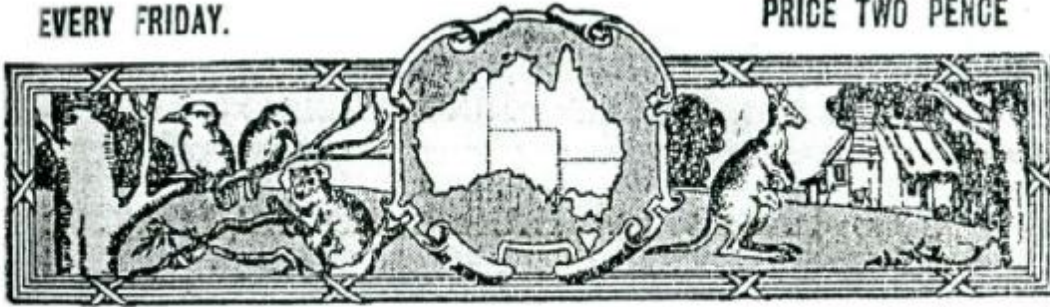


EVERY FRIDAY.

PRICE TWO PENCE



The HAREFIELD PARK



BOOMERANG



NUMBER SEVEN.

MARCH 23, 1917.

SOME PAGES OF HAREFIELD HISTORY.

III. The Church and a Famous Countess.

What does the word Harefield mean? There are two or three answers. Some authorities say it was the hare-field—the field of many hares. Others say, and no doubt this is most probable, that it was in the very earliest days the field (Anglo-Saxon *feld*) belonging to one named Here, or Hare. So many local names come from the name of the owner. For instance, Rickmansworth meant the farm of one Rickmers.

There are many stories going round about the early history of Harefield. One of these is that in ancient times it was known as the city of Swansdown, and that there were big mansions leading down to the church, all of which were demolished by Cromwell. This story must have arisen from the fact that once the manor belonged to the family named Swanland; and that there was one large mansion, the manor house, then known as Harefield Place, standing beside the church. But there is no truth in the story of the city of Swansdown, nor that Cromwell ever came to Harefield. He is supposed to have been everywhere; and if there is any question why such and such a building now no longer stands, the cause given it put down to Cromwell and his men.

In the first page of the History of Harefield we saw that the manor was in the hands of the Bacheworth family. In 1315 Sir Richard Bacheworth granted the manor to Sir Simon de Swanland, who married his niece. It was one of these Swanlands who gave a piece of land and a house, for sixty years, to one William Breakspeare. And in this way the name Breakspeare still clings to the property which stands about half a mile above the church, approached by an avenue. And it was one of these Breakspeares who was elected Pope Adrian IV. in 1154. But to go back to the Manor of Harefield. From the very earliest records it has descended from the Bacheworths, the Swanlands, and the Newdigates to the present day, except for a period of ninety years, from 1585 until 1674, when it passed into other hands. But like other old families, who, when they have lost their ancestral home, still cherish a wish to get it back, so the Newdigates bought back Harefield after it had been out of the family nearly a hundred years. But that ninety years, when the manor or estate changed into other hands, was about the most eventful in the whole history of the place. For it was during that period that Alice, Countess of Derby, bought the house and land. This was in 1601 when Elizabeth was Queen of England. The Dowager Countess of Derby had, the year before she came to Harefield, married her second husband, a man named Sir Thomas Egerton, Lord Keeper of the Seal, who only a few years previously had been present at the trial of Mary Queen of Scots.

There is a very ornate monument to this Countess of Derby in Harefield church, on the right of the altar; and if the position she was placed in showed the esteem in which she was held, then she could not have been held in greater, for her very feet nearly touch the little altar! But one wants to know more about this lady whose statue lies in such an exalted place in the church.

There is an old letter from Sir Thomas Egerton to the Countess of Derby still preserved, telling the reason why he married her. "To make true declaration," he writes, "to my most honorable lady, the Countess Dowager of Derby that I desire not hers, but herself, for her virtues and worth." And at the finish of his liberal epistle—for in it he disposes of all his properties to her—he ends up thus, "And

will ever think all too little for so Honorable Virtuous and worthy a Lady." It was the fashion then as now, often to exalt people of high estate, more because of their position than of their personal virtue. But this Countess of Derby, who living in the old home beside the church at Harefield surrounded by her children—and who asked Milton to write some "holiday poetry" for her grandchildren—must have been a very lovable as well as gifted woman. Milton did write a "holiday poem"—the masque of Arcades, and came himself to Harefield to see it acted—there in the open, amidst the sloping fields, down by the church.

O'er the smooth enamelled green
 Where no print of step hath been,
 Follow me, as I sing,
 And touch the warbled string;
 Under the shady roof
 Of branching elms star-proof,
 Follow me;
 I will bring you where she sits
 Cold in splendour as befits
 Her deity.
 Such a rural Queen
 All Arcadia hath not seen.

