

Our Magazine has made a good start, and been welcomed in the most cordial manner by those into whose hands it has come. We are much encouraged, and hope to make the paper a conspicuous success in time. For the present, however, we find it impossible to bring out an issue every month, and must ask our kind readers to be content with a quarterly number, which we hope to make so interesting that its appearance will be looked forward to with eager anticipation by all concerned!

We have received a most gratifying response to our request for contributions, as will be seen below; a few of the articles owing to lack of space, are reserved for the next number.

C.B. Young.

— News of the Hill. —

Since the publication of the first number of our Magazine we have been very pleased to see the following "Old boys" on the Hill. Albert Chesser, Percy Lloyd, John Gilkes, Alfred Jarvis, Reg Jones (Durham), Reg Knight (Bradford) and Tom Pitt.

All these with the exception of Chesser, who was home on leave, are now getting "fit" to return to the Front.

We celebrated Christmas Day in the Kingham Hill manner, thoughts of the old fellows filled our hearts and we knew that "somewhere" they were thinking of us.

Carol singing (from the same old papers — (known well by all) took place at 3.30 pm. In a short address the Squire spoke of the noble way in which the "old boys" are doing their duty and paid a touching tribute to those who have passed into "Rest" during the year.

He reminded us that all we who are at home must also do our part, however small it may be, to the best of our ability. At the 11th service the Rev H.G. Wheeler read a telegram sent by Col Woodfield and Officers of the A.O.C. Depot conveying compliments of the season to the boys and thanking them for their services.

As usual, the Chapel was decorated and the text, "we are come to worship Him" was done by George Jones, who is joining up in a few days.

The House Competition for the "Football Cup" began on Dec 16th. The teams Bradford and Durham lined up on the old ground which has been the scene of many exciting struggles in the past. J. Harwood, our Ref took command and has supplied the following details of the game. — The "Durhamites" were fortunate to obtain 3 goals in the first half notwithstanding some excellent play by the "Brads", and at half-time it seemed a "cert" for Durham, the score being Durham 3 Bradford 0.

In the second half the game became more exciting and the teams settled down to a keen struggle. Bradford being the first to score. Durham soon replied by getting in a fine shot, but the "Brads" were not defeated yet and added two goals to their score, one however being a lucky one, going off Pullinger, (Durham) giving no chance for the goalie to save. Durham again scored and both teams played well to the finish. Durham won by 5 goals to 3.

The second round was played on Dec 30th between Sheffield and Clyde — a very even game. Soon after the start Sheffield scored, by a good long shot from the left wing by R. Burnett. The game then settled down to a ding-dong struggle.

After several good attempts by each side the first half closed - the score being Sheffield 1 - Clyde 0. In the second half the play was again very even, owing to the good defence on both sides. Then Miles managed to put on a goal for Clyde and when the game closed the score was 1-1.

The replay between Clyde and Sheffield took place on Jan 6th. There had been in the interval a great deal of discussion as to which would come out on top and everybody thought that the result would be a near thing. This proved right. The game was well contested and it was the kind which one likes to witness on a very cold day, when excitement takes one right into the game and makes one forget the cold. When the teams lined up one could notice a rearrangement of the sides. After twenty five minutes of good mid-field play Clyde scored. Of course this made Sheffield put, if possible, extra energy into their play, but when half-time came the score still stood Clyde 1 - Sheffield 0.

On the re-start we could see that Sheffield were determined to get a goal, and this they did after about thirteen minutes play. Then there was a struggle!!!! Each side several times just failed to score. It was not until four minutes from the finish that Sheffield by their superior passing succeeded in getting the winning goal. Thus a good game closed amidst considerable excitement Sheffield 2 - Clyde 1.

We hope to see such another game when Durham meets Sheffield in the final. Who will win?

The Prize-giving which had been postponed for a week owing to the illness of the Rev H.E. Wheeler took place on Jan 13th.

Mr Young presided, the Rev H.E. Wheeler being his only supporter. We all regretted the absence of Miss Young's gracious presence.

Her never failing interest and sympathy in our work is much appreciated and valued. We missed too, our old friend the Rev. A. Grisewood for his genial words of encouragement and advice to teachers and scholars are always welcome. In his unavoidable absence the 5th Form report was read by M^r Young. We thought of the absent members of the School Staff - one of whom - Frank Kennell - we shall all miss in the future.

