suffer as a result of these evacuations?
- That certain members of the staff suffer more?
- That a certain N.C.O. likes buttered toast and tea nicely sweetened brought to him in bed at 6 a.m.?
- That our Ophthalmic Dept. when in town cannot keep away from "A Pair of Spectacles"?
- That Air Raids have a distressing effect on the nerves?
- That a certain N.C.O. dropped his railway ticket at the report of an anti-aircraft gun, but was successfully shepherded through the censorship of the Ticket Collector?
- That "Scotty" and Motor Cycles do not agree?
- That they dissolve partnership at sharp turns?
- That Jock enjoys Fish and Chips at Music Halls?
- That a Camel can go without a drink for 7 days?
- That a Campbell can't?
- That stinging nettles don't sting this month?
- That the Electrician is still Slack(s)?
- That certain N.C.O.'s thought they could knock a stone wall over?
- That "The Troops" are enjoying a spell?
- That old Father Time has returned?
- That his homecoming was greatly welcomed?
- That the Q.M.'s flock is straying while their "Sheppard" is away?
- That if Whitt had been less Eager rather than Moir he would still be riding a motor?
- That Cycle Wheels are in demand?

Summer Memories.

So many Australians will take back memories of a little winding river—the River Colne—that flows through English meadows and at the foot of woodlands. This summer nearly every day parties have gone forth from the hospital to the Fisheries, and there taken boats, kindly lent by Mrs. Goodlake, and with a load of sandwiches and cakes (the Food Controller was not invited) have gaily rowed up to the small teahouse and there had a dinkum picnic.



AT THE FISHERIES, DENHAM.

Years after, when the war is a nightmare of the past, these hospital days may seem like a part of a long dream; but, nevertheless, there will be moments of happy recollection that pierce the gloom of these days of war, and some of these bright moments will be when we re-live the summer afternoons on this little English river.

“Home offered delicate person on small farm; partner pig; poultry, dairy.—“Observer.”

“This ought to cure any delicacy he might start with.”—“Punch.”

“A man has been fined £5 for keeping a horse with bread. If it was the kind of war bread we have it was certainly very cruel.”—“London Opinion.”

A Message for "Our Boys."

Dear Editor,—I have pleasure in adding my name to the list of subscribers to the "Harefield Park Boomerang."

In response to your request for a message, what more can I say than that you have my best wishes for the success of the "Boomerang"? May it long be the medium of circulating cheery news amongst our boys who are temporarily resident at Harefield as a result of wounds received in upholding the best Australian traditions in fighting for liberty and justice.

We are proud of you all.

To those who go back to the Homeland, best wishes for a safe journey and a happy reunion with the dear ones in Australia.

To those who, when recovered, are returning again to join their units in France, we pray that good luck may attend them, and that they may be heartened by the knowledge that our hearts are with them, and that Australia follows with pride the record of their gallant devotion to duty.

Yours faithfully,

NEWTON J. MOORE,

Maj.-Gen., Agent-General.

THE GUNNERY PADRE.

Aldershot, they tell me, is laughing at a clerical faux pas. It is the custom in artillery orders to pronounce the figures of all numbers separately, such as "one-five-oh" for 150. It was this little trick that a young padre had caught, and at a drumhead service the other day he came out with, "And for four-oh days and four-oh nights they sojourned in the wilderness." Which is the Modern Version with a vengeance!—"Daily Mirror."



TWO FAVOURITES AT THE HOSPITAL.

The Chronicle.

THE NEW C.O.

We shall all miss Lt.-Col. Hayward, and our good wishes go with him in his new post. Lt.-Col. Yateman, of Adelaide, has been appointed the new C.O.

COT CASE TEAS.

By some editorial error some of the names of the donors to the Cot Case Teas were omitted. The following is the correct list:—

- July 30.—Lt.-Col. Hayward.
- Aug. 6.—Capt. and Mrs. Venning.
- „ 13.—Major Jeffrey and Capt. McWilliams.
- „ 20.—Major and Mrs. Dennis.
- „ 27.—Mr. H. Mortlock.
- Sept. 3.—Sister Jennings.
- „ 10.—Mr. P. Twigg.
- „ 17.—Mrs. Yateman.
- „ 24.—Capt. de Ravin.

A NEW REGISTRAR AND A NEW Q.M.

Major Anderson has arrived at the hospital, and is to succeed Major Brown in the duties of Registrar. Captain Murray is to replace Captain Maxwell, who is leaving the hospital.

JOTTINGS FROM HEADQUARTERS.

Owing to pressure of work at Headquarters (dinkum) the usual Jottings have not been forthcoming, but we hope for a double amount next month.

MY LITTLE MUD HOME IN THE TRENCH.

