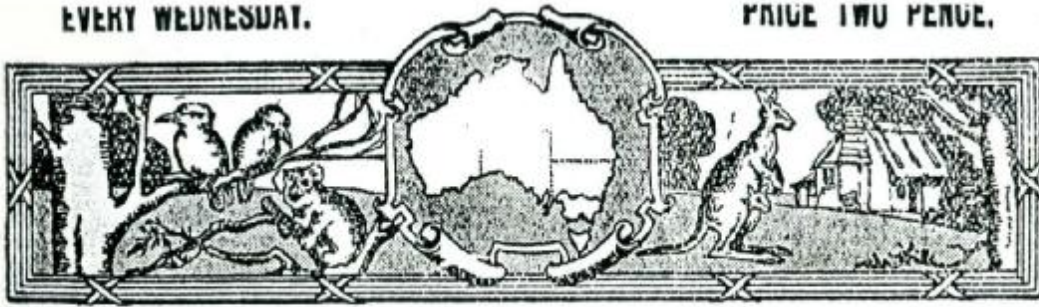


EVERY WEDNESDAY.

PRICE TWO PENCE.



# THE HAREFIELD PARK



# BOOMERANG



NUMBER FIVE.

MARCH 7, 1917

## SOME PAGES ON THE HISTORY OF HAREFIELD.

### I. HAREFIELD AND THE DOOMSDAY BOOK.

Harefield has always taken part in history, and to-day, although only a small Middlesex village, it is having its share of the effects of the war. The slouch hatted Australians strolling about, on crutches, or in wheel chairs have become such a common sight that only strangers now stand and wonder at this invasion of men from the Antipodes into an English village. But they are history—modern history in an old historical setting. For Harefield goes back to the very earliest records—to the Domesday Book.

This Domesday or Domesday Book was the result of a survey which William the Conqueror ordered to be made in the year 1085. It is now to be seen in the British Museum.

To quote a contemporary writer in the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, perhaps the only Journal of the day then:

“So strictly did he cause the survey to be made, that there was not a single hide, nor a yardland of ground, nor—it is shameful to say what he thought no shame to do—was there an ox or a cow or a pig passed by, that was not set down in the accounts; all the writings were brought to him.”

One can imagine the resentment and indignation felt by the inhabitants, the Anglo-Saxons, when the Conqueror ordered his men to make the survey, and to ascertain the revenue he should himself acquire every year from each county. But it was a great work. When his men came to Harefield, the following is the report they wrote of the Manor (the land held by one Lordship) and of the village:

“Richard, son of Gilbert the Earl [of Briou] holds Herefelle, which is taxed at five hides. [The hide or hyde was the measure of land in Edward the Confessor's reign. When William the Conqueror came he changed this word into carucate.] The land is five carucates. Two hides are in demesne [reserved for the Lord of the Manor] on which there are two ploughs. The priest has one Virgate, there are five Villains [servile tenants] who hold a Virgate each; and other five have each half a Virgate; Seven bordars who have five acres each and one bordar who has three acres; there are three cottars and three slaves; two mills yielding 15 shillings rent, four fisheries yielding 1,000 eels; meadow equal to one carucate, pasture for 1,000 cattle and pannage for 1,200 hogs. The total annual value is £12; it was only £8 when entered up by the present owner (Richard, son of Gilbert the Earl of Briou); in King Edward's [the Confessor] time, being then the property of the Countess Goda, it was £14.”

This Earl of Briou, who owned Herefelle, or Harefield as it is now called, was, no doubt, one of the many followers of William the Conqueror when he sailed away from France to invade England, and, after the successful conquest, was rewarded with a portion of the vanquished land. The portion allotted to him, if it were only valued at £14, was not a very magnificent reward, although in those days a pound was worth three times the amount it now is.