The Reports on the whole, were considering all things, very fair though some of the work did not come up to that of last year.

William Aston was the head boy of the School, and he won the Form, Scripture, Drawing and Geometry prizes.

In the Upper 5th Denis Groves took the Form prize, the Scripture prize fell to John West. The Lower 5th prize was carried off by Len Heath, and the Scripture prize by Eric Putin.

The prizes for good work in the various departments outside the School were very numerous, and as M^r Young remarked the work had been done well, for though there were less boys the sum of money distributed was larger than last year.

After the important prizes for Good Conduct and the "Tidy" prizes had been distributed, M^r Wheeler said a few words in the course of which he praised the good writing at the School Examination. M^r Young then congratulated the Prize winners. Thus terminated the proceedings of perhaps the most eventful afternoon of the Kingham Hill Year.

We are sorry to record the death of one of our lads, Bert Taylor (Durham) who passed away on Jan 14th after only two days illness.

Diphtheria has broken out at Durham, fortunately only two cases, and as very nearly a fortnight has elapsed, we hope

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to get no more. The two invalids are progressing very favourably at Greenwich House.

Snow and frost have been with us on the Hill since Xmas and for over ten days we have experienced a "black" frost. Needless to say there has been plenty of sledging, sliding, etc.
To Scarfe.

"Last night we entered the enemy's trenches and took some prisoners". Official report.

One fine day last September after having finished my turn at the telephone exchange, I was ordered with four or five other signallers to man a visual signalling station. This station was formed for the purpose of keeping Brigade Hqtrs in communication with the battalions forward in the event of our telephone wires being cut, as they often were in this shell-swept area. Well, this visual station was connected with Hq by phone so that if a line to a battalion was cut, we should immediately get in touch with the battalion and proceed with the work by means of flags and lamps. We all knew when the real bombardment was to begin and as the hands of our watches crept round to the appointed hour the excitement of waiting became more and more intense. All day long our artillery had kept up a desultory fire on the Germans with guns of all calibre, but when the hour arrived for the real fun to begin, there sure was some noise. When trying to speak to the next man, one had to shout at the top of one's voice. I was stationed at the aeroplane signalling apparatus, and soon after I had taken my seat on the ground ready for the planes to start

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the business, things began to get warm. Stray bullets were humming around uncomfortably near, so I got as flat to Mother Earth as was possible and carried on.

The bombardment had lessened in intensity about this time and a fairly heavy barrage just behind Fritz's trenches was helping him to forget "the old folks at home". The attack was in progress. About a mile to our direct front a high wall of smoke profusely dotted with flashes from our bursting shrapnel, met the vision, telescopes proving useless to penetrate the smoke.

We must have been in luck this evening as our lines were still holding out and we had very little work to do. We were informed every few minutes that the lines were O.K.

All at once the man with the telescope shouted, "The Fritz's are coming in fellows", and there were shouts from us of, "After 'em", and, "Let's have a look". When I got to the telescope the prisoners could be distinctly seen coming out of the wall of smoke, hands above their heads, and in single file.

Just about this time, high above us, a tiny light was observed. We took it for an aeroplane signal, but as we watched, it became larger and larger, falling very rapidly. Suddenly someone shouted, "It's a plane", and it was. As it neared the ground we could see that it was just a mass of flame.

The petrol tank had evidently caught fire, and the flames had spread to the wings. The plane fell about half a mile to our right, just behind the — wood, where heavy fighting had been a very few weeks before.

We were not interested enough to run over and get a close view of the plane, as in other parts of the line we had got used to seeing planes come down.

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we heard from HQ just then that we had gained all our objectives. It was a very smart piece of work and quickly accomplished. It was during this little affair that one of our men won the coveted V.C. by killing no fewer than seventeen Germans unassisted. Unfortunately he was buried by a shell a few days later and was found to be dead when he was dug out.

Just as it was getting dark all the men on our stations except a sergeant, another man and myself were ordered back to HQ. We were left for emergency. We kept one eye on the front and one on a small hole we had dug. It was large enough to accommodate one man comfortably, but soon it was holding all three of us. How we got there I hardly know, but there we were and there we meant to stay. I can assure you one can get into some queer places when "hot iron" is flying around. "Blighties" are all right in their way but one cannot pick and choose. We were there and that's all we cared about for the present. The reason for our quick disappearance was that Fritz had started to get sore about something and was putting the six inch stuff over and falling but a short distance away. Pieces of the shells were humming over our little hole, and I began to wish I had taken my steel helmet with me. The other two had them so I had to make use of a shovel in place of a helmet.

