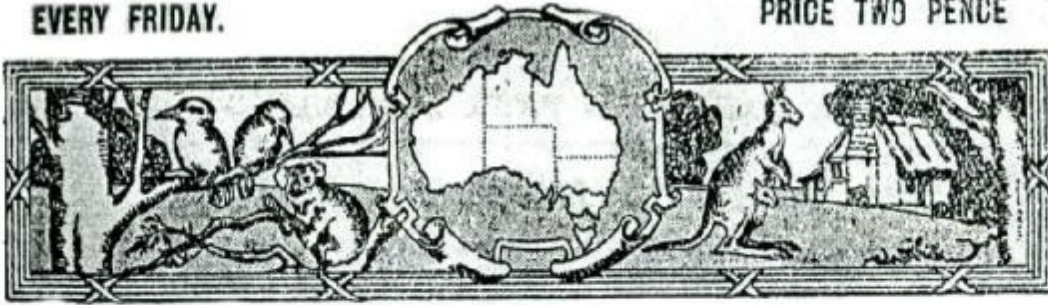


EVERY FRIDAY.

PRICE TWO PENCE



The HAREFIELD PARK



BOOMERANG



NUMBER SIX.

MARCH 16, 1917.

SOME PAGES OF HAREFIELD HISTORY.

2. Harefield a Thousand Years Ago.

Perhaps it is stretching the long bow to call it a thousand years, but, to be exact, it is nine hundred and thirty-five years since William the Conqueror's men came to Harefield and made a survey of the place. And it is interesting to stop and compare Harefield as it was then—nine hundred and thirty odd years ago—and as it is to-day. So before going on to trace the owners of the Manor, after it passed out of the hands of the Bacheworth family, we will stop and look at the now familiar village, with its humble main street; its quaint old bits of gabled houses and red-brown roofs; with the newer houses creeping in between; its village green; and the few larger houses standing back from the street in their own gardens and shrubberies; and then the church, lying so beautifully secluded in the dip of the hill, amongst green meadows, below the village. It is a picture that will be taken home to Australia by many men who have spent long weeks here—a picture stamped forever on their minds.

But it is more difficult for us to see Harefield as it was a thousand years ago. There are only vague lines given from which to draw this picture. There was the manor house where lived the Earl of Briou, a big mansion which stood in the dip near the church. But nothing of it remains now, nor of the house which succeeded it, for that too has disappeared in time. Then too, we know that there were two mills, yielding but fifteen shillings rent a year. One of these exists still in the Asbestos Works; and the second was probably the Mill at Jack's Lock, at the point where the canal and the river meet. This mill has recently been destroyed by fire.

The Anglo-Saxon word "Hide" or "Hyde" a division of land, spoken of in the Domesday Book, is retained in the name West Hyde, the village lying in the valley westward from Harefield, and famous for its watercress beds which stretch before the straggling row of cottages like a winding green carpet. In fact so much like a green carpet are these watercress beds, that a London child, seeing them for the first time, calmly stepped on to them, thinking she was stepping on to solid earth.

One of the four fisheries yielding 1,000 eels which were mentioned in the survey of Harefield, must have been on the little river Colne, which flows past the Denham Fisheries (Mrs. Goodlake's) joining the canal, as I said before, at Jack's Lock.

It is wintery now, but when Spring comes, and with it the bursting of buds and the thickening of the bare skeleton forms of the trees, a wander along this river will give a rare glimpse of the fairness of our English countryside. And then too, when passing along, we can picture to ourselves this place as it was a thousand years ago, changed, it is true, and yet retaining still some of the original landmarks.

PITY THE INOCULATED.

A medical officer writes from France:—"The inoculations of the men have to be recorded, but lots of the pay-books get lost, or the m.o. forgets to make the entry. One man told me the other day he had been done twenty-seven times. I did him again!"

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

M.O. (to patient who has been put on egg and port wine diet): "And how do you like the new diet, laddie?"

Patient: "It would be alright, sir, if the egg were as new as the port, and the port as old as the egg."

IN OUR HUT.

(A puzzle poem.)

Who are the boys who have no fears,
Can drink ad lib big flowing beers?
The brave, the dear old Pioneers,
In our Hut.

Who are the men who cannot stand
The blasted climate of the land?
Our 1st A.A. Hospital Band,
In our Hut.

Who are the men so Orderly,
With patients sick, or on the spree,
And never with the milk make free,
In our Hut?

Where are the men who get the dumps,
While tending to the ward of mumps,
And then exclaim, "What ho! she bumps!"
In our Hut?

