

No. 7

KINGHAM HILL MAGAZINE

JUNE, 1918.

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CHRONICLE OF EVENTS.

We have had the great pleasure of a visit from the following "old boys" since our last number was issued:—Maurice Brown (Canada), who is still feeling the effects of being gassed; Arthur Cutts (Canada); William Dobbyn (H.M.S.), who having been through the Falkland Battle and Dardanelles is now engaged on very trying and strenuous work elsewhere; Percy Floyd (M.G.C.), who expects to go over the water again in a few weeks; John Gilkes (Canada), from hospital—severely wounded in the head, Lieut. F. James (Canada), from Bexhill; Charles Mascot (Canada), from Convalescent Camp; Ernest Meehan (Canada), from France; Corporal Percy Palmer (Worcester Regt.), France and Italy, now in training for a commission; F. Passenger (Canada), from Bramshott; Frank Shepperd (Canada); George Trinder (Canada); and Reg. Viner (R.A.M.C.), from Blackpool, who is shortly leaving for France.

The School is very much indebted to Corporal Palmer for the loan of "book of views" of Italy and France, and for interesting curios.

On March 19th, as usual, we celebrated the birthday of Mr. Young (our great day) by having the usual holiday. For some years past the principal feature has been the football contest between Norwich and the School. This year it turned out to be a very one-sided match. As we watched the game visions of former contests came before us and of those who are now engaged in "The Great Contest" who will remember "Play up the School!" "Play up Norwich!" In the first half the School played very well, but in the second half were quite outplayed. The score being Norwich 18, Schools 2. There is some doubt how the score stands now—we fancy the School is still one match ahead—perhaps someone will oblige.

Thursday, March 21st, witnessed the solemn service of Confirmation, which took place at the Parish Church, Chipping Norton. Our confirmees were H. Boyden, R. Burnett, Arthur Jones, H. Remfrey, Mr. and Mrs. Hatch. Dr. Corfe (late Bishop of Korea) officiated in place of the Bishop of Oxford. The Bishop spoke on the words "Seek the Lord and His strength (Psalm 105, 4th verse).

On Sunday, March 24th, the clock was put forward one hour. In the Chapel we had special Hymns and Prayers of Intercession.

Wednesday afternoon, April 17th, being wet, the Rev. Hankin Turvin kindly came up to the School and gave us a very interesting lecture on Sierra Leone. The boys were exceedingly interested in his account of the journey from the coast to the interior—the difficulty with the “boys”—seeking for the lightest article and their expressions when they lifted the small case containing ammunition,—the trials of being carried in hammocks,—the amazement on looking through a pair of field glasses, etc. At the conclusion of his lecture our Chaplain showed us some very interesting curios from this part of the world, and also one or two from France.

We hoisted the Union Jack on St. George's Day, April 23rd. After the singing of the “Children's Hymn” (Rudyard Kipling), Mr. Young referred to the stories about the Patron Saint of England—the name that our armies, fighting in olden times, shouted as they rushed against the foe, ‘St. George for England!’ He spoke of the red cross of St. George which appears on our national flag, also of the legend which tells us that when the English were fighting in the wars of the Crusades, they were suddenly attacked by an overwhelming force of the enemy; at the critical time a heavenly host led by St. George came to the rescue and helped the English to win the day—also that one which relates to the martyr St. George, who during the persecution of the Christians by Diocletian, Emperor of Rome, was put to death for tearing down a proclamation against the followers of Christ. He touched upon the present war, and gave us the lessons which we might learn from the above stories.

This day being the birthday of William Shakespeare, special talks about the works of our great poet were given in the School.

The boys have again been helping to clear the “Cover” of the wood which remained after the Government officials had taken their logs. Several stacks now stand off the road round the Durham field as a witness to their hard work. Many of the boys gave up several Wednesday half-holidays to do this work.