In my little mud home in our trench
 I was much safer, although I got drenched;
 Though the hours they seemed long,
 I was weary, but strong,
 And you guess I was fair dinkum sore.
 The Jack Johnsons that passed o'er my head
 Made the ground tremble on which I did tread,
 But with bully beef stew and a biscuit to chew,
 I loved my mud home in our trench.

W. SIMPSON, Ward 28.

COLLARS, TIES, AND KNOTS.

Corps Orders, 17.9.'17: "Patients will parade, &c."

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY S. C. F.

On Harefield Green, in Denham dells,
Where music throbs from distant bells,
There rest the braves from Picardy,
Sweet'ning the hours with laughter free,
And yarns sky-tall to flappers who call
To hold their hands and sympathise
With the motherless lambs with the sad, cute eyes.

To such have come from the gods in the skies,
Through D.R.S., C.O., or him who buys
Collars blanc and ruddy-red ties—
To gladden the heart and stimulate eyes
Averse to bare throats and poor flannel-necked guys.



"There rest the braves from Picardy."

Now on hospital blue lies a dainty white shoulder
Encircled about by an arm to enfold her,
An arm of the browner and older and bolder;
Against such a chest maiden cheeks but flush deeper
When breaks his tall yarns of the stunts around "Eeper,"
To tell her how always he'd cherish and keep her
And year by year onward his love but grow deeper,
Tho' fast fall the sands and the scythe of the Reaper.
Thanks be to the Collar!
Thanks be to the Tie!—
All this doth these mean to the heart and the eye.

The Girls I Left Behind Me.

I.

Is she sweet as she is fair?
Has she dark or golden hair?
Is her eye of blue?
Are her thoughts of me alone?
Will she be there when I come home?
Is her promise true?
(What do you think?)

II.

Others give her words of praise,
Kindly laud her simple ways—
Others clasp her hand;
Her warm bosom heaves with sighs
When she thinks between us lies
Many miles of land!
(Not to mention the ocean.)

III.

There was something in her look,
When my hand she gently took,
That told of heart-felt love;
Will it burn more deep or freeze?
Is a question on the knees
Of the gods above.
(Yes—I think so—yes!)

IV.

Some slight moisture dimmed her eye,
Her ^{dark} _{fair} lashes were not dry
When her lips pressed mine;
She was brave beyond her years,
She would not dissolve in tears,
Nor any kind of brine.
(What oh!)

V.

There was something in her kiss
Of that warm ecstatic bliss,
Mortals rarely know;
Though the atmosphere was chill,
It could not affect the thrill
Felt from head to toe.
(Dinkum!)

VI.

Time nor space will not efface
The rapture of that last embrace:
Memory will hold fast.
Still clings the hope thro' sun and rain,
Through mist and cloud, thro' joy and
pain,
That we all shall meet again
On Austral shores at last.
(Hallelujah!)

THE SLOGGER (Ward 19).

12.9.'17.

Our Sunbeam Sister.

(E. D. Smith, now of Ward 34.)

When first we came to Harefield Park,
With hope subdued, not even a spark,
Who brightened us from morn till
dark?
Our Sister.

Who, when our hearts are down to
zero,
Just smiles and bids us be a hero,
And chivvies us till we say "Cheero!"
Our Sister.

Who was it, when we peevish grew,
And turned down food "cause" it was
stew,
Who poached us eggs so light and
new?
Our Sister.

