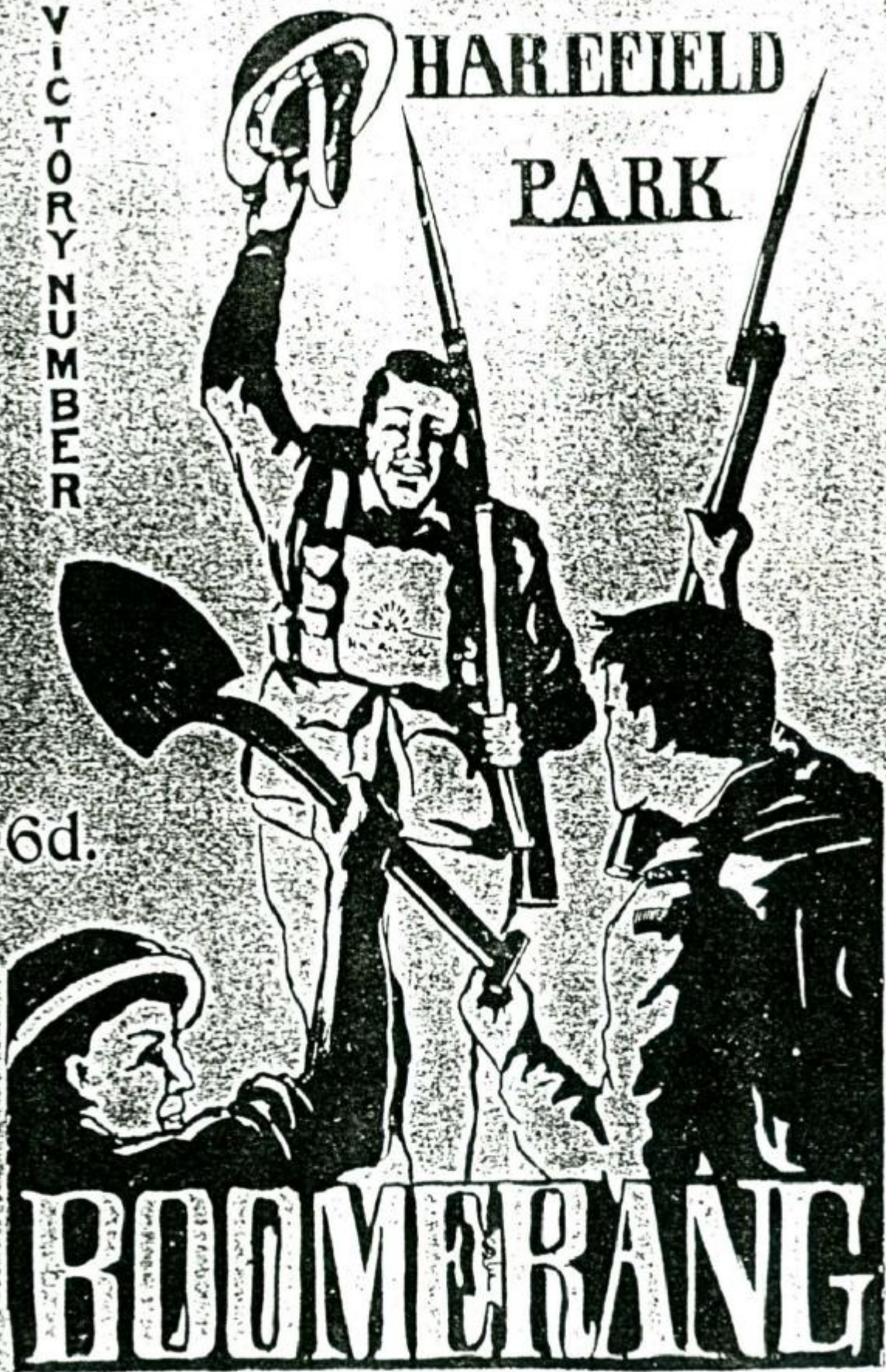


VICTORY  
NUMBER

HARFIELD  
PARK

6d.



**BOOMERANG**

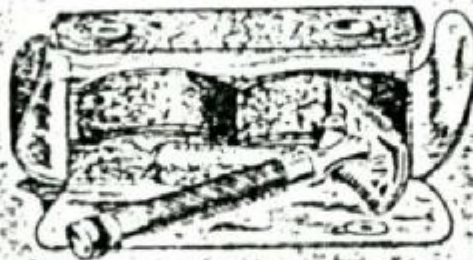
*Vol. II. No. 11. Final Issue. December, 1918*

# GAMAGES

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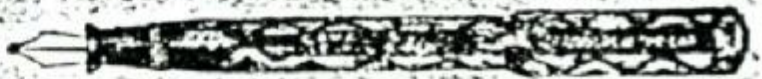
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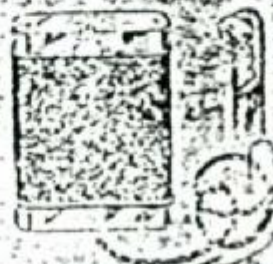


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In Leather Cloth Case £7 15 0  
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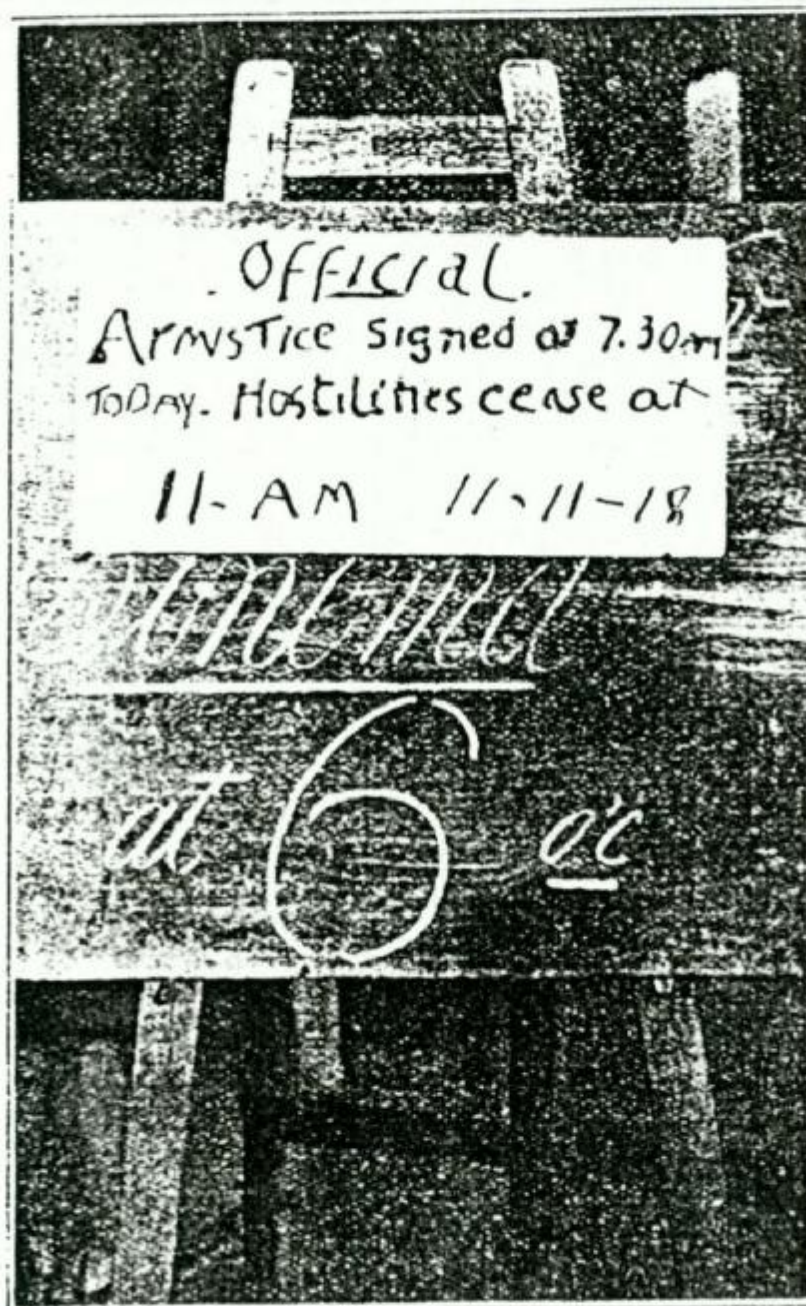
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HOLBORN, LONDON, E.C. 1.

*“How the Good News came to Harefield”*



## Editorial

The Committee once again wish you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year! (And what a New Year it is going to be!)

As the flight of the "Boomerang" nears its end I glance back and review the many faces who helped to cheer it on its way. Some stand out more clearly than others—Sister Manning, always so full of suggestions; Corporal Savage, quietly helpful. But it is not possible to name all, although the smiling face of Andy cannot be forgotten, nor the steady work of Miss Wadey be overlooked. It is enough to say that this "Boomerang" has been a long, happy record of good feeling and good work. When sometimes a change of staff left a gap in our ranks, someone always stepped forward to fill the post, until to-day, when we see all working for a real dinkum finish up of their hospital magazine.