Who in Sid's mess room rush the ham,
At dinner time they call for jam,
And in the evening cry out "——!"
In our Hut?

Who are the men who chew the rag
At stripes that don't come to their bag,
And everlasting on the mag,
In our Hut?

Who are the men who like their nip,
And never take a morning dip,
Their motto is, "Oh let her rip"—
In our Hut?

Who is the man who scores so free
Cocoa and scones, buns and tea,
When asked to pay replies, "Not me!"—
In our Hut?

Who are the men from Woolloomooloo?
Good things of life they always taboo
But send us a barrel of Aussy's shypoo,
To our Hut.

WM. ANDERSON.

IS IT DINKUM?

- That an officer is superstitious about number thirteen?
That a Grim request was made to a m.o. for two bottles of stout daily
as he could not eat more than four eggs per meal?
That a sergeant patient reckons photography quite a romantic pastime?
That ward 18's artificial flowers were thrown into the dust-bin because
they were "dead"?
That sergeants on Harefield are qualifying for France?
That W. can now detail "Form fours" and "Advance in column of
Spittoons"?
That canteen profits permit of sovereigns being sometimes given in
change instead of halfpence?

FANCY WORK. (Contributed.)

It was really a wonderful sight on Wednesday, March 7, when the fancy work done by sick and wounded Australians at this Hospital was exhibited in the Reception Room. One could scarcely realise that men had done every stitch of the beautiful work; yet so it was. Necessity knows no law, and these soldiers, so far from home, take a great delight in making all kinds of pretty things, such as cushion covers, pictures in silks, mats, etc., etc., and sending them home to their dear ones in Australia. The work helps them to forget their pain and to pass the time, so those who voluntarily manage the whole thing—local ladies—feel that they are giving pleasure to the brave boys while they are in Old England.

Many people came to the exhibition, among others being noticed the Countess (Dowager) of Malmesbury, Mrs. Edgar Lambert, Mrs. Roscoe, Mr., Mrs., and Miss Stedall, Colonel Hayward, the Matron, Miss Caird, the Misses Tarleton, Mrs. Addison, Mrs. Freemantle, Miss V. Harland, Mrs. Campbell-Johnston, Mrs. Venning, Mrs. James Morten, and Mrs. J. F. L. Evans. Major Baker, with many kind words to the recipients and to the ladies who manage the work, presented the prizes, which were given, as usual, by friends. Mr. Stedall also spoke, and expressed great wonder and admiration at the work. He said how proud Harefield was to do what they could for the Australians.

First prizes were awarded as follows:—Sergeant-Major Wylie, Corporal Kelleher, Privates Jenkins, Lewis, Bennett, Ellise, Mines, Amourin, Betts, Watson, Jameson. Other prizes were awarded to Sergeant Crowe, Privates Mallin, Austin, Gibbons, Bruce, Phillips, Durnford.

Little scholars from the West Hyde school attended and some most entertaining comments are culled from their naïve compositions.

WHAT THE LITTLE GIRLS SAW.

Extracts from Compositions by Schoolgirls who visited our Fancy Work Exhibition on March 7.

On Wednesday, several of us schoolgirls were invited to the Australian Hospital, Harefield, to see the beautiful silk and wool work which the wounded soldiers had done in their spare time. We were invited to a tea in a canteen by Mrs. Evans, therefore I enjoyed myself very much, as it was a nice change for us all because it is not an invitation we have had before. So I think it was very good and kind of the lady to think of us all. One of the things which the soldiers made was a map of Australia made with wool. There were eighty thousand stitches in it, and four little red stitches for the important towns. We saw some soldiers playing a game called billiards; to play the game the soldiers had three balls and one pole, and if they let a ball go in a "pocket" he had won. I saw a large clock on the park house; the time by that clock was half-past three. It was not the right time; I think it had stopped because we could not hear it ticking. Outside the huts there were three or four pails of water, so that if the huts were to catch on fire the soldiers could put the fire out.

At last we found the room where the needlework was which the soldiers had done. It was all very beautiful, much better than any of us could do.

We saw some soldiers playing billiards. They had a long table with a little net in each corner, and poles and balls, and they pushed the poles and hit the balls.

Fourteen of us went to the Hospital. It was very windy and very cold. I saw a lot of Australian soldiers, a little cat, and a bird peck-

ing insects out of the wall. Some of the soldiers waved their hands to us and they were very nice.

While we were waiting for Mrs. Evans, I stood admiring the canteen. It was rather a large room; in one corner was a library. I noticed they were selling cards, and I saw a frying pan made into a clock hanging on the wall, and a funny picture of Mr. Mathy in kilts.