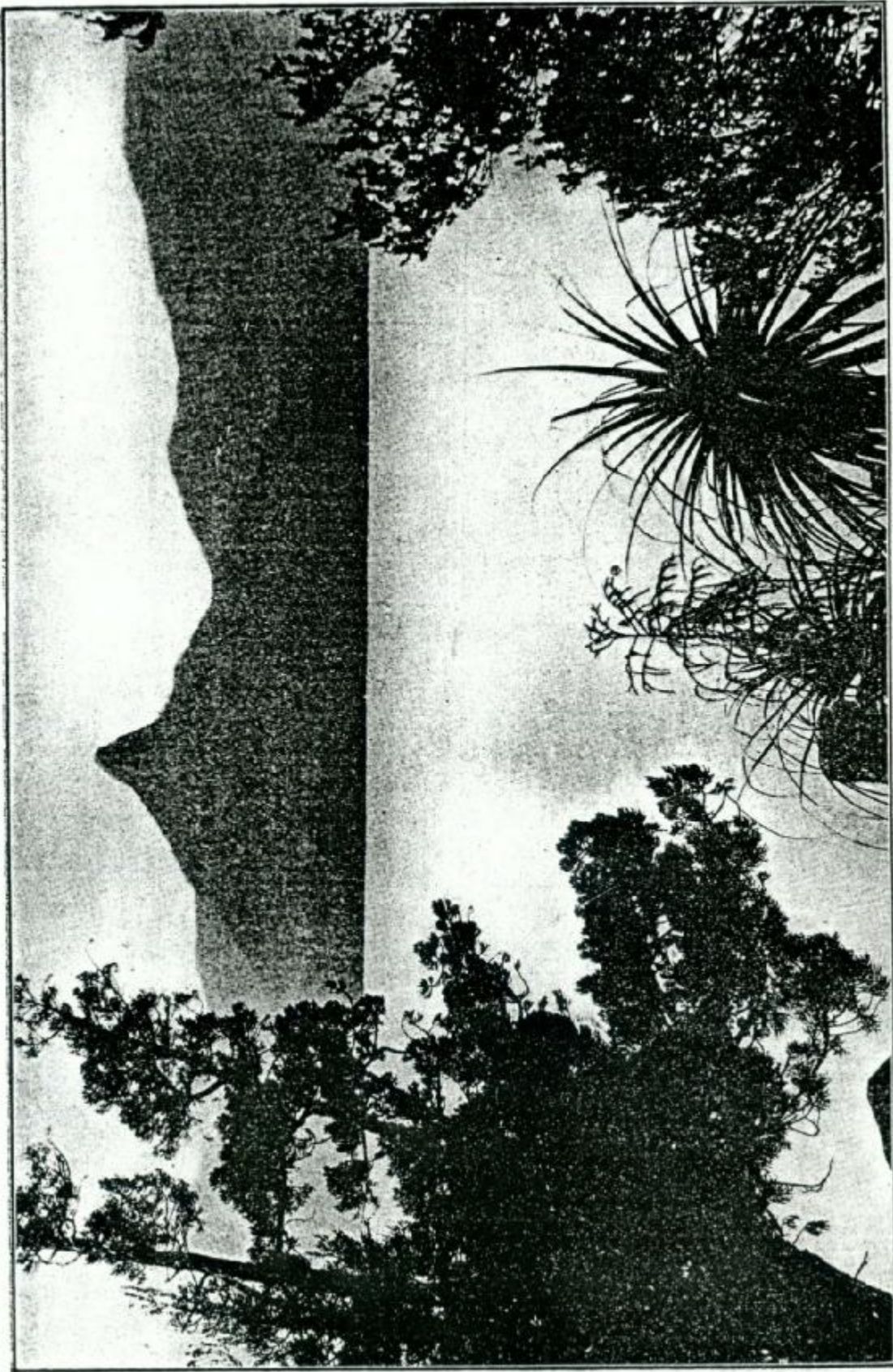
Who was it seemed just like our
mother,
But still was good pals—like a brother,
And almost grew like yet one other?
Our Sister.

When wounds grow red and make us
groan,
Who probes about for bits of bone,
And finds them, too? She stands
alone,
Our Sister.

When playing for coin, like other
boys,
Surreptitiously, with never a noise,
We stop at once when it annoys
Our Sister.

Why is it that we love her so?
She's dainty, sweet, from head to toe.
And womanly, dignified—Australian
too,
Our Sister.

R.M.



LAKE ST. CLAIR, MOUNT IDA, TASMANIA.

HEADSTONE FUND.

20th September, 1917.

To the Editor, "HAREFIELD PARK BOOMERANG."

The following additional donations towards the "Headstone Fund" have been received:—

	£	s.	d.
Amount already acknowledged ...	80	15	9
Ward 1 ...	0	16	0
" 2 ...	1	3	0
" 3 ...	0	12	6
" 12 ...	1	1	0
" 18 ...	0	13	6
" 19 ...	0	16	0
" 21 ...	0	10	0
" 22 ...	1	5	0
" 23 ...	0	12	0
" 29 ...	0	9	0
" 32 ...	4	0	0
" 36 ...	0	14	9
" 38 ...	2	5	0
" 43 ...	0	10	0
Pte. Vitnell ...	0	10	0
Anonymous ...	0	10	0
Anonymous ...	0	5	0
Total ...	97	8	6

The above amounts are acknowledged with many thanks, and any further donations towards this Fund will be gladly received.

H. H. GREEN, *Hon. Sec. and Treas.*

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 185 and 184, Tottenham Court Road.

Representative calls regularly at Hospital for Orders.

PHONE No.: VIC. 3429.

When the Boys March Home Again.

(An adaptation from W. A. by W. A.)

When the grim fight is finished and over,
When the Kangeroo enters Berlin,
When by Portsmouth, Weymouth, and Dover,
The troopships go out and come in;
When by Gib. and by Suez and by Aden,
And the land where the Gippo drinks hops,
The steamers all heavily laden
To the land where the Kangeroo hops;
Look out, you cold-footed slackers
Who never left Aussy or home,
For the rockets and bonfires and crackers,
When our boys come marching home.