The Fritz gunners seemed to be shortening the range, and we began to feel a funny sensation in the region of our belts. "The next one will get us," said one, but no! so we waited for the next. They were firing at about fifteen second intervals so that after each burst we had a little time to get ready for the next one. It seemed impossible for a shell to miss us if they shortened much more, but fortunately for us, the expected

one did not come, for the range was gradually lengthening again. You can have no idea of the relief we felt when we found that the shells were falling far beyond us.

Very soon after this we received the C. I. (which means Come in) on the phone, so we did not lose much time in collecting all the signalling equipment which was lying around. Telescopes, stands for same, lamp, phone, aeroplane sheet & flags were slung all about us. Running quickly down hill, jumping communication trenches, & dropping flat to escape shell splinters were just a few of our diversions on our way to HQ. Just as I was about to jump into a trench to go down into a dug-out, I heard a "Swish" and "bang" — a shell exploded about a dozen yards behind me. I believe, and shall always believe, that that shell passed within two yards of me. It gave me a bit of a scare, and I didn't take long falling into that trench. I had no sooner started along when "Bang!" — a shell exploded just round the corner of the trench where I had been only a moment before. I have what is known to the Infantry "as a bomb-proof" job", but it can be a bit too warm for us at times. Once down the dug-out, there I stayed till next morning, almost blessing the Germans for their forethought in making the dug-outs so deep and comfortable.

George Pike.

After arriving at Calais we had to march 4 miles with full pack, and in the pouring rain, and after drifting about I finally reached my railhead at —. In front of me was

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another 8-10 mile walk to get to my destination. I had got about $\frac{2}{3}$ of my tramp polished off, when entering — everything was so quiet, 1-15 a.m. and a beautiful moon shining and hardly a cloud in the sky, when all of a sudden, just above my head, I heard the buzzing of aeroplanes, and wondered if they were ours, but my wondering soon finished, as Fritz dropped a bomb just ahead of me and bowled me over.

After that he dropped them all around. I was lying on the ground wondering when he would get a mark on me.

It was a scene I never will forget, but thank God I am alive yet. What a splendid finishing touch to my first lough.

Albert Cheeseman.

After being wounded at the Somme in the attack of 15th Sep when the tanks were first used, I have quite recovered and am staying at Hastings, waiting to be sent to France again.

Congratulations to Stan Meacher for his being recommended for the D.C.M. Jack Herring is in Hastings somewhere. I have seen him once, but did not have much chance to speak.

I received a letter from Dick Bosworth who was wounded the same day as me. He is in England. He sent the letter to me in France, thinking I was still there, but I fooled him.

Ray Moulden.

— An incident on the Western Front —

'We few, we happy few, we band of brothers.'

Shakespeare.

A lad, not yet twenty years but for all that a soldier, aye, and a better soldier than most of us. We called him

"the baby of the platoon", not because he was a baby or had a tendency to childish ways; but because he was so young and tender, that he needed our care. His face was smooth and round, so free from worry and care, knowing only joy & happiness. His vision of the future seemed bright, so far there were no dark clouds, his future was —

"As a flower opening to perfection".

"Babs" here seemed entirely out of place, among hardship and suffering, battle and sudden death. We could picture him at home, with his games, his playfellows, but not here amidst this!

All day our guns had pounded the trenches opposite, the noise making us almost deaf. Now it was dark and the noise died down, but only to break forth again when we were ready. The silence was like a calm before the storm. One could not help thinking of the morrow — perhaps there would be no tomorrow for some of us. How would our loved ones at home take it.

It was nearing the hour to 'go over' — the darkness was turned into day for a minute or two by the spluttering lights sent up from both sides. Did the Boche expect us? Should we receive a warm welcome? It is time! the guns speak again, louder than ever — "Steady now boys, follow me."

Just two hours after the raid, a few of us, who had been lucky enough to get back, were standing about the trench waiting for news of the rest. It appears some were taken prisoners, but it still left a few to come in. Every few minutes we counted round but our party numbered no more. Continually we peered over the parapet but no forms could be seen in the darkness. What had happened to babs? Oh! if it should be true. But someone is coming hurriedly with news perhaps!