Following up their endeavour of last year the boys have joined in responding to the appeal to grow more potatoes, and this important work has this year been carried out under great difficulty owing to the hardness of the ground and the dryness of the season. The planting is now finished and we trust that a good crop will be the reward of their hard labour. The plot as in last year has been divided up between the three Houses, each House having its own section. On Monday, May the 27th, the VI. and V. went over to Daylesford and gave Mr. White a helping hand by planting over an acre with potatoes.

We are sorry to record the death of Reg. Ward. We remember his manly and cheerful disposition, his attachment to the Hill, the various pieces that he wrote for our Magazine, and his personal bravery in France.

The loss of Sid. Reading, who for several years worked in the bakehouse, throws another gloom over the Hill. As one of that gallant band of Territorials, who volunteered to go out at the beginning of the war, he went out to France, and after serving his time came back and for a short time engaged in munition work. At the call of his country he joined the Coldstream Guards and again went over to France. We shall miss him on the Hill---his bright and happy ways. The bakers have now lost both of their Staff.

We congratulate the Rev. F. J. Hazeldine on having obtained the Military Cross.

T. W. SCARFE.

DESCRIPTION OF AN AIR RAID.

The sky seems strangely bright and calm, and it is apparent by the way people search it, that another visit from the Huns, commonly known as the Bang Boys, is expected.

On gazing up one is suddenly aware that the searchlights are doing their utmost to shine in competition with the moon, but it is a poor effort.

The rumour then spreads, the enemy are on the way, which is quickly confirmed by the terrific bangs of the maroons. Hearing these, people make tracks for the nearest shelter, to which they are directed by illuminated sign posts.

Arriving there they await the first booming of the guns, which announces the arrival of hostile aircraft.

A mass of searchlights flood the sky, and as the Huns creep in the air becomes a tornado of falling shells, while our planes are doing their utmost to prevent the enemy carrying out their dastardly work. The engines of enemy planes may now be heard, it being easy to perceive the difference between them and our own. This noise is also accompanied by the rattle of the machine guns, which indicates a duel in the air.

It passes over, and there being a lull in the firing, the bolder spirits immediately run out to pick up the pieces of shrapnel, to keep as mementos; but while they are so busily engaged, the guns roar out again, at which instant people run for their places of shelter. This time the noise is added to by the crashing of bombs, a noise which is louder than any guns.

A motor ambulance now finds its way to the vicinity of the fallen bomb, and this is joined almost simultaneously by the Fire Brigade, both parties being out on work of rescue.

The firing is now restricted to the suburbs, and suddenly cheers rend the air as a plane is seen to fall in flames, the sight being beautified through its being held in the glare of the searchlights.

Again it is all quiet, and one wonders whether all is over, when you are relieved by hearing the sound of the bugle, in various sharps and flats, describing the "All Clear," which end another eventful night.

PAT DACK.

BESIDE THE MARNE.

Beside the Marne fair springtime comes again ;
 Wild flowers breathe fragrance, and the soft winds blow ;
 And all day long, and while the night hours creep,
 White crosses stand on guard where brave men sleep,
 And winding waters ever onward flow,
 Beside the Marne.

Beside the Marne the graves lie very close,
 And sacrifice is writ on earth, and air, and sky ;
 We bare our heads, for, lo ! 'tis God we see,
 Clearly as on the hill of Calvary,
 Where heroes fought and laid them down to die,
 Beside the Marne.

Beside the Marne did the great dead behold
 The flag upborne by our dear lads and fit ?
 Did journeying sun record each well loved name
 On some clear page within the book of fame ?
 The Empire's debt for evermore is writ
 Beside the Marne.

Beside the Marne Canadian glory lives
 In those who sleep where crosses heavenward turn,
 And mothers yet unborn the tale shall tell
 How godlike men o'ercame the powers of hell,
 And future sons a code of honour learn
 Beside the Marne.

PTE. L. BATCHELOR.

A DAY IN THE GREAT NORTHERN MIST.

We have just returned from a hilarious game of football, each one feeling highly pleased that his afternoon's effort had been the means of our team obtaining a well earned victory over our Flagship's team.

