

# KINGHAM HILL MAGAZINE

No. 9

DECEMBER, 1918.

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## VICTORY.

Victory has crowned our arms! Victory, triumphant and complete and unexpected in its swiftness at the last! Let us in the first place lift up our hearts in humble adoration and thanksgiving to Almighty God, the Giver of all victory, who has led us all the way hitherto, and has crowned our efforts in this long struggle with such magnificent success!

The conduct of our troops has been an inspiration to the whole country; in the darkest hours—and we have had some dark hours—they never faltered; we had a right to expect that they would do their duty as Englishmen; but the spirit of heroism and devotion displayed by them at all times has been the wonder and admiration of the world. The way in which they held the line on the Western Front and their “hammer blows” at the enemy during the last few months have been the main factor in bringing about the collapse of Germany; whilst in more distant regions they have won decisive victories, and brought freedom and new life to a number of oppressed nationalities.

Let us not forget also the part played by our Navy in this great war; it is not too much to say that it was our command of the sea which enabled us to win the victory. But the work of the Navy has for the most part passed unrecorded; and it will never be fully known what we owe to the sleepless vigilance of our sailors in keeping watch over the high seas, protecting our shores from invasion, blockading the enemy, and facilitating the transporting of troops and stores during the whole of this period. Truly, the Navy has proved a “sure shield” for the country and Empire in their time of trial.

Peace is not yet signed; when the terms are settled, let us hope they will prove satisfactory—that is, just to ourselves and our Allies, just to those who have fought for us, just to the memory of those who have laid down their lives for their country, who have died that “England might live.”

But the fighting is over; and so we are able to keep the festival of Christmas, the festival of the Prince of Peace, with glad hearts once again and with joy unclouded by anxiety—yet subdued, as it must be, by the thought of all we have gone through during these years of gloom.

Looking back upon the wonderful events of the last few weeks, it is difficult to realise all that has taken place—it seems only the other day that the Germans were in occupation of nearly the whole of Belgium and a considerable portion of France. And now the Allied Armies have taken up their position as conquerors on the banks of the Rhine!

“When the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion, we were like them that dream. The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad.”

C. E. B. YOUNG.

## ROLL OF HONOUR.

The following is a List of the Boys from Kingham Hill and Latimer House, so far as known up to the present, who have fallen in the war:—

NAME.	HOUSE.	FORCE.	DATE OF DEATH.
Henry Claridge	Durham		1914
Albert Hyslop	Latimer		1914
Charles Wheatley	Clyde	Canadians	1915
Noel Bradford	Clyde	Canadians	1915
Herbert Fuller	Latimer	Royal Fusiliers	1915
Jack Lethebe	Clyde	Dorset Regiment	1915
Louis Hall	Durham		1915
Henry Stayte	Swansea	Canadians	1915
James Smith	Durham		1915
Samuel Hughes	Latimer	R.F.A.	(?) 1915
Charles Moull	Durham	Royal Fusiliers	(?) 1915
Henry Hunt	Clyde	Royal Engineers	(?) 1915
Leonard Redpath	Latimer		(?) 1915
Leslie Isaac	Clyde	Canadians	1916
Alfred Manning	Sheffield	Royal Navy	Eattle of Jutland, May 31st, 1916
Walter Williams	Sheffield	Canadians	June 13th, 1916
Sidney Collier	Latimer	Devon Regiment	1916
Emmanuel Thompson	Clyde	4th Oxford & Bucks L.I.	1916
Glenelg Bartrum	Swansea	Canadians	Sept. 9th, 1916
Ernest Wyeth	Latimer		1916
Horace Devine	Swansea	Royal Fusiliers	1916
Charles Turner	Bradford	Royal Fusiliers	1916
Edwin Davies	Swansea	Canadians	Sept. 27th, 1916
Edward Gillings	Latimer	Canadians	1916
Samuel Hyde	Latimer	Royal Fusiliers	Oct. 2nd, 1916
Albert Cox	Bradford	Grenadier Guards	1916
Albert Adams	Bradford	London Regiment	Sept. 17th, 1916
Frank Kennell	Sheffield	Munster Fusiliers	Oct. 3rd, 1916
Stanley Garvey	Sheffield	Canadians	1916
Philip Pitt	Clyde	Canadians	Oct. 7th, 1916
George Stubbings	Sheffield	Royal Marines	Lost with <i>H.M.S. Laurentic</i> , Jan. 25th, 1917
Walter Scott	Clyde	Artillery	Feb. 1st, 1917
Charles Dutch	Durham	Canadians	1917
Frederick Jochem	Sheffield	Canadians	Mar. 1st, 1917
George Currie	Clyde	Wilts Regiment	Apl. 24th (?), 1917
Frederick Spriggs	Swansea	5th Oxford & Bucks L.I.	May, 1917
William White	Latimer		July 12th (?), 1917

