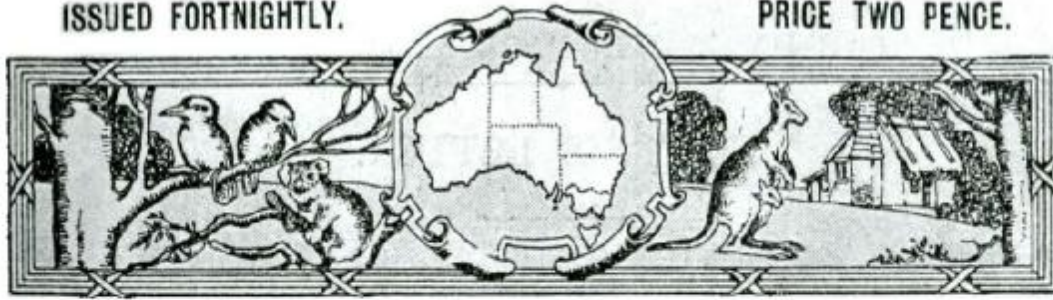


ISSUED FORTNIGHTLY.

PRICE TWO PENCE.



The HAREFIELD PARK



BOOMERANG



NUMBER NINE.

APRIL 18, 1917.

EDITOR'S LETTER.

Readers of the Boomerang,

You have bought nobly of the last issue; and the more Boomerangs you do buy the larger the paper will become, so it's a kind of investment. Like in everything else we need co-operation, and this last week showed we have it. I do not think there are many Patients, Sisters, Officers and Orderlies who have not bought a copy of their Hospital paper. I have received a good number of contributions, mostly in verse. What I want is more sketches. So many of you tell me that you have never written or drawn anything in your lives, but I am perfectly sure there are lots of you who do not know what you can do till you try!

A good many Limericks have been sent in for competition, a selection of which you will find on another page. The prize goes to Private Fahey, Ward 43.

In the next issue I hope to start a page with a photograph of some of the ladies who work here at the Hospital, and who, I might add, enjoy giving their services to you. So far Miss Leake, Mrs. Evans, Miss Birdwood and Mrs. Venning have promised to allow their photographs to appear, and to write a message to you.

Some of you do not know, perhaps, that the Boomerang can be sent to Australia and France post free from this Hospital.

THE EDITOR.

COMPETITION.

A Prize will be awarded to the Ward which can make the most words out of the word "Boomerang." Lists to be sent into the Editor by Tuesday, April 24th.



"Well, Liz, what's it to be? Supper or a good laugh?"

THE THOUGHTS OF A SOLDIER (Australian for Choice).

[This article is for the most part culled from round the "Brazier" talks in France and conversation after "Lights Out" in Hospital in that wonderful land, Blighty—the hope of all good soldiers.]

THE REVOLUTION IN RUSSIA.—We were in Billets when the first cables came about riots in Petrograd. What did they mean? Then came the true statement of the affairs of the previous week; how a few clever men organised the "mob" to get rid of German influence behind the Russian throne. Public opinion was ripe for it, and we had the most bloodless revolution in history. What a contrast between the French Revolution of a hundred years ago! France was cleansed by the blood of its aristocrats. Now we see France united, aristocrat and peasant working side by side for the common good—"the rich man loves the poor man, and the poor man loves the great." Then came the other question, "Will Germany throw over the Hohenzollerns?" Will the Allies declare not to make peace with any member of the Hohenzollern dynasty? All the Knights of the Brazier consider it too big a question for them to grapple with, even though in an expeditionary force you get anyone in the ranks from a budding diplomatist to a modern Bill Sykes. But the general opinion is, the Hohenzollerns with all their Militarism seem to be prepared for such an event. The poorer classes have no franchise, and the upper classes are in favour of the pomp of Militarism. With strict censoring of newspapers and correspondence the people are in ignorance of the true state of affairs, and the soldier only knows about his own little bit of the line, and the misrepresented

conditions of the remainder per his paper, which he sees only occasionally. Newspapers nowadays are only used to create a favourable public opinion. Time alone can tell if the common people of Germany can find a second Joan of Arc to champion their cause and overthrow the monarchy. Then we will have a peace and a lasting one, for Bismarck's ideals for Prussia are now bent and will be broken.