On reaching our mess-deck we find an unusual amount of activity going on, and to us it conveyed an impression "that something is afoot." Anyhow our expectations are soon realized, for we found that our ship had been detailed for a special "stunt," the nature of which even our Naval Oracle, "The Commander's Servant," cannot fathom. Very shortly we hear "Special Dutymen to your stations," and then we knew that very soon we should be ploughing the "Great Unknown." Ah, well! one gets used to everything, and we were quite used to these perpetual pilgrimages.

One is fed up—then one is less fed up—then one is resigned. This was the sort of moral armour we found as an equivalent to the shrapnel helmet and the rest.

Now to my story,—

After weighing anchor, we pass the defences, and are now rapidly travelling on our as yet "unknown mission."

Ah! What is that! We are to fall in immediately and the Captain enlightens us somewhat as to our duties during the next 20 hours.

We have been chosen to intercept a German Convoy, which is believed to be on its way from Norway to Germany, and that at daylight we may have the added interest of an action. How proud everyone feels at the possibility of meeting the Hun on the morrow, and endeavouring to thrash him in the true Nelsonian style.

The First Watch (8 p.m.-12 p.m.) passes very slowly, as standing round our gun we discuss the next day's business and the possibility of our success. Each member of the Gun's Crew passes his opinion of the affair, and one hears brilliant orations as to how the stunt should be carried out. Of course each man thinks he could give the Captain a few valuable hints as to how the business could be made a great success. 12 midnight. We now retire (sounds gone) below decks for four hours, and what a refreshing sleep!

When called at 4 a.m. we hear the strident notes of "Action" on the bugles, and in the grey dawn we tumble up on to the Upper Deck.

It is a bitterly cold morning, and although there is very little wind, the long swell coming from seaward, the result of the north-easterly gale which has been blowing for the last few days, makes life in a light cruiser extremely uncomfortable. "Signalmen," shouts the Captain, "Make a signal to our destroyer—Out all lights, course N 75 E., speed 25 knots."

Scarcely ten minutes had passed before the look-out reported: "Some-thing' ahead without lights, Sir." Even as the man spoke, something, a vague, shadowy something, obscured the light for an infinitesimal part of a second. "By jove! so there is," exclaimed the Commander; "A ship without lights—and a devil of a big ship too; I expect there are more of them there." "Signalmen!" "Sir!" "Make—stop engines." "Aye, aye,

"There's a ship or ships ahead there without lights," shouted our skipper to the destroyer, "I shall go on at 18 knots and get inshore of them, you proceed and investigate!!!" We follow in the wake of our destroyer and soon are able to define several ships.

"All right, I understand," came the answer to our Captain, and both Skippers put their engine room telegraphs to half-speed. "Keep your eyes skinned, they can't be far off, whoever they are," said the Captain.

Gazing ahead through the murk, everyone thought they saw the dim shapes of the stray ships, but it was not until five minutes later, that their black hulks loomed into view. "Green 70" comes through to the guns,

and the towering hulks of the great ships become-momentarily plainer as they approach. "They've seen us! and I'll swear they're not our ships; we don't use lights like that," the Captain cried. Everyone waits with nerves tensely strained, as every second brought the strangers nearer and nearer. When they were closer it could be seen that they were foreigners and while we were endeavouring to recognise their build, there was a terrific flash and the roar of a gun. The shell whined over us and pitched in the water some distance to larboard, but it gave us the chance we had been waiting for.

"Let 'em have it," yelled the Captain. "All right, Sir," was the cheery reply.

The roar of our guns developed into a regular tornado of ear-splitting crashes, while the lighter machine and automatic weapons added their sharp reports to the din. As yet we had not been hit, for at first the firing had been wild, but there was a crash and a sheet of flame from our stern portion. Our ship shuddered, and those on the bridge could feel the bows rising. An instant later we were rewarded by seeing a dense column of smoke, mingled with water and flame, issuing from the side of the German ship, and with a roar that rent the heavens she sank into the "Great Divide."

Now to our damages.

