

No. 5.

KINGHAM HILL MAGAZINE

DECEMBER, 1917.

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CHRONICLE OF EVENTS.

During the last three months we have been very pleased to see the following "Old Boys":—J. Adams (Durham) who is now joining up—Private J. Beeson (R.A.M.C.), on leave from France; Sergt. W. Briers (Canada), who has been wounded three times and who is now going over the water again; F. Clark (Royal Marines), who has since joined H.M.S. Agamemnon; F. G. Goddard (A.S.C.); Lieut. H. Gerard, who is exchanging from Canadian Force to the R.N.A.S.; Sergt. A. Jarvis from Ashford; F. Passenger (Canada) on sick leave; F. Townshend (Swansea and Canada); and Staff-Sergt. Viner, on leave from Havre.

Towards the end of September, which was fortunately fine, the elder school boys were busy digging up the potatoes on their patch. They were highly delighted to find that they turned out very well; in fact the yield of potatoes weighed well over $3\frac{1}{2}$ tons. Mr. Young visited the plot while the boys were at work, and kindly agreed to the boys' suggestion that some should go to Latimer. The beet, numbering over three hundred, were also of a fairly good size; and so the lads felt that their efforts in the Spring-time were amply rewarded.

On September 23rd the Annual Service on behalf of the Bible Society was taken by the Rev. Hudgell. The amount collected was £1 6s. 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.

In October, a farmer who had some difficulty in getting his potatoes gathered in, applied to Mr. Young for help, and the Sixth Form under F. Harwood went to his assistance. The boys were delighted with their "earnings" and the "well done" of the farmer.

Our Harvest Festival took place on October 7th. The Chapel was as usual decorated with flowers and wheat by the boys and their teachers. The service in the morning was taken by the Rev. Hankin Turvin, and in the afternoon by Mr. Young.

Chronicle of Events continued.

'Trafalgar Day' this year fell on Sunday. The morning service was opened by the singing of the National Anthem, and reference was made to the event in the address by our Chaplain. In the afternoon Mr. Young gave an inspiring address, dealing with the sacrifice made by our soldiers and sailors, and our own "Boys" in this present war.

We deeply regret to record that the School Staff has suffered another severe loss in the death of Walter E. Burton (Teddy), who was killed in action at St. Julien, on August 8th. While on the Hill, his bright smile and willing manner, and above all his earnest endeavour "To fight the good Fight" made him a general favourite with teachers and scholars. At the time when the war broke out he was preparing for Missionary work, but he still found time to keep the Scripture Union going by organizing meetings, etc., and looked after the interests of the Church Missionary Society on the Hill. He took a deep interest in his Sunday School Class, and by his regular attendance and earnest work, he set a good example to all. In October, S. Meacher writes:—The current issue of the Magazine was splendid, and the closing poem by Edgar Mills (W.E.B.) was, and will remain a fitting epitaph to the writer. "If the Great King did not command the hour"—what meaning—to some perhaps pathos—to others that deep meaning which almost reveals "the Great Unseen." With you all I mourn the loss of a friend—my old colleague of many a pleasant Sunday afternoon walk to Salford Church. Little did we think at that time that God was preparing at least one of us for "His Presence" at so early a date.

We are greatly grieved to record the loss of Howard McLaven (Bradford) and Jack Shepperd (Durham). Jack had been invalided from Gallipoli, and after being in hospital for some considerable time, he was transferred to the Machine Gun Corps, when he met with his death in Egypt; also of Albert Leslie, who though not a Kingham Hill boy, had been a constant visitor and was very popular among us all.

On October 31st the Anniversary of the "First Battle of Ypres," Mr. Young came in and said a few words to the boys, and we once more recalled the stand made by the "Old Army." "When shall their glory fade?"

Our new Chaplain, the Rev. Hankin Turvin, commenced duties here in September. He was a Chaplain in France, attached to the Royal Navy Reserve for over 12 months, and so has experienced some of the dangers and difficulties which our "old boys" are undergoing. His earnest and practical addresses are thoroughly appreciated by all. We heartily welcome him among us and pray that he may be a blessing to the Spiritual work of the Hill.

F. G. Goddard (having joined up) is missed very much on the Hill. Mrs. Brown, during his absence, is playing the organ at the services in the Chapel.

Chronicle of Events continued.