What happened to the Earl of Briou, or how Harefield passed out of his hands, there is no record kept. The next name in connection with the place was Roger de Bacheworth—a name that still clings to the district in the word Batchworth Hill—the hill mounting out of Rickmansworth.

But of him, and how he granted the Manor and land to another, we shall hear later.

## A RICKY TRAGEDY.

(As dictated to Sgt. Lennie, by Robert H. Hardy, Ward 33.)

It was just on the hour of two o'clock, as I was leaning on the bridge at Rickmansworth, gazing along the canal, the thought struck me forcibly: After all, what a monotonous existence hospital life is. If the life would only shew, in some form, a passing burst of excitement, what a difference it would make.

I kept gazing along the canal at a barge lazily making its way towards the lock, and I thought I might get some entertainment from watching it being discharged into the lower reaches of the canal. So I stood there, still gazing.

Suddenly the air was alive with language that would have put a Sgt.-Major to shame, and I saw that the poor horse was tugging and trying to get the barge through the water as if its very life depended on its quick delivery at the lock.

More cursing, punctuated by oaths innumerable—when all at once the terrible thought struck me: Perhaps someone's mad (beside myself); perhaps someone is dying. So I rushed down to the lock side to try and render what assistance I could to the excited bargee.

The pace of the good ship increased, so did the language. Yes, there was no doubt trouble aboard the barge. So I waved to the bargee all I knew how; I even tried semaphore; but to no avail. He answered me by shaking his fist and augmenting his language.

Gradually the barge drew in near the lock landing stage, so I called,

"Can I help?"

"Yes," replied the bargee. "What is the time?—quick!"

"Two-twenty," yelled I.

"D——" said he. "Too late—too late!"

By this time, the barge drew in alongside, and with a mad, flying leap, he was at my side. He was white with excitement, and I could see he was in great trouble.

"Is it a doctor you want?"

"No! Out of my way," he said, as he rushed past me. And then aside, "They close at 2.30, and I can just do it," and was off. In a cloud I saw him disappear round the corner into the bar.

Hospital life was some excitement after all, even in Ricky.

## IS IT DINKUM?

That a unique nasal orchestra may be heard any night near the old walled garden?

That the performers modestly transfer the credit?

That Robby has asked to be put on light duties?

That Slack Lewis will never drown owing to his relations with Cork?

That Sabby missed his motor trips when transferred to London?

That he has returned to Harefield as patient—very?

That Corporal Ride proposes to learn French?

That Jonah is giving up cycling for bath chair pushing as there is less risk?

That Jock agrees that Gerrard's Cross is healthier than Watford?

That he contemplates matrimony at a very early date?

That a fowl leg mysteriously circulated in Ward 8 beds for nineteen days?

That the little joke has been traced to Adam?

That it would be Adam good joke to make him swallow it?

## The Chronicle.

### MEDICAL OFFICERS.

Captains Craig and Whiteman were attached to the strength of the hospital last week. Lieut. Col. Newland was struck off the strength on account of transfer to France.

### DEATH.

Driver C. Cookesley, No. 17, — battalion, A.I.F., from Perth, Western Australia, died on Wednesday last in this hospital. His remains were interred, with military honors, in the parish churchyard, on Saturday.

Mrs. Gordon of Denham and Mr. Mayor have taken patients for motor drives during the past week. There have been three theatre parties arranged by the Australian Red Cross. The Atlantic Union entertained nine men at the Kingsway Hall on Feb. 26th, Mrs. Rowe had nine at the Hyde Park Hotel on the 27th, and eighteen patients visited Mrs. Stedall's house on Saturday.

### SPECIAL DIET.

The stewed and tinned fruit, jam, and biscuits which are used in the patients' mess room and wards are supplied by the Australian Branch of the British Red Cross Society. Special milk food and meat extract may also be obtained from the Red Cross store when needed in the wards.