11.
'What's the news Tom?' said one. Slowly the answer came - "Poor old
babs has gone west." Immediately we became dumb, no one
cared to speak or could have done so then; but many a fellow
turned his head and forced back a tear. He that needed our
care was gone, but gone to a better place.

Slowly and in silence we wandered our way to our posts, for day was
beginning to break; but what a sad day for us. Yet a sadder
day was in store for a mother at home when she read:—

'Killed in action'
3690. — 1st Renshire Regt
Alfred. F. Jarvis.

King George he is our sovereign,
In all his ways we approve.
No sovereign e'er before him
Grandest principles did choose.
He stands for all that's righteous,
And of "Kultur" disapproves.
May God protect and
Heaven bless such noble heads that rule.
In all our walks and wanderings
Let all our voices sing
Long live our noble leader, and
God save our gracious King.

Harold Gerard.

How we spent Christmas at Sheffield House. 1916.

Yes! 'twas Xmas morning, a proper old fashioned one, snow on the ground and
frost to welcome it in. But still, after all there was a feeling that
it could hardly be kept as of yore, with such a terrible struggle
going on all over Europe. Still, children are children, and young

hearts and minds turned towards happy days, and to them Xmas was as usual full of exciting times and enjoyment. So our 40 boys as far as one is able to say, had a very happy time. We opened the ball at 6 AM with a Carol on the Gramophone which was a surprise kept in store. Then all up, the usual call, heard of old by many of our comrades now foremost in our minds, among those brave men at the Front, enduring hardships and trials. Breakfast at 8. Afterwards the opening of parcels kept back for the occasion. All sorts and conditions of goods, from chewing gum to Jews harps etc. A very lively proceeding while it lasted. One boy feeling queer shortly after having satisfied himself that he had sufficient of his store of so called luxuries. Then came the usual preparation for the Chapel service. Some no collars, no laces. Can't find my boots. Please Sir have you sent my shirt home from the wash, I can't find it, and many other such necessities missing to complete the best equipment. These trials are all well known to our old friends absent and present. But of course, upon this occasion (no chastisement) Unusual you say. Well! after all 'twas Xmas you see, and of course one has to keep smiling. All off at last. Perfect calm reigns for a while, then all at once the clatter of an Army Corps returning for the usual feast of beef and plum pudding reminds one very clearly of bygone days, when at the Village Church, the dinner seemed of greater interest than the sermon, and was first and foremost in the minds of the young then, so no doubt it has been so ever since. on that day of days. After dinner came the preparation for carol singing. The good old tunes of bygone days freshening up the memories of old and young boys to those happy days spent on Kingham Hill. During this time tea was being prepared, the tables being laid out with crackers and oranges and cake, all bringing happiness to the young faces upon whom was many a smile

of satisfaction. Then came after tea the usual romp and games, beginning with the good old "General Post", that being one of the special games played by many of our comrades upon the same old spot. Then music, parlour football, ring board, and various other games, all helping to make what we hope and believe to have been a very happy time to all present in Sheffield House. With our kind thoughts of all dear absent ones and pleasant memories for the future for all, we concluded this our very happy day Xmas 1916 among 40 happy boys.

Arthur Cooe.

The following names have to be added to the list of those serving out at the front at the present time.

G. Blaby (Mesopotamia)	A. Coiley (Salonika)	F. Davidge.
C. Dutch.	R. Gibbs.	S. Gibbs.
C. Griffin.	W. Groves.	A. James.
F. Jocham.	A. Maskell.	C. Maskell.
F. Merham.	R. Munton.	T. Munton.
V. Newman.	W. Page.	C. Rambert.
G. Rambert.	E. Schew.	W. Stovin.
A. Sydney. (Egypt)	V. Thatcher.	G. Walliker (Salonika)

The following are serving out at sea, in the Navy or Royal Marines.

V. Baker	R. Fassar.
H. Chamberlain.	W. Lambert.
F. Clark	G. Paigo.
W. Goblyn.	N. Whitworth.

The following have been wounded, and are mostly in this country at present - One or two have been discharged from the service, and possibly a few have gone back to the front -

A. Bartrum.

H. Callyet.

J. Cox.

W. Cox.

F. Driver.

P. Floyd.

J. Gilkes.

W. Gilkes.

E. Goddard.

G. Hammond.

J. Herring.

A. Jarvis.

H. Knight.

E. Minter.

A. Murley.

W. North.

L. Perry.

T. Pitt.

W. Searies.

H. Smith.

Jesse Smith.