On October 15th we were very pleased to have a visit from Rev. F. Hazeldine, who, after his arduous work in France, is now on his way to Mesopotamia. He told the boys of the country where he is going to, and also the wonderful manner in which the "Daily Texts" sent out by Mrs. Hazeldine were very appropriate. To give an illustration: On the morning when they were about to go over the top he received this text, "Arise therefore and be doing, and the Lord be with thee." Again on the morning he was coming away on leave, he opened his letter and read out to his men: "Thy servants shall sing for 'joy of heart.'" He also amused the little ones by showing how he had sung "Humpty Dumpty" in French to the girls and boys in France. We wish him well and a safe return. Our prayers will go with him in his work.

T. W. SCARFE.

DIARY OF A RETURN JOURNEY TO FRANCE.

JULY 10.—Blackdown Camp, Farnborough, Hants. At 7 o'clock orders for France came through, and I with a few more had to get packed up.

JULY 11.—After much preparation and bustle I am now on my way to France for the third time. As I write the boat is in mid Channel, full of excited men, who are anticipating a good voyage and a spell in the trenches, which some have not seen. Others are gambling, and some of the experienced ones sit calmly smoking and in deep thought. The usual roll is called at different times allotted to each regiment, who have, by the way, come from all parts of the world. Some are black, some white, and there is even a Japanese amongst us. The voyage was delightful to most of the men, and we arrived at Le Havre about 4 a.m. on —

JULY 12.—Disembarked at 7.45 o'clock, and marched to Harfleur, a suburb of Havre. Here we had a few minutes rest, while they prepared a programme for us. After a few parades, drawing blankets, rifles, &c., we had the rest of the day to ourselves, finally settling down in our new quarters to sleep at 9.30 o'clock.

JULY 13.—Wake up feeling much refreshed after the day before. Our first inspection by the C.O. We then proceed to the Central Training School of Gas, where we had our respirators and helmets inspected; finishing the day with bombing. The weather is mild, with a slight breeze blowing from the sea.

(To be continued).

R. WARD.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCES.

France,

October, 1917.

I have received the latest issue of the "Kingham Hill Magazine" and I certainly was highly delighted with it. What an improvement! We sure have a magazine to be proud of. It is great to be able to read all the news of the Hill that way and I follow with great interest the cricket and football competitions between the houses. Poor old Sheffield was left again at cricket; I wonder how many boys remember Sheffield winning the 2nd Eleven Shield the first time.

I was also interested in H. W. Knight's article on Canada, and all intending emigrants must try and remember the advice he gave, and try to follow it out. Canada's ways in some respects are very different to English, and they should be adopted immediately one finds them out. Success is assured to the persevering man.

For natural scenery you cannot beat old England, but there is one spot in British Columbia I would like especially to mention, and that is Banff. The scenery there is perfect, sublime—once you have seen it you can never forget it—I have worked in Ontario, Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta, and British Columbia, as far west as Vancouver Island. In August, 1914, I think the first, I volunteered for the army there, was cetrified unfit, so I boarded a full-rigged sailing ship and sailed from Vancouver, the day war was declared, bound for Cape Town, and for three solid months we neither saw land nor ships, passing the Falkland Isles just before the great battle there. We were lucky. We had no idea of what was going on until we arrived in port. Well, I ventured again to enlist and go up to German S.W., but nothing doing, unfit again. I stayed there nine weeks. In the meantime I had heard they were sending volunteers from Buenos Ayres, Argentine, so to that place I went on the old ship and promptly volunteered, was accepted, and sent immediately to England and put into training. I have been in France now two years and still untouched, so I consider myself fortunate. My experiences have been many and varied, some I would not care to go through, again, and others, yes. Before I close, I would like to ask any old Sheffield boy that remembers me to write, I should indeed be glad to answer back to him; there are a lot of boys that I have heard nothing of since I left the Hill, so come on boys and let's be hearing from you.

Yours faithfully,

Dr. S. J. HULL, 11094,

D. Battery, 148 Brigade, R.F.A.,

30th Div., B.E.F., France.

ENCOUNTER WITH A SENTRY !