Good! The only damage we had sustained is our steering gear slightly jarred and a portion of the Upper Deck structure torn away. Never mind, we shall soon get over that. We do not feel unhappy, although our sea-boots are full of water.

Suddenly a signal is received—"Lat. 54, 45N, Long. 0, 10E., help urgently required." We proceed to this destination and suddenly see the fiery tail of a rocket shoot into the sky a good distance off the port bow. Nearer and nearer we steam, and barely 500 yards distant we fell in with the stranger. It could be seen that she was a red-funnelled, black-painted steam tramp of about 1,600 tons. She lay broadside on to the wind and masses of spray broke on board and went flying across her decks. Everyone of her boats had vanished, while her splintered condition showed how horribly she had suffered in the gale. We signalled to her, and found that she had lost her propeller, and so fell out of the remainder of the convoy. A boat was lowered from our ship and after waiting about 20 minutes our men returned.

She was of German origin, so we left her under the wing of our destroyer to be brought to harbour.

Our day's work is done and we are now on our way back to port, everybody thinking of the few days' leave in store. We have consumed our dose of tonic without enquiring whether the enemy has had his supply. We avail ourselves of the mounting energy of "Old England" by determining to go on towards the right end without faltering; the art of getting used to it shall carry us over the road still to be trodden till the end is reached, and ay!!! what a glorious one it will be.

LANCE-CORPL. V. R. BAKER, R.M.L.I.

AN ATTEMPT.

I used to have a kind of hunch
That I was half a poet once,
But now I've no such feeling;
For since I've read the Magazine
Its, sure, pure genius I have seen
Some K.H. boys displaying;
What they will write if they keep on,
My goodness, there's no saying.

Ah! What was it I wished to-day?
I'd better cough, and fire away;
But where's my ammunition?
I'm in the Forestry Corps,
And so I guess its in the store,
Don't s'mise that I'm a soldier;
I never have been up the line,
Which fault is not entirely mine,
As I am quite short-sighted.

To think that Hill Boys, by the score,
Have done their bit and may-be more,
Is good, but not surprising;
I know the com-pan-ions I had
The years I lived there as a lad,
And real true British hearts we had,
And eager minds for learning.

'Tis very pleased we are to know
The way that England's faced the foe,
Together with her Allies;
Till very soon we hope to see
The last big smashing victory,
And Hun Fritz pay the penalty
For unbelieved barbarity,
Together with the Kaiser.

JACK BURTON.

THE BERMUDAS.

The Bermudas are a group of islands situated almost parallel to, and about 1,000 miles from the centre of Central America (to the East). As we approached the sea became much clearer and a deep azure blue. Fishes could be seen quite distinct, and a shoal of "Cavelli"—a fish common in these parts—gambolled round the fore part of the ship as the latter cut through the water. After dark, the disturbance of the water by the ship and waves, caused it to light up with phosphorescence in places, making a very pretty picture.

When first sighting the Bermudas, it is impossible to form any idea as to shape and size; this I learnt later when exploring the place.

The islands are shaped like a horse shoe, the inside of the shoe forms the harbour, and a very good one too.

The entrance is through a narrow channel, the remainder of the mouth being shallow and infested with reefs. Once inside we proceeded towards Ireland Island, where the dockyard is situated, and on our way we passed the skeleton of a large floating dry dock, which had been used a good many years ago for repairs to our warships, and which had broke adrift some time or other, and had smashed itself on the rocks.

We reached our allotted place in the huge dockyard basin about 5 p.m. We found ourselves in an excellent dockyard, containing a good many large buildings, fitted up with excellent plant and worked by first-class mechanics from England. It also contained a large floating dry dock, capable of lifting a Dreadnought out of the water. This is done by first filling the air spaces in the dock with water until she sinks low enough to admit the ship, then pumping the water out and making it buoyant again, thereby lifting the ship clear of the water. This was done to our ship, and we found it very interesting. It may be interesting to know that some difficulty was experienced in bringing such an enormous structure from England. She broke away on two occasions in the journey across, and was found very hard to tow, on account of such a large front being brought to bear against the water. Great credit is due to British seamanship for such an accomplishment. The dockyard was built by convicts and prisoners of war chiefly, large pieces of stone being used which were found on the Islands.