**ROLL OF HONOUR—continued.**

James Flynn	Clyde		July 24th, 1917
Walter Burton	Swansea	4th Oxford & Bucks L.I.	Aug. 8th (?), 1917
Howard McLaven	Bradford		Sept. 22nd, 1917
Arthur Clapshew	Latimer	Royal Fusiliers	Accidentally killed, Sept. 24th, 1917
Albert Leslie	Latimer	London Regiment	Oct. 26th, 1917
Jack Shepperd	Durham	Machine Gun Corps	Oct. 29th, 1917
George Brooks	Bradford	Canadians	Nov. 10th, 1917
Frederick Mitchell	Durham	Berkshire Regiment	1917
Claude Oliver	Swansea		1917
Richard Duckering	Sheffield	5th Oxford & Bucks L.I.	1917
Leonard Ellacott	Bradford	Canadians	1917
Sidney Reading	Durham	Grenadier Guards	Mar. 27th, 1918
Reginald Ward	Sheffield	London Regiment	Mar. 28th, 1918
Ernest Ferry	Durham	East Surrey Regiment	June 4th, 1918
Frank Williams	Durham	Canadians	Aug. 10th, 1918
Clarence Cooke	Clyde	Irish Fusiliers	Sept. 29th (?), 1918

In addition, the following are reported as missing :—

NAME.	HOUSE.	FORCE.	MISSING SINCE
Arthur Metcalfe	Swansea	Canadians	June 1915
Harold Kirk	Swansea	6th Oxford & Bucks L.I.	Oct. 1916
Forder Stanley	Sheffield		June 1917
Victor Thatcher	Durham	Royal Fusiliers	July 1917
Frederick Burton	Clyde	Rifle Brigade	July 1917
Arthur Kirk	Swansea	Canadians	Aug. 1918

Our readers will be grieved to hear of the death of Mr. Grisewood, which took place last month. For some thirty-five years he has been Rector of Daylesford, and he was well known to all on Kingham Hill. It will be remembered how for many years he has regularly undertaken the examination of the Vth Form at Christmas. He took a leading part in the opening of Sheffield House in 1890; and in many other ways he has constantly manifested the most kindly interest in the work on Kingham Hill. He was looked up to with the highest esteem by all who knew him, and he will be long remembered for his faithfulness in the discharge of duty and the simple piety of his life. C.E.B.Y.

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**CHRONICLE OF EVENTS.**

During the last three months we have been very pleased to see the following "Old Boys": F. Beeson (R.A.M.C.), on leave from France; Walter Arnould (Labour Battalion); George Hammond (Gloucester Regiment), after three years at Salonika; Leonard Heath (Hampshire Regiment); Hedley Isaac (Canada);

William Spratley, on leave from France; Percy Palmer (O.T.C.); Percy Floyd (M.G.C.), who unexpectedly had another leave before going to France; Sgt. Jarvis; Staff-Sgt. Viner, from France; Fred James (Official Correspondent to the Ministry Overseas Military Forces of Canada); Tom Hine (Canada).

The School was re-opened on September 16th after the usual six weeks' holiday.

On Sunday, September 23rd, the Annual Service on behalf of the British and Foreign Bible Society was taken by the Rev. — Alston. The amount collected was £1 6s. 7½d.

We were pleased to welcome Mr. Bairstow, and trust that he derived some benefit from his stay on the Hill.

Our Harvest Festival took place on Sunday, October 13th. The Chapel was as usual decorated with flowers and wheat by the boys and their teachers. In the morning the Rev. Hankin-Turvin preached, his text being Ruth ii, 19th verse: "Where hast thou gleaned to-day?" The service in the afternoon was taken by the Rev. W. Fisher, who took for his subject, "Boys and Boyhood." This text was taken from Galatians vi. 7: "Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he reap."

On October 21st, Trafalgar Day, we hoisted the flag, and Mr. Young gave his usual address to the boys in the afternoon.

Durham House was closed temporarily on September 6th. Mr. and Mrs. Davis are now in charge of Norwich House.

On November 11th, just about 12 p.m., the news of the signing of the Armistice was brought to the Hill. Soon afterwards we could hear the joyful pealing of the church bells at Churchill, Chipping Norton, Daylesford, Kingham and Salford, and not least the ding-dong of the Kingham Hill bell. Great excitement prevailed, and we were all heartily thankful that the fighting had ceased.

On Friday, November 15th, the Hill being gaily decorated with flags, we held at 4.15 p.m., instead of our usual Intercession Service, a Thanksgiving Service to Almighty God for the glorious victory He has given to us.

On Sunday, November 17th, in common with other places of worship, we had Thanksgiving Services. In the unavoidable absence of Mrs. Brown, Mr. Tucker (who was visiting the Hill) presided at the organ. The morning service opened with the National Anthem and appropriate hymns were sung. In the course of his address the Rev. C. Hankin-Turvin likened the past four years of war to a dark tunnel which one enters without knowing what may befall one before the end is reached. As glimpses of light are occasionally seen in a tunnel, we had had several bright events to cheer us on, such as the victory on the Marne, etc., but above all the splendid heroism of our men and their devotion to duty, which inspired us with confidence that with God's help they would pull us through. This was a momentous day to all, but especially to the boys sitting in front of him, for they would reap the benefits of the great sacrifices which had been made for them by our sailors, soldiers and airmen.