In one of our battalions out here there is a French-Canadian transport driver. One dark night he was sent up to Ration Farm, driving a G.S. wagon loaded with rations and all the other junk one finds when on a ration party. Just as he got to the farm a wide-awake sentry challenged him. But as the transport driver did not seem to hear his first call, the sentry repeated it. This time the driver pulled up his horses and replied as follows :

“ Hey, wot, for you wan’ know who’s go dere ? ”

The sentry’s reply was that it was his duty to halt everybody and question them—and again “ Who goes there ? ”

Frenchy got somewhat sore and continued, “ Well, sacre diable, dat’s Paul Leganet an’ team of horses, an’ by cripe, I’m goin’ for told the officer dat always sometime yow stop me w’en I work for de King.

J. PIKE.

A CHRISTMAS CRACKER.

I was sitting at my desk the other day with the *Times* in front of me ; I had been up late the night before arranging the article for the new number of the Magazine, and I felt somewhat sleepy. I opened the paper and saw the heading, “ Peace Terms,” Well, I suppose the Bolsheviks have given over their country into the hands of the Germans ; the traitors ought to be shot.” I had no time to read further just then, but took the paper with me to Kingham Hill, and met Mr. Scarfe in the school, and asked him what he thought of the terms. He looked very sad, and said “ I suppose they’re as good as the French can expect.” “ You mean the Russians ? ” He stared ; he evidently didn’t understand me, but replied, “ No sir, I mean the French.” “ The French come to terms with the Germans ! What do you mean ?—and where do we come in ? ”

He stared again—there was evidently something wrong ; but he said quietly, “ I don’t see how we could have come in, as we took no part in the war.”

“ No part in the war ! ” and I muttered to myself something about Ypres, Vimy Ridge, Paschendaele, the Somme—

“ The Somme ! oh yes, the Germans passed that very early in the war, just before they got possession of Paris.”

“ Paris ! the Germans in Paris.”

A Christmas Cracker continued.

He looked at me for a minute ; " Yes, if the Germans had got no further than Paris things might not have been so bad ; but as it is, with the whole country over-run, and their fleet destroyed, the marvel is that the French should have stood out so long."

I was stupified ; " Then what about the flags in the schoolroom ! there's no use keeping them there any longer."

" Flags," he said, " what flags ? You won't find any flags there ; and," he added bitterly, " I certainly should not care to display any British flag anywhere again as long as I live."

" Do you know, I think there must be something wrong with my head."

" Yes sir, I think there must be," he said quite kindly.

I hurried back to my paper, to see if I could make any thing of it. There was the news, sure enough, and the *Times'* leading article, sarcastic and wrathful, upon the terms of the peace between Germany and France. — " Considering how completely the French lay at the mercy of their enemy the terms are not more severe than might be expected. But it must be a bitter trial to the gallant Frenchmen to have all the rich mining and manufacturing districts of the north torn from them, setting out in the war as they did, with the high hope of recovering Alsace Lorraine from the grasp of the enemy. But, after all, we may doubt whether their animosity against the Germans, who have defeated them in open warfare is half as bitter as their feeling of hatred and scorn against this country which, after all the hand-shaking and smooth phrases of the Entente Cordiale, left them in the lurch, when the supreme crisis came, to fight their battles alone.

But our turn is coming now, as we ventured to predict it would come, at the commencement of the war. With Belgium permanently annexed to Germany, and Antwerp, accordingly, as Napoleon remarked, a pistol constantly levelled at our head, with Holland practically a part of the German Empire, we can no longer say that our Navy is supreme in the North Sea ; our very existence as an island kingdom is threatened by the German fleet, already slightly superior to our own—whilst if we look abroad the prospect is more gloomy still. In Africa, Germany is now the dominant power, having annexed the French and Belgian possessions in that continent, including the fertile regions of the Congo, and they are already setting up important naval stations on the East and West Coasts. In Asia, the handing over of the French Colonies will give them a foothold in the south of China even more important than Kiao Chau on the north, the fortifications of which have lately been made stronger than ever, and Germany is now in a position to exercise a dominating influence in all the countries of the Far East.

