

TO THE FALLEN AT ANZAC.

The moonlit clouds are sailing by,
 So silent, so serene,
 The night wind breathing out her sigh
 To forms that once have been.

The moonlit clouds go sailing by,
 The moon is chilled with death,
 For dark still forms all silent lie
 Where sea-wind plays her breath.

Ye still grim forms—Farewell, great Braves;
 The gods thy converse claim.
 Farewell! Farewell! And we thy slaves
 Do honor to thy name.

CHAS. LOWRY.

OUR NEIGHBOURHOOD.

Have you ever stood on the crown of the hill above the quarries beyond Harefield woods? On a fine clear sunny day—in the coming springtime—will be seen a pastoral prospect to compare with anything in the south of England. The Grand Junction Canal and the River Colne wind through the vale, two silver ribbons in a setting of emerald green. Behind them are great sweeps of woodland and meadow, rimmed in the distance by the far-famed Chiltern Hills. Three counties, Middlesex, Bucks and Herts, come into that landscape. Rickmansworth, three miles distant, stands at the confluence of four streams, the rivers Chess, Gade, and Colne, and the Canal, and its piscatorial fame is great. One of the doughtiest champions opposing the invading Roman legions under Julius Cæsar was a Rickmansworth warrior. At Moor Park near by, Cardinal Wolsey dwelt, and at Basing House lived Quaker William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania. A mean tombstone among others of similar appearance at the Jordans in Chalfont St. Giles, marks the illustrious Quaker's last resting place. In the same picturesque hamlet is the cottage where Milton wrote his "Paradise Regained." The poet Gray lived and died at Stoke Poges, a mere two hours' wander from the hospital. The old churchyard at Stoke Poges, where the poet's remains now repose, is said to be the scene of the "Elegy written in a country churchyard." In the spring, summer and early autumn, how lovely are the walks in the immediate vicinity of Harefield! What is finer than a saunter in the long summer twilights along the tow-paths, fringed with hedge-rows, and the fields aflame with poppies, by the Grand Junction Canal, or along Lovers' Lane to the hamlet of Mill End.

"CROWEATER."

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT.

The genuineness of the following extract from a Harefield patient's will is vouched for.

"Should I chuck a seven, I leave all my dough to my cobber, —"

IS IT DINKUM?

- That a prominent official's excuse for stopping out all night was that he missed the last train but one?
- That a retiring colonel was capable of seeing a bridge hand through with a declaration Queen to three?
- That the Officers have sworn off meat pies?
- That the Padre was perturbed on Wednesday at the Registrar's late appearance at the haltar?
- That it was feared he was still writing Notes in his office?
- That after the ceremony the Padre stopped the coach to get an identification snapshot?
- That another Medico is succumbing to the love epidemic?
- That a signaller D.C.M. signals a Capture in Ward—(censored)?
- That there is a Howell over receipt of a daily love-letter?
- That recipient has declared Ward 8 isolated?
- That the Love-lorn doubts it, and threatens B. of P.?
- That the popular comment on the reduced meat ration is "Not 'arf"?
- That a chief clerk is praying for the lakes to freeze again?
- That pay-sergeant MacNeill pronounces his name with the letter "air" silent as in "biscuit"?
- That O/C Boots could not meet his girl as his teeth were in dock?
- That Sabby has gone into partnership with Sir Thos. Beecham?
- That a certain corporal has had a lot of business to transact over the telephone lately?
- That he has a high opinion of Rickmansworth scenery?
- That the Orderly room typist is still Green?
- And that the Orderlies' Canteen secretary is still Savage?

APOLOGIES TO LIMERICK.

There was a gay Officers' Mess
 (Tel. "Austral, Harefield" the address),
 Where they all got a pain,
 Which was due to ptomaine,
 So of meat pies they've vowed to eat less. W.

WEB EQUIPMENT.

The lecturer had worked his audience up to a fine pitch of enthusiasm by a spirited description of our successful advance on the Somme. He brilliantly perorated thus:—"Our men are in the pink of condition and at the highest point of efficiency, and I ask you if there is one thing we lack to turn our thrust into decisive victory." As the applause subsided, Anzac Bill was heard to say, "Just one." The lecturer beamed. "And what is that, my friend?" "Web feet," ventured Bill as he made a break to anticipate the closing of the pub. J. H. T.

The Chronicle.

A Norfolk Island Message.

C. T. Halstead, Cable Station, Norfolk Island, writes to "The Australian convalescents, Harefield" (27/11/16): "I've just finished a long talk to the first Anzac I've seen and it has only just dawned on me what the word Australian means. I chafe on this pin point set away on its own in our blue Pacific, but here I've got to stick. . . . I'm forwarding to the Bulletin office an order for a year's sub. for you. By this means, some of you will have now and again the monotony relieved by having a real bit of Australia to read. . . . I wish you all the best of luck."