There'll be mafficking, shouting, and cheering,
There'll be crowds at Fremantle quay,
When the two-funnelled liner is steaming
In from the boundless sea.
There'll be all our women folk waiting
For those who will never return,
There'll be comrades in khaki relating
How they fought before crossing the burn.
Then what will you think, you who've lingered?
Won't you wish you'd fought o'er the foam,
You, who never a trigger have pulled?
When our boys come marching home.

Have a glance at the wounded at Harefield,
God hasn't yet loosened the dove;
Come on, man, and learn how de parlez vous,
Come and see how the Boches come in;
Come out and see mem'selle from France,
You can't be a soldier first pop,
Mon ami, ma cherie, oui, oui, napoo,
Come and see the old Kangeroos hop.
There's mates want your help, there's men to relieve,
At once put your name in the tome,
And your past we'll forget, and your conduct reprieve,
When our boys come marching home.

On Dit.

(Apropos of our collars and ties.)

That the chief remark of the gasping, open-mouthed flappers in Harefield, Denham, and many villages out of bounds yesterday was, "How sweet and clean the dears look!"

That Sept. 17 will be written down on our war diary as a *Red-letter* day.

That Snice said, "The poor lads won't feel so nervous when they go out now." That S. N. replied, "I agree with you. Perhaps 'Richard' will be allowed now as well." That Snice replied, "Yes; especially since they so inconveniently banned our old friends, De Gees, B. Seize, and B. Ells."

???

In what words would you express the following sentences?—
A Frenchman fell into a tub of tallow—

In-de-fat-i-gable.

An airman passing over a field dropped a bomb into a bull's mouth, which happened to be gazing skywards with its mouth open—

A-bom-in-a-ble.

Here's health to "Jock Mathie,"
A wee Scotch laddie,
Who drinks neither whisky nor sherry;
Has many a "pal,"
And many a "gal."
We wonder if he'll ever marry.

"NA-POO."

Will one of the B-boys of Ward 26 who wrote "Take me back to 'Ausie'" have any objections in telling two "English" girls why "Blighty" is a failure?

"TRES BON."

Heard in West End restaurant:—

Angry Australian: "Waiter, how confounded slow you are!"

Waiter (coming with ox-tail soup): "Coming, sir! Ox-tail was always behind, sir!"

"Two NIBS."

Amended Rules of our National Games.

The M.C.C. and other sports unions will cordially approve of the adoption of the following amended rules by Harefield Hospital and other sports clubs:—

CRICKET: Stack all the cricket material neatly in the Q.M. store, the back of the garage, or the tailor's shop. Let the home team then resolve itself into groups—in the wards, on the lawn, the village green, or other confined space. The members shall then all talk loudly together of their individual feats in the noble game, so that the duly-impressed hearers may convey the stories to other clubs. This is a fine game, and many victories may be won without the painful experiences of "ducks" or "being hit all over the field."

Before the season closes we confidently expect Harefield Club to win many such victories. Buck up, there!

"**ARE YOU THERE, MIKE?**": The two competitors lie head-to-head on the ground, or, if this is not hard enough, on Red Cross beds. Each is armed in his spare hand with a towel or a ration sausage, and each man is blindfolded. At the signal one calls, "Are you there, Mike?", and, anticipating the reply, cunningly slips off his eye-bandage so that he may take better aim in swatting his opponent. Should the latter also move his bandage the first man will apologise and replace his bandage as though he couldn't help its removal, and then the game will proceed on orthodox lines until one man is thoroughly "wursted."

FOOTBALL: Muster the teams in position. At the whistle let them rush with blood-curdling yells at each other. Leaving the ball where it is, let the players kick as much good skin from each other as they may do in the period of time allotted. The spectators shall then cry loudly, "Foul!" Should any player by accident kick the ball to within a reasonable distance of the goal-posts the spectators shall at once yell "Goal!" and a goal it shall be. These rules allow for the onlookers to take some small part in the game, and are formed by a combination of "Rugger," "Soccer," "Ausie," and mob rules.

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

XMAS

will soon be here, and you will be wanting some Xmas Cards, &c. to send Home.

W. Emery (Bandy)

will show you various kinds, and put your Photo in them if you wish.

If you prefer to take your own Photos, you can get a Kodak and supplies from W. EMERY, c/o The Patients' Canteen.

Advice and Assistance Free.

Views of the Hospital as Christmas Cards or Calendars, now Ready.

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,
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.

"SIGNET"

The Sign of Superlative Value.

DRINK "SIGNET" TEA.

ALFRED BUTTON & SONS, UXBRIDGE.