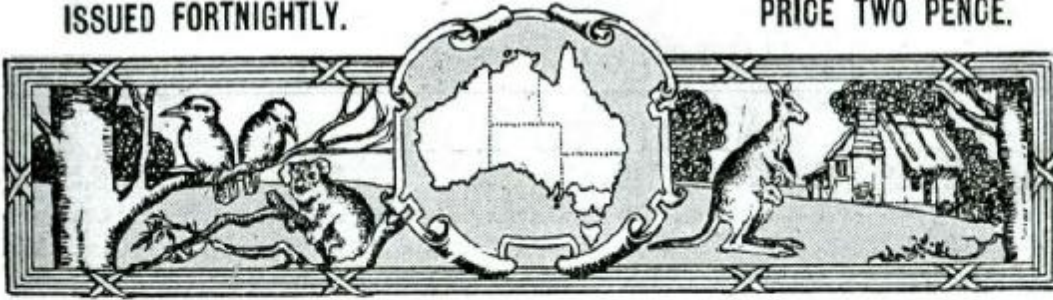


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# THE HAREFIELD PARK



# BOOMERANG



NUMBER ELEVEN

MAY 16, 1917.

### EDITOR'S NOTE.

Readers of the Boomerang,

It is proposed to issue, in connection with this magazine, certain "Boomerang Booklets," which will be sold for twopence each. The first will treat the Countryside round Harefield, giving a description of the principal places and things of interest in the locality, thus serving as local guide to all the patients.

I am still looking out for contributions to the Boomerang, and I can do no better than quote some lines sent in to me by one of the Boomerang readers, who, I hope, will live up to what they express:—

If you have a bit of news,  
Send it in;  
Or a joke that will amuse,  
Send it in;  
A story that is true,  
An incident that's new;  
We want to hear from you!  
Send it in.

And besides sending in contributions I want every single patient to buy a copy of their hospital magazine. They need not restrict themselves to one copy either!

If possible, with every copy of the Boomerang there will be published a complete list of the arrivals and departures of patients within the fortnight to and from the hospital.

THE EDITOR.



"And what is the matter with you, Corporal?"

## A DINKUM CRICKET MATCH.

Sunshine, the strains of the band, and the cheers of the onlookers all went to make the great cricket match on Thursday, May 3rd, when the Sisters played the Canteen Ladies, a huge success. The match commenced at 2.30, the Sisters winning the toss.

Australia has always been famed for its cricketers, but we did not know that the women of Australia shared the renown. All Australians must have been proud of Sister Wallace, who, after making a record score, retired to let the rest of her XI. have a chance. Miss Parsons, although hailing from England, played for the Sisters. Her excellent all-round qualities as a cricketer were much admired. In the Canteen XI. Miss V. Harland (the Captain) played a good game, she and Mrs. Venning scoring top score for their side.

There will be a return match on Wednesday, May 16th, when we look to the Canteen Ladies to come out victorious.

Scores: Sisters 147, Canteen Ladies 95. Batting: Sister Wallace (retired) 42, Miss Parsons (retired) 46, Sister Field 30, for victors; Mrs. Venning 35, Miss T. Harland 35, for losers. Bowling: Miss Parsons 6 wickets, Sister Field 3 wickets, Miss V. Harland 5 wickets, Miss D. Harland 3 wickets. Mrs. Jackson did excellent work behind the wickets.

## OUR COOK.

There's a cook in our Battalion  
Ought to be in gaol, they say,  
For his various offences  
In the culinary way;

As everything the beggar  
Ever curried, hashed, or fried,  
Would create a Revolution  
In an Ostrich's inside.

And there ain't no blooming Emu  
His bacon could digest,  
He'd die in twenty minutes  
With pains across his chest.

And his Irish stew is murder,  
Fact, his tucker it's all crook.  
Oh! the sleepless nights I've suffered  
From this indigestion cook!

BENDIE, Ward 43.

## WHIZZ-BANGS.

One of the strangest things in China is that whenever a baby girl is born they throw it into the sea for the sharks to get it. They don't do that in Sydney. They let them live till they are sixteen, and the sharks get them themselves.

The reason why women live longer than men is because they have no one to talk them to death.

Australian regimental butchers do their blocks every morning when they start business.

We are constantly hearing that the war will soon be over. Yes, we know, but how far is it going over?

Rumor has it that the "Boomerang" is paying. Prize is offered for a better rumor.

Mr. Bee Mason can stand being stung by five hundred bees at once in England. Some Anzacs can't stand being stung once—in the Canteen.

