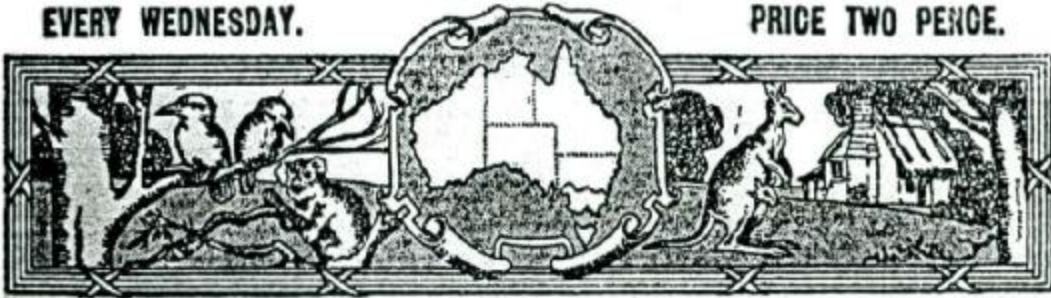


EVERY WEDNESDAY.

PRICE TWO PENCE.



The HAREFIELD PARK



BOOMERANG



NUMBER FOUR.

FEBRUARY 28, 1917

MORNING ON AN AUSTRALIAN FARM.

A Farmer-Soldier's Reminiscence at the Western Front.

The sun is rising in the East
And glinting through the trees,
The lazy sheep have left their camp
And face the morning breeze.

The dewdrops hanging on the fence
Like myriad diamonds gleam,
The cobwebs strung between the wires
Like jewellers' art they seem.

A rider trotting on his way
Lifts up his voice and sings;
The horse's hoof-beat on the road
In merry accord rings.

A magpie sitting on a post
Hurls forth his clarion song,
Emblem of Australia's sons—
Proud, defiant, strong.

The horses working in the plow
Are a strong and sturdy team,
Distended nostrils' stertorous breath
Comes forth like jets of steam.

The fragrance of the new-turned earth
The sense of smell assails,
As the gleaming discs cut through the mould
And last year's stubble pale.

Old Bill the sheep dog, standing by,
Looks on with grave concern,
He waits the word to scamper off
The straying flock to turn.

A roguish cow breaks from the herd,
She thinks some corn to steal,
But the good old dog disputes her right,
His fangs are at her heel.

With lightning speed he rushes out,
The cracking kick he spurns,
And gives a short defiant bark
As in headlong flight she turns.

A foal is racing down the field,
The fencing bars its way;
The mother grazing by the creek
Gives out a warning neigh.

The pigs are whimpering in their sty,
On their morning meal they wait,
The cows are coming down the path,
Or stand before the gate.

The hens are busy round their nests
With fussy noisy cackle,
The crowing rooster struts below,
And shakes his drooping hackle.

Clothes, new-washed, hang on the line,
The copper steaming nigh,
The children hurrying off to school
Call out a short "Good-bye."

The breakfast dishes, neatly ranged,
Are shining on their stand,
The busy wife moves to and fro,
The midday meal on hand.

The household's scattered through the fields,
Their day's work long begun,
There's plenty here for all to do,
Father, daughter, son.

Australia, God's Land, Freedom's shrine,
Such homely scenes does boast,
And may His strong protecting hand
Keep enemies from her coast.

A. J. CASHMORE, Ward 8.

THE WAIL OF THE STOP-OUT

Tune—"Mother Macree."

There are some men in this world whom I love, just a bit,
With red bands on their arms they reckon they're IT,
You come home late at night and they smile with delight,
They say you will rue it, and Dinkum they're right.

Chorus—

Sure I love the dear M.P. who waits at the gate,
When he grabs you for using a pass out of date,
And on a crime sheet your name is next day,
Sure it's seven days' c.b., lose seven days' pay.

A. W. L.

The Chronicle.

OFFICIAL OPENING.

The additions to the billiard room and the canteen, with the new writing and music rooms, were opened on Tuesday, 20th inst., before General Sir Neville Howse, Lieut.-Col. Hayward, the Principal Matron, and a large gathering of officers and patients. The ceremony was performed by Colonel Murdoch, who explained at length the objects and work of the Australian Red Cross, of which he is Commissioner. The additions were constructed by his organisation, which was also responsible for securing the two extra billiard tables for use of the patients. Having declared the premises open, Col. Murdoch invited the gathering to the Canteen and treated them to afternoon tea by purchasing the whole of the stock on the refreshment counter and fruit stall.

OLD IDENTITY.

One of the most familiar figures in the hospital, and certainly one of the most deservedly popular, will be missed this week from Harefield Park, in the person of Capt. Gray. He leaves for France with Major Cameron to join a field ambulance, after nineteen months on the staff here. During much of the period he was president of the officers' mess, the smooth and harmonious working of which was largely due to his unflinching tact and good nature. He is a native of the Emerald Isle, and practised, till he enlisted, in Victoria.

NEW MEDICAL OFFICERS.

Lieut.-Col. Gordon is reporting for duty at this hospital as senior surgeon. Major Turnbull, and Capts. Corfe, Coutts, Adams and Morgan, have joined the medical staff.

THE SISTERS.

Sister Wheeler is on furlough. Sister McHardy has been compelled to take furlough for her health. Sisters Fraser, Humphries, Gaut, Rigby and Jackson, from India and Egypt, have been taken on the strength.

VOLUNTARY WORKERS.

A kindly voluntary worker has come among us, and it is only necessary to say she is an adept at buttons and stitching on colors for everyone to recognise the address. They are not called "Sister" in the L.S., but all the same they are sisters to our boys. Then the Red Cross store representatives and the Canteen workers are also very much appreciated, and only those in the know can quite realise how much we owe to these ladies.

