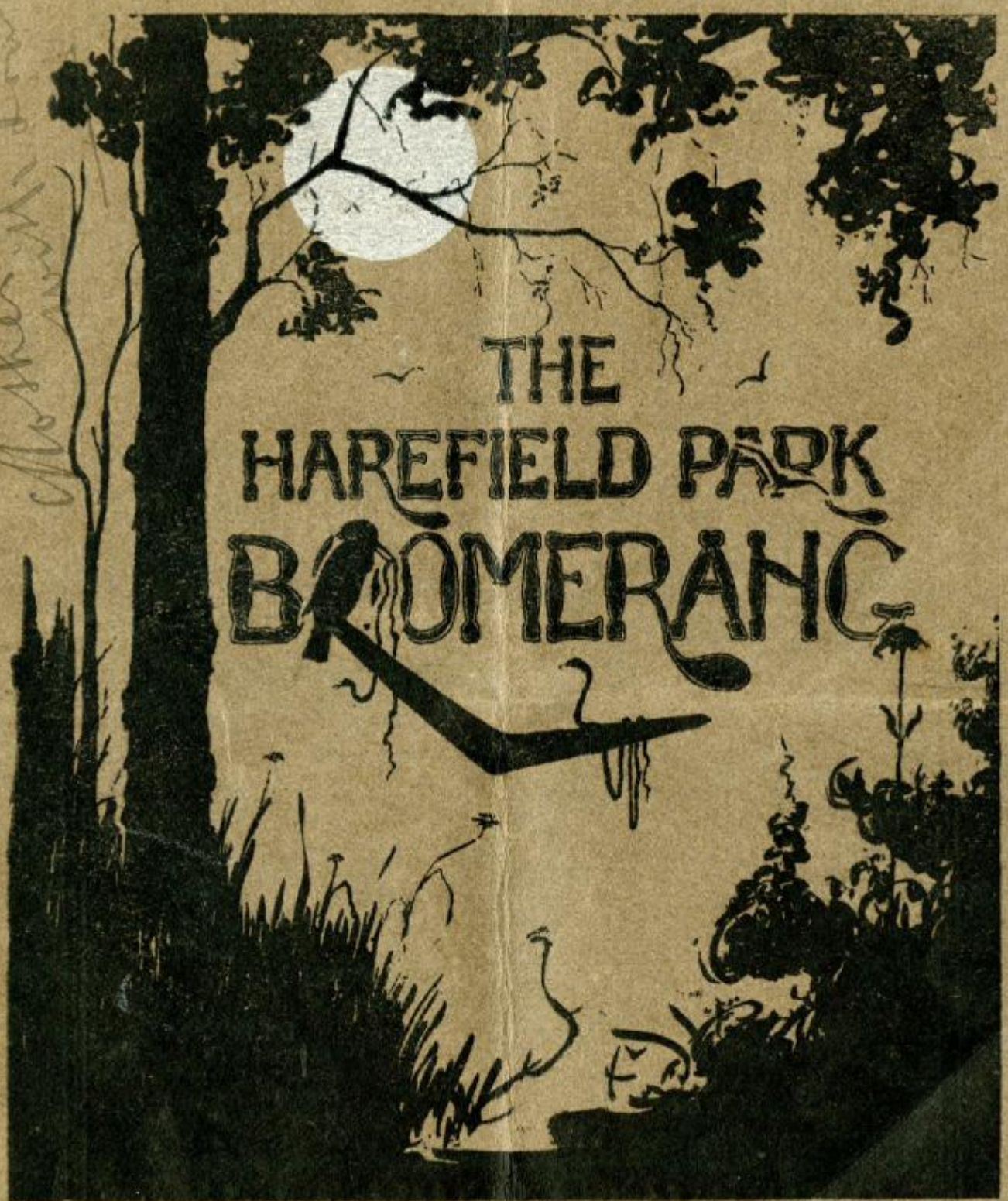


Mothers' Day



THE
HAREFIELD PARK
BOOMERANG

Vol. II. No. 2.

February, 1918

GAMAGES

THE "SERVICE" MAN'S EMPORIUM.

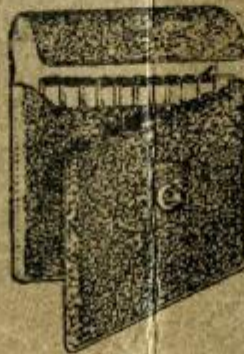
Energy and Enterprise have given us the forefront position as Military Outfitters.
Quality and full Value for Money have kept us there.



THE "GILLETTE" SAFETY RAZOR.

With 12 New Process Blades.
In strong Nickel Case,
Price 21/-
Extra blades 3/9 per packet of 12.
In Nickel Box, Post free U.K.

GILLETTE BLADES,
3/9 Dozen. Post 3d.



THE "ONE MINUTE" STROPPER FOR GILLETTE BLADES.

SIMPLE & EFFECTIVE.
NO COMPLICATIONS.
Price 6/6.
Post U.K. 4d. extra.