The work was most wonderfully done, and I think they could beat most women and girls.

PAX DOLOROSA.

Tread softly, where with veiled face, she sits apart,
 Her head low-bowed, to hide the tears of blood
 That flow in shamed stream across her breaking heart,
 Setting the Earth, with that grim stain, aflood.
 Poor Peace! With wings down-dropt, a-quiver and be-fouled—
 Those glorious wings that spread athwart the world—
 A shelter for her sons when waking war-dogs howled,
 Leash-held by Treaties sealed, and Colors furled.
 Those great white wings, rose-tipped with tender Love divine,
 With blood of warring men now torn and stained;
 The while those wondrous eyes, where Love and Pity shine,
 Are filled with horror, wild—and terror stained!
 Grief's iron share has ploughed its furrows deep, so deep,
 Across that smooth white brow of stately calm;
 Around the noble mouth those lurking terrors creep,
 That in all Gilead can find no balm.
 Groans of her wounded sons fall on distracted ears,
 And from her own great heart moans forth reply;
 Her grief-dimmed eyes behold her women's bitter tears—
 Helpless, she craves what Heav'n must needs deny.
 Be comforted, oh! tender Comforter of men!
 This day shall pass, and, you, content, shall see
 A glorious Now eclipse a shameful Then!
 And you, brave Heart, shall sway a world made free!

FLORENCE HAYWARD.

FROM BABYHOOD TO BATTLEFIELD.

Little pink toes, all curled up in my hand,
 Little bare feet, just attempting to stand;
 Soft baby fingers that clutch at my hair,
 Cheeks like the wild rose—so dimpled so fair!
 Dear laughing mouth, with its cooing of bliss;
 Lips on my face, with their warm baby kiss;
 Sweet day-dawn eyes, with their lashes of night;
 Wealth of soft baby hair, sunny and bright!
 Son o' mine! Khaki-clad—gone out to fight;
 Weary feet marching by day and by night;
 Smoke-bedimmed eyes, beneath matted damp hair;
 Mouth grimly set—facing Death or Despair!
 Out on the carnage field, child of my love!
 Helpers invisible! watch from above.
 Out in the firing line—Son of my heart!
 Steadfastly, gallantly taking your part.
 Soldier Lad. Son o' mine! Sternly you stand,
 Bayonet gripped in your sinewy hand—
 Over the Silence a Watcher has flown,
 Bearing my Spirit to fight by your own.

FLORENCE HAYWARD.

AN IRISHMAN'S TROUBLES.

As dictated to Sgt. Kirkley by Pte. R. H. Hardy, Ward 33.

Private Flannigan, a burly Irishman, not feeling in a very brilliant mood, strode briskly across the barrack square towards the Regimental Sergeant Major's Office. Pushing open the door, he was confronted by a meek looking orderly, who was busy sweeping the corridor leading to the R.S.M.'s office.

"Have you seen the Sergeant Major?" asked Flannigan.

"You mean the Regimental Sergeant Major," was the reply.

"D——! You know I said the Sergeant Major," snapped Flannigan.

"He is busy," said the former, as he disappeared in the direction of the R.S.M.'s office, Flannigan in his wake.

The "weak" voice sounded the usual "Come in."

Flannigan entered the took up a position in the centre of the room as if preparing for a prize fight, whereupon the R.S.M. inquired the nature of this early intrusion.

"Well, Sor," said Flannigan, "I want some furlough."

"Easier said than done," replied the R.S.M. "What do you want furlough again for? Why, it's not long since you had your last."

"Well, you see, my wife just wrote asking me to go home to help clean up the house."

"But," said the R.S.M., "your wife wrote to the C.O. yesterday saying she would be much obliged if we would keep you in barracks as you were only a nuisance at home."

"That's not true," said Flannigan, "my wife would never write that. Why she——"

"Enough! Clear out!" snapped the R.S.M.

"Well, Sor," replied Flannigan, "might I say a few words before I go?"

"Get it off your chest."

"It's just this," said Flannigan. "There are two liars in this world. I'm one, as I'm not married, and——".

NURSING STAFF NOTES.

All "furlough" and "sick leave" Sisters have returned refreshed and ready for work, and I really believe they are glad to be busy again. Sister Phipps has been recommended for a trip to Australia very shortly. We shall be sorry to lose her for the time.

Sister A. G. Meade taken on the strength. She has had the honour of nursing in the well known romantic Taj Mahal Palace, now a hospital.

Sisters Echlin, Watt, Faver, Jenkins, Kirton, are all enjoying a well earned rest.