W. Stone.

G. Trinder.

William Turner.

R. Ward.

R. Watts.

F. White.

W. White.



Since the appearance of our last number of the magazine very few of our old boys have had the opportunity of visiting the Hill owing to activity in France. We were very pleased to see Richard Duckering, Percy Floyd, who has since gone across the water again. Harold Gerard who after taking part in the capture of Vimy Ridge has returned to England to undergo a course of training preparatory to taking up a commission. - Corporal Arthur Kirk, Musketry Instructor, L. Corporal John Shepherd and Tom Pitt.

William Stone is at Nantwich and is going on very well after being wounded for the third time. Corporal Stan Clarke is in a hospital at Kenilworth and is well on his way to recovery.

Cecil Calcutt has been wounded in three places. He is in hospital at St Albans and is progressing favourably.

We deeply regret that the School has lost another of its original Staff. Sgt George Currier who was killed by a trench mortar bomb on April 24th (on the Salonica front).

There is not very much news concerning the Hill owing to the outbreak of Diphtheria which unfortunately we have not yet quite got rid of.

The Chapel and School were closed for some weeks. When the severe weather at last gave way to suitable conditions the boys manfully set to work and dug and dug over a plot of ground in the field opposite the blacksmith's shop. It seemed as if it would never be fit, but after working at it for some time, they planted potatoes in over an acre of ground. The potatoes are just appearing above the surface and we wish our lads a good

crop in their attempt to help in the defeating of the U-boats Campaign. Instead of growing flowers in their own little gardens they have gone in for lettuce, radishes, mustard and cress &c.

Mr White from Daylesford very kindly came over and gave the boys some very useful hints.

The boys and their friends on Kingham Hill subscribed £10. 1/- to a fund started by Frank Harwood in aid of the extension of the Church of England Temperance Hut for Soldiers at Didcot.

On Sunday May 13th the boys were invited over to Daylesford and were taken through the various hothouses. It was a very fine day and everything looked at its best. The boys thoroughly enjoyed roaming through the grounds and were very loath to leave them when the bell rang to warn them that the time of departure was at hand. What happy memories of bygone days this visit brought to the older ones amongst us!

School has now re-opened with the exception of Sheffield House and we are now working hard to make up for lost time. In a day or two we expect to be able to go down to the Swimming Bath. All old boys know the feeling about this time on the Hill - "when will bathing start??"

We congratulate Douglas Board on his promotion to the rank of Warrant Officer in the Royal Marines and thank him for the photographs he so kindly sent for the boys' inspection.

The Rev H.G. Wheeler has accepted the living of Ardley near Bicester so will soon be leaving us. We wish him every success and happiness in his new work.

T. W. Scarfe.

3.
"Victory. 1917."

To me, the New Year brings a Hope
A hope which comes to all.
The Kaiser, with his helpless hope
His pride will surely fall.
He tried all tactics, without success
Our Allies bore the strain,
They stood the test, and were the best,
And proved their world-wide fame

2.

Of course we fully understand
Their "Peace Note" was a bluff.
We read them through and tore them up
His peace! "We've had enough."
And when they heard what we had done
The Kaiser simply raged.
Of course it's natural for the Hun
He really should be caged.

3.

His latest scheme's upon the sea
To sink all ships in sight.
He has a Fleet, the sea is free
He won't come out and fight.
His submarines and Zeppelins
Have tried to pave their way.
A crime which is beyond all sins.
There is a "Judgment Day".

Pte E Deards

To all Kingham Hill boys both old and young, boys that I know and those I do not know. This is my initial bow to the "Mag." A capital idea and long may it prosper. I expect to see several articles from old boys and will be delighted to read them all. I do not know what length our articles should be, so I'll make the first one short and sweet. After being in France 14 months I have not dropped across one Kingham Hill boy. The last one I saw was in Vancouver, B.C. Arthur Manning I think it was, so I shall be excited when I do see any of you. If any old boy that remembers me would care to write, I should be only too glad to write back. So roll up with your letters.

When do I think the war will end?

My prophecy is this - If not April, then November.

D^r T. J. Hull.