SERVICEABLE COMBINATION POCKET KNIFE.

Best finish throughout, with one blade, leather borer, screw-driver, tin opener and shackle, metal bolsters and engraving plate. Stag horn handles, length 3 3/4 in.

Price 6/6.
Post free U.K.

"MAGAZINE" PIGSKIN GIGARETTE CASE.

Superior finish.
To hold 30 ... 8/11
" " 40 ... 10/6
Better quality, to hold 30 ... 11/6
Post U.K. 3d.

"A. W. G." KNIFE COMPANION.



Knife, Fork and Spoon, best nickel silver and cast steel. Complete in Leather Case.

Price 6/6 Larger size 7/6
Postage U.K. 4d.
The knife, fork, and spoon can be used separately.



THE TROOPER.

Australian and South African Hat. Cuba colour. Guaranteed for wear.

Best quality Fur ... 14/6
Postage U.K. 3d. extra.
Coloured Pugarees 1/6 extra.

POST ORDERS EN-
CLOSING TREASURY
NOTES SHOULD BE
REGISTERED.

HOLBORN, LONDON, E.C. 1.

THE HAREFIELD PARK BOOMERANG

Chairman:
MAJOR ANDERSON.
Vice-Chairman:
CAPTAIN TERRY (Chaplain).
Hon. Secretary:
PTE. W. ANDERSON.
Hon. Treasurer:
CORPORAL SAVAGE.
Editor: T. ROSCOE.
Sub-Editor: SGT. CHRYSSTIE. *Art & Advertising Editor:* CORPORAL M. MIZON.
Advertising Editor:
CORPORAL JACOBS,
MRS. ADDISON.

COMMITTEE
1918

3^d
PRICE

Editorial

The BOOMERANG COMMITTEE has lost in Sister Cumming one of its oldest and hardest workers. Even when pressed with work, she used to find time to collect the Nursing Notes, and help along the welfare of the BOOMERANG. We all wish her the best time possible in France, and will be glad to welcome her back on to the Committee and to the hospital.

appeared in the back numbers of the BOOMERANG, when the history of Harefield was traced from the time of the Doomsday Book—a thousand years ago. And, in order to bring it up to modern times, an account of Harefield Hospital will be included in the booklet. It will be on sale in the Canteen and in the village. We cannot think of a better souvenir of Hare-



THE VILLAGE POND, HAREFIELD

Corporal Jacob has kindly agreed to undertake the post of advertising Editor. With the increase of advertisements it is hoped that we shall be able to enlarge the size of the magazine.

The Committee are engaged in bringing out a complete "History of Harefield," with illustrations; to be sold at sixpence. This will include the articles that

field to be sent home to Australia than this forthcoming "History of Harefield."

We would remind all our readers that sketches, articles, verse are acceptable. These can be slipped into the BOOMERANG box in the Canteen, or left with the Sub-Editor, Sgt. Chrystie; also any suggestions for competitions, &c., will be welcomed.

THE EDITOR.

For the Fallen

[Special permission to insert this poem in the "Harefield Park Boomerang" has been courteously given by the author; the "Times," in which it appeared first, and by Mr. Elkin Mathews, Publisher, among whose collection of poems by Laurence Binyon ("The Wincrowing Fan," price 1s. 3d. net) it was subsequently reprinted.]

With proud thanksgiving, a mother for
her children,
England mourns for her dead across the
sea
Flesh of her flesh they were, spirit of her
spirit,
Fallen in the cause of the free.
Solemn the drums thrill: Death august
and royal
Sings sorrow up into immortal spheres.
There is music in the midst of desolation
And a glory that shines upon our tears.
They went with songs to the battle, they
were young,
Straight of limb, true of eye, steady
and aglow.
They were staunch to the end against odds
uncounted:
They fell with their face to the foe.
They shall grow not old, as we that are
left grow old:
Age shall not weary them nor the years
condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the
morning
We will remember them.

They mingle not with their laughing
comrades again;
They sit no more at familiar tables of
home;
They have no lot in our labour of the day-
time,
They sleep beyond England's foam.
But when our desires are and our hopes
profound,
Felt as a well-spring that is hidden
from sight,
To the innermost heart of their own land
they are known
As the stars are known to the Night.
As the stars that shall be bright when we
are dust
Moving in marches upon the heavenly
plain,
As the stars that are starry in the time of
our darkness,
To the end, to the end, they remain.

LAURENCE BINYON.

Hospital-ities

By LYON TAEMER

One night in our hut Pete was giving voice to "The 'orn of the 'unter is 'eard on the 'ills," but somehow that version of that portion of "Kathleen Mavourneen" jarred on the nerves of Andy. "Lie down or pronounce more aitches in your warbling," cried Andy. "Go on," said Pete. "Don't you know there is no H in music, it only goes up to G."