We are informed that the Australian High Commissioner has just been hung in the Royal Academy. This is 'andy, but why the Royal Academy?

At a certain Railway Station in London, one evening late, could have been seen Jock in his element with a certain young lady, in a certain Railway Restaurant, sitting in a certain position, with certain fun ahead of him! Not being allowed behind the Bar, it was only natural that the Head Lady of the Department should be advised of Jock's presence there. Danger lurked near, but happily Jock rose to the occasion. The stern command of "Go out of this Bar at once!" brought Jock to his senses, but not a word spake he. He merely gesticulated with his hands and fingers in pantomimic method, conveying to the Head Lady of the Department that he was Deaf and Dumb! His lady-love rose to the occasion immediately, and carried on a dumb conversation on her fingers with Jock. With a look of surprise Jock made to go, but the Head Lady of the Department would then not hear of it, and vainly tried to explain to Jock (through his Lady-love Medium) how truly sorry she was for him, and allowed him to stay and carry on. Some carrying on! The Scotch are a cute and canny race!

(B)Ironic verse, "After the Bombardment."

There was a sound of revelry by night,  
 And Harefield patients had gathered then,  
 The flower of Anzac chivalry. (Slow music.)  
 Did ye not hear it? No, 'twas but the wind  
 Or an ambulance rattling over a stony street.  
 But hark! that heavy sound breaks in once more,  
 As if the clouds its echo would repeat;  
 And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before—  
 That awful syphon comic responds to encore.  
 Ah! there was hurrying to and fro  
 By soldier who had lately come and the one of long ago.  
 Yes, there were sudden partings which ne'er might be repeated,  
 For half the boys had left their seats and others still retreated.

The Editress has asked me to stop this muck at once, and has gone out of the office, in a mixture of queenly dignity and subtle humor, to meet her untimely end which must positively come through this.

Farewell, dear readers, I have better work to do. Farewell!

J. L.

## MESSAGES FROM OUR VOLUNTARY HELPERS.



It was a great happiness to me when in Australia my father and mother decided to give the use of Harefield Park as a Convalescent Hospital for my fellow-countrymen. I regard it as a great compliment that I am considered worthy to help in a ward as a V.A.D., because anything that we women of Australia can do to help our soldiers is but a small return to them for all that they have done in fighting for our freedom, our honour, and our homes under the Southern Cross. May health, happiness, and prosperity await all patients who have passed through Harefield Park, and may they safely return to their homes in sunny Australia. I must not forget the Doctors, so many of whom have sacrificed their homes in order to help to restore to health their fellow-countrymen; also all the dear Sisters with whom I daily associate. Such are the wishes of

LETITIA BILLYARD-LEAKE.

## THE LITTLE SISTER.

I was ill in bed, yer know,  
Not so very long ago,  
An' we had a different Sister every day;  
They wus very good to me,  
Kind and gentle as could be,  
They treated me just bosker, but, I say!

There was one wus dark and small,  
An' I liked her best of all  
On the day I wus a-feeling very bad;  
An' her lovely smilin' eyes,  
With their look so kind and wise,  
Made me pulse when she took it go like mad.

Oh! you lovely little Sister,  
Yer dunno how I've missed yer,  
Every time yer took me pulse yer took me 'eart.  
I ain't seen yer since, an' why?  
Just becos I'm bloomin' shy,  
I ain't the nerve to speak to any tart.

Ye'r fur too good fer me,  
But these lines'll let yer see  
That I often gives to yer a tender thought.  
So, Sister, 'eres to you!  
May yer skies be ever blue,  
Fer yer wot I call a dinkum little sport.

N. A. T.

## A TALK ABOUT THE LOCAL BIRDS.

(By a Resident.)

I often wonder whether nature when she arranged the balance of animal life took into account the depredations of schoolboys amongst eggs and young birds. I rather think she must have done so, because she hasn't made many mistakes. But I very much doubt if she allowed for the Schoolmistresses in Middlesex who tell their boys to go out as often as possible during the Breeding Season and collect "just one egg from each nest for the school Museum."

A few "intelligent" schoolmistresses of this sort and bird life will be nearing its end, to the detriment of our food supply, which for some time is going to be an important matter with us. Thank goodness most of our farmers are fully alive to the usefulness of all bird life, with perhaps the exception of the House Sparrow, but even with this bird I am not quite sure that the good it does in destroying caterpillars and insects balances the corn it eats, and to a great extent the harm done by sparrows might be prevented. In these May days the Cuckoo's haunting notes come from everywhere. Some Australians seem to think it resembles the Mopoke. The curious thing about the Cuckoo is that it builds no nest, but deposits its eggs in another bird's nest, generally the Hedge Sparrow. On warm nights now the hesitating warble of the Nightingale should be heard, but I have heard the Nightingale singing all through the day.