Valedictory.

A farewell dinner was given on Tuesday 13th in the Officers' Mess to Lieut.-Col. Allan and Major Cameron on the eve of their departure from Harefield. The Officer Commanding, who presided, was in good form and made apt and witty references to the abilities and graces of the guests of the evening. Mrs. Allan was also praised for her generous hospitality and thanked for many kindnesses. Other officers having endorsed the O.C.'s remarks, presentations were made from the members of the mess. Col. Allan and Major Cameron fittingly replied. Opportunity was taken to make a presentation to Major Smeal, who was assured of the Officers' heartiest wishes for a happy future.

Wedding.

Major Smeal and Sister Allan were married at Holy Trinity Church, Southall, by Capt.-Chaplain Macgregor on Wednesday 14th. The Officers' motor journey across was beguiled (we are informed on most undoubted authority) by the efforts of old foxes with their tails off earnestly urging the young foxes to follow their example. With what success, let the future disclose! The service was brief and impressive, and the returning procession was greeted with snowshowers of confetti.

A Staff Addition.

On Saturday, Capt. R. L. Henderson reported at the hospital for duty. He was wounded at Fleurs, where he was M.O. of a battalion, and has spent two months as a patient in hospitals.

Obituary.

Lieut.-Colonel J. Froude Flashman, A.A.M.C., late Commandant Australian Auxiliary Hospitals in England, died at the 2nd Australian General Hospital, Wimereux, France, on the 12th inst., the cause of death being pneumonia. At the time of his death, Colonel Flashman was attached to the institution named as senior physician. A memorial service was held on the 16th inst. in the chapel of the 3rd London General Hospital, Wandsworth, Colonel Flashman having been, for a considerable time prior to his departure for France several weeks ago, senior physician A.I.F. at that hospital.

The Sisters.

Last week was a very busy one for the sisters owing to preparations for a large evacuation. There were also some heavy cases, and the fact that they are so short-handed was made very apparent. Extra sisters reporting for duty this week will consequently be very welcome. Head-Sisters Cunningham and Jeffries have left for the 3rd A.G.H., Brighton. Head-Sister Pratt and Sister F. Nicholls have returned from well-earned furlough. Sister Kitchen, who left Australia with the First Fleet (1914), has reported here for duty. Sister Allen visited Devonport to see her soldier brother who was reported to be dangerously ill. He has taken a turn for the better and Sister Allen has returned to duty.

Missing.

Lieut. Arnold Potts, B.D., late of Cottesloe, Western Australia, attached to — Durham Infantry, reported missing from Western front in November. Any information welcomed by Mr. Gilchrist. Private Godfrey Higgs, — Aust. Field Ambulance, missing since August 27th. Slight impediment when speaking. Father, P. Higgs, Lane Cove Road, Lindfield, New South Wales.

A strange meeting.

Private Jackson, who was a patient of this hospital recently, was walking along one of the numerous covered ways when he met his son, also a patient here. Neither knew of the other's whereabouts and the meeting was as unexpected as it was pleasant. The father is well over the military age, while the son has not yet turned 18 and was wounded in France when he was 16. Instances of father and son serving in the A.I.F. are not uncommon, but there are few instances of the nature above. This incident goes to show the patriotism which stirs the true Australian and that not only "Young Australia" but also "Old Australia" is shouldering the gun and Doing a Bit for king and country.

The Extensions.

The extensions to Canteen and Red Cross Recreation Department were opened yesterday. The fine rooms now available have been admired by many visitors, and should be fully adequate for all the department's requirements till the end of the war.

Cash System.

In order to lighten the work of the ladies in the Canteen, it has been found necessary to instal a cash desk and adopt a ticket system of purchases. Patients are asked to co-operate with the management for the smooth working of this system. Purchases may be made by tickets only, obtainable at the cash desk. Where necessary, change in tickets will be given at the counters, and, if desired, these can be cashed again at the desk.

Piano Covers.

Two pianos and organ were covered this week by dust-proof holland coats, fitted and sewn by Mrs. Janson of Harefield, to whom we offer thanks for the work.

French Classes.

Miss Roscoe has decided to hold the French Classes more frequently than originally intended. An announcement will be made on the notice boards this week.

Concerts.