An officer was continually accusing his batman of extravagance. One day he informed his master that the Q.M. could supply no more coal for the stove. "You evidently eat it," testily cried the officer. Next day the emergency candle had gone. "Why I bought half-a-pound only three weeks ago," exclaimed the officer. "Oh well," observed the Australian, "I can tell you where the candles have gone. I ate them, so as to grease my throat, so that I could swallow the coal more easily."

Here is a good one. On the tube the other day I heard the conductress give a well-merited rebuke to a stubborn strap-hanger who would not move along the car when requested to do so. "Pass along the car please," she shouted. No notice. "Pass along the car," again she cried. Still no notice was taken of the request. She turned to some Australian soldiers, and remarked, loud enough for all to hear, "I wonder if anyone here can shout that in German for me." That was a roughie.

If any of my readers want an original excuse for an extension of the five days' leave, send the following telegram to the Colonel. I am sure he would never refuse a message like this:—"Nobody dead, nobody ill, still going strong, having a good time, got plenty of money, please grant extension." Somehow I don't think it would work a second time.

The Orderlies Canteen now fly the S.O.S. signal—Short of Sugar.

The suggestion made in the "British Australasian" recently, that married men who have made the extreme allowance to their wives and families and left themselves only 1s. per day, should be allowed to draw £5 or £10 from their deferred pay when on leave, has my most earnest approval. It would, indeed, be a boon to many who have not the wherewithal to enjoy even a day's relaxation, and what a treat to many from the trenches. It could be managed without the establishment of another department.

The heartiest good wishes are extended to Corporal W. Jacobs of the Q.M. staff, who mysteriously entered into the holy state of matrimony, world without end, on Boxing Day. The happy lady was Miss E. Russell, of Hillingdon Heath, near Uxbridge.

"And how do you feel this morning, Sergeant?" queried Sister Gwendolene as she passed along the ward. "Oh, Sister, I am very bad to-day; I wish the Lord would take me." "How can you expect Him if you don't take the medicine the doctor's ordered."

(With apologies to "Sally in Our Alley.")

Of all the girls in Harefield town,
There's none like Mrs. Berry,
She is the darling of my heart,
She is so bright and merry.
She feeds the troops with all her best,
I'd make her quarter-master,
And then we'd dine, on dishes fine,
Off joints not like a plaster.



OUR STAFF SERGEANT GOES TO LONDON FOR ONE DAY. AFTER TWO DAYS' PREPARATION INCIDENTALLY MISSES THE 9.5 A.M. CAR TO DENHAM.

Answers to Correspondents

"**B**ROWN, WARD 27."—If, as you say, you tore your trousers in an unsuccessful attempt to scale the back fence you must pay for the damage yourself. The Q.M. cannot hold himself responsible for what happens after "lights out."

"Staff Dispenser."—Sorry we can't publish. Some of your jokes we have seen before, the others we have not seen yet.

"Ethel, Canteen."—Poets are born; be born again.

"Digger, Ward 18."—You are only entitled to one cup of tea and one cake. Anyway, a man who would eat more than one of those cakes is a glutton. We forwarded the sample of cake you sent us to the Food Controller. He wrote back saying, "That's the stuff to give 'em."

"Bluey, Ward 14."—If you require your hair cut, send in application in triplicate three weeks before you think your hair needs cutting.

"Lanky, Ward 41."—No; a sister must not be married, otherwise she would never have been allowed to enlist. Give it a "fly."

"Whit."—Not funny enough. We would suggest, before writing, a couple of long pints.

"Paths."—We would have published your sketch had you marked across enlightening us as to which was the donkey and which the man.

"Curious."—No; Elephantitis is not a medical term. It is an Australian slang word given to anyone comfortably "blithered." Yes; some of the Staff do suffer from it, especially on pay days.

HEARD IN THE X-RAY ROOM.

The sergeant in charge was showing a party of visitors around, and explaining to them the workings of the plant. "This you see, ladies and gentlemen, is the most wonderful discovery in the history of science. By this marvellous apparatus the surgeon can detect immediately any foreign body or substance in the anatomy. Nothing is too strong or thick that the rays of this wonderful machine could not penetrate." At this point his lecture was brought to an abrupt finish by the old lady of the party, who wore a dress of very flimsy material, turning to her husband saying, "Take me out, George, this is no place for me."



RIVER SCENE IN AUSTRALIA.



*Scenes in
Northern
Territory*



NATURAL GRASSES



Fire-Fighters' Field Day

(By the Sporting Editor.)

The hour-glass showed three-thirty p.m., when a smart and soldierly trumpeter stalked from the orderly room, followed by the orderly sergeant, orderly corporal private, and the official fireman.

"Fire piquet!" roared the dignified sergeant, and immediately the blue ozone was rent with the strident tones of a cheap bugle.

From all points of the compass a motley mob streamed in answer, and signified their presence.