Another bird which you cannot help but notice in your walks is the Plover, often called the Peewit. A few days ago I found some Plovers' nests in a wheatfield, and as the wheat wanted rolling I went to the owner and asked him when he was going to roll it. "Tomorrow, if it keeps fine," he said. I told him there were five Plover's nests in it, whereupon he said he considered the Plover one of the most useful birds on the land, and if I would mark the nests he would tell his man to avoid them; and this he did, and last night I found they were all hatched off excepting one egg. For the first time, last week I found one Plover's nest with five eggs. Generally they don't lay more than four, and always the thin end of the egg pointing inwards. I don't know any other bird so careful about the position of its eggs as the Plover. The eggs are sometimes hard to find, according to the surroundings, but always easy compared to finding the Young Birds up to three and four weeks old. When danger is about and their mother tells them they will squat and lie like stones and assume all sorts of unbirdlike shapes, and nothing will induce them to move until they get the safety signal from their Parents. For some reason birds give the danger signal to their young in different ways; some will repeat the warning note at intervals, changing suddenly to an entirely different note for safety; others make an almost continuous warning note, the stopping of which means safety for the young. The young bird knows no fear when it has received the safety call from its Parents.

Crossing a grass field last Summer I came suddenly on two partridges, one a shapeless brown thing squatting, the other squatting, but without any disguise. When within a yard of it it flew up and settled a few yards away; then the other bird, which I fancy was the Cock, flew in another direction. The first bird was evidently very excited, so I watched her—being quite unconscious that there were 13 chicks within three yards all hidden in the grass. The first bird, which I think was a Hen, kept strutting about and repeating at short intervals

a warning note. Suddenly the note changed, and as suddenly 13 chicks appeared out of the grass and started running towards the old bird. I moved, and at once she changed her note, and all the young squadron became almost invisible. One of the old birds then flew into a wood behind me, so that I was between the young and old bird. I lay down, and for more than half an hour the old bird kept up the danger note. All this time the Cock bird kept on strutting up and down, and three times started as if to charge me with half-open wings. Suddenly he uttered a fresh note and flew away. Immediately afterwards the Hen changed her call note, and the ground became alive with the chicks, who started running towards their mother, many of them climbing over me as I lay in their haste to get to her. The little Partridges crawling over me recalled an early morning in Scotland waiting for some Blackgame to come to some corn stocks. It was about 3 a.m., and rather misty. I lay in the heather, and perhaps I was rather sleepy. Anyhow, I don't forget the rush of wings and the thump I felt as one Partridge settled on me and a covey hovered all round. Unfortunately I moved and they were away, otherwise I might have learned something of their habits from close quarters.

W. H. R.

## HEADSTONE FUND.

It is gratifying to be able to report that the appeal in last issue has met with a generous response from both the staff and patients, as shewn hereunder. This amount will enable us to erect at least eight headstones straight away, for which tenders are being called. A similar amount is still required to complete the lot, and I have no doubt this will be forthcoming.

Officer Commanding, £5; Dvr. Elliott, £5; collected from patients by L.-Cpl. Mathie, £31 15s. 9d.; collected by Principal Matron, £3 10s.; collected by L/c. Hawkesford from N.C.O.s and Men (Staff), £7; transferred from Wreath account, £1 8s. 6d.; balance from Staff Fund, 5s. Total, £53 19s. 3d.

R. H. MAXWELL, Warrant Officer, No. 1 A.A.H.

## WORD COMPETITION.

The "Boomerang" Word Competition proved so popular that a prize will be given to the ward which can make the most words out of "Constantinople." The lists of words to be received by the Editor not later than Wednesday, May 23rd.

## PARLEZ VOUS FRANCAIS?

Remember that free French classes are held every Monday, Thursday, and Saturday, both for beginners and more advanced pupils. Names of would-be pupils to be given in at the Canteen, and to the Director of Recreation and Study.

## LIFE ON A TRANSPORT.

The Suevic left the Sydney Docks  
One morn at half-past eight,  
With seventeen hundred troops aboard,  
And other precious freight.

The first few days were all serene,  
And every heart was light  
Until the boat began to roll  
In the Great Australian Bight.

