

No. 4.

KINGHAM HILL MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER, 1917.

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CHRONICLE OF EVENTS.

We have been very pleased to welcome the following "Old Boys" during the last three months—Warrant Officer Douglas Board who is in charge of the Physical Instruction of the Marines at Gosport;—Cecil Calcutt (Oxon & Bucks) on leaving hospital. He has since rejoined his unit at Portsmouth and is awaiting the T.M.B.—Clarence Cooke who is in a Training Reserve Battalion at Wimbledon—Stan Clarke on sick leave—he is now in France again; Fred Griggs (2nd. Batt. Canada) from Convalescent Camp at Epsom; William Gilkes (Canada)—on Hospital Staff at Shorncliffe; Lt. Fred James (2nd. Batt. Canada)—sick leave—wounded in leg; Sgt. Alfred Jarvis—Instructor at at the T.R.B. at Rugeley; Cpl. H. Juniper (Canadian Machine Gun Corps) on leave from France; Charlie Lobb (Devons) on leave from Exeter; Q. M. Sgt. Stanley Meacher (Oxon & Bucks) on leave from France, who on visiting the school received a very hearty welcome from teachers and boys and gave a short account of what was going on at his point of the Front. E. Meehan (Canadian Machine Gun Section) on leave from France; Lee. Cpl. F. Mitchell, Musketry Instructor at Cosham—now in France; George Thompson (Canada) on leaving hospital—he has now joined his regiment at Shoreham; Ralph Trinder from T.R.B. on Salisbury Plain; Reg. Viner (Fusiliers Band) stationed near Aldershot and Reg. Ward on Sick leave—now once more in France, where we hope he has no more cause to weep on account of "Way darn in Tennessee."

The draw for the House Competition for the Cricket Cup resulted as follows—Bradford v Durham, Sheffield to play the winner. The first match was played on August 7th and was witnessed by a number of "visitors" who watched the various phases of the play with the greatest enthusiasm, and no doubt talked of former games in their time. The scoring throughout was low, Durham went in first and were only able to score 29—four of the team being caught. The chief scorers were Fassam 7, Neville 7, Violot 6. Bradford then went in and made a disastrous start, Graham, their captain being caught and bowled by Brewster without scoring. They only managed to put together 19—Gosling being chief scorer with 7 runs. The second innings of both teams proved more exciting, Fassam playing a fine game, scored 12 and Violot 8; the innings closed for 41.

For Bradford, Graham by his free batting soon took up the score, though he could not get anyone to stay with him until joined by Acock. Amid much excitement the innings closed for 43, and Durham thus won by the narrow margin of 8 runs. The chief scorers for Bradford being Graham 18 and Acock 11.

Chronicle of Events continued.

The second Match was played on the following Saturday and was again witnessed by a large number of the visitors, Miss Young, Mr. Shrimpton, Mr. Allan Young and Mr. Arthur Young also being present. Durham proved much too strong for Sheffield, Sheffield took first knock and scored 23, Fryer being chief scorer—5 not out. Durham started badly losing three of their best wickets for 3 runs and scored 54. The chief scorers were Deuster 30, and F. White 13.

Sheffield in their second venture were only able to score 16 against the bowling of Neville and Violot and so Durham won the match by an innings and 15 runs.

F. Cowtan one of the visitors umpired in both matches. Mr. Young at the conclusion in presenting the Cup, congratulated the winners, this being the third occasion on which Durham has won. It would perhaps be interesting to mention the record from 1901 to 1917—Clyde 9 times '01, '02, '04, '05, '06, '11, '12, '13, '14. Durham three times '10, '15, '17; Sheffield three times '07, '08, '09; Bradford twice '03 and '16.

Quite a number of visitors came down for the Annual August Week, and though we had some damp weather yet it could not damp the Kingham Hill spirits—visitors and residents thoroughly enjoyed the holiday. Cricket, Bathing and the Gymnasium seemed to be the chief attractions, the visitors were delighted in being able to watch the whole competition for the Cup—a competition in which most of them had taken part sometime or another. On Sunday we had special Services in the Chapel, this being the Anniversary of the opening of the Great War. Mr. Young took both Services, special prayers being used, and he referred to the part taken by our gallant boys in the trenches and at Sea.

During the afternoon Service we all stood in reverent silence whilst Mr. Young read the names of those missing and of those who have so nobly sacrificed their lives for us.

On Monday there was an exciting struggle between Norwich House and the Visitors; The visitors were able to put into the field a strong eleven captained by F. Cowtan, and it seemed as if it would be an easy win for them. James Cleary kept wicket in good style and F. Cowtan gave a fine display in batting which was very interesting to watch; Some will remember the huge score he made for Clyde in the House Competition some years ago.