Salonique

There's a little place out East called Salonique
where they're sending British Tommies every week
When you view it from the sea, it's a fine sight I'll agree,
And you think you'll have a spree at Salonique.

When you're dumped upon the quay at Salonique
And the smell that greets you nearly seems to speak
You begin to feel quite glum and you wish you hadn't come
For there's every kind of hum at Salonique

There are nations not a few at Salonique
 But at present it belongs to Johnny Greek
 He's a wily sort of guy, doesn't want to fight - for why
 Praps he's like the Yankers, shy, so to speak.

The languages you hear at Salonique
 Are as many as the hours in a week.
 And if Tommy only knew, just the swear words of a few,
 The air would soon turn blue at Salonique.

There are lots of little camps round Salonique
 Filled with French and British Tommies, hard as teak.
 And the Kaiser and his pack, will find when we attack
 There's a nut he cannot crack at Salonique.

For the General in Command at Salonique
 Is at scrapping on the mountains just unique.
 And with General Sarrail in the lead, we cannot fail,
 We will twist the Kaiser's tail at Salonique.

Just a word or two in closing Johnny Greek
 You have treated us as guests at Salonique
 And if you regret we came, and our views are not the same
 Well, it isn't you to blame Johnny Greek.

If you want to stay a neutral, mild and meek,
 That is your affair, not ours, Johnny Greek.
 But whatever comes about, we know you'll help to shout,
 When we've whipped the Germans out at Salonique.

G. Hammond.

6.
~ A Working Party. ~

We were stationed at ~ 3 miles from the front line, in support, to the Regiment in the Line. Date 1916. Oct. The weather at that time was very wet —.

At 3.30 pm the Sgt calls the roll for those going on the working Party. Naturally, there is a little grumbling. We then have our Tea, consisting of bread, biscuit & jam. Time 4.50 pm.

At 5.15 we "fall in", with Rifle, Gas mask and a few rounds of ammunition. We are formed up. They split us into 4 parties, such as A, B, C, D, each Party consisting of 1 Officer, 1 Sgt, 1 Cpl, and 30 men to report at such a place, and such a time.

Each party moves off independently. It is raining and the night is very dark. Great-coats are useless as they hamper one. Then again we think of its use as a blanket when we return in the morning. The order is passed along the line, "Keep close up in the Rear". No smoking and no noise, & so we start out for what is known as a "working party".

We move along the road, shell holes here and there. Many a time we have to crowd into the ditch, in mud and water, to let a wagon or a lorry pass. Presently through the rain and darkness there looms up in the distance what used to be a splendid City, but now laid in ruins, excepting a wall or Spire here and there. We eventually arrive at this place. Time 6.45. The Party is halted and five minutes rest is granted. In the meantime they hand each man a shovel or pick. Our time is up. We move off again with the Engineer and Guide. We are getting near the 'Front Line'. Outside of an occasional gun-firing, everything is quiet.

In the distance the "Flares" are visible through the gloom. We go through the trench, water 2 ft deep. When suddenly the "burr" of the Machine Gun is heard. Everybody lies flat. When somebody shouts, "Stretcher bearers on the double". Some poor chap not quick enough. He is soon fixed up, and sent down the line. We finally reach our destination and receive instructions as to what we have to do. Each man has to dig 6 ft deep, 5 ft long and 3 ft wide a trench to bury cable for communication. Every man starts in on his job with a will. We are 500 yds from the Front line, & under Machine gun fire all the time, and a shell every once in a while, but everybody is happy and working hard. At 10 o'clock AM. our trench is dug. The Signallers then run the cables along, and we fill in the trench again, and our work is finished for the night. We line up and the roll is called, then we move off again for our Billet. There are lots of jokes passed going home. We reach our Billet, are dismissed, and wait for our issue of Rum, which in soldiers slang is a "good snort". Then everybody turns in, and is soon in the "Land of Dreams".

Pte E Deards.

~ A Letter ~

At last I am going to write a few lines for the Kingham Hill Magazine. It is difficult to know just what to write about, but I cannot let this opportunity pass without saying that I think the idea of having our own Magazine is an excellent one. It is very cheering to be able to pick up the pages and read something of the adventures

of ~~our~~ comrades, though, as the Editor remarks, it is very little that those on foreign Service can write with respect to their position and doings. I am writing these few lines under shell fire - (not a pleasant position to be in) - and as I sit here in this billet I cannot help wondering how many Kingham Hill boys have been here before me.