A Christmas Cracker continued

But the most serious danger of all is her advance in the Middle East and the threat to our Indian Empire as a direct consequence of her recent successes in the war. All the regions of South Eastern Europe are now under the iron heel of Germany. Her vassal Austria has turned Salonika into a strongly fortified naval port. The peninsula of Gallipoli is in her hands, the Sultan of Turkey is little more than her obedient slave; as a consequence, Germany exercises undisputed control in the Ægean Sea. In Mesopotamia by the occupation of Bagdad and Basra they have brought to completion a task which has been the dream of German statesmen for the last generation, i.e., German domination from Berlin to Bagdad—and beyond—right to the gates of India—which is now placed within easy reach of her armies, when the time is ripe for attack. True, they have made an agreement with us whereby they recognise our special rights in the Persian Gulf (as if these rights depended on their sanction on German recognition!) but as, in exchange for this precious recognition we agree to clear out of Egypt it cannot be said that we gain much; not that we give up much either; for, threatened as it is by the German naval power in the Ægean and the hold they have established for themselves in Palestine, we could not hold Egypt for a week if any serious attack were made upon it. But not only is Egypt lost but India is threatened as it has never been threatened before during the period of our occupation by any external foe; and at last this seems to be realised even by our Government, as we are informed that Lord Haldane, the Secretary of State for War, has ordered out two extra battalions of troops for the defence of the country; even this step was strongly opposed by Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, the new Secretary of State for India, who argued that it was not the least necessary, as we were on very good terms with the Germans, but Lord Haldane overcame opposition by pointing out that there was an angry feeling in the country in connection with this matter, and if nothing were done it might lead to the overthrow of the Government, which would be a catastrophe of the first magnitude; and further that he had had conversations with individuals in high position in Germany, and they made no objection to the proposal. Probably not! Two battalions of troops to be sent out to reinforce the British Army in India against the advancing hosts of Germany! Since the day when Mrs. Partington defied the Atlantic Ocean with her mop was anything ever heard or thought of so tragic, so fantastic, so utterly ridiculous—so utterly ridic—so rid.” . . .

* * * * *

Yes, I thought so—I'm all right now, thank you, the fact is, I went to sleep in the pony trap, and Spider shied, and the shaft snapped, and—I woke—but it was a horrid nightmare.

* * * * *

There are some people who say that England has not been pulling her weight in the war. It is a calumny, which we can afford to smile at. Our gallant Allies, the French, know something of what we have done, and they are grateful; let that be sufficient for us,

A Christmas Cracker continued.

We have suffered terrible losses; what the future has in store for us we know not; all we do know is that, whatever it cost, the mind of the nation was never more fully determined than it is to-day, to SEE THE MATTER THROUGH.

May God be with all the gallant lads from Kingham Hill and Latimer House, and grant them His presence and joy in their hearts at this Christmas-tide: as they think of home and country we are thinking of them and praying for them. May God watch over them and bless them all!

C. E. B. YOUNG.

Our Magazine, I am glad to say, has been much appreciated by our Old Boys, who still keep up an interest in the affairs of the Hill. It is increasing in size, as will be seen, and I hope it will continue to improve in the variety and excellence of its articles.

A pathetic interest attaches to the two poems appearing in the last Number, signed "Edgar Mills." The writer was Walter Burton, a young fellow of rare promise, known to many here. Very shortly after the receipt of his articles came the news of his death "Killed in action." He was desirous of becoming a missionary. God has transferred him to higher service in the regions beyond the grave. A fuller notice appears of him in the Chronicle of Events below.—C.E.B.Y.

Will all desirous of having the Scripture Union Card for 1918 please forward address to the Secretary, F. Harwood.

By a new order of the Post Office all letters to the Hill should be addressed: Kingham Hill, Kingham, Oxford.

On November 4th an aeroplane had to descend in a field just above Sarsden Halt owing to engine trouble. Crowds came from neighbouring villages to see it. This battle-plane proved to be one of our latest, equipped with machine-gun and bombs. On November 18th a similar incident occurred at Cornwell. Our lads were very interested, and still talk about them.

Our boys are now going strong at football. Several games have taken place between VIth and Vth and the two IVths, and the results have been very even. There ought to be some good games in the coming House Competition.

We, on Kingham Hill, wish all our readers a "Happy Christmas."

T. W. SCARFE.

SILENCE—A BENEDICTION.

"What impressed you most during your ten months in France?" asked an old friend of mine during a recent visit to his home.

"The intervals of silence," I answered readily. It was a question that had been asked me before, and I had always given the same answer.

"But, I thought silence is an unknown quantity in the front line area," returned my friend.

"No; there are times when silence reigns along wide sectors of the front—a perfect silence that cannot be described or imagined. It is a silence that must be felt to be appreciated; and as I review all the experiences and incidents that came to me as an infantry officer, in and out of the line, it is the peculiar beauty of these periods of silence that have left the most vivid impression on my memory."