Norwich had first knock, each member of the team contributing their share of runs. Their innings closed for 81. The visitors then went in, the first five wickets put up the score; Cowtan was then unfortunate in being got out L.B.W., the remaining wickets fell very cheaply for 56. Thus Norwich won a very interesting and enjoyable game.

Tuesday and Saturday were taken up by the boys' matches: On Wednesday there was an enjoyable game made up of scratch elevens in which residents and visitors were intermingled.

Chronicle of Events continued.

On Thursday, there was the gathering of the Clans, Clyde and Swansea, having to accept the hospitality of the other homes. Mr. Young paid his usual visit to each of the houses. We talked over old times and faces in the familiar dining room and enjoyed the good fare which had been provided. It was a very merry and happy time, though our thoughts went out to the lads in "Blue" and "Khaki" and we wished them with us. No doubt they too thought about the old gathering on Thursday in August week.

During the past two months, Mr. Young has frequently taken one or both Chapel Services himself. We have been pleased to listen to some of our old friends:—the Revs. A. Grisewood, Carruthers and Fisher. At other times the Services have been taken by members of the Evangelization Society.

Full advantage has been taken this year of the Swimming Bath. After a spell of hot and dry weather it set in wet and cold, which has somewhat hampered the bathing during the last few weeks. Thirty boys have already passed the test of "doing the length" and if we are favoured with some suitable weather there will be a few more.

Considerable interest was taken last week in the turning up of the field in front of Stratford House, and the field opposite the Well House by the Steam-plough. The younger boys came and watched the doings of these monster engines, and soon became authorities on ploughing by steam. The scenery at the bottom of the Hill has changed, but we look forward to the time when we shall see the fields full of golden corn.

On the 31st of August in the School, Lieut. F. James gave us a very interesting lecture on "What was going on at the Front." Mr. Young took the chair and Miss Young and Mr. Arthur Young were amongst those present. In a very interesting manner, he set forth the reasons why the British were fighting! pointing out that it was Canada's war as much as that of England. He then led us by easy steps from Shorncliffe to Southampton, thence to Havre and Rouen, and finally to the trenches. Very high praise was given to the quality and sufficiency of the food supplied and the manner in which it is brought up. After describing the trenches he said that the term "No Man's Land" was incorrect as our boys would not allow any of the enemy to come there. Everything was going on very well and we were superior in guns, shells and everything else. He held that one Britisher was equal to 5 Huns. The German Creed was exposed in all its horrible detail, showing amongst other things that small countries have not the right of existence, that Might is Right, Britain must be swept from the seas and that the German language must be the universal one. He assured us that though our progress looked very small on the map, yet it was very useful and valuable, at the same time reminding us that the men who took part carrying a pack, rifle and all the other things which make up the equipment of the modern soldier, coupled with the difficult nature of the ground and the various obstacles met with, put a far higher value on each gain. To show the spirit of our heroes at the Front, he told us about men like the

Chronicle of Events continued.

heroic George Richardson the Canadian millionaire, who (like others) left home and came over, performing wonderful deeds in the trenches, and who mortally wounded, stifled a groan thinking only of his men round him. He reminded us of the part now being played by the old boys who had occupied the same forms on which the boys were now sitting. He asked them very earnestly to do their part—putting before them that ‘Character’ would enable them in the future to be a ‘success’ in whatever position they would fill. Canadians are sometimes asked what they will do if we lose—“Nothing”—there will not be any of us left. “We shall win.” Thus ended a very interesting and instructive lecture, to which we could have sat and listened for some considerable time longer. Several souvenirs of the battlefield were on view.

We were very pleased to see Mr. and Mrs. Cock, Mr. Bairstow and Mr. Tucker on the Hill during the month of August, and trust that they benefited by the change.

On September 3rd, the School re-opened and the issuing of new “Work List” owing to the re-arrangement in the School caused a great deal of interest among the boys concerned. A word of praise is due to the boys in School, who, though occasionally causing a good deal of anxiety and trouble, have on the whole, understood the strain put upon the teachers and behaved really well.

We regret to record the loss of James Flynn, who was killed in action, on July 24th. He was very popular on the Hill, and was well-known in the immediate neighbourhood for his skill both at Football and Cricket. We deeply sympathise with his aged mother in her sad bereavement.

All old fellows will be sorry to hear of the death (after a few days’ illness) of Mr. Harry Wiggall (July 14th). At the following Sunday Morning Service the Squire spoke of the admirable manner in which Mr. Wiggall had always fulfilled his duties and he also recalled to the memory of the boys the splendid example of Mr. Mildon’s life.