A good many years ago the N. America and W.I. Station was considered a very important naval station, and a large fleet of ships under an Admiral were kept there, Bermuda being the base for provisions and repairs. Bermuda is one of the many places which are essential to England as a nation, depending to a great extent for supplies from overseas. It is at these places where our ships are able to call for coal, provisions, water and repairs.

I have already mentioned that the dockyard was built on Ireland Island, this island forming one point of the horse shoe, the end of the point rising to a good many hundreds of feet out of the sea, and on this end the Captain

of the dockyard's house is situated, containing a look out and a guard of Royal Marines. There were also several dwelling-houses for dockyard employees and naval officers. There are as many islands in the Bermudas as there are days in the year (365). Of course some are so small that a tall man could span them lying down. The very largest, where the capital is situated, is not bigger than Daylesford, including the park. The chief islands are Ireland Island, Somerset, Warwick, and Boas Islands, also several more I forget the names of. There is a garrison of artillery on the opposite side to the dockyard for guarding the entrance, and a company (200) of soldiers on the dockyard side, but two islands away. The islands are connected up with good strong bridges, and a regular bus service runs from Ireland Isle to Somerset Isle (the latter where the natives live) in which shaky horse-drawn vehicles are used. Before the dockyard was completed a large number of niggers from the W. Indies were brought across for the labouring part. These settled down, sent for their women folk, and now live in a good sized town called Somerset, on the same named isle as mentioned above.

The capital of Bermuda is named Hamilton, and peopled chiefly by Americans. It is a favourite resort for American tourists, and contains some very large hotels, the chief one, called the Prince's Hotel, contains sufficient convenience to accommodate over a thousand visitors. It is from the tourists that the town depends for its living.

The vegetation is semi-tropical, and the scenery on some of the islands is magnificent. The lily is grown to a great extent, and whole fields in full bloom may be seen—a most beautiful sight. The climate is also semi-tropical, and very hot in summer. In winter, although it never gets very cold, the islands are swept with continuous violent gales, which play havoc with anything movable.

As soon as the ship was made snug, the thoughts of the majority of the ship's company were turned on fishing. All those who had got hooks were very soon round the breakwater, and intent on trying to hook anything that came their way. As I have mentioned before, the water surrounding Bermuda is very clear, and in the basin so clear that the fishes can be seen swimming about for some considerable depth. This latter fact caused great amusement, a fish would swim to one of the hooks, look at the bait and swim away. This, of course, would cause great excitement on the fisherman's part. In a good many cases the fish would turn, flick the bait off with its tail and eat it.

The fish common to these waters are very different to those round the British Isles. With very few exceptions the latter are good to eat, and have a very nice flavour. Of the former there are only a few which are so, and these do not come up to our herring, cod, haddock, &c., for flavour. I found the fishes a most fascinating subject; one could watch their movements for hours and still find something interesting. There were fishes of all shapes, colours, and sizes—from the dreaded shark to the tiny "white bait." The latter—which are about the size of our minnow—hop along the surface

of the water when pursued, making a popping noise. In watching one sees a continual round of devouring, the shark will chase fishes of all sizes—although they rarely shew themselves during the day—and so it goes on down to the poor little “white bait” which become the general prey. The latter swim about in shoals of some thousands. There is a certain fish about the size of our English perch, which we nicknamed **Jacks**. These fish can swim at a tremendous pace. They will lurk in a dark corner, and when a shoal of “white bait” approach will flash through the centre, leaving a space where their victims were swimming the moment before.

Some of the fishes were very prettily marked. There was one particular kind which our fellows called footballers, because they were brilliantly coloured like a football shirt. I counted as many as six different colours in this species, the most common being amber with black stripes. Then there is the cowfish, which has head and shoulders very much like a cow, but without horns. Its skin is hard, very much like a shell; its body tapers to a fine point from the shoulders, ending in a tail like an ordinary fish. We had a fine opportunity for examining one of these closely, one of our seamen caught one.