SOME GIFTS.

The Matron writes:—The weekly parcel of cake for a medical ward arrived as usual from Miss Alice Muskett, and the weekly supply of delightful flowers from Misses Connolly and Wright. Any who like to open the door of Ward 29 and peep in may see the beautiful carnations, roses and tulips sent by these ladies. "Father has read and enjoyed them, so I have brought them down for your soldiers"—this from a shy little English village lady who made me think of the Quakers. It was a bundle of "Penny Pictorials." If the office could speak, it would be saying "Oh, thank you" most days. Shelves are busy looking after

treasures for our boys, warm strong woolly slippers, even for trench feet, a fine padded splint, and wool and bandages—all received per Miss Stedall.

VISITORS AND FRIENDS.

The kind cheery visitor does his or her "bit," and we thank those who help our lads to while away the weary hours before THE ship calls to take them away to sunny Australia. The kindness of Harefield friends will form the topic at many a gathering in far-away Australia, and perhaps not the least praised will be the little wheel chair pusher, who gives a welcome change from the wards to some part of the outside world, even if only the canteen.

LECTURES.

No complaints about attendances and interest shown at all lectures to date. There were two lectures last week. Rev. F. C. Spurr, late of Melbourne, gave a bright spicy talk on his travels in Northern Africa and off the beaten track in Palestine, his witty anecdotes adding greatly to the enjoyment of a very informative lecture. On Friday, Mr. Finlay of the Paget color photographic works, Watford, and inventor of the Paget plate, instructed an interested audience in the principles of color photography and gave many examples of his art in a beautiful set of lantern views. A party travelled to Watford on Monday, on Mr. Finlay's invitation, to inspect the Paget works and see natural color photographs taken, developed and printed. Cinema pictures were shown after each lecture. The next lecture is to-night (Wednesday), when Mr. J. E. Monk will speak on "Venice, the City of the Sea." The following lecture will be by Mr. W. Kingscote Greenland, described as "a very fine lecturer and a great favourite with the men."

CONCERTS.

Mr. Windermere (of "Ye Gods") led a very good programme at Tuesday's Red Cross concert. Mrs. Purdey's "Lollypops" carried the house by storm on Wednesday with their dainty and novel performances. Mr. John Pegg was in charge of the S.E.F. concert on Thursday, and needless to say the party was frequently encored. The week was fitly closed with a thoroughly enjoyable programme submitted by the Woodgrange concert party, under the direction of Mr. Lewis Hill.

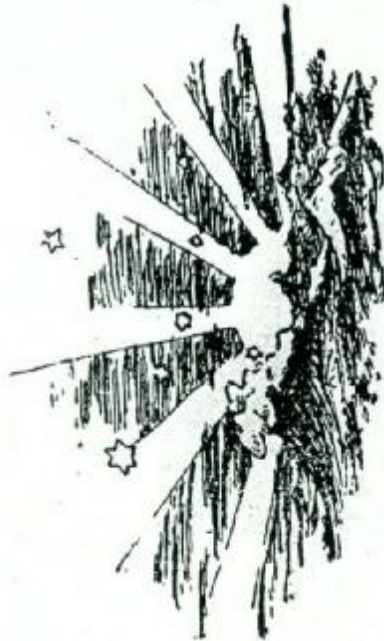
OUR THANKS.

It is due to the electricians, plumbers and carpenters that we express the Recreations department's thanks to them for the time and labor readily given to hurry arrangements for the opening of the new premises last week. Some worked into the early hours of Tuesday morning. Private Martin, a patient, gave up some of his furlough to remove one of the counters and erect fittings this week-end. This is a type of voluntary work which will be much appreciated..

THE BOOMERANG.

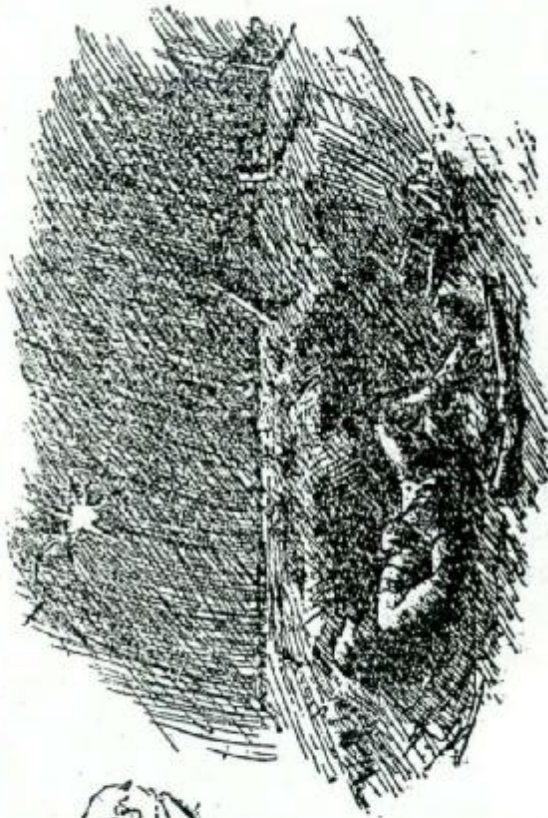
It is necessary to raise the price of the *Boomerang* to twopence, following the lead of our contemporary the *London Times*. Doubtless the causes are identical, limited circulation and a debit balance. We aim at selling 600 copies weekly. You can help by prepaying for a quarter.

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I went out to it—tossed on a stormy
 sea—in the glare of a blinding sunset—
 a few shooting stars—and then night!

Getting
 a
 Blighty



A couple of days like this in Mo Men's Land.



GETTING A BLIGHTY.—By "D" WARD 22.