An examination of each candidate was then made, and all passed as B2a. Board papers having been completed, the devoted band marched to the fire station. Every man looked in the pink of condition, and the proud bearing and resolute squaring of jaw told of the strong, bold free

spirit within, burning to extinguish itself. As they passed in review before the official fireman, our representative remarked on the soldierly pride of port of all and sundry. "Yes," said the O.F., inflating his chest, "I remember when I was driving for the Melbourne Fire Brigade ——" but we had heard that story before, and took refuge behind the nearest hydrant.

The ring was then cleared, and the assembled multitude held its breath. "Clang!" went the gong. "They're off! They're off!" and so were the welshers. The Plumbers seemed to get the inside running, and, by skilful passing, got the hose into Pioneer territory before their opponents could recover. Steadily and surely the Pioneers, with the wind in their favour and their eyes on the canteen, forced them back and made the pace. In the meantime, one of the Plumbers seemed to have put a barrage round the hydrant on Ward 37, and was repelling all counter attacks.

The noise was terrific, and we looked to the official fireman for an explanation of the proceedings. "Ah," said he—and how cool and reassuring he looked—"Ah, I remember when I was in the Eighth Battalion ——," but at that moment the dust cleared, and we were able to distinguish Ball in front, Ware a good second, and the rest of the field lying close up.

At the Long Ramp they turned with Ball falling back, Ware in front, Boovey and Thompson neck and neck for pride of place, and the field bunched. The seven furlongs was passed, and there was then a shade of odds on Gindy, who was taking the whip hard.

Into the straight and past the field kitchen—but at the main boiler house some plumbers were laying protected by a minefield of extinguishers and fire buckets.



THE OLD VILLAGE POST OFFICE AT HAREFIELD.

They had all collision mats out, and were ready to repel boarders.

"Water," roared the official fireman, and a hissing sound heralded the advent of that messenger of death. Death, destruction and desolation were on all sides, and by the failing light we could see the water littered with human débris. Horror-struck, we turned to the official fireman, who only smiled sweetly and murmured, "Awful; but nothing to what I saw at the Carlton Brewery in '95 —." His voice trailed into silence.

Things were getting desperate when the "Stand fast" blew, and the survivors, now only a mere handful, streaked with solemn step and slow to the parade ground to answer the check roll call.

And oh, how different now from the well-set-up band of heroes who had set out to do or be did. How dejected. How doleful. As name after name was called, and man after man failed to answer, hardened sinners like Biddle and Napper broke down and cried like little children. Even we were moved, and said so to the official fireman, who stood there like a tower of strength. "Well," said he, absently annexing the only bottle of whisky available, "it reminds me of the day I told the Inspector of the Rickmansworth Water Supply to —." But that is another story.

In the Registrar's office they had trouble in finding an accountant for the Q.M.'s department, and a private was brought in on trial. "Are you a clerk?" asked the Staff. "No, sir," was the reply. "Do you know anything about figures?" was the next question. "I can do a little bit," he modestly replied. "Is this the best you can do for us?" growled Staff. "Yes," replied the Orderly Sergeant. "Well," turning to the private, he snapped, "what were you in civil life?" "Professor of mathematics at Melbourne University" was the unexpected reply.

The Boys of W.A.

(By W. A. from W.A.)

We've heard a lot of talk just now of
brave deeds at the war,
By lads of every colony day by day,
So my voice I thought I'd raise,
Just to say a word of praise,
Especially of — boys of W.A.

Rough lads, bush lads, with hearts as good
as gold,
You're always welcome to a bite and sup;
But hit them 'neath the belt,
They'll give a nasty welt,
And another thing, they'll do it standing
up.

These hardy sons of ours, left the office,
shop, and bush,
When they heard old England's clarion,
loud and long.
They sailed away to fight,
For freedom, o'er the Bight,
And they've not been beaten yet, and never
will.

Rough lad, tough lad, made of fighting
stuff,
Sand groper, bushman, cheerful day and
night,
These lads who fight the Hun,
Stick until the battle's won,
Well back them when they have a fight
for right.

Aye, they have done as well as any, what-
ever's been their job,
With the Navy or the Mercantile Marine,
If it's duty with our flag,
Or huns they have to bag,
They're determined and tenacious, brave
and keen.

Bush lad, Jarrah lad, a hero to the hilt,
He's out there facing danger day by day,
Oh, the best is not enough
For the lads of fighting stuff,
And especially the boys of W.A.

A.I.F. and War Chest Club

OVER ONE MILLION MEALS SERVED IN 1917

During the past month the "War Chest" has been busier than ever, and every department has been working at top speed.

A new dormitory was opened on January 1st, and a further 200 beds

Period January 1st, 1917, to
December 31st, 1917.

| | | |
|--|--------|-----------|
| Number of meals served... | ... | 1,147,425 |
| Number of beds occupied | ... | 215,950 |
| Number of games of billiards played | | 23,574 |



LOUNGE AND SMOKE ROOM, A.I.F. AND WAR CHEST CLUB, HORSEFERRY ROAD, LONDON.

installed, making the total number at the Club 1,000. These have all been occupied every night, and a corresponding increase has occurred in the number of meals served, which, during the four weeks ended January 19th, 1918, totalled 123,808.