We are sorry to say that Sapper R. Litchfield (Engineers) has lost a leg and has other wounds too. We believe he is going on very well. Perhaps some of the fellows would like to write him a line so will give his address:—63954, Ward No. 1, Hill House Hospital, Warwick. Hammond has been shot through both thighs, and is in St. John’s Red Cross Hospital, Salonika. 16854, B. Company, 9th Gloucester Regiment.

T. W. SCARFE.

EASTER SUNDAY, MAY, 1917.

It was Easter Sunday in the year of our Lord, 1917, and the scene of the following drama is laid on board the armed auxiliary cruiser “Armada Castle,” engaged on patrol between the north of Scotland and Iceland; and thereby hangs a tale:—

Easter Sunday on Board continued.

Have you ever seen the sea in 'a rage' if you have, you will the more appreciate my story; if you have not, let me tell you that unless you have seen a raging sea you would not comprehend the enormity of it; you would, like Thomas of old, doubt. Early in the morning of the day in question, as we lay in our bunks we experienced a sensation of rolling; in spite of all efforts to keep still the inclination of the ship to port and then to starboard, made us feel to much discomfited that some of us arose; I dressed at what would under ordinary conditions have been a rediculously early hour. As the morning rolled on we had to go to our various posts on watch and even as we went not a few of us were half drowned by the spray, as it came over the ship as high as the bridge. Everything on deck that was not securely lashed was carried away; so angrily did the sea batter us that a great water-tight iron door and several scuttles with glass an inch thick were smashed in almost like paper. One of our life boats too, worked its way loose in its gripes, and was lifted by a sea from its falls and dashed against the ship's side, smashing it all to splinters. There was no hope for it but just to cut her adrift and let her go; the wreckage was picked up several days after by a merchantman, and reported in Liverpool. It was anticipated in that port that the "Armada Castle" would never again be seen in the West Float at Seacombe. But to return to the scene on board; a brave attempt was made to hold a Service on board, as we happened to be fortunate on this particular trip to have a Padre on board; but the project was doomed to failure. Scarcely could we be expected to maintain our equilibrium as we stood singing hymns with the ship rolling at such precarious angles that everything seemed to be alive. Forms, hymnbooks, and the rest of the Church paraphernalia suddenly gravitated first to one side and then the other; everything was confusion and chaos, and during the singing of the Te Deum with men sliding on their stomachs from one side of the saloon to the other, and the Organist's chair slipped from under him and left him sitting on the deck, the brave attempt was abandoned. Whilst we had been attempting a Church Service many of the hands had been busy rigging up a new wireless main aerial in place of the old one which had been carried away. Truly we were at the mercy of the waves that day. At one time the ship heaved and fell in the trough of the sea with the report like that caused by the impact of a torpedo; the shock caused a quivering from stem to stern.

We had already experienced a week of extreme cold when there had been long icicles hanging all over the rigging, and the decks were a mass of thick ice which made it most treacherous for getting about, and the following week was a continuation of the experience; but not again did it attain such terrific enormity as it did on Easter Sunday; not in all my experience, stretching to 25 years now, have I experienced anything like it, and the testimony of others with considerably more experience serving with me is the same.

Never in the whole of my life before was I more conscious of the power and presence and protecting care of God than on that day; my faith reposed entirely in Him who "bids the angry tumult cease, and gives for wild confusion peace."

W. LAMBERT.

CANADA'S BEHIND THE GUNS.

Fling the tidings near and far,
 Where the feet of freemen are ;
 Send them swiftly o'er the sea,
 To the haunts of cruelty :
 Bid the dove despoiled, distressed,
 Bind the olive to his breast,
 Take the message to the Huns,
 " Canada's behind the guns."

Canada is proud to bear,
 Of the load a lions share,
 Proud to do and proud to die,
 For the Empire's Ideal high,
 Briton's sons the whole world o'er,
 Take this message to the Huns,
 " Canada's behind the guns."

Canada has wealth in store,
 She will lavish more and more ;
 So that Tyranny may fall,
 She will gladly give her all ;
 From her dearest she will part,
 For the cause that stirs her heart,
 Take the message to the Huns,
 " Canada's behind the guns."

L. BATCHELOR.

MESSAGE FROM R. MOULDER.

BRAMSHOTT CAMP.—We arrived here from Hastings on the 3rd of July; we were all sorry to leave Hastings, as we had a home there. We have been here a month now, we have had lots of rain and mud, but still it is away ahead of France. I would like to see all the boys over here, fetching their bad shoes into the shop as that is where I am hanging out the time. I have seen only one of the boys since I have been here, Harry Carter. Wishing all the boys the best of luck.