It seems to be a popular conception among those who have not been to the Western Front, that the forward area is a realm of constant nerve-racking noise and roar. This conception may be due to the emphasis war writers have given to barrages and bombardments, to the outstanding features of attacks and all the noisome elements of warfare as it is carried on to-day.

There is no doubt, these writers have felt the silence when it reigns, and have realized, perhaps, like the artist who tried to paint Niagara Falls, that to describe it is a task beyond human effort.

It is true that the intervals of silence during the past year have been less frequent than in the preceding period of the war and the prospects seem to promise that it will become almost negligible until we wind up the 'Watch on the Rhine.'

Nevertheless, there are moments, sometimes hours, when the roar and the tumult are absent; when the official quietness is exceeded and there is absolute silence—impressive, restful, beautiful; beyond comparison and without parallel. Not the faintest sound punctuates it, although there is virile life on both fronts—ours and the enemy's—ready to put into action all the thunderous dogs of war at a moment's notice or on the slightest provocation.

These periods of silence may come at any time during the day or night. They may precede the dawn, or come as a prelude to the coming of the darkness of the night; under whose protective cloak so much activity is carried on. There is no scheduled time arranged for them, by either side—if there is, then the arrangement is made by Him who rules all things.

It is a silence that seems to come as a Holy balm from above—a communion with those perhaps who lie dead in the seared and scarred battlefield; who died fighting as conscientious objectors against perfidy, tyranny, pillage and murder. While it lasts, it is to my mind the most beautiful abstract imaginable. It is profound, sacred, Divine—a Benediction.

FRED JAMES.

LETTER FROM DOUGLAS BOARD.

Forton Barracks,
Gosport,
Hants.,
November 8th, 1917.

Dear Boys,—

Mr. Young has done me the honour of asking me to write something for our Magazine. This I shall be very proud and happy to do, but, first I have asked Mr. Young to allow me to write you a few lines through him, to tell you what I think of the Magazine; also to give you the benefit of a little advice gained through experience.

Although Kingham Hill is not our birth-place, it is the place wherein we are spending or have spent the happiest time of our lives—namely, our school days, and although it is about 15 years since I myself left the Hill, it still remains the most interesting place to me. Wherever I have been, and however dear places I have dwelt in have become, there are none so dear as Kingham Hill. I am sure it is the same with all other old boys, however long may have been their absence from the Hill.

Therefore, you will understand how interesting it is to an old boy to receive the Magazine, chronicling events which take place on the Hill, and telling of the doings of other old boys. Through the Magazine they can compare the present day events with their own schoolday events.

You boys are isolated to a great extent from the great happenings of the times, but, dwelling in a good many parts of the globe are men who were once boys at Kingham Hill. From these old boys—through the Magazine—we may hear of their experiences and what the country is like they are in, or countries they have visited. For this reason the Magazine should be of the greatest interest to you boys, for I am sure there is nothing a Kingham Hill boy likes better than to hear of the doings of old boys.

Our best tutor in life is our own experience, the next best the experience of others, therefore, when reading of the experiences of old boys in the Magazine, you may learn something which will be useful in your future career.

I remember when at the Hill as a boy we boys used to drink-in every word of news about old boys, and I sometimes used to think seriously—not very often I admit—perhaps only for about five minutes in one year—of what I should do on leaving the school, and consider the positions held by old boys, and wonder which I should follow. I feel certain it is the same with you boys now,

Letter from Douglas Board continued.

We are all made in such a way that, after a certain age we can rely to a certain extent on others, but chiefly must we rely on ourselves; the person who helps himself the most receives the most help. Your teachers can do their best by you boys, read lessons to you, tell you how to behave, take a keen personal interest in everyone of you, and instruct you in a thousand ways, but the teachers cannot force things into your heads if you are not attentive; neither can they always be with you to see that you behave yourselves. That is where you must help yourselves. The work of your masters has now become harder than ever, and although they do their utmost it is a difficult task, for as you know, all who can be spared are wanted to fight for our country's freedom, freedom which you boys will enjoy when grown into manhood. Now, as your future depends to a great extent on how you are trained whilst boys at school, you boys should exert yourselves to the utmost to do your part, thereby lightening Mr. Young's and his assistants' work, and making yourselves a credit to your country and school in later years.

I have recently become connected with some of the Council and other schools in this district, and am very much struck with the spirit prevailing amongst the scholars. Each School will strive its utmost to beat other schools in its work and games, and every scholar does her or his best to help. By this means the very best is got out of each school, and the result is a fine lot of boys and girls who will do the nation credit some day.