The cover design, that of three cheer-  
ing diggers, has been sent from France by Major Fitzpatrick; Major Anderson we must thank for the signatures of the medical and nursing units; to Sgt. Jacobs for the Orderlies' signatures; to Miss Wadey for the V.A.D.'s; and to Sgt. Gilbert for the Great American Wheel.

At Headquarters Miss Chaplin has been a willing saleswoman; and latterly Miss Wilkinson has helped us at the Horticultural Hall. Before closing this review of familiar names there are two whose interest in the magazine has done much to help it in its flight. They are Mr. Bridger and Mr. Grant, of Messrs. Walbrook. To me those steep, dark stairs, the smell of the endless rolls of Gamp paper, the thud and whirr of machinery of that Fleet Street printing works, plays a prominent part in the flight of the "Boomerang." When the MSS. was brought to them in sad disarray Mr. Bridger and Mr. Grant only smiled; when last winter, the only time free to me for the "make-up" of the magazine was after work hours, I would arrive late in the evening, to find them there still smiling, and although after their closing hour, yet ready to get to work.

And so it has been all along—a spirit of generous interest carried on from one to another for its sake and for the sake of what it represented.

THEODORA ROSCOE.

A fisherman named Fisher,  
Fished for fish on the edge of a fissure;  
A fish, with a grin,  
Pulled the fisherman in,  
Now they are fishing the fissure for Fisher.

Every time you see the Post-Corporal ask him if there are any letters for you. It will help to keep his mind always on his job and make his patience equal to jobs.

**B**UT in this solemn moment of triumph, one of the greatest moments in the history of the world, which is passing like a dream—we cannot realise it—it will take years, generations, centuries to develop the greatness of this hour that you and I are passing through now—but in this great hour which rings in a new era and the end of a colossal struggle which is going to uplift humanity to a higher plane of existence in the ages of the future, let us here and now own how much we are indebted to the valiant men who fought and endured so that we should enter into this bright inheritance.

---

*Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, Nov. 9, 1918,*

*At the GUILDHALL BANQUET.*



BOB  
S  
43  
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IN



Que me mio nequerrano was in  
Mesopotamia.



THE HOSPITAL SHIP  
SMILE

# The Uncertainty of Hospital Ships.

## BEING THE EXTRACTS OF A DIARY

- 11.10.18.—Orders are received that two boats are available, and that every available "Australia" case is to be forthwith listed and held in readiness to proceed at a moment's notice.
- Noon, same day.—Great confusion among M.O.'s, who are ordered to have every man "boarded" by 2 p.m. Great excitement among patients, and arguments as to whose "on it."
- 4 p.m., same day.—M.O.'s and clerical staff exhausted with "boarding" men and finding papers that have been lost. Everywhere everyone is assailed by the question, "Where's she going?"
- 12.10.18.—I was told by a bed patient that 10th next month was the day. He added, "I'll be home for Xmas."
- Noon, same day.—Boat reported cancelled.
- Lights out, same day.—A "furph" is about that boat not cancelled, but is on its way from "Aussy."
- 13.10.18.—It's "Dinkum" this time. Sunday fortnight. So good-bye letters are written to English friends. Late in the afternoon it's reported that one boat is cancelled, and many struck off. Much indignation among the "Gutzer" crowd.
- 14.10.18.—The "good oil!" . . . Lee, from 38, is given option of going to Weymouth or waiting indefinitely. . . . (What's this mean? ! ! ) for the boat. He's called a goat for choosing Weymouth. Incident raises many doubts, and it is rumoured "ships are both cancelled." Friends advised accordingly.
- 15.10.18.—Lee goes to Weymouth, and leaves just as all pay-books are being collected. This is, of course, the "Dinkum Oil," and Lee is tempted to regret his choice.
- 16.10.18.—Rumours, re cancellation discredited, but "she's postponed" till end of November.
- 17.10.18.—Hurrah! Hurrah!! . . . Returned pay-books issued and paid £2 per man. Immediately poker schools spring up like mushrooms, and the "good oil" is Monday week.
- 18.10.18.—All kits drawn from store and blue bands sewn on every sleeve. Walking cases are told that they can have four days' leave from to-morrow. All applications for same to be in before 2 p.m. How is it to be done! It's 4 p.m. now. Leave that to the "Diggers."
- 19.10.18.—Leave not granted. Those applying are told that they are not on this boat but on the next, whose "list" is not yet "compiled." Much bad language and a "nobody loves me" feeling very prevalent. Red Cross stuff and comforts drawn for cot cases, and the old familiar question is everywhere. Those in khaki are supposed to have inside information, and suffer accordingly.
- 20.10.18 (noon).—Going to-morrow. Barbers have been busy in every ward giving patients their "final" shave, and selling them toilet requisites for the voyage. Patients are excited and fall easy victims. Patients have final bath, and "Dinkum" final good-bye letters are written and much money wasted on postage, which is now an item, because most of their £2 has found its way into other hands.
- 21.10.18.—Wards cleaned up and new bandages put on to look nice for travelling. Stretchers distributed in all wards and good-byes said to the Sister who went off duty at noon.
- 3 p.m., same day.—"Crashed!" . . . Boat postponed indefinitely. All walking cases for fur, and Weymouth. A letter arrives from Lee, who is sailing for home, betokens a big grin. But he always reckoned he was the luckiest man in the A.I.F.

- 22.10.18.—A day of general cursing. Many sellers of toilet requisites. "Just the thing for a journey."
- 23.10.18.—All kits collected and returned to store. Much language makes light work.
- 27.10.18.—Boat not cancelled, but list to be compiled afresh and to contain only "cot" cases. News received quietly.
- 28.10.18.—No . . . . They want everybody. There's not enough to fill up, so rake everybody up. Men for furlough are held up in consequence.
- 29.10.18.—Khaki reissued, but no one would own it or believe that the boat was anything than a myth.
- 5.11.18.—Since last entry many and con-

flicting rumours, which no one believes, but passes on for what they are worth. Many times I am asked for inside information, but can't give any.

- 6.11.18.—The "dead-finish." Orders of the day, read inter alia:—"Owing to unforeseen circumstances all hospital boats are hereby cancelled and existing lists are nullified." All kits returned to store, and Red Cross stuff to where it belongs. The kit store corps used up a month's supply of language to-day.
- 26.11.18.—Australia cases still here, and to mention hospital boats is to run a big risk of being mobbed by "crutchies."

### *The "Shellie's" Dream at Weymouth.*

Major Adams's "shellies," from Ward 29, 1st A.A.H., Harefield, are located at Monte Video, and this is how one of them, whose photo appeared in our last issue, details a dream he experienced:—

All was quiet, and the riot of the guns had ceased their play.  
 On the shattered, crushed and battered,  
 lips of parapeted clay,  
 I lay thinking, sleepy, blinking, at the  
 pearly streaks of gray,  
 Colour changing, as came ranging up the  
 sky the orb of day.  
 I was roaming, spirit-homing, in the land  
 of soul's retreat,  
 Where belted carl and cringing churl as  
 friend and brother meet;  
 When the swinging, rhythmic singing of  
 ten thousand pairs of feet,  
 March battalion and battalion, on my  
 dozing senses beat.  
 At the double, o'er the stubble, and the  
 freshly springing sward;  
 Rifles gripping, bay'nets dripping, came a  
 grey-green German horde,  
 With the smashing and the crashing of a  
 thousand rivers poured  
 Into spaces, empty places, like a torrent  
 rushed and roared.  
 Batt'ry action! In a fraction every  
 gleaming gun was wanted;

Gunners springing to the rigging,  
 thund'rous voice of my command.  
 Bullets hissing, rarely missing, by my  
 sweating forehead fanned;  
 Death was dancing, swift advancing, with  
 a sickle in his hand.

Ready! Fire! Don't retire! And a  
 thousand flame-tongues spoke;  
 Fearing, rending, never ending, through  
 the rack of dust and smoke;  
 Fierce shelling, all repelling, twice ten  
 thousand echoes woke;  
 They quavered, quickly wavered, and the  
 grey-green legion broke.

Then reforming, wildly storming, on the  
 chalky ridge once more;  
 Sadly riven, madly driven, by the cruel  
 lust of war;  
 Onwards urging, backward surging, like  
 the waves on rocky shore,  
 Wet and bloody, torn and muddy, Pride  
 of Prussia to the fore.

They were on us, right upon us, at my  
 throat strong fingers flew;  
 Tried to choke me, Sergeant woke me—  
 "What the hell is wrong with you!"  
 Cause of trouble: I'd a double-barrelled  
 issue of the STEW;  
 Head still reeling, but I'm feeling mighty  
 glad it wasn't true.





MAJOR T. L. ANDERSON.