The following figures will give some idea of the extent of the Club's work during 1917, and there is every reason to expect a substantial increase during the current year:—

| | |
|---|-----------|
| Number of baths | 44,421 |
| Number of pairs of boots cleaned... .. | 109,684 |
| Number of cloak room deposits | 80,464 |
| | <hr/> |
| | 1,621,548 |

If you want to meet your mates while on furlough, call at the "War Chest" Club where you will be at home amongst Australians.

Headquarters Notes

OVERHEARD.

It happened a few days ago when a General of the A.I.F. (presumably of the artillery) visited the A.I.F. headquarters. He seemed to have had a rough time; his clothes were dirty and worn all the worse for warfare. He had a couple of bandages round his arm, and one eye protected from further hurt. Hopping along the corridor and into the office, he approached two or three Staff Captains who were smartly dressed and jewelled about the boots.

"Say, Captain, where are your stables?"

"Stables, Sir —! no such thing here at headquarters. Do you mean —!!!"

"No, no; I mean er—er—stables."

There was no reply from the Captain.

"Well," replied the Colonel, "you are wearing riding dress, and I thought you rode to business."

FINISHED TEA.

Remember Hort. Hall, military staff, afternoon tea is cut out.

OUR PIONEERS.

Who said that the pioneers staff were not gentlemen? It is believed that they almost had the monopoly of the A.I.F. and War Chest Club during breakfast hour. However, there is a table and a steward now provided for them at this hour.

The S.O.S. for News

HOW THE RELIGIOUS EDITOR CHASED A "STORY."

Hair Raising Adventures. Gruesome Details.

There was recently an "S.O.S." for copy sent out to all and sundry on the Editorial Staff of the *BOOMERANG*, and, sad to relate, the Religious Editor, in search of the elusive "story," strayed from the paths of rectitude and virtue. Ideas would not come; things absolutely refused to happen. The R.E. was at his wits' end, for his reputation as a journalistic sleuth was in peril. Deep in a brown study, he did not notice where his footsteps strayed until he was brought to himself suddenly and completely by the click of billiard balls and shouts of ribald laughter.

A flaring sign "Canteen" pierced his sensibilities and imprinted itself in letters of fire upon his fevered brain. Long-forgotten impulses stirred his being, impulses which had lain dormant since the wild days of his youth swayed him, and he groaned in mental stress.

His one consuming desire was to slake a thirst which any ordinary man would not have sold for £50, born of his tremendous efforts to gain inspiration and the word "Canteen" which thrust itself so forcibly upon his perception.

From long and painful experience he knew that one thing was necessary for his peace of mind and body, and that was beer in glasses, jugs, buckets, and dixies; cool beer; beer that would put the nectar of the gods to the blush. Throwing his lately-acquired scruples to the four winds and stifling resolutely the still, small voice which manfully fought to make itself heard, he strode to the door with eager steps, turned the handle, and entered.

An elderly soldier behind the bar stared wild-eyed at the apparition, and furtively glanced over his shoulder for the ways and means of making a strategic retreat should the exigencies of the occa-

sion demand it. The fact that there were none that did not need lengthy preparation to make them possible caused his face to blanch as if it had been washed.

Other gentlemen in khaki who were trying to evade the attentions of their respective N.C.O.'s surreptitiously placed a barricade of chairs and tables between themselves and the awe-inspiring intruder, and made ready to put up a barrage with all available calibres of cups and saucers.

"Beer!" gasped the godly penpusher, with a hoarseness of intonation and a pathos that would have melted a heart of stone.

The audience collapsed as completely as the proverbial castle in the air. The man behind the bar assumed quite a Genée-like posture, and gracefully fell to the ground to the accompaniment of various crashes. The remainder of the khaki-clad heroes did likewise, but not so gracefully. Only one withstood the shock of that awful demand. He was a curly-headed wight of tender years, encircled by a green string on which depended a good imitation of a pre-war penny trumpet.

"No beer 'ere. Not on your crimson life," he lisped with a pronounced Redfernian accent. "Only tea, cocoa, and beanflour buns. 'Sides, there's no sugar to-day."

A look of chagrin o'erspread the already distorted features of the R.E.

"But that word 'Canteen'," he gasped. "That suggests beer, and lots of it."

"Not now," was the ingenious reply. "Pete and Pasque broke the brewer's heart."

With drooping shoulders eloquent of the deepest dejection and his whole posture the embodiment of disappointment, the R.E. staggered into the next room, and in a state bordering on coma dropped into a chair.

Hours passed, and when the righteous scribe came to himself it was night. Garish lights lit up a scene of the

tensest excitement. Apart from the laboured breathing of an assembled multitude and now and again a half-stifled ejaculation, not a sound could be heard except the click of billiard balls and the hourly call of the marker. (He called the scores every hour whether there was any alteration or not.)

In a whisper the BOOMERANG man enquired what was doing.