Of course, lads missed their mothers,  
Also their feather beds,  
Their meals were always left untouched,  
As they nursed their dizzy heads.

For breakfast there was savoury steak  
Cut off an aged bull  
That had pulled his loads on distant roads  
When the Ballarat mines were full.

At half-past four the bugle went  
For the orderlies to go  
To draw their bit of marmalade  
And half a yard of dough.

But we settled ourselves to the tasteless food,  
And the toils of the daily life,  
And the old ship kept to her westward course  
With endless waves in sight.

(Pte.) A. BURRASTON.



Group sewing on the ramp.



## SOME PAGES OF HAREFIELD HISTORY.

### VII.—Breakspears.

Breakspears, the oldest inhabited house in Harefield, has been continuously occupied since the very earliest times. It has passed by succession, and has never been bought or sold, therefore there is a continuous record of deeds, papers, etc. The most famous of Breakspears was Nicholas Breakspear, who became Pope Adrian IV., the only Englishman to become a Pope. The earliest deed at present known is dated 1310. The oldest existing rooms are the dining-room, entrance hall, library; these, as is the case in all old houses, are small.

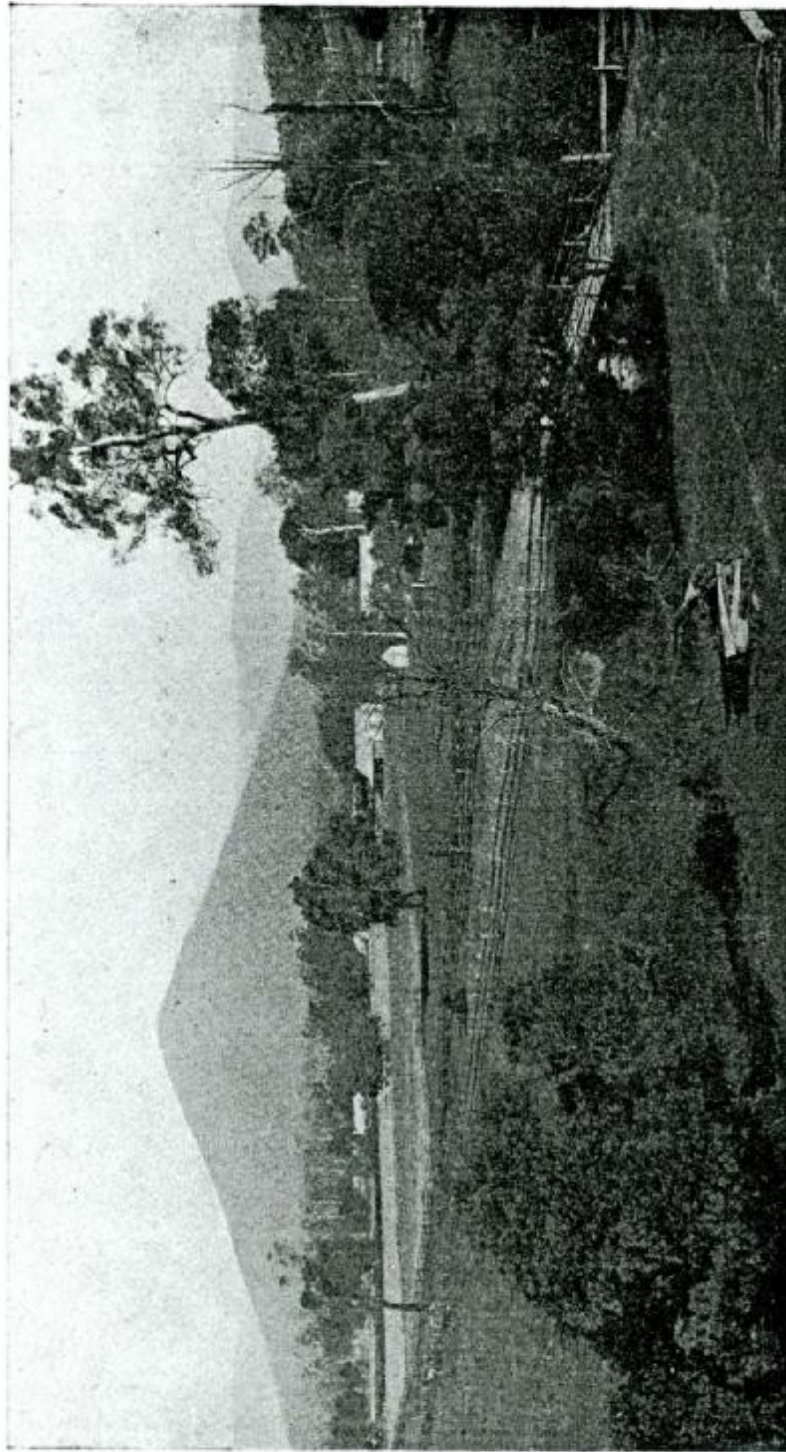
The house itself is the oldest part, constructed of local red brick, the clay for the making of which is said to have come from a pond near by, which still bears the name of the Claypits, but the house in the course of time has been much altered and added to at various periods. The site on which the house stands is said originally to have been occupied by a British Fort which formed the westernmost end of the second line of a British defence against Julius Cæsar, and that it has been occupied in very early days is proved by the quantity of remains of buildings which have been dug up at various times. In the wars of Charles I.'s reign considerable operations involving skirmishes took place over this portion of Harefield, and helmets or headspears and horseshoes have been excavated on the estate.