Tuesday's Red Cross Concert, which was very enjoyable, was under the charge of Miss Mona McCaughey, an Australian. The Soldiers' Entertainment Fund Programme included a very funny humorist new to Harefield. On Monday of last week a party of Canadian patients came over from their Convalescent hospital at Uxbridge and did some humorous turns. These items were all the more enjoyed because of the fact that the performers were working under disabilities due to wounds received at the front. Saturday's concert was given by a party organised by Miss Rose Smith-Rose. Fred Holding (violin), Miss Nancy Cooper (Soprano), and Miss Dorothy Percival (Contralto) were given insistent encores.

Lectures.

The lecture on Wednesday last arranged by the Australian Y.M.C.A. attracted a full house. Mr. Ben White painted his subject with the graphic lucid touch of a familiar, and never lost his hold of the audience to the close. The Chaplain moved a vote of thanks, which was seconded by a miner-patient from the Broken Hill silver mines.

Natural Color Photography.

The Marvels of Natural Color Photography are to be demonstrated in dark room and on screen on Friday by Mr. Finlay, inventor of the Paget color plate. This is likely to prove an exceptional opportunity for amateur photographers desiring an insight into this new branch of photographic science.

Rifle Match.

A competition took place at Mr. Stevens' Sawmill's miniature range on Saturday afternoon, between nine patients from Harefield hospital and nine sawmill employees. The visiting riflemen motored down and were received by the head of the firm and escorted to the range where a little practice was entered into by the visitors. Then all sat down to afternoon tea provided by the host, and after smoko the contest was entered upon. This ended in a victory for Uxbridge with a balance of 172 points in their favor. After thanking Mr. Stevens in a few well chosen words, the visitors returned to hospital well pleased with their outing. The scores were:—Hospital 557. Mill 729. Top scorers, Connell 80, Richardson 90.

Snow and Ice.

The snow thawed last week very gradually, much to everybody's relief, and after a rather long period of white-coated landscape the grass and ground have appeared again. The ice has become dangerous and the ponds have been placed out of bounds. Probably too late for use this winter, gifts of several pairs of skates have been made to the recreation department.

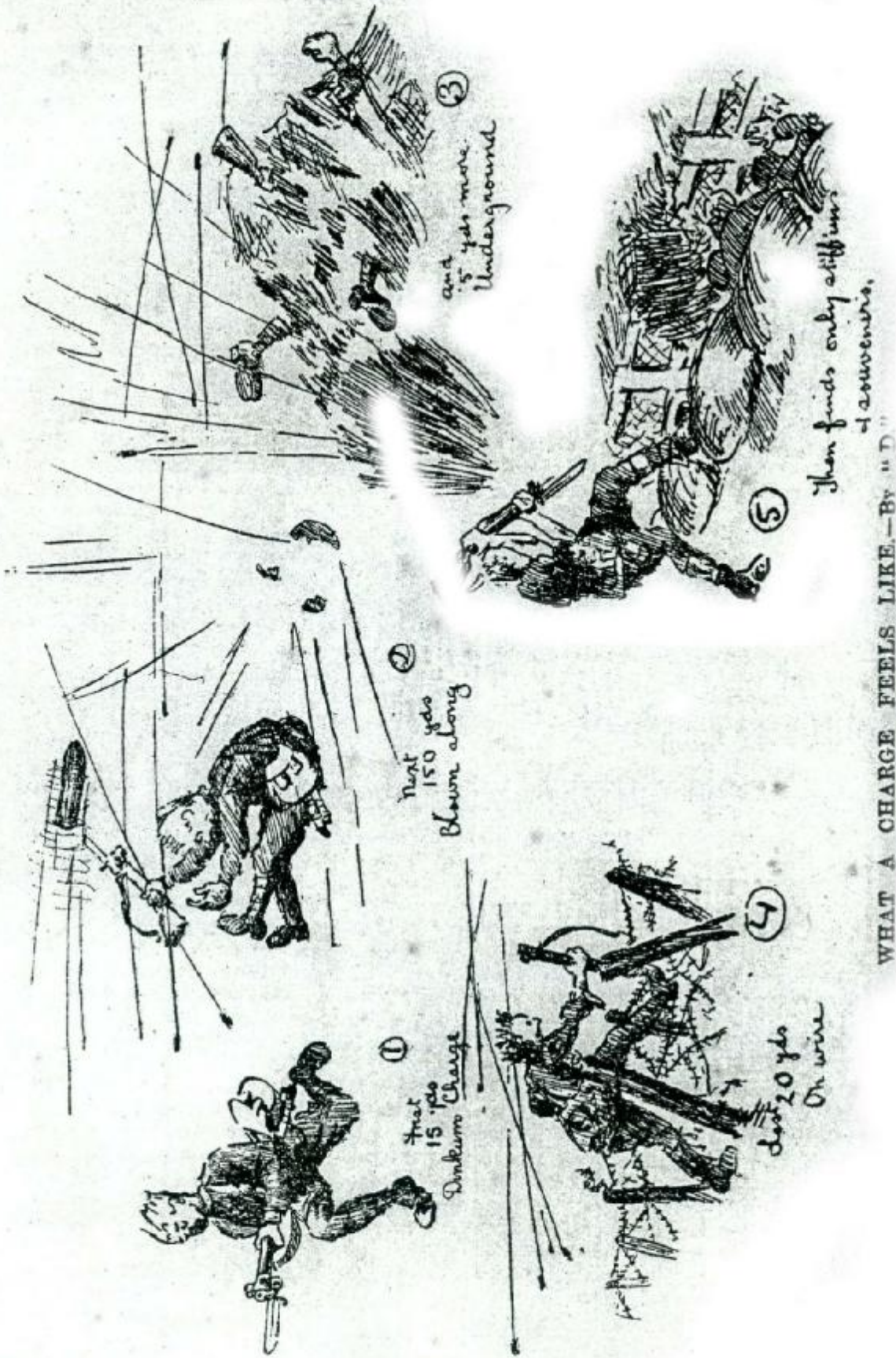
TWO AUSTRALIAN HOSPITALS.