Owing to bad weather, the older boys had great difficulty this year in digging up and storing the potatoes from their plot. Taking advantage of fine intervals, the task was at last completed, and the boys had the satisfaction after their hard work of having a fairly good crop. The boys agreed that part of their crop should, as last year, go to Latimer House.

The School tenders thanks to Q.M.Sgt. Meacher for his kindness in sending views of various places in Belgium, marking the progress of our Army towards Germany.

We are greatly indebted to Lt. Fred. James for his book, "Canada's Triumph," which he has so kindly sent to the School. We are proud that he has been chosen to be the official war correspondent for the Canadian Ministry, and we must congratulate him on his success and for his interesting book. When we remember what wonderful events took place in the memorable months of August, September and October, which led to the crushing defeat of the enemy, one wishes to read and read again the story of these months. In "Canada's Triumph" the author has put before us the part played by Canada, in very clear language, accompanied by plans and photographs. He gives us a living description of the battles of Arras, Amiens and Cambrai in which the Canadian Corps captured 28,000 prisoners, 500 guns, 3,000 machine guns, 69 towns and villages, 175 square miles of territory, and defeated decisively 47 German divisions. It is a deeply interesting and fascinating book.

We deeply regret the death of one of our oldest friends the Rev. A. Grisewood, who has been associated with the Hill since its commencement. His great kindness and courtesy endeared him to all. We looked forward to his presence at our Examinations and Prize-givings, and were glad to have him amongst us. We can recall his earnest and encouraging words, which, while helping us on with our work and studies, also showed us how to form good characters for our lives here and to fit ourselves for the life hereafter. We have lost a true and esteemed friend, and he will be missed very much by all connected with the Hill. The splendid example of his manly and Christian life should be ever in our minds and remembered by us. Our sympathy goes out to Mrs. Grisewood and family, and we pray that our Heavenly Father will grant His comfort and help to them in their great bereavement.

We are now looking forward to the return of our boys from the various fronts.

We wish all our readers "A Very Happy Christmas and a Bright and Prosperous New Year."

T. W. SCARFE.

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### TO THE RHINE!

"Welcome to the brave British Soldiers." "Welcome to our Deliverers." "We will never forget our friends." Hung amidst a brave show of French, Belgian and British flags, the above greetings met the eye of columns of khaki-

clad warriors who, with springy tread and to the music of bands and pipes, marched forward on the heels of the beaten enemy to take up positions which will ensure that the "blond beast of Europe" shall never again plunge the world into war.

Watch the column as it passes. Are these the men who but a few weeks ago were bespattered in mud? Are these the men who stormed the Hindenburg line, and were amongst the first to tread the war-scarred undergrowth of the Bois de Bourlon and the Forêt de Mormal? Are these the men who on the memorable morning of August 21st waited for the signal to "go over the top"? Yes! These are they who with grim determination have met the notorious field greys and made it possible that noble France and heroic Belgium shall come to their own again.

Mark well the faces of these men. Some amongst them but a few months ago answering the school bell. How have they been able to meet the foe? Let me here give you a little episode of these "youngsters," now worthy in the soldier's sense to be termed veterans. Just before the great offensive started a body of some 200 of these arrived to reinforce a certain battalion. On seeing them, the Colonel, in a tone of apparent despair, remarked, "What material!" Later the great test came. The struggle for final victory commenced, and these youths were called upon to face all the horrors of the battlefield. History will tell how they bore themselves; their example will live for all time. After many weeks, when the victory of our arms seemed certain, the above mentioned Colonel was reminded of his remark, and in a voice vibrating with emotion and thankfulness he repeated: "What material!"

One now notices the war-scarred veteran, perhaps one of the "contemptibles" of 1914. His duty done, he is treading once again the soil on which he faced the hordes of 1914.

As our eyes move from the column we notice that every house has its little token—every door and window is a frame for some smiling face. Four years of oppression have almost taken the power to cheer from these inhabitants, but many remarks and expressions of amazement as one regiment follows another express even better than the "hurrah" the deep feeling of thankfulness and the joy felt by them. And what of "Tommy"? What are his feelings? Perhaps they are expressed in his remarks, "What's on here?" "Ain't they making a fuss?" "Christmas is here already." Yet is it not possible that his thoughts turn to his own home—to the happy faces waiting to welcome him home some day? Is it not likely that he feels a touch of pride in his nationality—in the Britain that would not break her pledge to Belgium, in the country whose manhood sprang to arms when in August of 1914 Germany challenged the might of England?

Yes, beneath that careless exterior is the deeper feeling, the spirit that has carried him through dark days, through days of apparent disaster to final victory. Is not the British spirit finely described in that immortal passage? What better epitaph for those who have made the supreme sacrifice? What better inspiration

to those who have to face the problems of real life than the words—

“ One who never turned his back,  
 But marched breast forward,  
 Never doubted clouds would break,  
 Never dreamed, though right were  
 Worsted—Wrong would triumph,  
 Held—We fall to rise,  
 Are baffled to fight better,  
 Sleep—to wake.”

Is this not the spirit that has enabled the British race to carry on through years of war, to save herself by her exertions and Europe by her example?

STANLEY MEACHER, 4th Army.