The rural Queen being the Countess. So much we can picture in this slopy park land, where once stood the mansion. And even to-day, on a sunny afternoon, it is possible to re-live some of the scenes which once took place here. And are not the very brick foundations of the house still to be seen—the moat now partly filled, and the old walled garden? There is a rumour too about a subterranean passage, recently discovered in the churchyard whilst digging a grave. I cannot think that the bricks which were dug up were any others but the foundations of the old house—probably the cellars. And if we trace where the house stood, and see where the graves of the Australians lie, they are on the site of the extreme wing of the ancient building. It is not such a romantic solution to the story—for a subterranean passage gives wings to the imagination. But does not the knowledge that these are the very bricks of the old house where once was enacted such a quiet piece of English history give real satisfaction? And so, in this old house, down by the church, lived that Countess of Derby—a friend of Queen Elizabeth—and the patron of the poet Milton. And it was she who built the old almshouses which stand on the right of the road, above the entrance to the church. That was about three undred years ago. And to-day when one goes by, on a sunny afternoon, one sees the heads of the old women peering over their fence—a reminder that the kindly spirit of the Countess still lives in this village.

THRO' THE DOOR.

Hush! Trouble not his passing with your tears;
 Stand by, and speed his brave soul thro' the door
 Into the larger room, wherein he hears
 War's horrid din, and comrades' cries, no more.

Oh! anguished Mother, lull your Boy to rest—
 Let your brave spirit help him in his need,
 As once you hushed his sobs upon your breast,
 So, now, your love must bid his soul God-speed!

FLORENCE HAYWARD.

AN ATTACK.

All day our artillery had been pounding the enemy trenches to some purpose, and it was now late afternoon. From the o.p. in which I was I could see the deadly and destructive work of the h.e. The shriek of shells was continuous, not even a second's pause, and the accuracy of the fire was enough to make one's heart leap for very joy. Smoky geysers of earth rose as each shell struck the enemy positions. Suddenly we lifted our fire, our front line sprang to life, and men were moving across shell-pitted No Man's Land. They appeared to be comparatively few in number and moved irregularly. From the other side the machine guns commenced to rattle angrily, and here and there men dropped. But in a very short space of time the objective was reached and most of the enemy were taken prisoners. The few that did offer any resistance soon received their quietus. The trench was ours, and all artillery fire seemed to cease abruptly. Then a rather bloated S.M. walked along the trench full of our victorious men, and pulled savagely at his pointed moustache, evidently violently agitated. Very likely he expected an immediate counter attack, and was worried as to the result. His flow of language was as strong and continuous as our fire had been earlier. A few sentences reached me. He roared: "Rotten, rotten! I don't care a — if you only have a few minutes more to stay. Back the lot of you go and take this position properly. Take it properly you will or I throw up my job as an incapable." The men, crestfallen and muttering, went back, and the whole performance was enacted once more.

Ye gods! why do memories of the "Bull Ring" and the front line mix themselves so, and come back to haunt me in my slumbers?

J. TURRELL, ward 31.

IS IT DINKUM?

That the Great Push has reached Harefield?
 That the Pushed, like the war horse of old, smel the battle from afar?
 That those rejected by the Board are bored by the frequent query whether they are downhearted?
 That no appeals against such rejections have yet been lodged?
 That some claimed exemption on the ground that they were former casualties; others that they had formed casual ties?
 That the sergeants object to the heavy rent on their newly-acquired billiard tabel?
 That the Red Cross intends to re-cover it?
 That the patients do not wish to recover it?
 That emery is responsible for oustin' a lady supposed to have posed for the canteen photo?

SAY 'UNCLE' YOU BEGGAR.

An old lady had been given a young cockatoo, and was keen upon teaching it to say "Uncle." She used every kindness in her endeavor, but without success. Eventually she resorted to harsher methods. Getting hold of the cockatoo by the scruff of the neck, she pushed its head in a basin of water, exclaiming as she did: "Say 'Uncle' you beggar." At last she gave it up in disgust, and went into the house. About half an hour later she was surprised to hear a fowl screeching for all it was worth. On rushing out to see what the commotion was about, she found the cockatoo holding the fowl by the neck and dipping its head in the basin of water, shouting "Say 'Uncle,' you beggar, say 'Uncle,' you beggar."

C. G. T., ward 39.

"SOME" "ZIG-ZAG" REVUE OF OLD TIMES.