The Dining-room is an oak panel room, probably fifteenth century, though no doubt the room itself is much older. It has a secret closet or hiding place, the door to which is formed by a section of the paneling, with a hidden spring by which it is opened. A short flight of stone steps formerly led to the cellars (which are much older than the rest of the house, and do not conform to the plan of the existing building), whence an underground passage is said to lead to various places, but most probably only to an adjoining wood. During alterations some years ago the remains of the passage were discovered. The windows of this room contain some small medallions of stained glass dated 1569—1572. The old fireplace and heavy carved overmantel are still in existence. The entrance hall bears evidence of being somewhat older, also panelled with oak screen panelling, and contains a curious piece of carving—two early English figures, probably of Saxon origin. There is some stained glass in the windows of the Hall containing Queen Elizabeth's coat of arms, and those of Lord Leicester and Lord Warwick, which are said to have been placed there to commemorate her Majesty's visit to Harefield. The Library is a low room probably of a little later date, and is typical of old English domestic architecture.

The Cote at Breakspear is the oldest building in Harefield, and probably dates from Saxon times; part of it is built of Roman bricks. It is now the clock tower.

A. H. TARLERTON, Commander, R.N.

Remember that for two shillings you can have the Boomerang sent to any address in Australia for six months, and for half a crown to any address in England. Names and address to be given in to the Director of Recreation and Study.



A TYPICAL AUSTRALIAN SCENE.

## The Chronicle.

### FANCY WORK.

Everyone knows that there is a mighty lot of Fancy Work done in the Hospital, but perhaps no one realises how much material is handed out to the patients. Mrs. Evans has since the end of December sold exactly £108 worth of stuff, including silk, embroidery, thread cushion covers, etc. Mrs. Evans and other ladies will be in the Recreation Room every Monday and Friday afternoon to attend to the wants of the sewers.

### LONDON SIGHTS.

Sir Sidney Lee, the eminent Shakespeare authority who charmed us with cultured address on "Shakespeare and Patriotism" a few weeks ago, has added to our indebtedness to him by taking a party of patients round Westminster Abbey, Parliament Houses, and the group of public buildings clustering near No. 10, Downing Street. Our lads were much interested in Sir Sidney's talk on the historic associations of these famous buildings, and expressed to him their appreciation of the trouble he had been to in escorting them about that part of the city. The afternoon was capped by tea in the home of Canon Charles, who is resident in the Abbey precincts. Sir Sidney has invited a party of staff orderlies for a similar outing on Saturday next.

### PICNICS.

Now that the fine weather has come picnic parties are frequently to be seen leaving the hospital grounds for pretty nooks in the locality. Mrs. Goodlake has kindly given permission for one party to use the grounds and boats of the Fisheries on Tuesday afternoons, and one on an afternoon to be fixed. Arrangements can be made through the Recreation Department.

### CAMERA FIENDS.

The Duke of Connaught, to the O.C. (on the occasion of the Duke's visit to the Hospital): "Who owns that loud-ticking Waterbury I've heard ever since I arrived here?" The O.C., to the Duke: "That is not a Waterbury you hear, your highness, but the clicking of camera shutters."

### AUSTRALIAN RED CROSS.

Omission was made from the report of Anzac Day celebrations in last issue of the fact that the beautiful flowers with which the wards and mess-room were decorated and the excellent meal partaken of at the close of the day's outing were provided by the Australian Red Cross through their representatives, Mesdames Addison and Yeatman.

## A MOTOR CONVEYANCE

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## PHOTOGRAPHY!

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