"Billiard tournament," was the whispered reply. "Championship of the Hospital. A few of the nobs is on the Billiard Committee, and they decided that their cobbles ought to have something to remember the place by. These are the two best players in the Hospital."

Billiard efficiency is said to be the true sign of a misspent youth. The Religious Editor was a good player. He took up a good position and watched the display. In a few moments his practised mind had envisaged the upbringing of the two contestants. The homes in which their tender years must have been spent would have made that of a Scotch Presbyterian appear a riot of frivolity and iniquity. Endurance was the keynote of the display, and one of the two players nearly scored twice in the two hours that followed. He was sincerely congratulated by his friends on his good luck.

"I'll call next month and see the second hundred," said the Religious Editor in farewell, and staggered into the cool night air, thinking of suggesting to the Evil One that an adequate punishment for the man who invented beerless canteens would be to condemn him to mark the contest between the two worst players in the championship.

(It is hoped that the June issue of the BOOMERANG will contain the result of the competition. Readers are advised to order their copies at once. A feature of the issue will be the commencement of a series of articles entitled "Billiards: Their Moral and Intellectual Lesson," by Corporal Reece, sometime professor of billiard marking at the University (Hotel) of Footscray.—*Editor.*)

Sporting Notes

BELOW we publish the results to date of the A.I.F. Headquarters Rugby Football Team:—

| | | | | | | | | | |
|----------|------|-------------------------|------|--------|--------|------|-----------------------------|-------|-------|
| Sept. 11 | agst | Australian Navy, | won, | 9—6 | Dec. 8 | agst | Aus. Engineers, | won, | 5—0. |
| " 22 | " | A.S.C., Kempton Park, | won, | 60—0. | " 15 | " | New Zealand, | lost, | 0—8. |
| " 29 | " | Bedford Grammar School, | won, | 12—10. | " 22 | " | Haileybury College, | won, | 44—0. |
| | | | | | " 26 | " | All Blacks, | won, | 16—3. |
| | | | | | Jan. 5 | " | R.N. Division, | lost, | 3—11. |
| | | | | | " 12 | " | Canadians, | won, | 20—3. |
| | | | | | " 19 | " | Canadian Machine Gun Depot, | won, | 14—3. |



CORNER OF HAREFIELD COMMON.

This Common is used for Football by the Harefield Park Sports Union.

| | | | | | | | | | |
|--------|------|---------------------------|-------|--------|--|------|----------------|------|------|
| Oct. 6 | agst | Aus. M.G. Co., | won, | 14—3. | Jan. 26 | agst | R.N. Division, | won, | 9—3. |
| " 13 | " | Aus. A.S.C., | won, | 14—3. | Included in the Australian Headquarters team are the following well-known players:—Tapp, New Zealand; Oxenham, Queensland; Gwynne (Globe), Sydney; Daly (a member of the Wallabies), N.S.W.; Cleland (Western Suburbs), Sydney; Macpherson (New England), N.S.W.; Fetherson (Bahnam), Sydney; Pye (Annandale), Sydney. | | | | |
| " 20 | " | R.N. Division, | lost, | 12—14. | | | | | |
| " 27 | " | New Zealand Headquarters, | won, | 19—0. | | | | | |
| Nov. 3 | " | Canadians, | won, | 23—12. | | | | | |
| " 10 | " | Welsh Guards, | lost, | 3—16. | | | | | |
| " 17 | " | A.S.C., Kempton Park, | won, | 46—0. | | | | | |
| " 24 | " | Mill Hill School, | won, | 17—0. | | | | | |
| Dec. 1 | " | Public Ser. XV., | draw, | 3—3. | | | | | |

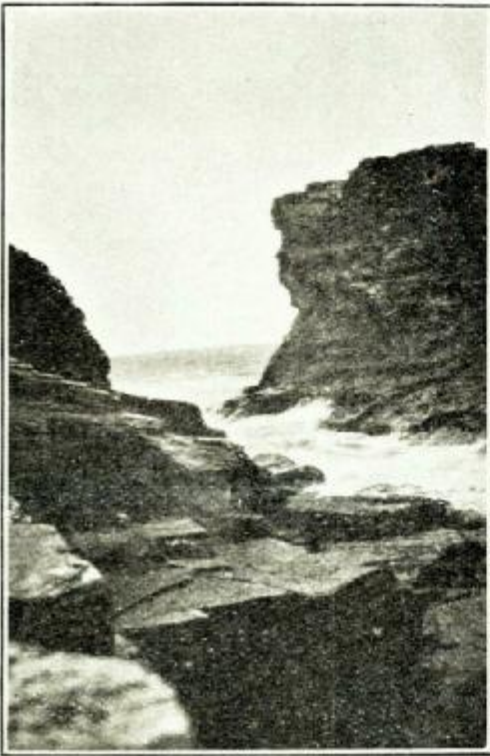
A Few Days in Cornwall

DESCRIBED AND ILLUSTRATED BY C.S.M.