Our Assistant Paymaster caught a fish one day which greatly resembled a snake. It was about $4\frac{1}{2}$ ft. long, had a striped body and a very sharp set of teeth. The natives and also our expert fishermen had seen nothing like it before..

Although leave to go ashore had been granted, very few wanted to go (except to fish) as there was not much money about, it being near the end of the month. A sailor or marine has a rooted objection to being weighted with money, he will bank it with the Paymaster, leave part of his wages in England to be paid when paying off the ship, or take the first opportunity for spending it.

When lying at Sheerness on a battleship some years ago we used to be allowed leave from Friday till Monday every fortnight, and the majority of us used to go to London with two weeks' pay in our pockets, our chums' and our own, the following week our chums would go with ours.

There is a sailors' home in Bermuda, built on the opposite end of the island to the dockyard. Here there are billiard tables, reading and writing rooms, a bar for the sale of beer, etc., and about 200 beds to accommodate any men who wished to stay all night. Our fellows used to thoroughly enjoy themselves at this place. When ashore they are so much like a lot of boys for a bit of fun, they seem able to amuse themselves under any conditions. We used to have billiard tournaments, concerts, and dances, the singing, etc., being undertaken by our own men. Dancing forms one of a sailor's chief amusements on a ship, the men dance together. It may be interesting to know that the sailors' home was built some years ago by the Naval Authorities and is self-supporting, the ships lying in harbour supply waiters, whilst the manager is a civilian.

When the funds swell a certain amount is allowed for sports, such as cricket, football, or any other purpose which would benefit the ship's company.

Whilst lying at Bermuda another ship, H.M.S. Scylla, called and stayed for some time. This enabled us to have inter-ship football, cricket, boxing matches, etc.

It was whilst the latter was with us that a slight disturbance was caused in the canteen. There is a rule which states that no money may be granted from the canteen funds unless three ships are in harbour. Some of our fellows took advantage of the Scylla's presence and asked for a grant of ten pounds for a smoking concert. The third ship was H.M.S. Terror—the name given to the captain of the dockyard's house. The money was refused on the grounds that any money there was in hand was required to keep the home going when all ships (except the Terror) were away. This some of our fellows could not follow.

A sailor or marine is the mildest fellow going until he imagines someone is trying to impose upon him, when he becomes a fiery furnace, as on this occasion. A meeting was held, when several sea-lawyers* made speeches about the matter, causing such indignant feeling to rise in the breasts of their audience that the latter started to smash up the home, but they had not done much damage before better sense prevailed, and they soon desisted. The ringleaders were made sadder, poorer, but wiser the following morning, by being ordered to pay for the damage done, which amounted to several broken chairs and small tables.

Whilst at Bermuda I paid several visits to the capital (Hamilton) in a small puffy tut of a steam boat. I found the place quite up-to-date and bustling with life. The shops are owned chiefly by Americans, and the prices they charged even at that time would beat our war prices at present. The military governor (who, at that time was the late Lord Kitchener's brother) has his house in the highest part of Hamilton, surrounded by very pretty gardens. The harbour entrance to Hamilton is very pretty—the boat passes through numerous small channels formed by tiny islands, the islands generally being laid out like tiny parks, each containing a pretty bungalow. On one of these islands there was an aquarium, where every fish it had been possible to capture was kept. It was a most wonderful sight, a tremendous tank had been made with as near the natural surroundings for the fish as possible. This formed a splendid opportunity for studying the fishes. Since the war the aquarium has ben emptied of fish, and is now used for storage of something useful to the navy.