The following is a copy of the general order issued by General Rawlinson to his troops of the 4th Army on the day the Armistice was signed, which it is thought may interest our readers: —

#### TO ALL RANKS OF THE FOURTH ARMY.

The Fourth Army has been ordered to form part of the Army of Occupation on the RHINE in accordance with the terms of the Armistice. The march to the RHINE will shortly commence, and, although carried out with the usual military precautions, will be undertaken generally as a peace march.

The British Army through over four years of almost continuous and bitter fighting has proved that it has lost none of that fighting spirit and dogged determination which has characterized British Armies in the past, and has won a place in history of which every soldier of the British Empire has just reason to be proud. It has maintained the highest standard of discipline both in advance and retreat. It has proved that British discipline, based on mutual confidence between officers and men, can stand the hard test of war far better than Prussian discipline based on fear of punishment.

This is not all. The British Army has, during the last four years on foreign soil, by its behaviour in billets, by its courtesy to women, by its ever ready help to the old and weak, and by its kindness to children, earned a reputation in France that no army serving in a foreign land torn by the horrors of war, has ever gained before.

Till you reach the frontier of Germany you will be marching through a country that has suffered grievously from the depredations and exactions of a brutal enemy. Do all that lies in your power by courtesy and consideration to mitigate the hardships of these poor people who will welcome you as deliverers and as friends. I would further ask you when you cross the German frontier to show the world that British soldiers, unlike those of Germany, do not wage war against women and children and against the old and weak.



The Allied Governments have guaranteed that private property will be respected by the Army of Occupation, and I rely on you to see that this engagement is carried out in the spirit as well as in the letter.

In conclusion I ask you one and all, men from all parts of the British Empire, to ensure that the fair name of the British Army, enhanced by your exertions in long years of trial and hardship, shall be fully maintained during the less exacting months that lie before you.

I ask you to show the world that, as in war, so in peace, British discipline is the highest form of discipline, based on loyalty to our King, respect for authority, care for the well-being of subordinates, courtesy and consideration for non-combatants, and a true soldierly bearing in carrying out whatever duty we may be called upon to perform.

RAWLINSON,

General,

Commanding Fourth Army.

H.Q., Fourth Army,  
11th November, 1918.

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### CAMPAIGNING IN PALESTINE.

Well, as I promised to write a few lines for the Magazine, I suppose I must make an attempt, but the chief trouble is to know exactly what to write about. So I think that you will have to be content with a few rambling remarks. I suppose that I have been rather fortunate since I first went overseas, as I have been on three different fronts. I first saw service in France for six months, then in Macedonia for another six months, then in Palestine for about thirty months, finally coming back to France last July, where I went into the line in the Ypres salient, where I was wounded after I had been in the line for about three weeks. I suppose so far as a campaign can be called interesting, I found the campaign in Palestine the most interesting. Of course the fighting out there was vastly different to what it was either in France or in Salonica. It was of a semi-open nature, and the artillery did not play such an important part as in France. This was especially the case after the fall of Beersheba and Gaza. But of course the machine guns and rifles were used more freely.

Of course, we had other things to contend with. We did a lot of forced marching, and owing to the heat and sand we found it very trying indeed at times. Then in the early days of the campaign we had a difficulty with the water supply. At times we went rather short. And when we got into the mountains round about Jerusalem we suffered a good deal from the wet and cold, and in addition, owing to our rapid advance and the difficulty of transport, we were on half rations for two or three months. Still, taking one thing with the other, we didn't have a bad time of it, and on looking back I must say that I should have been sorry to have missed any of it. The division that I belonged

to saw fighting which resulted in the fall of some of the most historic places out there. We were at Beersheba, Jerusalem and Jericho.

My own battalion were the first infantry troops to enter Beersheba. And Jerusalem was formally surrendered to our Divisional General. And our brigade were the first to march through the place. The Turks were still holding the Mount of Olives, which is just outside the city. The enemy quickly opened fire on us with his artillery and machine guns. We had to extend out pretty quickly and take some nasty positions. It was a fine sight to see our artillery gallop into action. They galloped up and unlimbered almost before we knew they were there. It was just like a field day at home. Later, our division were the first infantry to cross the Jordan. Of course, we took part in several other minor operations. I suppose, too, we saw what nowadays is a very uncommon sight—a cavalry charge. We were advancing behind the cavalry at the time, and we saw them charge several enemy batteries. The guns opened fire at them at point blank range, but it was no use; the gunners were all either killed or taken prisoners. I had rather a nasty experience at a place called Nebi Samwil (the ancient Mizpah). I took three men out on patrol, and I was unlucky enough to lose my way. Coming back we were wandering about for twenty-four hours. Eventually we managed to find our way back into our own lines. We didn't know any minute whether we were going to find ourselves in our own lines or in the Turks. There had been some rather heavy fighting just round there, and so we kept coming across graves, dead horses and mules, rifles and equipment belonging to our own people and also the Turks. One way and another, I think that I would rather go through a hot engagement than be lost again.