### ENTERTAINMENTS.

The concerts were both very much appreciated last week. The Red Cross Society (Australian Branch) sent along a party under Mr. Reginald Dawson on Monday night, and the Soldiers' Entertainment Fund on Thursday. On Saturday the Warwick Repertory Company added to their reputation with us by an excellent rendering of the three-act comedy "The Little Widow." The usual cinema performance was given on Friday night.

### LECTURES.

On Wednesday last, Mr. J. E. Monk, of the Port of London Authority, held the rapt attention of a large audience for over an hour when he delivered his illustrated lecture on "Venice, The City of the Sea." At the request of the audience, Mr. Monk promised to re-visit the hospital at a later date: To-night, the lecturer is the Rev. W. Kingscote Greenland, an ex-chaplain of Dartmoor Prison. His subject is "Convict Life in Old Dartmoor." On Wednesday 14th, Mr. Septimus Pears lectures on "London, Old and New," and S/Sgt. B. Brown lectures on the "South Sea Islands" two days later.

### STAFF CONCERT PARTY.

Several members of the hospital staff have recently given three or four successful concerts in Harefield and surrounding villages. The concert party made its début at the entertainment given about a couple of months ago in honor of Pte. Rider, V.C., and it has since given performances at Eastcote V.A.D. Hospital, Rickmansworth, West Hyde and Horne Hill. The names of members of the staff who have so far assisted at these concerts include "Jock" Mathie, Pte. Jennings, S/Sgt. Whitting, Corpl. Savage, Pte. Campbell, S/Sgt. Gourlay, Pte. Jessop, and Pte. Lucas (Accompanist).

### MENTIONED IN DESPATCHES.

We all wish to congratulate Sister Northcote of this hospital on her recognition by the War Office announced in Monday's paper. The "London Gazette" notice is headed "Mentioned in Despatches," and states that the name of the Sister has been brought to the notice of the Secretary of State for War.

## THE LONELY LITTLE SIDE GATE IN PARK LANE.

I'm an M.P. hale and haughty,  
 Puts my dukes on all that's naughty,  
 Though my duties often causes grief and pain;  
 When the patients stray from grounds,  
 Then I whisper "Out of bounds,"  
 At that lonely little side gate in Park Lane.

When the flappers and the cooks  
 Give to me the glad eye looks,  
 I shudder as I marches through the rain;  
 But I chuckles with delight  
 At the sights I see at night  
 At that lonely little side gate in Park Lane.

When the sergeant and his mate  
 Try to catch me if I'm late,  
 Though there's "nothing doing" in that large domain,  
 With my deadly eagle eye  
 Their bright torches I espy,  
 At that lonely little side gate in Park Lane.

When the non-coms try the bluff,  
 They all find me real hot stuff;  
 When they curses and they try to raise old Cain,  
 "No admission down this way"  
 Is the order of the day,  
 At the lonely little side gate in Park Lane.

I believe I've got a lease  
 Until Fritz concludes a peace,  
 Though why I really cannot now explain,  
 In my West Australian home,  
 I will often dream I roam  
 Past the lonely little side gate in Park Lane.

WM. ANDERSON.

## NURSING STAFF NOTES

BY

One of the Six whose combined ages made three hundred. (Vide Melbourne Sunday Paper, 1914.)

Sisters Huxley and Hodgson left to spend a fortnight in the Devonshire lanes and neighbourhood of Torquay.

Our sympathy with Sister who lost one of her patients on Wednesday. The orderly in the ward was a personal friend and told us of his many good qualities whilst doing his bit. It was the thought of the blow to his friends at home that made the trouble seem worse, for he appeared to be improving and was marked for his own "Blighty" by the next boat.

From Australia came a song for the patients—"The Anzac, the bravest thing God ever made." The Director of Recreation is open to offers of a beautiful voice to send it echoing round our rafters.

Miss Stedall was again the medium by which we received a comfy hassock for a patient "with a leg."