RAY MOULDER.

BACK TO BLIGHTY.

I'm a crossing o' the channel after two long years away,
 An' it seems a bloomin' lifetime since I left ole Blighty's shore
 And I've seen men smashed an' slaughtered
 Worse 'an bein' drawn an' quartered
 An' I've waded through an ocean full o' gore ;
 But the slaughterin's all done
 An' I've finished with the Un,
 I'm a landin' 'ome in Blighty in the mornin'.

There's none on us goes scrappin' just for killin' one another ;
 There's sentiments in all on us as none on us can smother :
 A man as 'asn' fought the 'Un,
 And helped ter fire a bloomin' gun,
 As 'asn't lent a 'and to 'elp a brother,
 Well 'e ought ter get the kick,
 And be collar'd by ole Nick ;
 'E's not worthy o' the land as 'e was born in.

I'm a goin' 'ome ter Blighty fer I've done me little bit,
 An' I've 'ad a bit o' patchin' so ye see I ain't quite fit,
 Still I feel real contented now,
 I'm downright 'appy any'ow,
 For I'm jolly glad the slaughterin' ter quit ;
 An' the 'appiest man on earth,
 I'll be found in this 'ere berth,
 When the ship rolls 'ome ter Blighty in the mornin'.

“EDGAR MILLS.”

LIFE IN CANADA.

Having been asked to write an article for our Magazine, I thought perhaps the most suitable, for the younger boys at least, would be on Canada.

You all know that there is a large colony of old Kingham Hill boys there, although very much scattered. Some of you, perhaps have an ambition to go there after the war is over and things get setted down again, so being an old boy, no doubt you would listen to me rather than a stranger.

In the first place, I can say that I never regretted going there, only perhaps the first few days, when I had the complaint known as 'Home-sickness' which comes to every boy on leaving his native soil. However that is soon remedied by interesting yourself in the new country, and its different ways compared to England. Secondly I am longing for the day to come when I shall go back again, which we all hope is not far distant now.

Life in Canada continued.

I will try and compare the differences of Canada to England in general.

In Canada we say the country is divided into two parts—East and West. The East being entirely different from the West, as it has been settled so many years more.

In the East you will find things very much the same as in England. But in the West, that is west of Winnipeg, it is entirely different. In the first place we do not get the beauties of nature in the same form as you do in England. Ask any man from Western Canada what strikes him most at this time of the year in England: and he will always tell you the pretty scenery all around us. A person could not wish for a more beautiful spot than where this camp is situated. We have no hedges in Alberta, and only trees in the northern and western part of the province; except for a few wind-breaks, etc., that some enterprising farmer has planted himself. However, before many years have passed we hope to have the country just as pretty as England in that respect, as you must remember it is only a young country, and these things all take time.

The province, like its next-door neighbour, Saskatchewan is comprised chiefly of prairie which is turned into huge wheat fields and range for cattle to graze upon.

There are yet large tracts of land in Northern Alberta, stretching away up to the Yukon and beyond, that have hardly been explored, nor settled upon yet, owing to its long severe winters.

The climate of the country is very healthy, chiefly owing to its great height above sea-level, and a young fellow going out at the age I did, soon gets acclimatized.

Most of you have heard of the Rocky Mountains, that vast chain of hills that almost stretch right across the American Continent. They divide Alberta from British Columbia. In my opinion they are one of the greatest sights in the world, as I have been right through them in two places. One of which is known as the Crows Nest Pass, (named after a mountain whose crest very much resembles a crow's nest) the other way via the Canadian Pacific's main line Railway.

The Canadian people are comprised mostly of people from the British Isles, or from British stock; with a good sprinkling of other European nationalities. The 'West' has a large percentage of Americans, and the further west you go, the more this is noticeable; the towns being laid out more after the American plan. However I think that is rather an Improvement, as it is so much easier to find your way from one point to another.

Everything in the small country villages is very much up to date, from Cash Registers to Telephones—as a matter of fact much more than in some parts of rural England. The education question is very well handled, and there are small country Schools in the very remotest parts of the province that have settlers at all.

Any boy who contemplates going to Canada, will do well to take this old saying for his maxim 'While in Rome do as Rome does' and never to forget his mother country, and that he is an Englishman. He will then have no difficulty in getting on.

With the very best of wishes to all on Kingham Hill.

H. W. KNIGHT,

Bramshott Camp, Hampshire.

COALING SHIP.