G. E. REYNOLDS.

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### 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 Mother's darlings know anything about massaging?" Four bespectacled youths, whose faces spoke of the world "We are simple," fell out, with brains reeling of an idea of a soft job. "You," roared the three-striped villain, jabbing one of the youths in the ribs, "Wot d'you think yer know about massaging?" "For many years," began the person 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 applicants: "You, I suppose, you've got about the same tales ter 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 Quartermaster. "You the massage blokes?" this person asked. "Well, then, you lot of shirkers get soap and water and clean and massage this canteen floor."

L. H. BATCHELAR.

**I AM DREAMING.**

Of the day when war shall cease,  
When the world comes back to Peace,  
With the sounding of the drum  
When the boys come marching home.  
For that joyful day is near,  
When we come with rousing cheer,  
For the ones that we hold dear,  
Who will need the best of care;  
And the stain will pass away  
Of the blood which won the day.

ARTHUR BETTERIDGE.

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**ONE OF THE INCIDENTS WHICH HELP TO BREAK THE MONOTONY.**

While in a quiet part of the line, where an occasional shell would cause a little commotion, we managed to obtain some amusement from the following incident, although it might well have been a very serious matter.

On coming out of our underground signal office one sunny afternoon, I noticed dense volumes of smoke issuing from a dugout which I knew to be occupied by some of our fellows.

I raised the alarm and was quickly surrounded by a crowd of excited men who fell to discussing the best means of putting out the fire, at the same time surmising as to the whereabouts of the occupants.

We were greatly relieved when one of them, Doug., our artificer, came running up the road, but we became very gloomy when he said he thought his sleeping partner, who is a bit eccentric at times, was still down the dugout. Horrified, we pictured how poor old Charlie had lighted his candle and shaved, lay down for a nap, and the candle having burnt down, had caught first the table covering and quickly spread all round the interior of the dugout. A lad and I quickly donned our respirators and attempted to crawl down the stairs, but we had to retreat owing to the intense heat.

We then decided to pour barrels of water down the sap, which we did with some success. The smoke and heat diminished sufficiently to enable a fellow to crawl down and to put the finishing touches on the fire, looking for the "dead" man the while.

The crowd of us, waiting anxiously at the top, tully expected the fellow to come up and tell us the worst, but when he eventually re-appeared and said there was no sign of Charlie, we began to look puzzled.

All this time Doug. was raving, as he had lost everything except what he stood up in, due, as he would have it, to the other's carelessness in leaving a dugout with a light burning. He was about right, too, I fancy.

Well, Doug. went below and brought up the remnants of the wreck. and

while we were inspecting the same and speculating as to what had become of Charlie, who should come meandering up the road, hands in pockets, but—Charlie.

Naturally, when the two occupants of the dugout met there was a very heated argument, with accusations and denials on both sides. Result: Six to one and half-a-dozen to the other. Anyway, they both went below, took a look around, and re-appeared on the surface, Charlie contentedly munching sodden biscuits. As Doug. still continued to grumble about the loss of his kit, Charlie came out with the very inappropriate remark, "I've got my biscuits, but I've lost all my chocolate powder." That finished poor Doug. and he retired, almost wishing Charlie had shared the same fate as his precious chocolate powder, and wondering if he (D.) should petition the O.C. to prohibit Charlie from carrying matches for the duration. Needless to say, Charlie gets twitted something cruel over his untimely remark, and as long as he is with us I don't think he will hear the end of it.

G. R. C. PIKE.

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### CUTHBERT—THE STORY OF A STORK.

Of all the names to choose from, to give a poor inoffensive stork, I think Cuthbert about the most ridiculous. But then! what is there in a name? and I suppose sailors must have their joke.

I must start from the beginning, as I wish to tell you my life story, if it will interest you.

When I first saw the light of day I was sitting in a cosy nest in company with two other baby storks. Our nest was built high up in a huge tree, and put together so cleverly by my father and mother that it would stand any amount of rough weather. How they must have worked to make such a strong, comfortable nest.

Until my removal from the nest our days were very happy. Our parents used to work from daybreak to sunset to find us youngsters food, and my word! how we could eat. I believe in those days I could have consumed a whole whale cut into small pieces and my brother and sister were as bad. We could hear our parents long before they reached our tree, and we used to open our beaks—and by the way they were very large beaks too—and crane our necks trying to reach higher than each other to get the first piece, but it was no good, we got no more than our share. I remember I used to wriggle round in my sister's place when I had had my share, but it did not deceive my parents; they knew whose turn was next.

As we got older and bigger I used to love to stretch my head up and gaze on the surrounding country; it was a lovely view. I could see for miles and the scenery was beautiful. Our tree was situated in a very wild and isolated spot, for you know we are very shy, and keep away from the haunts of man as much as possible. We were surrounded by very large trees and on one side

by miles of low-lying marshy ground; on the other side were ranges of very pretty hills. I learnt afterwards that this spot was situated in Devonshire and everyone knows how pretty that county is.

The older we got the harder our parents had to work. I often used to watch my mother as she left our nest. She used to make for the marshy ground, alight in a shallow pool or stream and sometimes remain perfectly still for minutes at a stretch, waiting for small fish, frogs, or other small creatures which we love, to come her way, when she would dart her beak into the water and fly straight back to us. It is the fish we love best, of course; our parents would never bring anything else unless hard pushed.

My father used to fly miles away, and though he did not come back so often he invariably brought a much larger quantity than my mother.

