

K I N G H A M H I L L
M A G A Z I N E

March, 1917.

Contents

1. Chronicle of Events.
2. News of the Hill.
3. "Last night we entered the enemy's trenches and took some prisoners".
4. Letters recently received.
5. "An incident on the Western Front".
6. How we spent Christmas at Sheffield House, 1916.
7. List of boys out at the Front.
8. News of wounded, etc.

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No. 2.

MARCH, 1917

CHRONICLE OF EVENTS

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.E.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 Cheeseman, Percy Floyd, John Gilkes, Alfred Jarvis, Reg Jones (Durham), Reg Knight (Bradford) and Tom Pitt. All these with the exception of Cheeseman, 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 p.m. 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 11 o/c. service the Rev. H.G. Wheeler read a telegram sent by Col. Woodifield 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.

F. 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 to 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 twentyfive 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.G. Wheeler, took place on Jan 13th. Mr. Young presided, the Rev. H.G. 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 Mr. 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 Mr. 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 has been distributed, Mr. Wheeler said a few words in the course of which he praised the good writing at the School Examination. Mr. 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. 17th 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 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.

T.W. 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 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 you," 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.

We heard from H.Q. 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 and flags were slung all about us. Running quickly down hill, jumping communication trenches and 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 exploted 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.

LETTERS

After arriving at Calais we had to march 7 miles with full pack, and in the pouring rain, and after drifting about I finally reached my railhead at -----. In front of me was 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 furlough.

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 and 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 Bosche 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!

"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 wended 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
 Grander 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 turn 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 a.m. with a Carol on the Gramophone which was a surprise kept in store. Then at 7 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 by boots. Please Sir have you sent my shirt home from the wash, I can't find it, and many other such necessaries 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 which 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 CAVE.

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

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

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

Baker, V.	Clark, F.	Fassam, R.	Paige, G.
Chamberlain, H.	Dobbyn, W.	Lambert, W.	Whitworth, N.

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:

Bartrum, A.	Gilkes, W.	Murley, A.	Stone, W.
Collyer, H.	Goddard, E.	North, W.	Trinder, G.
Cox, J.	Hammond, G.	Perry, L.	Turner, William.
Cox, W.	Herring, J.	Pitt, T.	Ward, R.
Driver, F.	Jarvis, A.	Searies, W.	Watts, R.
Floyd, P.	Knight, H.	Smith, H.	White, F.
Gilkes, J.	Minter, E.	Smith, Jesse.	White, W.