## *Long Life, Health and Happiness to All!*

With this number the career of the *BOOMERANG* ends, regretted, we hope, by our numerous readers. Fortunate in having had a very capable and energetic editor in Mrs. Theodora Roscoe, who has been the mainstay of the paper, it can look back on an excellent record, having provided a cheerful and bright magazine

for the benefit of patients, staff and friends at Harefield and elsewhere. The final message to all our readers is long life, health and happiness to all; and for the A.I.F. a speedy return to their beloved Australia.

T. L. ANDERSON (Major).

# General Rawlinson to the Australians

## *Fighting Renown of the Corps*

General Rawlinson, Commanding the Fourth Army, has issued the following Order, dated October 20:

Since the Australian Corps joined the Fourth Army on April 8, 1918, they have passed through a period of hard and uniformly successful fighting, of which all ranks have every right to feel proud.

Now that it has been possible to give the Australian Corps a well-earned period of rest, I wish to express to them my gratitude for all that they have done. I have watched with the greatest interest and admiration the various stages through which they have passed, from the hard times of Flanders and Pozieres to their culminating victories at Mont St. Quentin and the great Hindenburg system at Bony, Bellicourt Tunnel, and Montbrehain. During the summer of 1918 the safety of Amiens has been principally due to their determination, tenacity, and valour.

The story of what they have accomplished as a fighting Army Corps, of the diligence, gallantry, and skill which they have exhibited, and of the scientific

methods which they have so thoroughly learned and so successfully applied, has gained for all Australians a place of honour amongst nations, and amongst the English-speaking races in particular.

It has been my privilege to lead the Australian Corps in the Fourth Army during the decisive battles since August 8, which bid fair to bring the war to a successful conclusion at no distant date. No one realises more than I do the very important part that they have played, for I have watched from day to day every detail of their fighting, and learned to value beyond measure the prowess and determination of all ranks.

In once more congratulating the Corps on a series of successes unsurpassed in this great war, I feel that no mere words of mine can adequately express the renown that they have won for themselves and the position that they have established for the Australian nation, not only in France, but throughout the world.

I wish every officer, N.C.O., and man all possible good fortune in the future, and a speedy and safe return to their beloved Australia.



## *Canteen and Recreation Work.*

The record of this work, which has been carried on by the Director and his many able assistants at the 1st Australian Auxiliary Hospital, is one of which we may feel justly proud. The mere statistics show that a tremendous amount of work has been undertaken to relieve the tedium often inseparable from a hospital patient's life. Neither figures nor words can adequately describe the enthusiasm and persistent energy with which this noble band of voluntary workers have catered for the amusement and interest of the Australian wounded soldiers.

During the year ending June 5th, 1918, 190 concerts have been given in the Recreation Hall. Of these 30 were supplied by the Australian Red Cross Society, 45 by the Soldiers' Entertainment Fund, and about 20 through the generosity of the "Daily Mail," Soldiers' War Entertainment Fund, Y.M.C.A., and other Societies. The cost of the remainder, some 95, was defrayed out of profits made in the Canteen.

Cinema shows, to the number of 60, have also been given, 36 of which were arranged specially in the afternoon for the benefit of cot patients who were unable to attend in the evening. At these tea and cigarettes were supplied by voluntary subscribers, including lady canteen workers, medical officers, and members of the staff, to the value of about £2 at each entertainment.

Nearly fifty lantern lectures have been delivered through the kindness of the Victoria League. Trips, mostly to London, were organised and carried out to no less a number than 350. Towards these the Australian Red Cross Society donated £10 per month. Apart from that the

whole of the expenses have been borne by the Canteen Funds.

The spacious Recreation Hall has been redecorated during the year. A large stove has been placed in it, and new curtains furnished for the stage. The Billiard Room has also been renovated. These improvements altogether cost £116 10s. 0d., and a further sum of £42 has been spent on gramophone repairs.

Besides doing the above, the Canteen has been able to assist the boys in other directions by means of its funds.

The work has been carried on since June to the present date on the same scale. During the last five months three more pianos have been added to those hitherto in use.

It is not possible to mention the names of all the ladies who have so generously given their time and labour without any remuneration beyond the consciousness, that they were helping to brighten the lives and restore to health thousands of boys who have been battered in the fray. But the loyal and unselfish work of this noble band is beyond all praise.

Mr. H. Coxen, the Director of Recreation and Study, under whose superintendency all this work has been carried out, must be congratulated upon the highly successful result of his labours. In all he has been supported and ably seconded by Mrs. Coxen, who has directed operations in the sewing-room for the past fifteen months. Our debt as a hospital to Mr. Coxen is a large one, and we gratefully acknowledge his labour of love in behalf of our boys for, it has been freely and voluntarily given. He has also volunteered to continue his services under the auspices of the Australian Red Cross Society until the work at the Harefield Hospital is finished.

A. P. BLADEN.

# The Patients' Canteen

## HAREFIELD PARK HOSPITAL

I did not arrive in England from Australia until October, 1915, when I found that my English home, instead of being a convalescent home, as my husband and I intended when we lent Harefield Park to the Commonwealth Government, it was already a hospital with 250 beds, and was shortly to be increased to 3000 beds. There was a great desire expressed by those in authority and the patients for a canteen, where all could meet over a friendly cup of tea, and be able to purchase cigarettes, &c. It was suggested that the proposed canteen should be worked by the voluntary aid of the ladies of the neighbourhood. A committee was formed, and I was asked to be the Chairman. Each agreed to take a day and to find the necessary voluntary helpers. We opened the canteen on December 31, 1915, New Year's Eve. The decorations were very pretty, and the evening a very happy one. From the very first week we felt that our work was appreciated, and that was the only reward we expected for our services.

With the increase in the number of patients it became necessary to enlarge the canteen. The Australian Red Cross offered to find the necessary money for this purpose. We accepted the offer of the Aus-

tralian Red Cross, and thank them for their kind help.

From the start the canteen has been self-supporting, and has always shown a reasonable profit, due to the fact that the work was entirely voluntary.

The charges were fixed at 1d. a cup for tea, coffee, and cocoa; 2d. with milk and sugar. All cakes and buns were charged 1d.; this has never been increased.

In January, 1918, we found ourselves with sufficient funds in hand out of the profits to enable us to purchase a piano at the cost of £80; also we were able to spend £87 8s. upon the recreation room in painting, making part of it into a sitting-room, new hangings for the stage, also painting the billiard room. We have been able to pay out of the profits for patients' outings, expenses of concerts at the hospital, films for the cinemas. Two more pianos were purchased at a cost of £90, and one at £42.

I wish to take this opportunity to thank all those who have given up so much of their time to make the canteen a success.

As long as the hospital exists I hope the canteen will be a source of pleasure to the patients and their friends.

L. S. BILLYARD-LEAKE,

Chairman.

## *Flu, Flu, Flu!*

(To the tune of "Sue, Sue, Sue.")

Dedicated to the memory of one who has befriended many a study Aussie.

Flu, Flu, Flu,

You're a soldier's soldier, flu,

True, True, True,

Transform khaki into

Blue, Blue, Blue;

That's what we'd have you do,

If you'll keep us back from France,

We shall trust our lives to chance

And You! You! You!

UTICORAN, Ward 26.

November 8, 1918.

# Our Hospital

## II.—THE LONG RAMP

So called because it is the main thoroughfare of the institution. Twenty-one wards open on to it, to say nothing of other important buildings. Also it is the busiest, especially on visiting days, when it teems with women and children, and those of the fair sex who are neither one or the other. They are looking up old friends and making new ones.

Let us walk along from the "field kitchen" or "mess-room": which, by the way, divides East and West. East in our hospital is "the" place, don't y'know, and those who live there pretend not to know those who live west of it, and call all the ramps on that side "The Slums." Of these I shall write in a later article.

"The poor are always with us," is an old and true saying, and even the long ramp has its "poor" in the form of three convalescent wards at the eastern end. Once you pass these, and by their uncovered floors and neatly-folded beds, "Ye shall know them," you come to the two most important places in the hospital.

Facing each other like "dignity and impudence" is the many-windowed Post Office on the right and the little one-eyed Pay Office on the left. At the former all the ordinary business of a post office is transacted. The only two things they don't do is pay pensions, or sell War Savings Certificates. There is no demand for the latter when you only draw 3s. 6d. a week. The Pay Office stands a few feet back, so that it may get a better view of the world at large. No slipping your pay-book in for pay on the quiet as you bustle pass in the crowd. You must single your-

self out from them and be stared at by its one window. If you happen to be over-drawn, this inspection makes your knees tremble, so you hurriedly drop the book through the letter-box, hoping against hope that the sergeant will be in a soft mood, offer up a little prayer of hope, and flee. Every Wednesday\* sandwiched between the Post Office on the right and the Red Cross Store is 27. Twenty-seven has for long held the distinction of being the best kept ward, and more than once sisters of other wards have been invited by the heads to take it as a model and do likewise.

Of course, its neatness was easily accounted for. Having no sister in charge because its "only convalescent," there are no flowers, and the many other little things dear to the feminine heart which nevertheless make a room untidy.