Father Xmas eluded the enemy and brought the Red Cross representatives a delightful parcel to each of us. Handkerchiefs, stationery, soaps, scents and many other useful luxuries were sent, and exclamations of "Just what I wanted" were frequent. Thanks to the Kaiser—Ye Gods!! Yes, thanks to him—we have found out the unselfishness and the thoughtfulness of the Australians. For all these gifts mean self-denial in no small degree. We love them—the donors—and continue to love their Boys back to health.

## THE HOME OF HIS FOREFATHERS.

(A Short Story written for the "Harefield Park Boomerang" by  
Theodora Roscoe.)

He had often dreamt of coming back to the home of his forefathers—this son of Australia. He had pictured it all so vividly, the wild glen, the road winding in and out like a grey ribbon, mounting higher and higher, and bordered on either side by fierce boulders. And the lonely white cottages dotted here and there—he had seen them too. His wild imagination had drawn the scene as he sat listening to the tales his father used to tell of his Scottish home among the hills. And as he listened he longed to visit the glen—the old white house.

And now that longing was fulfilled. He was in the very midst of the dreamed-of surroundings—brought through the fortunes of war. But in his great wish to visit the place he had not counted on one thing—the grip with which these hills and mounting glen were going to seize him. As he strode along, snatches of the songs his father had sung came to him, and he whistled a sad, low tune. Yet, though sad, it helped him to express the far-away wishes and vague longings aroused within him.

He was proud of his Scottish blood—proud that he had sprung from such a stock. But this was different—this grip. It was like the feeling of living something over again. He had never felt it before, never dreamt of such a sensation.

He did not know that these beautiful and lonely scenes had worked their influence on him, although born thousands of miles away in a sun-kissed country—worked their influence through his father, his father's father, right back from the dim ages.

For simple, hard-working crofters his ancestors had been, born generation after generation in the low white house that stood at the head of the glen, from which he now saw blue smoke curling. The towering mountain, so jagged at its summit, rising on his right; the burn on his left, with its deep pools and overhanging rocks; the very sheep on the mountains—they had all meant so much to them, had been their life, and stirred within them a deep love. And now they all meant something to him. For was he not a son of the old house, and at heart a native of these mountains and glen? Just as the place gripped them, so it now gripped him with a curious yearning—a feeling of wishing to get nearer and nearer to it—to lose himself in it forever.

Stepping off the roadway and crossing the single plank which was thrown across the burn, he approached the cottage surrounded by its few blue-slatted out-buildings. They had loved it. Did he not love it too? He passed into the little garden, and paused before the door. A sheep-dog rose lazily, and sauntered into the house, as if expecting him to follow. It was a relief that the dog did not bark. It would have disturbed the pleasure of his coming.

Attracted by his step, a woman—almost a girl—came out, carrying a curly headed bairn. She looked strong and vigorous, and had the clear soft eyes of the Highland women.

He told her who he was—the son of the man who had left this house one winter's day thirty years ago and gone away to seek his fortune in Australia.

And when he had explained, she looked at him steadily.

"Weel, I'm afraid there's nane o' your kith and kin left," she said in her soft Scottish tones, as she smoothed the child's hair. "The hoos disna belang to the Camerons noo."

There was something in her voice and expression which seemed to rebuke him. And in his keen imagination he felt this was the spirit of the Camerons speaking to him through the woman—the spirit of those men and women who had lived for and loved this spot so wild so desolate—the spirit of his grandfather, who, finding that his son had run away from home, had redoubled his energies, and died, broken-hearted. He, the old man, could never forgive his son for deserting him home for another land, even were there a promise of greater fortune and more freedom before him. Scotland had sufficed him and his forefathers.

And now this son of Australia remembered how his father had often laughed and said that he, David, was his grandfather over again. Perhaps that was why the place gripped him as it had gripped his forefathers. He stood looking about him—at the low, one-storied house, the window on either side of the door. He noticed a fuchsia growing large and bushy beside one.