For those wishing to spend a short holiday near the coast, amongst delightful surroundings and seascape scenery, Tintagel, on the north coast of Cornwall, will

coast cliffs, and three sides of it overlook the ocean.

The coast for miles around is indented with numerous little bays and coves, and one can ramble among the rocks, paddle or bathe, and quite enjoy life. The cliffs and rocks tower above one at great height and afford good practice in Alpine climbing. Rocky Valley and Boscastle are within easy walking distance of



ROCKY VALLEY.

be found to possess all that is best in these respects.

A few hours' train travelling from Waterloo, London, will land you at Camelford, where you are met by the real and ancient Cornish cabby, with a real Cornish coach, and after an hour's drive up the steepest of hills and down the deepest of valleys you arrive in "state" at King Arthur's Castle Hotel, Tintagel, which is situated right on the edge of the

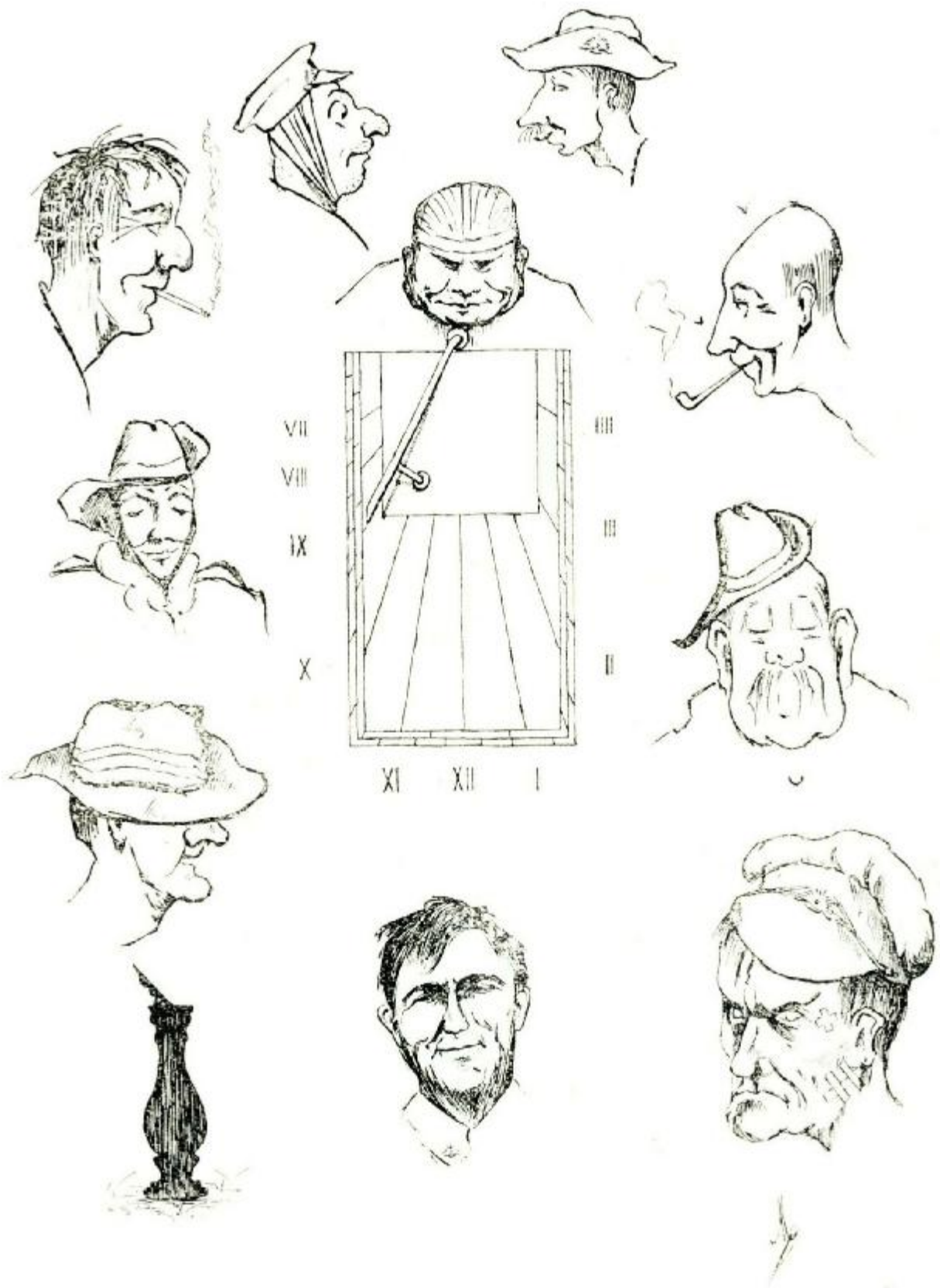


TINTAGEL HEAD.

Tintagel, and a pleasant day's outing can be spent at either. Drives are arranged by the hotel manager for many other neighbouring resorts.