Opposite is the largest building of any, for under one roof is the billiard and writing-rooms, canteen, and private apartments of our able Red Cross man, Mr. Coxan. The Concert Hall adjoins them at the rear, and of these I shall write later.

Just before we come to the first north and south ramp, which intersects at right angles and leads to the Pack Store, etc., we come to the Red Cross store, where Mrs. Addison and her Lieutenant supply the troops with "buckshee" goods subscribed for and sent over by Australia.

Twenty-eight and nine are the first wards which display the feminine touch. They are devoted to "medicals." Thirty is a no man's land, and here all the query cases come to. Thirty-one, opposite, is



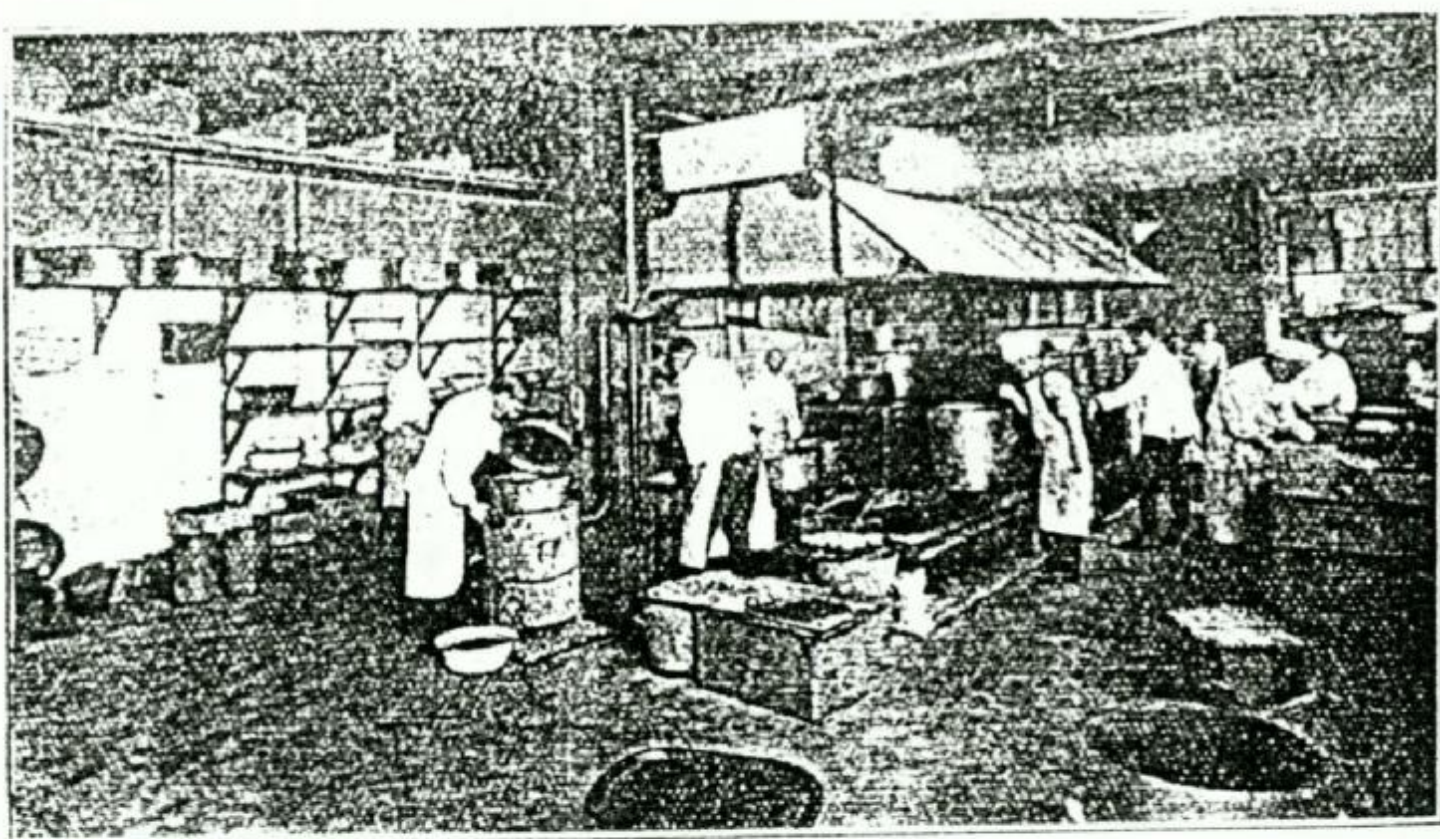








## *A.I.F. and War Chest Club*



KITCHEN, A.I.F. AND WAR CHEST CLUB.

This block represents a section of the Kitchen of the Club, and it is here that the majority of the Is. meals are prepared. The value given in the meal, compared with the price paid, brings continual expressions of wonderment from the many visitors, and the fact that upwards of 40,000 meals are served weekly is sufficient proof that they are appreciated.

A feature of the Christmas Festivities will be the breaking of a huge "Peace" cake, and A.I.F. soldiers, fortunate enough to be in London during Christmas, will find unlimited entertainment awaiting them. A new War Cartoon, replete with the latest improvements and capable

of seating 150 men, will also be opened at Christmas.

A series of Dances are being given every Friday evening in the A.I.F. Hall, Australia House, under the auspices of the A.I.F. and War Chest Club, who defray all expenses.

These Dances are an overwhelming success; the guests, numbering about 300, are composed of A.I.F. soldiers and voluntary lady workers from the War Chest Club, and the latter, besides entering into the enjoyment provided, give valuable assistance in dispensing refreshments. Excellent music is afforded by a large orchestra, and the dancing arrangements are in the hands of a capable M.C.

## Mrs. Geddes-Scott

WEST AUSTRALIA



Here you see Mrs. Geddes-Scott, a pleasant West Australian lady who is good to meet.

Her husband is a Captain in the R.A.M.C., and has been on service since 1914.

Mrs. Scott has been an untiring worker for our Hospital, and is one of the original Red Cross workers here. She is perhaps

best known among the boys as the lady who plays and whistles so well.

In giving the above photo to the "Boomerang," she said: "This is your final issue, so I can't wish the paper long life; but I do wish it and all good luck to those of my countrymen and women who have kept their end up so well."

All our readers will reciprocate these good wishes to her and other lady workers here.

---

## Rather Fishy

To Editor, BOOMERANG.

My father was always a great angler, and was very fond of fishing. The largest fish ever I have seen was caught by him in the Upper Tallabuelgra district. One morning he went down to a favourite lagoon with a good strong line and started to fish. He had not been there long when he got a bite, and it was more than a mosquito bite, too; and if he hadn't have taken a couple of twists around an old bloodwood tree that was handy he'd have been pulled into the lagoon.

Well, he tried to pull the line in, but couldn't; so he came home and got the two plough horses and took them down to the lagoon, and I have seen those horses pull before, but never such a tough pull as they had getting that fish out.

Well, after about half an hour of pulling, scratching, and swearing, they managed to get that fish out, and when his tail left the water the lagoon had gone down 27½ inches.

J. W. P.

## Our Victory Ball

There was a big turnout of both sexes at the Masked Fancy Dress Ball promoted by the Indoor Sports Committee on November 14th. This was the first "Regimental" ball ever given by this unit, and we hope it won't be the last.

By kind permission of C. Yeatman and Captain Morris, Q.M., the patients dining hall was loaned for the occasion and was prettily decorated with flags and flowers.

The floor was in good condition and music by Mrs. Lambell left no room for complaint.

Festivities commenced at 7.30, and continued until 11 p.m.