R. M. FORBES.

IODINE.

There's a cure in the Army
For all the ills yet found
From a simple case of shell-shock
To "buried underground,"
Or a direct hit with a ten-inch
shell
Or blown up by a mine—
The cure for all these things, it is,
"Just paint with Iodine."

If you've got the typhoid fever,
The lock-jaw, or the plague,
They will paint you khaki colour,
Then trot you on parade.
And when I stopped that shell
In a charge on Fritz's line,
The last word I remember was,
"Just paint with Iodine."

BENDIE, Ward 43.

PLACES OF INTEREST ROUND HAREFIELD.

STOKE POGES, 9 miles: The scene of Gray's "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard."

JORDANS, 8 miles: Meeting House and Burial-ground of Quakers; Grave of William Penn.

CHALFONT ST. GILES (Milton's Cottage), 7 miles: Milton came here to escape the plague which was raging in London in 1665.

HAREFIELD PARK EMPIRE, PARK LANE, W.

For one night only, at enormous expense,

**STARRING AND IMPORTANT ENGAGEMENT of
SIGNOR IODINE,**

In his great Drama in one act, "THE YELLOW PERIL."

MR. STEEL FORCEPS, the Polished Comedian,
In extractions from his repertoire.

MISS CARRIE TUBE, in her famous song, "LANOLINE" or
"SQUEEZE ME AND I'LL COME OUT."

MONS. EXXE RAEY (the man of Mystery).
This Artist can positively see through anything!

MDLLE. CHLORIE FORMME will positively sing her well-known
ditty, "GO TO SLEEP MY LITTLE PICANINNI."

At great personal inconvenience the **ANZAC STOCK COMPANY** will
positively appear in the well known Standard Play,

"SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER" or "CAUGHT BENDING."

Refreshments will be served in the Palm Court during the Per-
formance at Popular Prices:—

Tea per pot per person	2d.
Tea per haps per person	4d.
Coffee per cup per couple	3d.
Bread (white or brown)	1d.
„ (other colours) extra	2d.
Butter per patty per person	½d.
Salt per pinch per person	¾d.
Poached Eggs on toast per portion per person ...	8d.
Poached Eggs on oilcloth do. do. do. ...	1s.

**FREE LIST ENTIRELY SUSPENDED FOR THIS
PERFORMANCE.**

An Egg Proof Curtain **MUST** be lowered at least once during this
performance for the protection of the Artistes.

NOBODY must interfere with the Electric Lights, unless Sisters
carrying their own Switches.

In the case of **FIRE** the **AUDIENCE** is requested to remain in
their respective seats.

ALL GIFTS to the Artistes must be properly Sterilized.

Children in Arms **NOT** admitted, but Children in Short Trousers
may be if accompanied by their Mothers and Fathers.

Carriages and Motor Cars at 11 p.m.

STRETCHERS as required.

The **BOOKING OFFICE** will be open from 11 a.m. to 11 p.m. or
vice versa.

Don't forget, for **ONE NIGHT ONLY. THANK GOODNESS!!!**

J. L.

ANOTHER CONCERT.

It was only last issue of our Mag. that we were boasting in our columns about the Staff concert, and here we are starting to boast again about the great show we had on Monday night, April 2nd. Sister Northcote was responsible for the gathering together of the host of unhidden talent. Some of the artistes have appeared here with no little success in previous concerts, and such names as Mrs. F. Freemantle and Sgt. Whitling ensure a good show at any time. There are too many names and turns to detail in full, but due for special mention are the turns provided by the Massage Ladies. Their tableaux were real good, and made one feel pains as they looked at the wonderful expressions of pain and anxiety on the Patient's face in the bed (a part well played by Pte. Ross Owen). The three Lead Swingers were one of the best things we have seen in the way of burlesque on our stage, and it is such turns as these that calls for more talent

than the ordinary comic song. Messrs. Jock, Grimshaw and Lennie are to be congratulated on their combined efforts. The tit-bit of the evening was Sgt. Lennie in his Scotch study of the immortal Golf Caddie. I have seen the Sgt. in many characters in this country. He was known under the name of —well, that would be telling. And I hope I shall be able to see him in his more legitimate work, but I understand that he has given up the Art from a serious standpoint for good. I am sure I am voicing the general opinion when I say he ought to give us another good laugh. His skit on the Guard was a great bit of impromptu humour. It is fine to think that we have so much talent in the hospital, and I am told on the best of authority that there is any amount that wants just a little encouragement, and then we could have another such concert. Come on with the talent and carry on the fun.