Head Sister C. Marshall and Sister Echlin have been awarded the R.R.C. It may interest readers to learn that the Royal Red Cross is suspended from a bow by a ring and is worn on the left shoulder.

Not "Deutschland Uber alles," but water over all—after the frost.

Mrs. Puss in No. 31 invaded the Linen Press. The patients removed her and family into the shower bath room and built a wee home. Fortunately, it is not likely to be used overmuch just now.

A MIX-UP WARD RACE.

What A. P. Kortlang dreamt in ward 16: Butty McMahan started a race between Christian Brother and the Black Diamond ridden by Stockwhip Parry for the Tudor Stakes. From the Hudson River, they Ran-dell after Dale, through the Hatfield, by the Jordon ferrie, and across a green, where they lessend their speed. When the Clarke of the Course was not looking, Chapman threw spiers at the favourite, her hump-freezed, and she gavin just as she kort-Lang.

The Chronicle.

OFFICERS.

Major Turnbull and Capt. Henderson have been struck off the strength of the Hospital owing to transfer to France. Capt. Coutts has been admitted to Hospital as a patient. Lieut. Matthews, quartermaster, has received promotion to the rank of Captain, dating from Novr. 1, 1916.

THE SISTERS.

As we go to press, we are informed that Sister Cumming has been invalided from France and is again attached to Harefield. We welcome her back among us. The "London Gazette" states that "His Majesty the King has been graciously pleased to award the Royal Red Cross Decoration Sister G. I. Echlin and Sister C. H. Marshall, in recognition of their valuable services in connection with the war."

FUNERAL.

There was a large attendance of patients and orderlies on Monday to pay the last tribute of respect to the late Private M. A. Graham of the — Field Ambulance, who died in the Hospital last week. The remains were interred in the parish churchyard and were given a military funeral. The Hospital band led the procession.

SPECIAL DIET.

The Australian Branch of the British Red Cross Society contribute a portion of the stewed and tinned fruit and jam supplied to the patients' mess. The main supply of these articles, of course, is drawn from the quartermaster, and we are glad to correct the wrong impression given by the wording of our paragraph under the above heading last week. Special milk foods and meat extract may also be obtained from the Red Cross store when needed in the wards. Would the sisters of wards 23 to 43 inclusive kindly send for their biscuit supply every Tuesday morning between 9.30 and 10, and wards 1 to 22 on Thursday morning at the same time.

LECTURES.

Last week's lecture on "Convict Life in Old Dartmoor" drew a fine audience, and though Mr. Kingscote Greenland had no lantern slides to assist him he proved an experienced platform man and had his audience well in hand all the time. He was not only unusually witty but passionately in earnest over prison reform. This week (Wednesday) Mr. Septimus Pears lectured on "London Old and New," illustrating his interesting remarks with many artistically colored slides. To-night (Friday), Staff-sergeant Brown gives personal experiences in the South Sea Islands. Professor Gwinnell, B.Sc., is announced for Wednesday next on "Extinct Monsters," and Mr. H. R. Hall for March 30 on "Prehistoric Britain," on which subject he has written two books.

CONCERTS.

Three fine concerts last week. Tuesday's Red Cross Concert made us keenly regret their decision to reduce their concerts to once a fortnight. Soldiers' Entertainment Fund on Thursday was all the more appreciated because of the visit of the musical director, Mr. Lyell Johnston, who appeared in his inimitable variation of the "Keys of Heaven" duet. Mrs. Purdey's party of "Lollypops" gave as much pleasure as ever, and will be welcome on Monday again. No concerts early this week owing to alterations to stage, which is being enlarged, thanks to the excellent work of Corporal Grimshaw and Private Martin. Pte. Sharpen has offered to use his skilled brush for the renovation of the scenery.

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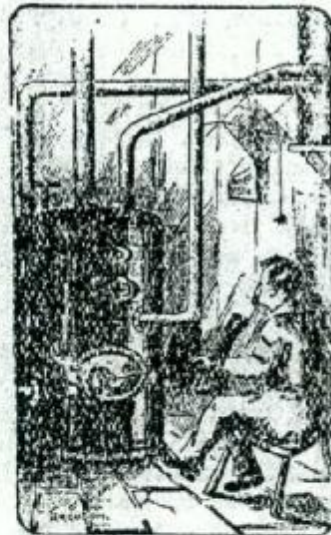
OUR TWO MASCOTS.

By R. F. Dennis, Ward 21.



THE FOTTYGRAFTER.

By C. A. Evenden.



THE CHIEF ENGINEER.

By H. Ferguson.