The ruins of King Arthur's Castle, of ancient historical fame, are also near the hotel, and it is customary for all visitors to go and gaze upon what once was.

Many days after your leave, you still have dreams "full and plenty," at meal times, of Cornish cream, Cornish pasties, saffron cakes (apologies to Food Controller), all of which bear Cornwall fame.



"SOME DIALS" TO BE SEEN AT HAREFIELD PARK.

Hospital Favourites

"No, I'm not going to discuss nurses, or officers, or village vehicles, Bert, the subject of my discourse is ditties, musical ones, such as we get at our concerts in the Recreation Hall. It seems strange, Bert, that the present war, with its trials and deprivations, seems as a dream when we get into that hall and hear an outburst or efflorescence of popular song. Fact some of the music is not always of the highest class, the words are often silly, sentimental or broadly humorous, such as we used to hear in old Harry Rickards' time, but almost all show a spirit of cheery insouciance and patriotism, while a few are genuinely touching and lyrical in feeling. We've got past the period when the Belgian hymn was first favourite, and now the Russian hymn is mud, but the old Marseillaise still has a grip on us. I am not going to dilate on the serious musical productions, as it would be too great a strain on your intellect, but to 'catchy' melodies, which generally opens our evening bill of fare at 6.30. The song par excellence was of course "Tipperary," too well known in our early camp life, and then we had "Your King and country need you," with an osculatory promise thrown in, *après le guerre*. There are many patriotic adjurations, and then there was the pathos of the soldiers' farewell to home, friends, wives, and the girl behind, many were popular, and even now "There's a girl for every soldier" is welcomed on our stage with its alluring invitation to the civvies to exchange his ordinary clothes for khaki. We also like the songs in praise of different parts of the Empire, such as 'Private Michael Cassidy, V.C.' and 'Taffy's got his Jenny in Glamorgan,' also one we seldom hear, 'Australia will be there.' Then we like Harry Lauder's 'The laddies who fought and won'; while one that appeals to the domestic sentiment and home activities while we are

convalescents far from our sunny land, is Ivor Novello's air, 'Keep the home fires burning,' which I know from my private despatches from Australia is very popular in all the States. The alliterative, 'Sister Susy's sewing socks for soldiers' we never tire of, and that popular revue melody, one would like to hear oftener, by Herman Darewski, 'When we've wound up the watch on the Rhine,' which introduces strains of the German anthem, 'Die Wacht am Rhine' very effectively. Then we are exceedingly proud of the 'Blighty' songs, expressing the inevitable nostalgia of the war weary soldier. Quite homely is 'Blighty, the soldier's Home, Sweet Home,' then the plaintive 'There's a ship that's bound for Blighty,' next the pantomime success, the rollicking 'Take me back to dear old Blighty,' frequently parodied by Australian wounded on the night previous to their leaving Harefield for the land of their birth. Thus:—

"Take me back to dear old Aussy,
Put me on the ship for Melbourne Town,
Take me over there, drop me anywhere,
Adelaide, Perth, Woolloomooloo,
I don't care.
I do want to see my bush girl,
Cuddling up again we soon shall be;
England you're a failure, take me to
Australia,
Blighty's not the place for me.

"Another favourite with us is 'Roses are blooming in Picardy,' and its anti-thesis, 'The tanks that broke the ranks out in Picardy,' expressive of public interest in these formidable machines. Although not a war song, Zo Elliott's 'There's a long, long trail' is popular wherever we are, camp or hospital. Then we have sentimental songs thrown at us ad lib, generally given by a girl with a lovelorn look. 'If only I found in my stocking at Xmas, a boy-e, a boy-e, a boy-e,' 'You gave me a

HOSPITAL FAVOURITES—Continued

red, red rose.' Another with its Parisian flavour, 'If I could only say in French what I'm thinking in English,' an attempt by Tommy to parlezvous with Mamselle Parée. 'Good Bye-e,' 'It's a long, long way to my home in Kentucky,' 'They call it Dixieland,' 'Where the black-eyed Susans grow,' 'Down where the Swance River flows,' 'Back home in Tennessee' all get a hearty reception from us Colonials. Others expressive of hilarity are 'Samoa, some more,' 'Somebody would shout out shop,' 'Father keeps the home fire burning'; while, amongst the sentiment that gets a grip on use, we like most, 'My heart is calling you,' 'Somewhere a voice is calling,' 'Little grey home in the West,'

'If you were the only girl,' 'Some night some waltz, some girl,' 'A broken doll,' 'Blue eyes,' 'Fancy you fancying me,' 'Every little while.' Such songs, Bert, may have small poetic merit, while their music may jar on the cultivated ear, but they're expressive of the strong home feeling that help to bind the Empire with bonds stronger than steel, and we'll still linger longer at the old hall waiting for the time when the bells of peace are ringing and our brave chums are en route for the Trans-Continental."

"Bill, yer marvellous; we'll make yer a member of Parliament when we get home to W.A. Good night, old pal."

PTE. W. ANDERSON.



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