P. K. G.

ON PICKET DUTY.

Have you ever stood at picket
 When the night is inky black,
 With the chats and other insects
 Gently crawling up your back?
 With the pack your back feels broken,
 It's aching to the roots,
 And you feel the dirty water
 Gently swishing in your boots;
 As you stand and do your picket,
 Curse those wretched things and cough,
 Till a sniper's blanky bullet
 Comes along and picks you off.

BENDIE, Ward 43.

FAREWELL TO THE SOMME.

Good-bye, you spot of mud and rot,
 Of slush and snow and germs, what not,
 Your sour beer—bad water, too,
 You louse-bound spot! Good-bye to you.

BENDIE, Ward 43.

SOME PAGES OF HAREFIELD HISTORY.

5. The Church and its Monuments.

The earliest portion of Harefield Church dates back seven hundred years. Through the centuries it has changed; here a new aisle has been added, there a window, and the tower with its battlements is later still. But the old Church has been the centre of village life from the earliest days; and could it only speak, what tales it would tell of merry weddings celebrated hundreds of years ago, when the village girls and women were decked out in gay dresses and silken aprons, and the men wore richly embroidered smocks. In these early days dancing in the green was the amusement at a wedding, and so, after leaving



HAREFIELD CHURCH.

Showing on the right of the altar the tomb of the Countess of Derby; on the left the tomb by Grinling Gibbons.

the church, they would wend their way—bride and bridegroom and all the wedding guests—up the hill to the village green, and there dance to the tunes of a fiddle. This Church could tell of the people who came and worshipped here from the old house standing close beside it—destroyed in 1660—the Countess of Derby and her grandchildren, Queen Elizabeth, Milton, and many others.

Inside the Church (the key can be had from the cottage behind the church) very little has altered during the centuries. There are still the old box-pews, reserved for the influential families of the parish.

They have lost much of their importance, these old pews. They and their occupants were looked up to by the poorer parishioners with a kind of adoration and awe. Now they are interesting because they are relics of a past age, when the holders of property were the elect.

Under the pulpit is the old Clerk's Seat, a sight one sees but seldom now. The oldest tomb in the church dates back to 1528. It is to the memory of John Newdigate, and is on the right of the altar; above the tomb are some quaint figures in brass, showing the deceased with his eight sons and five daughters. Besides this tomb there are many other monuments and old brasses to families who once dwelt at Harefield—the Ashbys, who lived at Breakspeare; and others of the Newdigates, the owners of the old Manor House, which stood beside the Church. There are too many in fact to mention, but they go back some centuries, and are well worth looking at, if it is for nothing else but to read the curious inscriptions. You should notice the monument on the east wall (to the left of the altar) erected to Sir R. Newdigate, Bart., who died in 1710. This is the work of the celebrated carver, Grinling Gibbons, whose carving can be seen in many of the City churches and at St. George's Chapel, Windsor. This tomb at Harefield is not a good specimen of his work, but it is not all village churches that possess anything by this man. When old St. Paul's Cathedral was burnt down in the Great Fire, Grinling Gibbons was employed for years under the famous architect, Sir Christopher Wren, in the decoration of the new St. Paul's.

Outside Harefield Church, rather high upon the North wall—to the left of the porch—there is a curious monument of a game-keeper and his dog, put up to a faithful servant, Robert Mossendew, in 1744, by his master, Mr. Ashby. The epitaph reads thus:—

In frost and snow, thro' hail and rain,
 He scour'd the woods, and trudged the plain;
 The steady pointer leads the way,
 Stands at the scent, then springs the prey;
 The timorous birds from stubble rise,
 With pinions stretched, divide the skies,
 The scattered lead pursues the sight
 And death in thunder stops their flight;
 His spaniel of true English kind
 With gratitude inflames his mind,
 This servant in an honest way,
 In all his actions copied Tray.