Here in hospital we are at last. Oft-times we have wished to see "Blighty," or as some people call it, "Young England," and to some of us "Home Sweet Home." Now we are enjoying "Life" in the "Land of Promise," billeted in the old historic city of Harefield, sometimes known as "The Eternal City," judging by the remarks one hears in the wards. It was here that "Charles the First" lodged, when compelled to stay overnight. He usually stayed with his aunt. Of course in those days "The Honeymoon Express" did not call at Denham, and he had very often to stay behind, except when he "Struck Oil" and caught the train. Now "Charlie's Aunt" was a "Remnant" of "The Old Brigade" and rather a "Misleading Lady." Once when "The King" spoke of putting "His House in Order," his aunt replied that "Our Flat" is "Under Cover," so "The Storm" will do no harm. This rather annoyed Charles, and having a little "Hard Cash" and "Samples" of "Petticoats," which he turned into "Ready Money," he left "The Old Home," taking with him "The Private Secretary" of his "Mother" and "The Chocolate Soldier," who was the son of "The Village Blacksmith," leaving behind him "Mr. Manhattan" who was "A Hundred Years Ago" known as "The Man Who Stayed at Home." King Charles then journeyed forth, not stopping until he reached the "Hamlet" of "Piccadilly." Here he and his secretary (for now they were "Comrades") stayed at "The Scarlet Pimpernel," registering as "Potash and Perlmutter." During their stay there "The Best of Luck" attended them. They entered for the Bing Bong Tournament and the "High Jinks" championship. They felt certain of pulling off "The Double Event," but only succeeded in winning the first named. From this onward they were known as "The Bing Boys" on account of having won the tournament with "Flying Colours."

One night whilst "Doing the Town" they had the good fortune to meet "The Squatter's Daughter," who was known from childhood as "The Maid of Mountains." "The Christian" name of this lady was "Betty," so christened because "Her Heir" was always finished with a "Shylock" in front. Things looked "Very Nice Too," as the prospects of "Potash and Perlmutter in Society" were growing. But the maid could not be "In Love" with both of them and "Jealousy" "A Rose" between them. Potash (King Charles) was favored by the maiden as being the chosen one, and he swore that she was "The Girl He Loved." One night, "When it was Dark," a quarrel arose and "Partners" they were no longer. "The Rotters" had fallen out. "The Rejected Suitor" was asked to leave. He refused. This aroused the anger of Charlie. Give me "Seven Days' Leave," pleaded Perlmutter, but it was of no avail. You cannot have the leave, but you can have the "Push and Go," replied Charles. He went "In the Shadow of Night" and took with him "The Girl From Kay's" to "The Unknown City." He looked upon her as "The Catch of the Season." Charles often thought of "The Man Who Went Abroad" with "Monty's Flapper." But had he heard the last of "His Friend"? No, No, No. But as this is being written "On Trial," I must be—"Ware Case" it is not finished before "Lights Out." "More" next week.

C. A. G.

SCRIPTURE AS REMEMBERED.

The Evening Star notice bill recently announced:

A
DOVE IN
SHEEP'S CLOTHING.

We suggest as an improvement:

A
WOLF'S
COOINGS.

The Chronicle.

MEDICAL STAFF.

Lieut.-Col. Butler reported for duty temporarily on the staff on March 19th. Capt. Clowes, who was married at Westminster on Saturday last, has been granted leave of absence.

PROMOTION.

Private R. G. Comans, No. 13756, of the dispensary, has received promotion to the rank of sergeant.

DIET.

The A.I.F. orders notify commanding officers that, owing to the general shortage of potato supply, the dietary of troops under their command, including that of officers' messes, is to provide for at least one potatoless day a week. Ham and bacon are prohibited for use in sandwiches or in any other form in military barracks and camps.

THOUGHTFUL INCIDENT.

There is no doubt about the popularity of the Lollypops as a concert party. They have been here four times in the past ten weeks, and the bumper audience on Monday last was conclusive evidence that they are prime favorites with us. At the close of the concert, Corporal Verrender, on behalf of his blind comrades, voiced their enjoyment of the Lollypops' singing, and presented each of the party with a beautiful bag made by himself, with colored cords. The incident caused a great deal of enthusiasm, and the girls were quite overcome by this spontaneous tribute.

FARCICAL COMEDY.

The Oscar Asche Dramatic Society was in good form on Saturday night when they gave a rendering of the three-act farcical comedy "Ann." The hall was crowded, and there never was any doubt about the audience's appreciation of the effort.

ENLARGED STAGE.

Thanks are due to Corporal Grimshaw and Private Martin, as well as to the electricians, for excellent service in adding six feet to the stage. The proscenium had to be taken down and re-erected, and the floor built up to the required height. Pte. Sharpen is showing himself an adept at scene painting by his work on the inset of the act drop, and the new scenes now being painted over the old scenery. To all of them we are much indebted. The value of their work will be shown when we are favored with visits from dramatic companies and choirs larger than the old stage would accommodate.

BILLIARD TABLES.