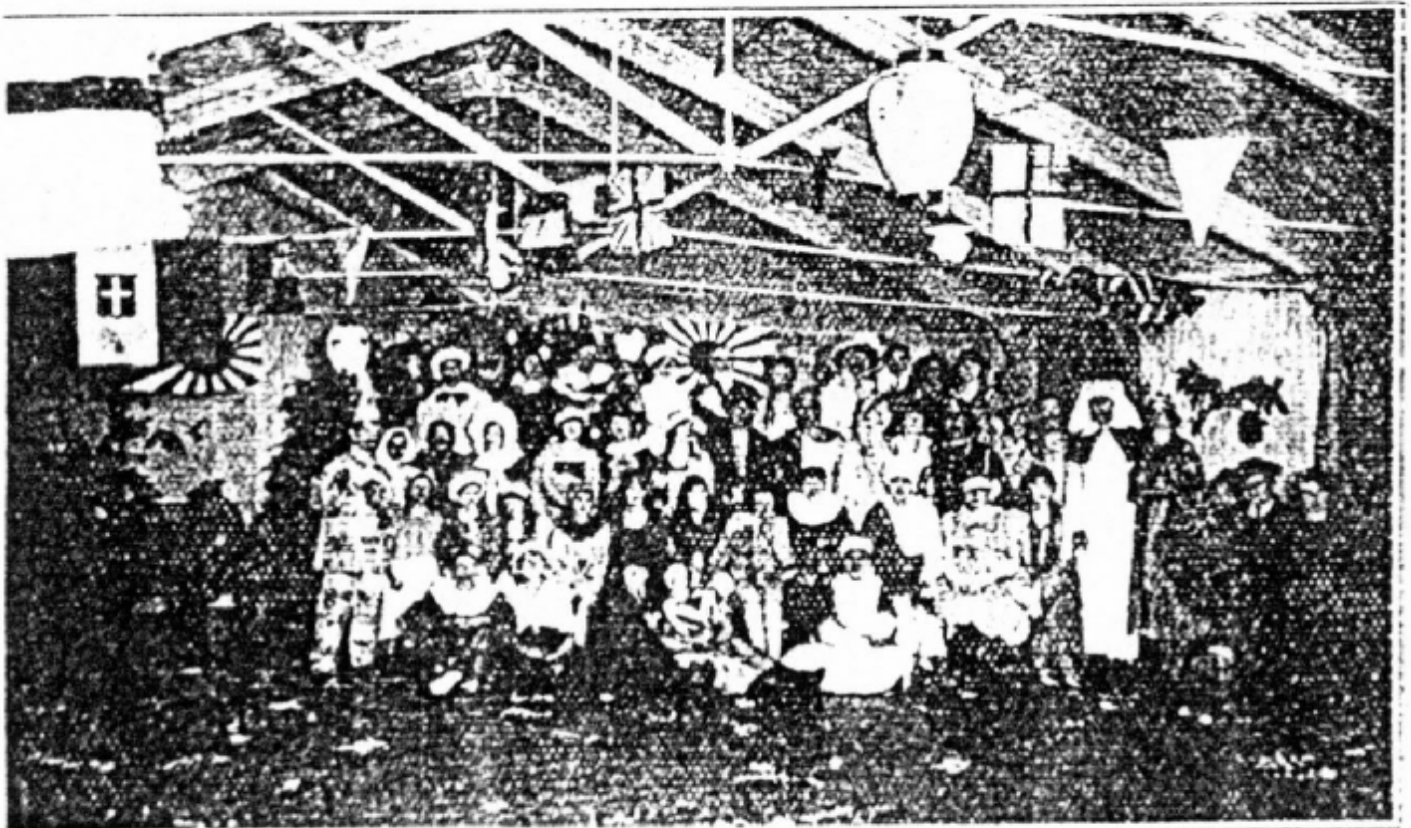
Prize-winners were: Best fancy dress (ladies), Miss Eriksen. Most original costume (ladies), Miss D. Freestone. Best

fancy dress (gent's), L. Cpl. Witt. Most original costume (gent's), Gun. Syd. Le Server, while Miss May Meacham gained special mention for best costume among visitors.

Mrs. C. Yeatman, wife of Commanding Officer, Miss Ross, Matron, and Mrs. Stodall were the judges.

Supper was served in the canteen, and the Indoor Sports Committee, which consisted of L. Cpl. Bell (Hon. Sec.), Ptes. Phillips, McKoskie, Eddy, and Misses Rhodes, Bowey, Bryant, and Hill, are to be congratulated on giving us a jolly good time.

A similar ball was given on November 21st for patients and staff under the direction of our Red Cross representative, and was equally a success. A photo of the latter appears on this page.



OUR VICTORY DANCE

## Our Serial Story

*DRIVEN FROM HOME.* By our Thrilling Writer, Victor Cooke.

Lady Emytrude crossed the line by the bridge at Denham Station and entered the Buffet. Over a cup of tea and saccharine she muttered, "he does not love me; he promised to be here at seven-thirty, it is now half-past. I will go home and await my return.

The down train steamed into the station. Lady Emytrude dropped her cup, snatched up her 61 Form, and made for the sleeping compartment. The guard blew, the train waved the whistle, and the flag rushed into the tunnel. After an exciting journey her ladyship sauntered off the train, to be swallowed up for a while in the heart of the great metropolis.

Over the allotment desk at Ausferry Road she drew her cobber's separation allowance, and thought of what might have been had her gallant Anzac officer kept the appointment only three weeks before at Denham on the Cress. The

pathologist entered the X-Ray room, with a frown on his brow, and a Xerve Eglise cigar between his teeth, struggling mentally with the problem, "How much weed could the sea-weed weed, if the sea-weed could see weed?" Lady Emytrude, picturing all this in her misery, in the big gaunt house in Mayfair, was a full Jerry to her fickle lover. She rushed to the scullery, screaming "Eggsacooked," and tripped over a still stank form on the floor. Snatching out her trenching tool she attacked, with a ferocity that was almost malignant in its intensity, a man escaping through the window with the deaf and dumb issue. The brave girl dragged at his beard, only to find it was false, and revealed the false features of her fair lover. The form on the floor groaned and murmured.

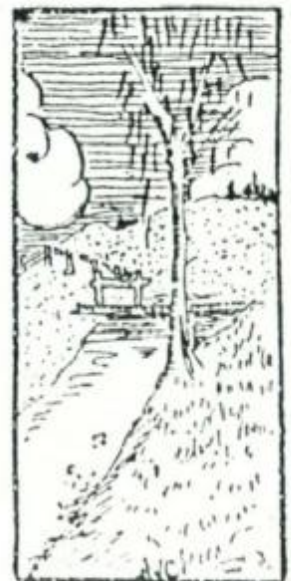
What was that form?

(To be concluded in the next war.)



### A "Quiff" from Glasgow.

It's easy to write on nothing  
When you're paid a "quid" a line;  
Easy to write on a thousand things  
In language flowing and fine;  
Easy to write on the bird that sings  
Its melodious song in the tree;  
But not so fine on a Glasgow train,  
To write in a jolting strain



## Our Honoured Dead.

"Beautiful for situation" is the place where lie the mortal remains of our comrades who have passed within the veil. It is on the south side of the picturesque old Parish Church of Harfield, and forms a portion of the Parish Churchyard. Through the kind offices of Sir Francis Newdegate Newdegate, K.C.M.G., Governor of Tasmania, it has been reserved for the burial of Australian soldiers. At the date of writing ninety-four graves are there. As soon as possible headstones are being erected. These are all of a uniform pattern in scroll form on a flat pedestal.

The graves are well cared for. Commander A. W. Tarleton, R.N., of Breakspears, has kindly taken the responsibility of this office upon himself and family. His offer to do so is worthy of being put on record as that of an English gentleman, and as indicative of the estimate put upon Australian service by the British people of the homeland. He wrote: "I should like very much to take this matter on myself, and if the Australian authorities would permit this small help, would undertake that Break-

spears will grass the graves and lay them in order. This would be a very little thank-offering in recognition of the help given by the gallant action of Australian soldiers in preserving such peaceful homes from the violence of the enemy. I trust my children would faithfully keep the trust, and that, in this country, it runs from generation to generation." Such comforting words will be read with gratitude by many of those in Australia whose loved ones left them with such high hopes and now are "lost awhile."

The white stones gleaming in the sunshine, and flecked with the shadows of the surrounding trees in this old world place of rest, constitute one of the many links binding more closely to the motherland her dominions in the Southern Seas—links which have been forged to an unbreakable temper in the red flame of what we fervently hope will prove the last of all wars.

Although the bodies of our comrades lie far away from home, the glory of their achievements has not departed, and "their name liveth for evermore."

A. P. BLADEN.

### TO AN AUSTRALIAN TROOPSHIP

(True "I love a lassie.")

I love the Persie, the snellin' troopship  
Persie;  
If you lived on her you'd think you lived  
in hell  
We met her in November, hope to leave  
her in December,  
So the crew will soon have her into them-  
selves,  
We get up in the morning the A.S.C.  
have to awning,  
So we drill out in the blue air, the  
sun;

The crew take charge of hoses, squirting  
water on our toeses,  
So you'll always hear us singing this  
refrain:

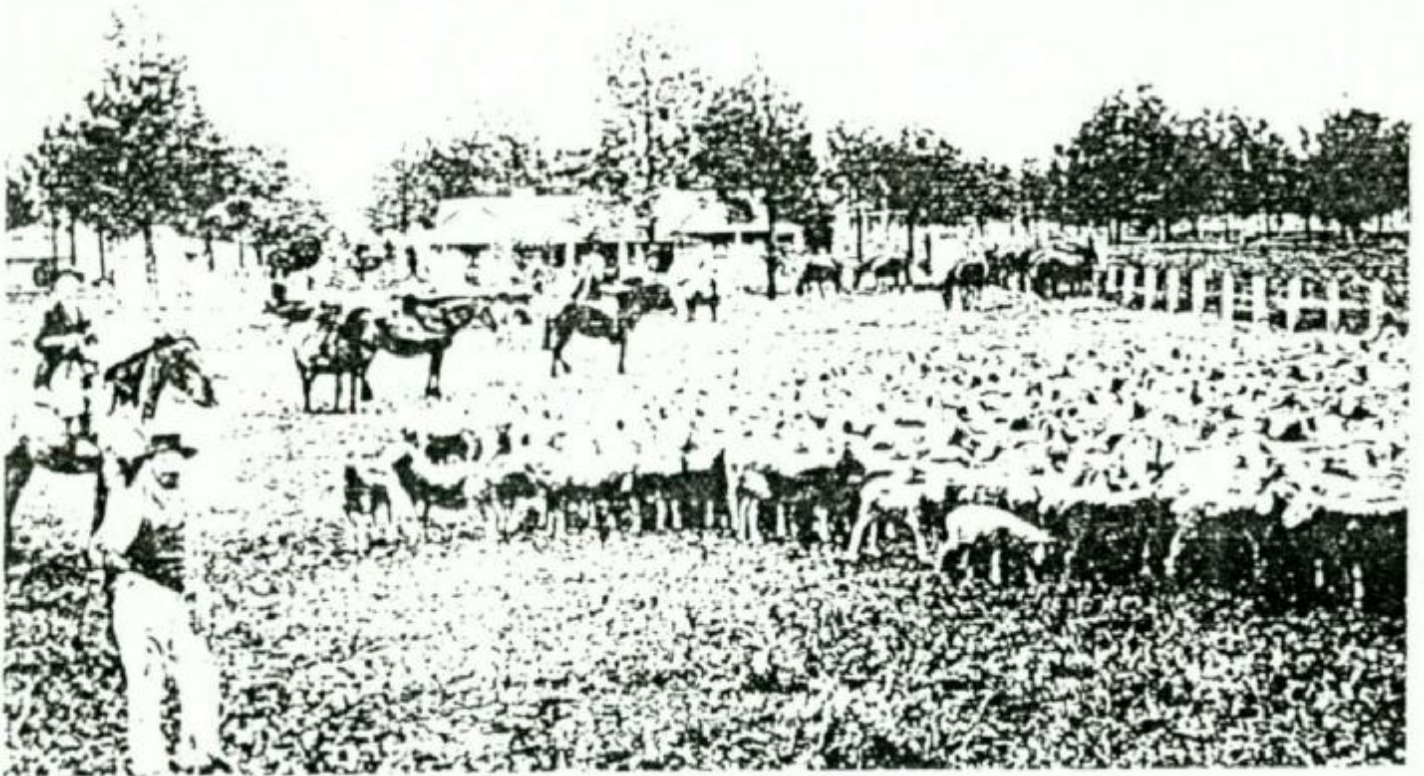
We love the Persie, the lavender box,  
old Persie;  
You can tell her in the stream by her  
sweet smell,  
The skipper is a bonzer, who could do  
nothing wrong, sir;  
Captain, we love you very well.

We love the Persic, we hate to leave the  
 Persic,  
 With its rabbit stew and awful mutton  
 smell,  
 That confronts us every Sunday, and a  
 damn sight worse on Monday,  
 You can hear it on the troopship by the  
 yells,  
 The bread is good; yes, tidy; but the  
 blasted fish on Friday  
 Is enough to nearly knock you off your  
 perch;

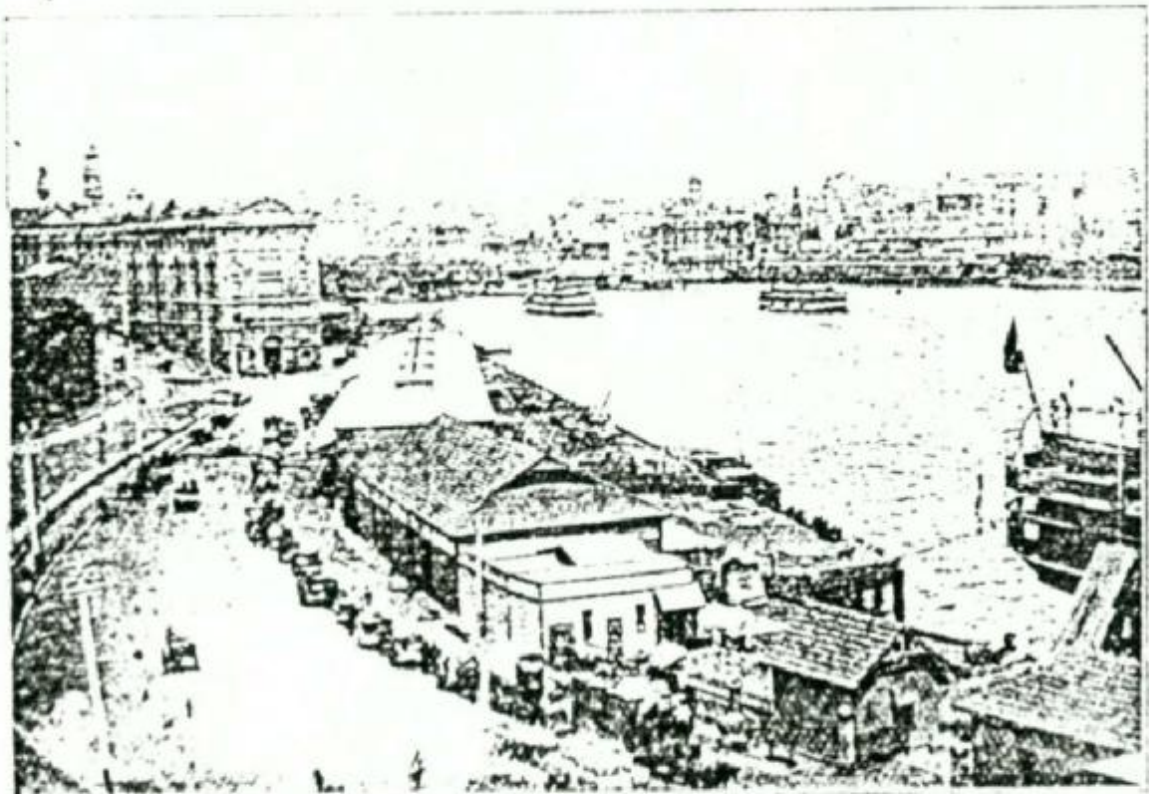
The tea we get is rotten, so herb beer we  
 live a lot on,  
 For the damn canteen has left us in the  
 lurch.

We love the Persic, the champion troop-  
 ship Persic;  
 She's painted fore and aft just like a  
 yacht.  
 We tell you, on the level she travels like  
 the devil.  
 Persic, you're our old stinkpot.





WHERE YR SOON WILL BE!



VIEW OF THE RIVER



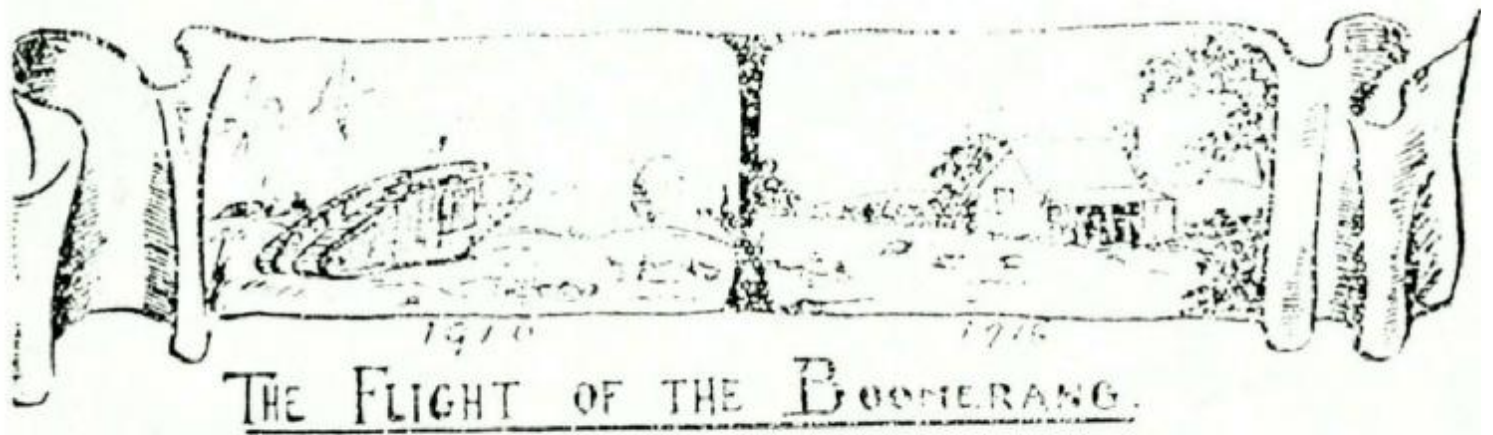
**BACK TO AUSSIE!"**



IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS.



IN NEW SOUTH WALES.



In December, 1916, it was decided, by kind permission of the then C.O. Col. Hayward, to publish a paper to place on record the little incidents of hospital life, and to chronicle the idle thoughts of idle fellows." The "idle fellows," of course, being those passing through as "wounded," and not the staff.

Evidently there had been a predecessor. For, in its first copy, we read:—"The Harefield Boomerang" dies to soft music, and is resurrected in new form and feature as the "Harefield Park Boomerang." Who was responsible for its life while it lasted, and its ultimate death, nobody knows; nor is there a single copy on record to show what it was like.