Some people objected to an epitaph where a man is praised because he imitates his dog.

In the churchyard on the right as you enter the gate is the grave of General Goodlake, the first soldier to receive the Victoria Cross.

And so the old church, lying in the dip of the hill amidst sloping park-land, has witnessed much. And now, like some old person who has weathered the years, it looks out serenely amidst this new phase of history—the advent of you men from the Antipodes.

TO SOME LEFT BEHIND IN AUSTRALIA.

(A few lines from an ex-patient.)

There's a battle to fight, will you fight it?
 There's a debt to be paid, will you pay?
 There are grave wrongs to right, will you right them?
 Take your place as a man in the fray.

There's a cry of an outraged Belgium,
 And above that the voice of our slain,
 Those men who have died for our freedom,
 Will you let all their striving be vain?

There's a grave that lies out near Pozières
 That is filled with Australian dead.
 There are fields out "somewhere in Flanders"
 With Australians' blood running red.

Yet the call by some is unheeded,
 You let men go while you stay;
 Don't you know it is you who is needed
 To help make the day—Britain's day?

Let the slacker hang back if he wants to,
 But if manhood's not dead you will go
 To the aid of a country who needs you,
 Help vanquish a crime-ridden foe.

There's a battle to fight, will you fight it?
 There's a debt to be paid, will you pay?
 There are grave wrongs to right, will you right them?
 Then enlist for your country to-day!

Bdr. PATMAN.



"Got any fag-cards, solger?"

HAREFIELD PARK "DIE HARDS."

Farewell of —th Field
Ambulance.

The bugles have sounded,
The call has gone forth,
To Sydney and Melbourne
And gopers from Perth,
We've formed a new unit;
A picked little band,
To rescue the wounded
In bare No Man's Land.

We rushed from the kitchen,
The wards, and the mess,
The Registrar's boys jumped
When asked to say "Yes";
The canteen was emptied,
With war ardour fanned,
To rescue the wounded
In bare No Man's Land.

We've most "done our bit"
'Midst the steel and the flame,
And we'll again enter hell
To put conscripts to shame.
Our cobbers may fall,
And we again take a hand
In saving the wounded
In bare No Man's Land.

The village girls cheered
And the boys bid good-byes,
The pubs. put up shutters,
The landlords heaved sighs.
Then sounded the trumpets
Of the Hospital Band,
When we marched off to save
friends
In bare No Man's Land.

W. A.

Remember that for Two Shillings you can have the Boomerang sent Post Free to any address for Six Months. Subscriptions to be sent to The Editor, c/o The Director for Recreation and Study, Harefield Park Hospital.

SOME MUG.

The new nurse was going for rations. The Sister told her she would have to take a mug for the milk. "Oh! yes," answered Nursey, "one of the patients is coming."

And the Sergeant went.

Sgt. J. M., Ward 40.

LIMERICKS.

PRIZE LIMERICK.

A Sister from Harefield went skating,
And with fear she was trembling and shaking,
For she'd gone out alone,
And she weighed fourteen stone,
If the ice broke there'd be no awaking.

Pte. FAHEY, Ward 43.

The ladies of the Harefield Canteen,
Are lovely, and youthful, and keen,
They perform their duties as becomes such beauties,
In a manner that makes one feel mean.

There was a young fellow who loved a good kipper,
'Twas also a fact that he had but one slipper;
And when he was tight,
Which was once every night,
He tried eating the slipper instead of the kipper.

There was a young Corp., of Harefield,
Whose letters were carefully sealed.

"Strike me pink," said the bloke,

"Here's a seal that's got broke,"

And he beat his poor mate till he squealed.

In the wards out at Harefield,
'tis said,
There are many try "swinging the lead."
That a passage to "Ausie" they'll get,
Is considered an "odds-on" bet.
But when to the lord who's in charge of the Board
They go with the dreams whence their fancy has soared,
Then for France they are soon booked instead.

The Chronicle.

OFFICERS.

Major Verco, the Registrar, took ill on the 12th inst., and has been temporarily relieved from duty. Capt. J. W. Griffiths has been attached to the medical staff for temporary duty. Capts. Corfe, Coutts, and Tymms have left for France.

VISITING POLITICIAN.