I used to love the warm sunny days when we could sprawl in our huge nest looking up at the sky and enjoy the gentle motion of our tree caused by the breeze. I often used to wonder in those days, when watching my father out of sight, what lay beyond the hills and how far he went. How I longed to be grown up so as I could see the world myself.

The evenings, just before dark, were a great joy to us storklings. Our parents used to perch for a while by the side of our nest and tell us stories of the outer world. It must be a wonderful place. It seemed impossible that the humans, as my mother called them, could point a stick which made a noise and crash a poor bird to earth, but what I have learnt since of the wonder of these humans you will soon know.

My parents were very large birds and, at that time, seemed a funny shape to me. They had small heads but very long and powerful beaks; this enabled them to catch the fish easier and proved a useful weapon in defence. Their necks being very long enabled them to reach the ground or bottom of a pool with greater ease. Their legs were also very long, no doubt to permit them to wade in shallow water and keep their bodies dry. They were both of a greyish colour tinged here and there with black, with a little tuft of grey feathers sticking out from the back of the head. They were both very graceful and powerful, my father being the bigger and handsomer of the two. Whoever thought out how we storks should be made must have been a very wonderful being. I am sure it must have been the same individual who made all the lovely country round us; no bird, or, I'm sure, even a human, could do that.

There came a day which was destined to be the turning point in my life. My mother had just been to feed us, my father had been gone some time, when we heard a noise which we knew at once to come from humans. Although we had never seen one up to then, instinct told us what they were. There were three of them, and the row they made was enough to frighten us to death. We poor storklings crouched down into the nest, and felt quite safe owing to the height of the nest from the ground. But I was to learn afterwards that they were not ordinary humans; they were sailors, who seem to fear nothing. We waited some time in fear for the three to depart when we suddenly felt the top

of our tree rocking; before we were aware of it, a human head appeared above us and looked into our nest. My! how startled we youngsters were. We squeaked and pecked at him, but he only laughed; how we wished our parents would return, for I am sure they would not have allowed him to remain there. We were soon to know what his intentions were; he placed his hand into the nest and how we did peck it! but it was of no avail; he seized me firmly and pulled me out of the nest and commenced to climb down to the ground. I shall never forget that journey; you see humans have no wings, and we were quite 90 feet from the ground; if he had fallen I'm sure I should have been killed. Anyhow, we reached the ground in safety; I was placed in a stuffy place in the human's clothes and after a horrible journey, which seemed like days in length, was pulled out to find myself in the strangest place imaginable. At first I could not see where I was, as I was surrounded by dozens of humans, who stared at me and kept feeling and poking me about. I could have cried with vexation. I pecked my hardest at them, but it was no use; it only made them make hideous noises—which I found out later they called laughing—and poke me all the more. I was also terrified out of my life fancying every minute that they were going to kill me, but after a bit I found they could not mean to harm me, for beyond placing their hands upon me they left me alone.

All this time I was getting ravenously hungry, but I did not have to wait long, for someone pushed through the crowd suddenly with shiny things all over his body, and in his hand he carried some lovely fresh fish. I soon forgot the humans and set to work with a will.

When I had a chance to look round I found I was in a large floating object with trees without branches sticking up from it. On one side was a large expanse of water, and on the other the ugliest looking ground imaginable covered with strange moving objects besides humans.

All this I found afterwards to be Plymouth Dockyard, and the ship I was on the "Sentinel." My owner, the human who climbed the tree after me, was the First Lieutenant.

After I had been well pulled about and fed I was placed into a comfortable box on the Quarter Deck, and at once became an object of curiosity for all around. I soon learned to know my master and his servant, the human who fed me, and very soon found that instead of doing me any harm the sailors only wished to pet me, and although, through a feeling we wild folk get towards humans, I still felt nervous, I was beginning to like my new life very much.

I soon got to know the new language, although, however much I tried, I could not speak it myself. I heard my master say he had telegraphed to the Zoological Gardens to find out what he could feed me on. They answered, "Fresh fish," and added that it was impossible to tame me. They had evidently reckoned without the British sailor. Mind, I did my best, but I found them irresistible, however much I fought against their attentions they would not take me seriously.

As the days went by I grew to like my home more and more, and also the

sailors in my ship. There was one in particular whom I was very fond of, and he was a Marine, but such a funny one. Sometimes he used to go through all sorts of strange movements, putting his feet in the air and twisting himself all over the place. Truly these humans are strange. He used to sit near me on the deck, stroke my beak and give me scraps of fish. He told me lots about a lovely spot he knew of in Oxfordshire where some storks used to nest. Daylesford Park I think the name of the place was.

I shall never forget the first time we put to sea. Whilst preparations were being made I thought the whole ship's company had gone mad; they were rushing backwards and forwards, shouting orders, hauling ropes through blocks and making numerous other noises and movements.

All of this, of course, was strange to me, and imagine my surprise, when all these strange noises had died down, I suddenly felt the ship moving away from the jetty. To say I was terrified would be to put it mildly. I thought my last hour had come, but on looking at all my human friends I found them carrying on as usual, and making no fuss, which had the effect of calming me down.