The Australian Branch of the Red Cross Society, which recently installed the full-sized billiard tables in exchange for two of the smaller tables previously in use in our billiard room, has agreed to the transfer of one of the latter to the Sergeants' quarters. They have re-covered two small tables, an attention that is welcomed by the many users of the tables.

FIELD AMBULANCE SECTION.

Major Smeal has been selected to organise and command a section of field ambulance for service on the Western front, and is busily engaged choosing his men wholly from the orderly staff of this Hospital. His work as Registrar is thus fittingly recognised by A.I.F. head-

quarters, and we congratulate him on the responsible command entrusted to him. The unit leaves shortly for a training camp.

LECTURES.

Staff Sergeant Brown was the lecturer on Friday last, and gave an interesting account of his experiences in the South Sea Islands. On Wednesday night, Prof. Wintour F. Gwinnell, B.Sc., F.G.S., gave a learned lecture on "Monsters of the Past," illustrating from many years' personal fossicking among the rocks of Europe. Mr. James Baker, F.R.G.S., author of "Austria and her People," "The Cardinal Stage," and other books, is booked for the 28th for his lecture on Bohemia. Mr. Monk, whose lecture on Venice was such a success, speaks on Constantinople on April 4. A lecture on Westminster Abbey by Dr. Allan Walker of London University is promised, and one on Prehistoric Britain by Mr. Hall, a writer on the subject.

NURSING STAFF NOTES.

The boys are busy "over there." We are so sure of their being game, that we naturally expect to be somewhat busy also. The victor often has as black an eye as the vanquished. One Sister who longed to go "over there" also, nearly did, but has to bide a wee. Our sympathy.

Last Saturday, a "Nurse's Pinnacle" was reached by two of our staff. Head Sister Marshall and Sister Echlin received their decoration, a R.R.C., at the hands of our King, and were also the happy recipients of a book and card from Her Majesty Queen Alexandra at Marlborough House, after the investiture at Buckingham Palace.

Sister E. Phipps left for St. Albans. She will visit Australia before long. Sister Loughrey, lately returned from furlough, brought back something she had picked up, and is busy disposing of it again. Our sympathy.

Miss Muskett sent the weekly cake, Miss Wright and Miss Conway brought the usual flowers. Miss Stedall was out fishing in her usual kindly way. She had an organ on her hook, but it is not quite landed.

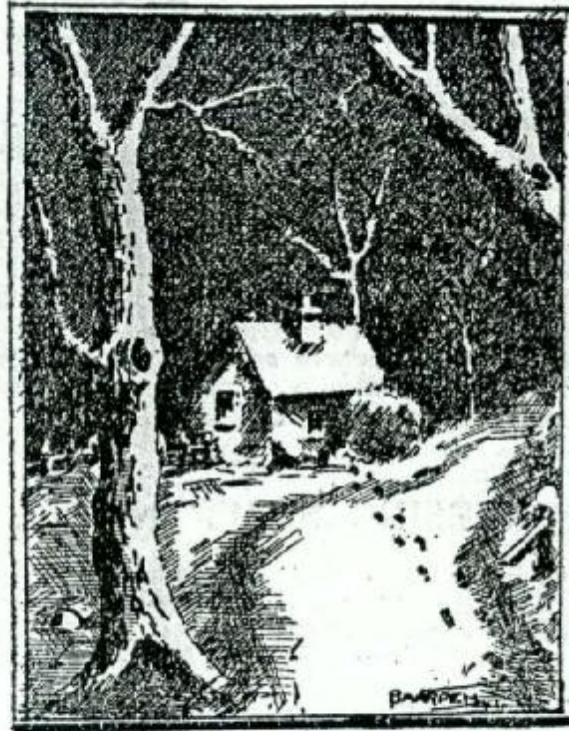
Mrs. Roper and friends gave one of their popular afternoon teas in Nos. 1, 2, and 3 on Tuesday. Such nice home-made dainties.

Miss Billyard Leake and Miss Edith Long have joined our fighting forces. The former has a varied programme. Item 1, Ward. Item 2, Linen Store. Item 3, Canteen. The latter travels 11 miles daily to assist in the sewing room. Quite needless to say, and yet we must express, our appreciation of their assistance.

ACROSS THE WATERS.

The following letter has been received from a transport nearing the Cape of Good Hope:—"Dear Mr. Editor,—All's well aboard H.M. transport — 24/2/17. The boys have settled down to their long voyage happy and contented. As soon as we get out of the danger zone a few concerts and entertainments are promised that should amuse the men. The Harefield boys wish to be remembered to their less fortunate fellows left behind, and also to the doctors and nurses who worked together to nurse them back to health and strength. Auld Lang Syne."

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AN ENGLISH DECEMBER.
By W. SHARPEN.



AN AUSTRALIAN DECEMBER.
By W. SHARPEN.