The Hon. C. G. Wade, K.C., an ex-Premier of New South Wales, and now taking up duties as the Agent-General of that State, visited the Hospital on Saturday and gave an address to men from his State. Mrs. Wade was also present. Mr. Wade brought messages from the powers that be in the Mother State to their wounded in England voicing the pride with which their deeds at the Front are cherished at Home, and wishing for them a speedy and victorious conclusion to the war and their return to relatives and friends in the homeland. He was very optimistic about the outlook, and counts upon the moral and material support of America greatly assisting toward an early termination of the struggle.

THE SISTERS.

We were very pleased to hear the tribute paid by Mr. Wade to the fine work done in the State he knows so well by our Principal Matron, Miss Gould, and her noble work in Egypt, France, and England since the outbreak of war. There has been quite an exodus to France. Head-sister Marshall left on the 6th, and her place was taken by Head-sister Carpenter. Sisters MacIntosh and Boughton, who belonged to the Hospital's original staff, leave soon. Other Sisters who have gone over the channel are Sisters Crosby, Dowe, and Ball.

FUNERALS.

On Thursday, 5th inst., a double funeral took place, the nineteenth burial since the foundation of our hospital. The deceased were Pte. J. A. Hayden, — Batt., 2163, and L./Cpl. C. S. Dines, No. 74, — Batt. Rev. Father Octavien officiated in the former case, and Capt.-Chaplain Gregg McGregor. There was a very large following of comrades to the graveside. Many wreaths were sent, including two from the High Commissioner and Mr. and Mrs. Billyard Leake.

CONCERT HALL.

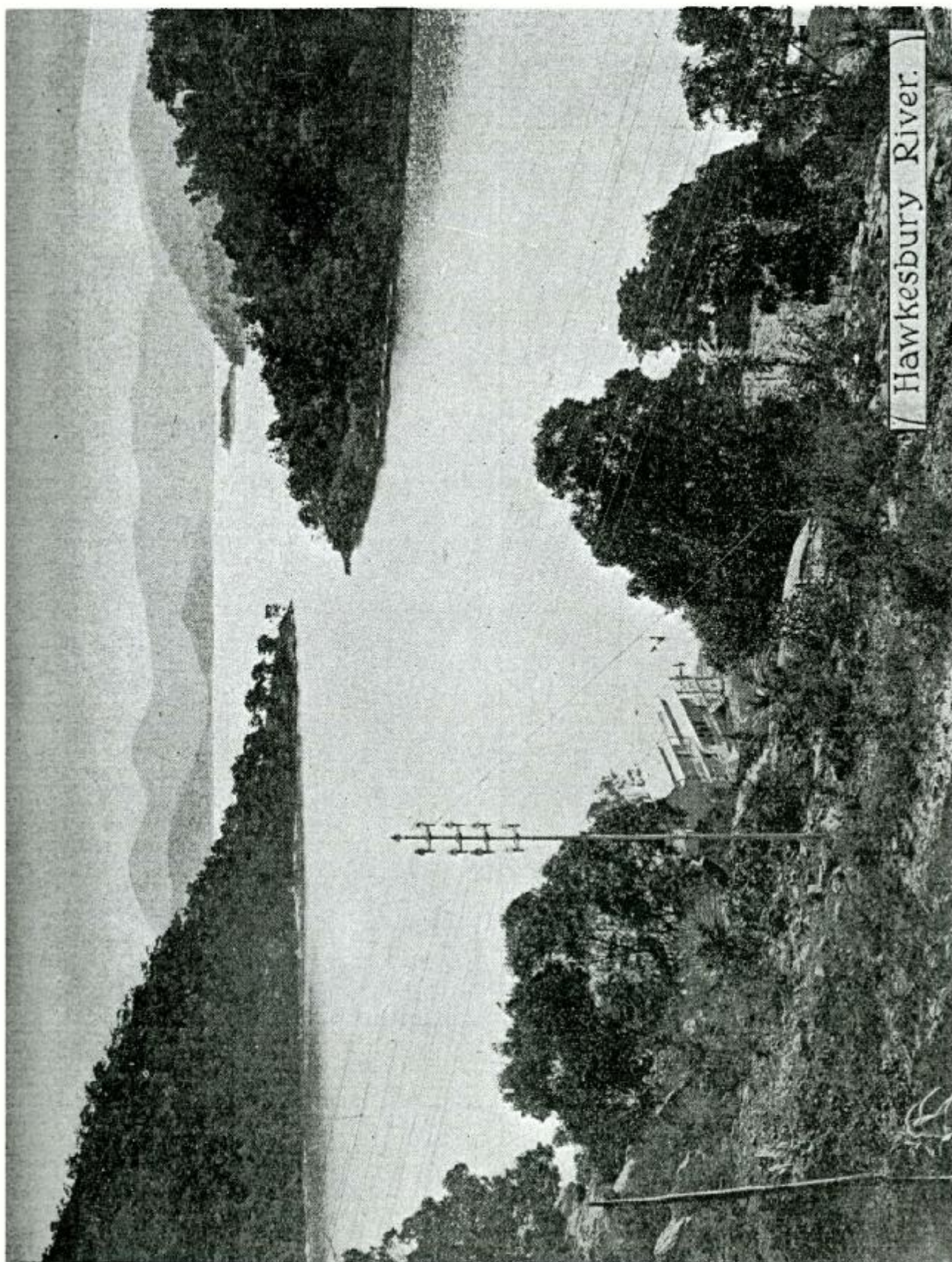
The back of the concert hall is now fully used on concert nights as a gallery to accommodate nearly 100 persons has been constructed, thanks to the generous and sympathetic help given by the powers that be, and a donation from the Australian Red Cross to cover cost of material. On Saturday night the advantage of the gallery was very apparent, for we had the biggest audience yet.