Mostly when papers—whether run by syndicate, State or good old private enterprise—die as they do so for want of funds and support. As the Committee that first launched the new paper on the rough sea of war time journalism found not a penny in the till, we will not be far wrong in ascribing its death to the old familiar causes.

The distributors of the new paper, in launching it as a "tuppence" monthly of 20 pages, appealed for contributions of prose and verse that would combine originality with brevity to keep it going. Evidently they were too brief for the second issue did not appear until 14th February, 1917, when it came on the market as a penny weekly of eight pages. Only two weeks elapsed and the price was raised to twopenny, and, as such, it sailed

along till April, when it sank back to the ranks of the fortnightlys, but four more pages were added to it.

It was at this time under the guidance of Mr. Gilchrist (Editor), Sister Marshall and S. Sgt. Whilling, and others. Its circulation reached about 250 copies fortnightly. It would probably have enjoyed greater popularity had more sections been represented on the directorate. As it was it was cramped in ideas and consequently in sales.

In June, 1917, Mr. Gilchrist retired from the editorial chair, and Mrs. Theodora Roscoe—who up to this time had been assisting him in his work, and in her spare time teaching French "buckshee" to sisters and patients—was asked to take over the editorship and management of the magazine.

The coffers were again empty and general interest in the paper had died down.

Mrs. Roscoe, who holds the office up till now, realised it meant hard work, but a woman who has run classes in French for Billjims is not afraid of difficulties.

Her first stroke of business was to form a committee truly representative of all sections of the community. Sister Cumming, and, later, Mrs. Addison, represented the sisters; Major Baker, the medical faculty; Pte. Taylor, and, later, Pte. Hook, the patients; and Cpl. Savage, the staff.

The last mentioned was treasurer, and was indefatigable in keeping a balance and running the show on a proper basis.

besides collecting the items for the "Is It Dinkum" column.

To this committee the "Boomerang" owes its new life. They worked hard, and the sales increased by leaps and bounds. A good agent was found at Headquarters in Pte. Pearson, who, starting at eight, quickly raised his sales to 250 copies.

But war is war. This committee had only got into its stride when most of them had to depart overseas. Major Baker's place was taken by Major Anderson, and many changes in rapid succession.

However, a new party got together, the result of whose work is seen in the excellent Christmas number of 1917. In the New Year, 1918, they adopted the present cover design and size of the "Boomerang."

The sales increased to 1,200 copies a month. Pte. Anderson (W.A. from W.A.), one time of the "Sunday Times," Perth, took the sub-editor's place, and his energy and salesmanship were responsible for good work and good sales.

In February, 1918, the committee brought out "The History of Harefield," price 6d., on sale at the canteen, which was designed to acquaint patients with the very interesting history of the surrounding district, and this little book has had a steady sale.

Things went swimmingly until October 18, when "Andy" sailed for home, and he is sadly missed. Not only could he write a good article or verse, but his salesmanship has not yet been replaced.

With this, its final breath—for its flight is near spent—the "Boomerang" thanks all those who at any time have lent it a helping hand, or done anything to make its "flight" a little easier.

Born of the war, it came into being when all the earth shook to the thunder of the guns, and now it ends its "flight" in peace. Its purpose fulfilled, and its object accomplished, it is quite willing to take a back seat and leave more room on the road to Fame for those journals that cater to more peaceful tastes.

A copy of each issue has been forwarded to each of the national collections of war-time literature. In years to come our children, and, again, their children, in search of pleasure and information, will turn to these collections, and perhaps linger with a smile over the pages of the "Boomerang," which you have helped to fill; and if these pages help them to understand and appreciate the present generation of "Diggers," its "flight" will not have been in vain.

R. F. G.

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## A Warning

Solomon was a Jew, and looked it. "Tassy" was a Digger who owned a wristlet watch, and lived in the same ward.

One night we were talking of all those things Diggers do, souvenearing, &c.

Said "Sol.": "You can have the souvenirs for mine. I never robbed a man alive or dead. I once held up a Hun with a bayonet while a sergeant took off him a lovely gold watch."

One of the chaps said: "Look at his

nose you blokes and tell me if you believe that!"

The rest of "Sol's" remarks were drowned with laughter.

Next morning "Sol." went on leave, and "Tassy" hasn't seen his watch since.

Moral:—Never trust the man who wouldn't "souvenir." The wily Sol had evidently told us this with the idea of inspiring us with confidence and deluding us into leaving our valuables about. And it was a man from the "spec" that fell to the joke.

# Verses from Weymouth.

Selected by W. A. from W. A.

The following contributions were obtained by our ex-subeditor (L. Cpl. W. Anderson) from soldiers serving at Monte Video. The majority are the compositions of Angus, the Scotch by a member of the Gordons.

## "Somewhere in France" with the Gordons.

(Tune: "My ain kind dearie, O.")  
O'er its ow'er you hills the bullets flew,  
And shells they burst like fury O;  
Doon by you trench in single file,  
We ran like hell, my dearie, O.

Doon by you burn where somewhere lies,  
For hours we lay sae weary, O;  
And many a lad nae mair will rise,  
Nae mair he'll see his dearie, O.

And when they passed the word  
"Advance,"  
Though eyes wi' sleep were blurry, O,  
We sang the "Marsillaise" o' France,  
And "Scotland yet," my dearie, O.

Nae doot the folks at home will mourn  
For gallant lads sae cheery, O;  
But Germans fall like sheaves o' corn,  
They paid the price, my dearie, O.

And ow'er you seas we'll come again,  
When war's o'er mair, my dearie, O,  
And you and I live a' alone,  
We'll drink a cup sae cheery, O.

Twas in auld Edinburgh town  
Ye named the day, my dearie, O;  
And when the lasses we cuddle doon,  
There'll be the cause to merry, O.

## The Tank Gun Crew.

A long, cool day is ending, and darkness  
closing in,  
And the e'er increasing turmoil of the  
night will soon begin;  
Reconnoitring aeroplanes make their  
homeward flight,  
And the tired and weary Tank gun crew  
seek shelter for the night.

Just a few short hours of slumber's all  
each hopes to gain,  
To refresh each aching body and ease each  
throbbing brain;  
But upon the midnight hour, a sentry's  
warning shout,  
Accompanied by a whistle blast, the Tank  
crew gun turns out.

The officer's calmly-measured tones give  
commands so sharp and clear,  
"Stand ready, lads, the Hunnish Tanks  
will soon be rolling near."  
With quick dispatch unquestioning they  
silently obey;  
No sound, no light, their whereabouts to  
hostile 'planes betray.

A long, curved line of trenches, like a giant  
horseshoe flung,  
Where for many a gallant comrade war's  
death requiem is sung;  
Where danger's lurking always, where gas  
and exploding shell  
Recalls again the memories all we read of  
Dante's hell.

The rattling noise of rifle fire, Vicker's  
clattering din,  
The words flung back from foremost  
trench, "Send reinforcements in."  
The 15 pounders' ear-splitting crack, the  
heavies' throaty bark;  
Eighteen and four fives flash and roar, the  
Tank gun finds its mark.

The Boche Tanks are shattered, struck by  
showers of bursting shell,  
To the officer in the O.P. it looks a living  
hell;

Thus Australian gunners, far from her  
sunny strands,  
Fighting against suppression, the German  
Tank withstands.

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## *"The New Coal Yard Has Just Been Completed"*

### *NEWS ITEM.*

If Fritz should in this country land,  
And cannot be ejected,  
Oh! we will make our final stand  
In the coal-yard just erected.

It's four foot high, by one foot through,  
Of solid concrete standing;  
So, why let's fear, if others do,  
The Hun or other landing?

The barbed and latticed wire on top,  
On iron stanchions carried;  
A madly charging bull would stop  
When by a red rag harried.

The massive corrugated gate  
Was built to stand for all time,

And proves that in doing something great  
Australians can the world outshine.

It is so large. 'Tis easy to conceive  
The population of these isles inside—at  
bay;  
While round about the Hun would prowl  
and grieve  
He had no stuff that could blast their  
fort away.

Now do not think its strength an idle  
whim;  
Our "Heads" have learnt by dire ex-  
perience cruel,  
That strength alone will keep Billjim  
From heiping himself to the winter's  
fuel.



## *"How great has been my pleasure"*

I learn that you are bringing out the last number of "The Hatfield Boomerang," and I wish to say how great has been my pleasure to have had as my guests during the past 2½ years our Australian soldiers. When the war broke out Mrs. Leake and I offered Hatfield Park as a convalescent home for our fellow countrymen, and we have watched with the

The great and noble purpose for which you all crossed the seas to help the Mother-country has been accomplished, and you will soon be returning to your own land, where I trust you will all enjoy many years of great happiness and prosperity. This is the sincere wish of your grateful countrywoman,

LELITA S. BILLYARD-LEAKE.