1. It is the end of November. The sky is blue, very blue, and looking across from the balcony one can just catch a wee glimpse of "Our Harbor." The click clack of crutches may be heard, and three or four convalescents jump up, as well as they can, at the sound of a rollicking voice, "Now you fellows, how are the bhoys to get wattle for Xmas if you jolly well don't leave off thinking of 90° in the shade and don't come right away in to Sister." Soon all hands are at it, deftly turning bright yellow wool and wire into tufts of wattle bloom, tying them with the red white and blue, signifying the union of all that is best in the Empire. Here and there a voluntary worker might be seen in the distance, peeping in to see if an interruption is opportune. Re-assured by the rising pile of completed blooms, they glide in with trays of lemon squashes and home-made biscuits. There is a general sigh of relief, and our wounded lads eat and talk, mostly of the others still bearing the flag aloft. These would understand the pleasure the offering gave, when it was received at Xmas or soon after.

2. It is the beginning of February. A soft silvery greyness reigns overhead. Overlooking two small lakes is an ivy-covered square house. To right and left are bushes and trees, and a collection of huts which for arrangement rival even Sydney streets, so unexpectedly and irregularly are they placed. A so-called covered ramp forms the winding street. And over all this, about two inches of snow! Think of it! On the wee lakes some of our bhoys skate (in a few cases) or stand about in greatcoat and muffler, and with gloved or mittened hands, criticising in goodnatured way the learner, who clings to a kitchen chair for support as he goes round, or sits down suddenly on the four inches of ice to which he is trusting. It is four o'clock, and lights are already twinkling in thirty-seven huts. In each, the boys are seated round two stoves, in deep chair specially provided for our heroes by our ever-watchful Red Cross representatives. In many of the faces there is a pathetic look. The job has been well done, and each one of these lads has been out in that "Front" and nobly done his "Bit." It has left him very weary, and he cannot help longing for his particular "Blighty." Some are busy writing for the next mail, others are playing cards. Sister is going from one to the other, "fixing up" for the night. The door opens, and curious eyes watch the appearance of a tin biscuit box. They are used to the sight, for loving hearts at home never fail to pack the little parcel and send it on its mission of helpfulness. But this one must be special, for before the contents are exhibited a letter has to be read—"Please accept this little token from the Boys of the Garrison Hospital, Victoria Barracks, Sydney, who have made all this wattle whilst convalescing. They have so enjoyed making it and hope you other Boys will like it. With best Xmas greetings." Then, in ten wards, the little bunches carry that message of love, and there is no doubt but that the boys "do like it." Soon the little tufts are in button-hole or side of hat and a laugh is raised when some announce their intention of sending it home in their letters! And here let me say that in hundreds of cases the value of a gift is its adaptability for transfer to Australia. Just as a wave of admiration and love defies all enemy tricks and reaches us day by day, so in turn do thoughts of wonder and veneration go out to the women and our wounded "down under," who encourage us in trench and hospital by their never-failing thoughtfulness. They are doing as much to win the war as we are, for do they not truly "hold up our hands" and so enable us to take fresh heart and once more go out against Goliath. And who will deny our Davids anything when they shall have put an end to the foul giant Warmaker?

THE MATRON.

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WHAT A CHARGE FEELS LIKE.—By "D."