I have been working up a class of boys for a Physical Drill Display. Some of them came to me one day and told me another school was going to send a class of boys for the same thing; from that day I hadn't the slightest trouble; those boys would have practised all hours of the day and night if I had let them. I am pleased to say they were well commended. Although you boys have got no other schools near to compete with in your games and work, do not let them suffer; enter into your games with all your might; take up your work with the idea that it is for your benefit in later years, when you have the world to face and thousands of other young men to compete with.

Very few boys leave the Hill who are not physically fit and healthy; this in itself is a great gift; try and add knowledge and a good training to it. Remember when playing your games that it is better to lose honourably than win by a mean action. Nothing is worth taking up unless taken up well.

Every boy should look upon his school as the best school, his own home as the best home, and he himself as the best boy in the home; but remember, to be the best boy you must work hard. When I was on the Hill I'm afraid I did not take full advantage of my schooling opportunities, although I had it in me to make a good scholar. The consequence was, on joining the Marines, I found I could hold my own in football, cricket, gymnastics, etc., but I was somewhat backward in my education. It cost

Letter from Douglas Board continued.

me hours upon hours of my spare time to make myself efficient. I used to spend hours of my spare time when at school looking for nests, plum and crab-apple trees, in fact, I remember even now where most of them are situated. Whatever walk in life you follow you will find education a necessary item. When you boys become men the country will still be feeling the effects of this terrible war, and will require strong and capable men to uphold what we are struggling so hard for now—the cause of right and liberty. So I appeal to you boys to take full advantage of your opportunities and become such men. Because you leave school at 14 years of age do not let that mean to you that you have finished schooling altogether, but spend a little of your time in study; you have a splendid library to help you.

I hope you will not think by this letter that I want you to be dull and miserable; nothing of the kind, it is natural for a healthy boy to be full of life and mischief, and I have seen Mr. Young's face light up with amusement when being told of the mischievous doings of boys. I am sure he would not be amused at what is not right.

There are two kinds of mischief, the one in which an honest and healthy minded boy will take part, and the underhanded dishonest kind.

Although I get very little time to myself nowadays, most of my time—when not occupied with the men—being spent in training boys between 9 and 16 years. It will be a great pleasure to me to sit down and tell of some of my sea trips and of other things which I think will interest you. In fact I look upon it as a duty as well as a pleasure. I sincerely hope some or all of you boys will benefit by my few words of advice, it is backed up by hard and in some cases cruel experience. Wishing you boys success and happiness in your future career.

I remain,

Yours very sincerely,

DOUGLAS BOARD.

A FATIGUE PARTY.

The hour was 5 a.m.; the place somewhere in France, and the Trench Mortar Battery was on parade. "Hi!" began the sergeant, in a voice which made everybody's hair stand on end, "Any of you flat-footed long-necked mothers' darlings know anything about massaging?" Four bespectacled youths whose faces spoke of the world, "We are simple," fell out, with brains reeling with an idea of a soft job. "You," roared the three-striped villain, jabbing one of the youths in the ribs, "What d'you think you know about massaging?" "For many years," began the person

A Fatigue Party continued.

addressed, in a high treble, "before this confounded war broke out I was in the habit of spending my vacation in a local hospital, and"—"That will do," grunted the sergeant, "We don't want no blinking biography o' yer useless life so early in the morning." He turned to the other applicants; "You, I suppose, you've got about the same tales to tell, ain't yer?" They nodded. "Right turn; quick march." He marched them to the canteen door, and left them under the tender care of the Quarter Master. "You the massage blokes?" this person asked; "You lot of shirkers get soap and water, and clean and massage this canteen floor!"

L. BATCHELOR.

"YPRES"—IN PHONETIC CANADIAN.

When first we hit the salient,
Gee! the shelling and the snipers!
We wuz the bunch so gallant
When first we seen old Wipers.
When we'd been there a little while
It gave us all the creeps;
'Twas such a doggone dangerous pile
That cussed town of Yeaps.
The country's flat as pancakes there,
The mud's tough glooey clay;
The pavè roads is something fierce,
'Round little old Epray.
Many's the guy that I knew well,
Down there among the sleepers,
That got his pass to heaven through hell,
Near that old rooin' Epers.

J. PIKE.