I learned that we were to go to Dover to act as leader to the 6th Destroyer Flotilla. I must tell you about the ship I was on. She was of about 1,500 tonnage, carried six four-inch and several 12-pounder guns, and was about 2,000 horse power, capable of steaming 30 knots. These ships I learned were used chiefly for leading destroyers and scouting.

After our trip to Dover we used to do a lot of sea trips, mostly at night. How little the humans on shore used to know of what my sailor friends used to do.

We would get under weigh after dark, steam up Channel, which was sometimes very rough, and return at daybreak. Certain times of the year we would be out for weeks at a stretch, except for a very short stay in a port for coaling, and at these times we would steam without a light showing; a very risky business, too; we were nearly run down on several occasions.

It was while on one of the latter trips that I had a most painful experience. You remember I told you that I had to be fed on fresh fish? Well, being at sea for some days my master found it very difficult to get this fresh fish, and my human friends were at their wits' ends to know what to feed me with. I was given kippers by one, piece of raw meat by another; everyone seemed concerned about me, and brought me something; and oh! how I suffered from those kind attentions. You cannot blame me; I knew no better; I simply opened my beak and let them drop in what they thought best. How I suffered for two days! my poor head drooped, and I could touch nothing but a tiny drop of water.

It was my human friend who turns upside down who cured me; but oh! my poor tummy. He came to me in the evening with some stuff in a bottle, castor oil they call it. It makes me feel ill to think of it even now. He forced my beak open and let the infernal stuff down my throat, and for several hours my

poor tummy was in a tumult. He kept coming to look at me and ask me how I was; how I longed for the human language to tell him what I thought of him. After two or three hours of agony I began to get better, and by the following morning I felt quite all right. I then began to feel a little grateful for that oil, but oh! the taste of it.

I was now nearly full grown and used to wander about the upper deck. My happiest time was in the early morning, when the sailors washed the decks; they used to have a great snake-like arrangement which they called a hose; one of them would point this thing, and suddenly a terrific burst of water would come from it. The first morning I saw this the sailors played a practical joke upon me; directly the hose was placed on the deck I attacked it, thinking it was a snake; one of the sailors then pointed the end at me, and I was about to peck at that when I was met with the full force of the water in my beak. Oh! those sailors! again I should like to have told them something and to see them laugh one would have thought it was a great joke, instead of a poor stork being drenched through.

You can imagine how careful I was after that to keep clear of the business end, but the sailors did not have it all their own way. One morning I noticed a marine walking along the upper deck, and also noticed his feet were different from the sailors. They were black, large and heavy, whilst the sailors' were smaller and white. When the marine came close to the sailor he seemed to put his foot on that of the sailor. I've never seen such a difference in a human in so short a time. The sailor jumped in the air, shouted, and the language he used was too hard for me to follow, but perhaps it was as well, and the faces he pulled were enough to frighten me up a tree, had there been a real one with branches near at the time. Strange to say the Marine shook with laughter; these humans are funny.

I learned from all this that the sailors' feet must be tender when not covered like the marines. So if at any time I saw the opportunity I used to steal up and peck at a sailor's foot, generally managing to get a grip at one of his toes, and then run for all I was worth. The strangest part of all this was that although I believe I used to hurt the sailor I pecked at, all the others used to scream with laughter, whilst the one I pecked at would rush after me with his broom. Why sailors should laugh when one of their comrades get hurt I cannot understand.

By this time I had become an object of curiosity for friends of the ship's company for miles around. I even had some distinguished visitors from London, but I did not like these visitors, having got accustomed to my sailor and marine friends, and why they should want to show me off to other humans I cannot understand. I suppose it must have been because my master used to say I was the strangest pet he had ever seen. I often used to visit the Ward Room, where all the officers of the ship lived, and enjoyed the visits very much. I would walk round the table, being fed first by one and then another, but never would



I take too much to eat. I'd had one good lesson, but one day I'm afraid I took too much to drink. I must tell you about that.

It was during a visit to the Marines' mess deck, and a marine was ladeling some coloured water into large cups—I heard them call it rum afterwards. When he saw me he placed one of the cups near me, and being very thirsty after a salt fish dinner, I commenced to drink. Instead of the fluid running coolly down my throat it seemed to set it on fire, and stick there. After a bit I became warm all over, and my throat got better, so I drank some more, and kept on drinking, getting warmer the while. When my thirst was quenched—which seemed to take a little longer than usual—I thought I'd go on to the upper deck again into the cool, as I seemed to be getting hotter every minute, but when I commenced to move, my head swam, and I found myself falling from one side of the deck to the other. All the while those marines were simply rocking with laughter. What there was funny in a poor stork feeling a little unwell I could not see, and yet how they laughed, the brutes! I tried to tell them what I thought of them, but simply found myself spitting and spluttering as if I had a cold.

How I climbed the ladder I do not know. I've a dim recollection of getting up a few steps and falling again. I'm sure one of the Marines must have carried me up. Every few minutes I would seem to know where I was, and the whole ship's company were round me now; to hear them laugh one would have thought the whole world was feeling a bit dizzy instead of a poor little stork nearly full grown.