"Come awa in and see your auld hame," the woman—if woman she could be called as yet—said, holding open the door.

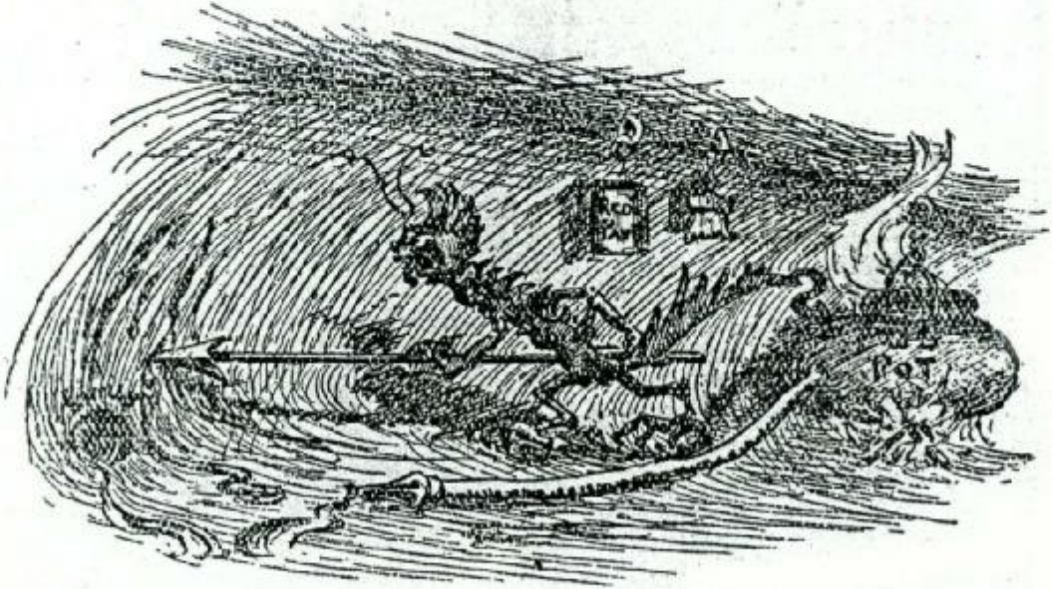
He followed her. Inside the house, something of the romance of the place was lost. Like other Scottish homes, it was crowded with furniture, a large four-poster bed taking up most of the space, and the ceiling was low.

But the next moment the thought of what had passed in this room seized him. They—his ancestors—had all sat round this deep fireplace. They had been born and had died in this room. He stood drinking in the associations.

But it was outside that he really lived. As he stood in the doorway talking to the woman, his thoughts were not in what he said. He was looking beyond—down the glen, to where, like fold upon fold of filmy blue, the mountains faded in the distance. There was something in that vision which drew his spirit to it. The love of this place was struggling with the love of the place he had left over the seas. He knew that here, amidst these wild Scottish hills his spirit found most rest, that this lonely spot had most claim on his heart and imagination. But over there was a promise of much. Here, if he stayed, he would have to live as his forefathers had done, toiling and struggling to keep house and home—living and dying a poor man. And yet it was home to him.

Out there, a future awaited him, he kept reminding himself. But these mountains, these familiar yet unfamiliar landmarks, gripped him, called to him to stay beside them. The other land—that land of wide, open spaces and sunshine, was beckoning. . . . As he stood there, thinking of the sun-bathed country, the grip of the old home loosened. He closed his heart to the familiar things around him, and strode fast down the path and over the frail bridge—away from the old home with its haunting spirits. Clear before him he kept the vision of the other land—the vast, sun-flooded country which was calling so loudly to him, giving him promise of freedom and wealth.

And he knew now that it was to this country he must return.



CUTHBERT RAMPANT—MY DELIRIUM IN A FIELD HOSPITAL.  
By "D," WARD 22.



"SOMEWHERE A VOICE IS CALLING."  
By J. C. BRUCE.