I have seen very few of our fellows lately, but some of you would remember Roland Munton late of "Swansra". He has been to see me quite recently, and his adventures since the commencement of the war would fill a book. At the outbreak of hostilities he was in the French Army, and only transferred to our Army some 12 months ago.

In closing I should like to wish all readers the best of luck, with a speedy and safe return to the Old Country.
Somewhere in France.

Stanley Macher.

How shall I manage later on (après la guerre finie)
without a knife and fork and spoon stuck into my puttee?
I'm sure I'll never sleep a wink in any feather-bed
with sheets and blanket, counterpane, and pillow 'neath my head!
And what a scene there's sure to be the first time that I try.
Around my sun-browed neck to fix, a collar and a tie!
Then letters will require a stamp, and no excited host
will crowd around and hope to see a parcel in the post.
With all these trials awaiting us when peace breaks out once more,
what sadness we shall feel when we set foot on Blighty's shore!

(I THINK NOT!)

E.C. Bond.

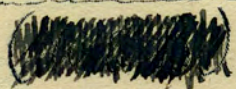
Very pleased to say I have arrived back in old England after spending nearly 4 years in Canada. At present (5/2/14), I am at Bramshott Camp, Hants, and drilling hard every day. I am longing to get away on leave to see my old friends, but owing to being quarantined, will have to wait. The weather here is quite cold for old England, but must say, it is very healthy, doing drill etc. We were welcomed here with lots of rain on landing, but soon got accustomed to that. Pleased to hear so many of our boys have joined the colours, & hope to have the pleasure of meeting some of them in the near future. Will you kindly convey my heartiest wishes for 1914 to all those at the Front, and a safe return home to dear old England. Hoping to see you & Kingham Hill in the near future.
 L/c J.W.H. Ellerbeck.

~ "Valley of England" ~

"O Valley of England, in my dreams
 Thy beauties oft appear;
 My soul is led by the Spirit of night,
 To thy emerald meads in the gold sunlight;
 I dream that I am there,
 Where heaven seems not far away,
 And the moon at night, and the sun by day,
 In equal splendour the woodlands array.
 Where each silver stream, like a prince's crown,
 Runs many a flowery slope adown;
 And even Angels, so they say, come down
 To watch the children play."

O Valley of England, in my dreams
 I often fly to heaven;
 And the wonderful works of Nature there,
 with its flowers so sweet, and its creatures so fair,
 where God's best grace is given -
 Then there seems such an awful gulf between
 what now I see and what often have seen,
 where I am now and where often have been,
 That when I wake 'tis true I sometimes weep,
 To think I cannot always sleep;
 And dream sweet dreams eternally
 Valley of England, dear of thee!

O Valley of England, when my dreams
 At last some day come true,
 Then will I dwell and walk with God,
 In those valleys that my forefathers have trod;
 who rest 'neath Elm and Yew,
 There oft will I work 'neath the golden sun,
 And at evening, when my work is done,
 "And the silvery moon claims a kingdom won,
 I'll breathe my soul to God in prayer;
 Valley of England, He is there,
 That is what draweth heaven so near!"

"Edgar Mills"


~ Alas! 'tis true. ~

at Hebuterne, in my dug-out
It was my awful fate
To hear my comrades "hollee-out"
That blinking ymn of hate.
And when we left the trenches
And from war's care were free.
I had to stand and listen to
"Way darn in Tennessee"

In billet or Estaminet
At drill or out at play
The weird and devilish melody
Was sung - to my dismay
At the Field Ambulance - oh loo!
And at the dressing station
I had to listen to "its" screech,
Much to my consternation

In hospital at Cameros?
And also home in Blighty
The horrid strains were screeched aloud
To all of us - twice nightly.
And when upon my ten days leave,
I thought the song forgotten.
To my dismay - 'twas sung by friends,
Oh dear! I thought life rotten.

And though I tried to hide myself
 way from the song so thrilling
 I heard it in the train. And I
 well - felt like killing.
 But then, oh joy! the T. M. B.*
 To Seaford made me go
 "at last!" I cried, that horrid song
 Its "face" no more will show.

But now I find that I am wrong
 The fact nigh makes me weep.
 For everyone in Seaford Camp
 Sing it in their sleep.

Pt. R. Ward.

* T. M. B. Travelling Medical Boards.