Never again did I touch any fluid but that which I knew to be clear water. My master said I had signed the pledge. I don't know what that means, but if it should mean that I'd had more than enough coloured water he was right. It was three days before my poor throbbing head got right.

When I had got my full amount of feathers everyone seemed to take a delight in lifting me up a few feet and throwing me in the air, this, I suppose, to teach me to fly, and I'm sure I learned to fly a little, about ten times quicker than any ordinary stork. There were about 250 in that ship's complement, and out of that number at least about 200 would seize me some time or other during the day and sling me in the air. This used to so enrage me that I would have killed any one of them—had I been able—for the tail of a sprat.

My poor body was smothered with bruises, but there is no doubt they taught me to fly, for after a while when one or the other approached me I would spring away, using my wings to help me, and within three days of my first heave skywards, I could fly about twenty paces along the deck. Within a week I was able to fly round the mast, and after a while I used to go for a morning flight round the harbour, returning to my ship when tired.

Oh! how I loved those flights, and be able to do something the humans could not do. Although I often heard my master talking about flying, but I never saw a human do so. Well! where are his wings?

To fly hundreds of feet in the air, seeing for miles out to sea and across

country was simply grand. My greatest difficulty during these flights was to tell my own ship. There was another one in harbour so much like the "Sentinel" and called the "Skirmisher," that I could not tell the difference, and more often than not I alighted on the latter ship. But they knew about me aboard there, and a boat—sent away especially for me, mind—would take me to my own ship.

Of course it must be common knowledge among those who read my poor little story that the sailors and the ships they man are wonderful. Their messes are anything but comfortable, yet they make the most of it, and keep cheerful, and to see them manning their guns, hitting targets miles away, with huge pieces of steel which they fire from their guns, and still keeping cool and cheerful when the sea is very rough, makes one swell with pride to think one lives amongst them. Ah! how I grew to love my shipmates; with all their practical joking, they were the tenderest creatures possible. I have known them stay aboard, instead of going ashore to enjoy themselves, so that they could lend or give their money to a comrade whose family was in distress.

On one occasion, when a poor fellow was killed whilst coaling ship, his shipmates bought his kit, value about £3, and paid £12 for it in order that his family whom he loved should not want for a good while. But there, I am afraid I am getting sentimental and going away from my story. ...

A week or two after learning to fly round the harbour, our Flotilla had orders to proceed to sea by night. Hitherto we had only been to sea by day—except for the once I have already mentioned, when, of course, I could not fly.

Apart from the terrific noise made by the engines, I knew very little of what took place on these occasions. As we left the harbour I perched well up on the bridge, near my master, and had a good view of everything.

Our ship, being the leader, went out first, and was quickly followed by six destroyers, keeping in our wake like little chicks after their mother. The "Skirmisher" came out later, also followed by destroyers, and took her place about 400 yards to our right. What a grand sight it was, but, of course, nothing to be compared with battleships, but then a battleship would be nowhere without its screen of scouts.

I had already had my flight, so did not leave the ship any more that day.

If any of my readers have not seen a fleet of warships, then they have missed a grand sight. It was about mid-day when we came up with the fleet of battleships to which we were to act as scouts, etc. The sun was at its height and the sky cloudless. The rays of the sun on the well-polished brasswork turned the latter into gold. There were twelve ships in all, weighing well over 25,000 tons; their duty lay in guarding the island home of the sailors' and marines' loved ones, and, of course, my parents and brother and sister. How grim and silent they looked, manned by brave fellows who are ready to lay down their lives that their loved ones may live in peace and comfort.

We received our orders from the Flagship, and at once increased speed from 12 to 20 knots, leaving the battleships as if they were stationary. When we were about five miles ahead of the Flagship our Captain gave the signal

to open out, when our position was changed from single line ahead to that of a fan shape, thus forming a screen for the battleships. Should the enemy be sighted, it would be our duty to inform the Admiral, engage their scouts—thus preventing them from getting at close quarters and torpedoing our larger ships, also to harass them, and perhaps to try to cut off their battleships and prevent them escaping our own, should they prefer flight to fighting.

How happy I felt and proud to be in such surroundings. I am sure I should never want to live any other life.

I must now wait for other events to happen before adding any more to my story, but in case it should go no farther I must conclude by expressing the sincerest wish that if ever my friends of the Navy become engaged in a real war they will emerge victorious. I feel sure they will, for how could they lose when they are so brave and gentle, and, as they are an example to the humans of the English nation, I am sure the latter would not enter a war which was not forced upon them. Then there is that wonderful being that made us storks, and all that lovely country where I was born, he would not allow them to be beaten.

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#### AUTHOR'S NOTE.

Poor Cuthbert went for his usual early morning flight on the morning following the day the Flotilla put to sea, and, finding the pace rather too much for him, he lighted on the wrong ship.

The following signal was sent from the C.O., H.M.S. "Sentinel" :—

"Has anyone seen 'Cuthbert,' our pet stork?"

Answer from the last destroyer in the line :—

"Cuthbert alighted aboard here this morning, and a fool of a sailor—who joined the ship the day before leaving harbour—hit him with a broom and killed him."

Poor Cuthbert was mourned by the whole Flotilla.

DOUGLAS BOARD.