MR. BILLYARD-LEAKE.

deepest interest how rapid has been the recovery of our wounded heroes, due to the care of the medical staff, the devoted sisters, assisted by the health-giving climate of Hatfield. This has rewarded Mrs. Leake and me self for putting up our home for their recovery to health.

LELITA S. BILLYARD-LEAKE.

Thanks for all you have done for our country. Good-bye and good luck. Wishing you a speedy return to your own homes.—Yours sincerely,

LELITA BILLYARD-LEAKE.

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Will Subscribers note that this is the

## FINAL ISSUE

OF

## THE BOOMERANG.

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A few bundles of three back numbers and one Summer number can be bought for ONE SHILLING, by applying to

MISS WADEY,

Linen Store.

# A Solomon Islander's Style of Delivering a Sermon

(An absolute fact.)

Some years ago the Methodist minister failed to turn up at a Sunday evening meeting of the natives: so one native volunteered to take the service, and, after the usual prayers and singing, he gave the following sermon on Adam and Eve:—

Now altogether you boy, altogether you Mary, me talk along you, me savvy talk all the same white-man, me savvy God, Big fellow Master. He make-em first man, name belong him Adam. Now this fellow Adam he walk about along big fellow garden, all the same scrub along Island, he walks about along nothing, and God, Big fellow Master, look-em this fellow Adam, and He say: what name, this fellow walk about along nothing and Big fellow Master scratch em head belong Him and he think but first time He no savvy. He scratch em head some more, and this time he savvy. Ah this fellow Adam want em Mary; so He make-em Adam he sleep and He take-em bone belong rib along Adam and He make-em one fellow Mary name belong her Eve. Now Adam he wake up he look-em this fellow Mary. My word, he like-em too much.

Bye and bye, God, Big fellow Master, talk along Adam and Eve, and He say: now you two fellow you walk about along

big fellow garden but Me make-em one fellow apple tree tambo,\* you fellow no kia, kia.† But that apple tree talk him he all gammon, but no matter. Adam and Eve walk about and all the time Eve talk along Adam all the same you plurry Mary, talk too much. Bye and bye Eve say along Adam. What, name Adam you no like em me. Adam he say: My word, Eve me like-em you too much, but me afraid along God, Big fellow Master. What name, say Eve, Big fellow Master no look-em you and me all the time; come along Adam you and me go along scrub. And Adam he go. Now that fellow Mary too much no good.

Bye and bye, God, Big fellow Master, come along and shout-em Adam; but Adam he too much afraid, he no talk Big fellow Master, he too much cross. He shout-em two fellow you no gammon along me, come and talk along me Adam and Eve; come along Big fellow Master. Him He say: What name, you two fellow kia, kia along apple tree, and Adam he shake all the same man got-em fever; and God He say now look here you two fellow you gammon along Me you too much no good; Me finish along you. You take-em bokkis‡ along you and go to hell along scrub and cut him wood.

\*Tambo—must not touch. †Kia, kia—eat.

‡Bokkis—boxes.



IN AUSSIE.

## A Toast

We've all come here to this large-sized  
brawl,

Come over the seas in boats;  
And some of us dig up the dinkum stowch,  
While some of us hold the coats.  
We all do the bit that we're asked to do,  
In our own particular way—  
The Infantry and the A.L.H.,  
The Sigs. and the A.F.A.,  
The Engineers and A.S.C.,  
And, yessir, the Gaspape Cavalry.

We're some of us proud of the part we  
play,

And some of us needn't skite;  
But there's one who is soldiering on with  
us,

Who is putting up dinkum fight;  
There is one who is always "on the job,"  
"Fighting hard" as we go to press,  
With a cheerful smile and a great big  
heart,

Back there at the C.C.S.  
So here's to the girl with the cape and the  
star,

The Esses-i-esses-took-e-r.

JACK MCKINNEY, Ward 24.

## Bully Beef

Oh, noble Ox, depasturing sleek,  
On grassy plain, by limpid creek,  
Wert thou . . . ? (I speak as man to man—

Or, rather, ox to ox, for can  
One term a soldier other than  
An ox, who's driven here and there,  
From place to place, and knows not where  
He goes? An ox can know no less.)  
But we digress.

Wert thou, I ask, thus destined, then,  
To break the very hearts of men,  
By squeezing into tins which hold  
A pound of well-corned beef, we're told:  
Well-corned? Too truly corned, I wot!  
Oh, Ox! can e'er this wretched blot  
Be from thy reputation razed?  
That thou, who, fat and fleshy, grazed  
On luscious plains, imbuing us  
With gastric thoughts, carnivorous,

Of juicy joint, of sizzling roast,  
Of tender steak, and such a host  
Of epicurean delight,  
Did thy fair reputation blight  
By squeezing, corned, compressed and  
packed,  
Tough, hard, unsavoury in fact,  
Into a tin with label brief,  
Just Bully Beef.

But, worse and worse, thou hast been  
seen.

Two Army Biscuits held between,  
Two Army Biscuits! Awful tack!  
That teeth do shatter, jaws do wrack:  
That every fighting man abhors,  
That every Quartermaster stores  
For want of patronage. Oh, Ox!  
This lack of pride my nature shocks.  
Why didst thou hark responsive to  
Tray Bento's (pestilential crew!)  
Seductive wiles, persuasive words?  
Why wert thou wooed from midst thy  
herds?

When dwelt thou on the bounteous plain  
I loved to meet thee. Now again  
I meet thee, but with wretched grief,  
As Bully Beef.

JACK MCKINNEY.

## A Toast from Australians at Home.

You've toasted your King and country;  
You've drunk to your sweethearts, too.  
The khaki lad in the trenches,  
And the sailor boys in blue.

But there's yet a toast to be honoured,  
So silent your glasses take,  
And drink to the Boys of Australia  
Who died for their country's sake.

From farm, and mine, and city,  
They raced to the jaws of death;  
They laughed at the foeman's cannon,  
And smote with their latest breath.

Now they're at rest, and sleeping  
Where they fell on foreign shores;  
But their graves are here in Australia,  
In our hearts for evermore.



## The Village Barber in France.

I screwed up courage one afternoon and went to the village barber. It's a most original barbery, I must say. The old pot cuts the hair, and the daughter does the shaving. While waiting your turn with the old man, one is treated to a free, comic entertainment by simply watching the daughter shaving the brave customers. First of all she comes along with an enamel bowl of hot water, which the victim is ordered to hold up under his chin, while she rubs it into his face as though her very life depended on it. Then she rushes at her prisoner with a thing shaped like a brush, which she manipulates like a cornstalk whitewashing a fowl-house. Then, all preparations having been made for the slaughter, she sneaks on her quarry with an open razor, a savage look, and a piece of rag. She uses the last-named article to wipe the razor, although I believe more civilised barbarians (I mean barbers) use paper for this purpose. She then gets to work like a man with a scythe on a crop of wheat, and, after a few short, sharp struggles, all is over.

The old man beckoned to me; I took my seat in the executioner's chair, with cold shivers chasing each other up and down my spinal cord. He commenced with what I thought at first were a pair of clippers, but I decided afterwards, by the feel of them, that they must have been pinchers. When he thought he had done enough damage with these he fished out a pair of rusty scissors. I believe they were the pair used by Delilah on poor old Samson. After he had done his d—st to my hair from the rear he called out something which, if it was translated into English, would probably be "half-time, change ends." At first I didn't understand him, so he roared out again. Then I got him. When he sings out you have to get up and turn your chair round, so that you have your back to the window. Whatever this is for I don't know. Then he got to work on my front hair, and after a few more agonising minutes he roared out "Fini," and I got out of that chair a sadder but a much wiser man. After all this he had the cheek to charge me a franc for the afternoon's entertainment. BOB TAYLOR.



"IS THE PAIN JUST HERE?"

A Useful Laundry  
for Economical  
Households.

*Silverdale*



LAUNDRY.

CHESTER ROAD, WATFORD.

Depot : *MACMILLAN, Newsagent,*  
HAREFIELD.

## WANTED.

No. 16 & No. 17

(October and November, 1917, issues)

of the Harefield Park  
Boomerang, to complete  
Official Records.

Will anyone who can spare the above  
numbers send same to—

THE REGISTRAR,

**MAJOR ANDERSON.**

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*Your Friends can buy anything you can give them  
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Send them your photograph on a  
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Card, and let W. EMERY ("Bandy")  
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For anything photographic apply to "Bandy," and you will get it at  
London's lowest prices.

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IN LOVING MEMORY  
of  
B O O M E R A N G  
PASSED AWAY

DECEMBER 31st, 1918

You've been a faithful friend and true,  
When times were dark and dreary,  
You made us laugh when feeling blue,  
And smile when very weary

You done me good service,  
Told me no lies (?? ?).

Erected by a "grave" digger.

L. HUSSKY

3-12-18.

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Printed by WALSROOK & CO., LTD., 13-15, Whitefriars' St., E.C.  
For the Recovery Committee, and issued by permission of LIEUT. COLONEL YRAYMAN  
Officer Commanding 1st A.A. H., Harefield Park, Middlesex.  
Passed by Censor

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