CONCERTS.

We have had some extra good talent in the concert hall of late. The Cheerohs, who charmed their audience toward the end of last year, gave another excellent performance on Monday before last. The following evening we had the Australian Red Cross concert arranged by Miss Aikman. Madame Benda, Miss Una Bourne, and Miss Mona McCaughey were included among the artistes. The Soldiers' Entertainment Fund program on Thursday was very enjoyable, the star performer being Miss Edith Gazzard, a contralto singer.

LECTURES.

Mr. J. E. Monk fully maintained his reputation among our boys by his second lecture, the subject of which was "Constantinople as I saw it in 1900." Mr. Allan Walker, of the London University, gave one of the most entertaining lectures of the series, when he took his audience through Westminster Abbey, illustrating his lectures with many entertaining historical and political references.



READ'S CASH STORES,

HAREFIELD. THE CHEAPEST AND BEST!

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

BATTALION COLOURS!!! BATTALION COLOURS!!!

'Phone 8 Harefield.

E. E. GOUGH,

Saddler and Harness Maker,

BOOT AND SHOE REPAIRER,

HAREFIELD, MIDDLESEX.

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 and Cigarettes. (Loewe) L. & Co. and other Pipes
from 1/- to 10/-. Pouches, Cigarette Cases and Tubes.

"Rising Sun" Badges, Buttons, Numerals and Brooches in great variety.

DANCER,

High Street, HAREFIELD,

FOR GOOD

CONFECTIONERY

of every description.

When going on your FURLOUGH
be sure and get your FLASH
CLOBBER made by

PRITCHETT'S,

183-184, TOTTENHAM
COURT ROAD, W.

Representative calls regularly at Hospital
for Orders, Measurements, &c.

W. EMERY (Bandy),

Photographer,

ATTENDS THIS HOSPITAL DAILY.

**KODAKS and FILMS
supplied and developed.**

ADVICE FREE.

H. G. McMILLAN,

HIGH STREET, HAREFIELD,

NEWSAGENT & STATIONER.

Good Assortment of Local, Comic, and
Birthday Cards.

Agent for **KODAKS.**

WHEN ON LEAVE IN LONDON

STAY AT

ASHTON'S HOTEL,

29 and 30, London Street.

Opposite G.W.Ry. Station (Arrival Side).

PADDINGTON.

REAL GOOD!!!

PHOTOGRAPHY!

Don't forget to send your friends a photo of
your ward or self, they will appreciate it!

ARTHUR GUNDRY,

Photographer,

will be pleased to do it, and have it ready
next day. Films developed and enlarged

The Studio, Rickmansworth.