There's a game that they play
 In the Navy to-day,
As they played it since sails were back numbers
 It starts about dawn,
 When the day's not quite born,
While shore folks are still wrapt in their slumbers.
 4 a.m. B.S.T.,
 Sees O.D. and A.B.,
With yawns from their snug hammocks rolling,
 Life holds little rest,
As they start to get dressed
 For Coaling.

The watch is soon mustered,
 The P.O.'s look flustered,
As the myriad orders they're hearing ;
 There's a rush and a scurry,
 A hustle and hurry
As alongside the collier's appearing,
 Stokers, Leathernecks, Matloes,
 All rigged up like scarecrows,
Bustle round—there's no time for strolling;
 Commander and Middy,
 Fly about till they're giddy,
 When Coaling.

There is dust everywhere.
 In your mouth, eyes and hair ;
It's served as as a relish for dinner ;
 It lies in your mess,
 Inches thick more or less,
Everybody's as black as a sinner.
 Marines with their trollies,
 Are rushing like follies ;
Their career is beyond all controlling ;
 Running over your feet,
 Is the way that they greet
 You, while Coaling.

Coaling Ship continued.

You snatch hasty meals,
 And your brain fairly reels,
 In the midst of the turmoil and heat,
 The minutes are flying.
 And everyone's trying,
 All previous records to beat,
 You give quids for a drink,
 But its useless to think,
 Of pints from the Stewards cajoling ;
 Though you like beer or porter,
 You get oatmeal and water,
 When Coaling.

 You are kept on the top,
 Till you're ready to drop,
 But keen eyes spot the first sign of slacking ;
 Your muscles are aching,
 Your back's nearly breaking,
 As you empty the coal from the sacking
 To the bunkers below,
 Where the heaps, as they grow,
 To trim level the stokers are rolling ;
 All like niggers are working,
 There's no room for shirking
 When Coaling.

 And when it's all over,
 You're not yet in clover,
 There are paintwork and such things to clean ;
 But the record's been broken,
 And by the same token,
 To break it once more you're quite keen ;
 Still, you sea-scriber take heed,
 When you publish your screed,
 A life on the ocean extolling,
 It isn't all honey,
 It's not easy money,
 When Coaling.

B.S.T.—British Summer Time.

O.D.—Ordinary Seaman.

A.B.—Able-bodied Seaman.

P.O.—Petty Officer.

Middy.—Midshipman.

Leathernecks.—Marines.

Matloes.—Sailors.

F. CLARK and another.

MY MILITARY CAREER. "R. LITCHFIED."*(From start to finish.)*

I left Kingham Hill on the 19th of January, 1915, along with C. Viner to Oxford, with the intention of joining the R.E.'s, in which I was successful. I went to Chatham, our depôt, the same day. On the following morning I went to the workshops to have a trade test, which I passed; then being a Sapper with 2/2 a day. I spent 5 weeks at the depôt, and was then sent on draft to that beautiful mountain Spa of Buxton, in Derbyshire, where I had the time of my life, training with a fortress company. In the early days of July 1915, we were sent overseas to La Havre, where we spent three days, before getting a Division to go to. We then travelled right across to a place called Ribemont, which is in the Somme district. I met with an accident after being with the Company out there two months; they had to send me to our Base at Rouen; after being there a fortnight, I was sent to the 90th Field Company of the famous 9th Scottish Division, where I got my baptism of "Shell fire." It was at Ypres; what a hot place it was too at that time! I went from there to Armentieres, which was a decent quiet place, considering. From there I travelled down to the Somme for the 1st of July onslaught, which was a scene of terrific fighting, our work being consolidating the position taken. It was very hard and risky work. In October I got P.U.O. a trench fever, which sent me down the line again (no luck for Blighty); recovering from that I was put on draft for the 77th Field Coy., with them I went to the Arras Front, where I experienced the hardest fighting I ever did see in the whole of my two years out there. I got badly hit on the 28th of May, and I am at last in "Blighty," with my right leg amputated and left great toe missing. I am still "smiling" and like all the lads "am not downhearted yet."

GOD REIGNS ABOVE.

God reigns above, or else the ethereal blue
 Could not smile down so lovingly from high;
 The golden sun that whirls her passage through,
 The fleeting hours emblazoning the sky,
 How could he shine with such a mighty power?
 How could he cheer us so upon our way,
 If the Great King did not command the hour
 And Nature call her minions to obey?

God reigns above, or else the cool of even,
 The silent moon controls with modest sway,
 With all her stars that guard the gates of heaven
 Could not contrive to drive the dark away.
 How could the dew each morning kiss the flower,
 How could the birds awake so full of song,
 If the Great King did not command the hour,
 And roll the world so happily along?

"EDGAR MILLS."