In the tourist season a boat used to leave Hamilton to visit the famous coral reefs in the vicinity; for this purpose a specially constructed boat was used, a portion of its bottom being glass, this enabled the visitors to see through to the reefs. I took advantage of half-a-day's leave to visit the

* A sailor or marine who has a lot to say on any subject.

spot, and what I saw is difficult to describe in words or writing. When one looked through the ship's bottom and saw what seemed like the tops of huge mountains of beautiful coral of a reddish tint, one became fascinated. Some of the reefs were quite close to the surface, others could only just be seen. And to think that these huge mountains are made by an insect so small that it can scarcely be seen, and takes perhaps hundreds of years. Truly the works of nature are beyond us. Only once have I seen anything which impressed me so much, and that was the "Aurora Borealis."

During our stay in Bermuda we had plenty of opportunities for playing games. Games such as football, cricket, hockey, etc., are encouraged by the authorities, and every facility is given to the men to play them. In Bermuda there was a very good football pitch, and an excellent cricket pitch. The turf is not so good as that in England for bowling or batting, so the actual pitch is made of stone and covered with cocoanut matting; this makes a much faster pitch than grass.

Whilst on the subject of games, perhaps it may interest the readers to know that nearly every Naval Establishment or ship has its own cinematograph, concert troupe, means for playing football, cricket, and special instructors for boxing, and all kinds of competitive games. The army also think a great deal of games for aiding the training of men.

The soil of some parts of Bermuda is very good, and in addition to the Lily, tons of onions and smaller quantities of other vegetables are grown.

On half-holidays I either used to fish or wander from island to island. One very pretty walk (my favourite) was from Ireland Isle to Warwick—the scenery here is lovely. Parts of the journey one can see miles out to sea on one side, and across the harbour to Hamilton on the other. Nearly every small island has its pretty bungalow and beautiful gardens. In summer the weather is so hot that it is anything but comfortable walking.

Some years ago, an English lady who was very interested in Bermuda, noticed there were no birds on the island, and had a good many of nearly every variety of our small song-birds taken there and set free. Unfortunately the lady included our common sparrow, and the latter quickly multiplied and killed all the other small birds. At present the only birds which are common to Bermuda are the Bermudian Jay, about the size of our blackbird, and of a blue and red shade, and the sparrow.

It is some years now since I was at Bermuda, so no doubt a good many changes have taken place, especially in connection with the war.

It is quite possible that I may be in error with some of my statements, for I have written this entirely from memory so as to avoid being biassed by books, etc. I think it is much more interesting to have it so.

When time permits—if my efforts prove satisfactory—I should like to write about Newfoundland next.

D. A. BOARD.

ONE RESULT OF THE SUN.

They've put me on a Troopship and I've got to cross the sea,
 And live with dusky niggers, miles away.
 I've left the wife and kiddies (Lord, what pals we used to be),
 I tell yer straight, I'm feeling sad to-day.

I'm sitting on a hatchway with a tin mug in my hand,
 Waiting for my bully beef and bread.
 Fourteen weary days at sea without a sight of land,
 And a blooming heavy helmet on my head.

I stroll along the heated deck, and watch the boys at play—
 Banker, Crown and Anchor, Nap and Brag—
 Any blooming thing to pass the blinking time away;
 I sometimes tips a soldier for a fag.

They wakes yer in the morning with a blazing bugle call,
 You start and wonder what the deuce is up.
 Then you get out of yer 'ammick, and yer ties it in a ball,
 And goes and buys some coffee yer can't sup.

Yer gets a lump of currant duff, for which yer pays a brown;
 Shaves, and cleans yer buttons now and then;
 Has yer jam and porridge, then yer shunted up and down
 Like a lot of blooming cattle in a pen.

Then they falls yer in for jerks and blinking backward bend
 Till yer feels just like a gassed-up marionette,
 Then comes the hanged inspection, which yer always must attend,
 Though you're absolutely gasping for a wet.

When the procession's over, yer makes a blooming rush,
 And waits yer turn—Sometimes—in the canteen;
 Then like a lot of hungry dogs, yer start to growl and push,
 So help me blooming bob, it's rotten mean.

Still, we're only common soldiers, tho' we've got no common sense,
 And we've quite forgot the taste of common beer
 But you can't expect good manners when you've only fifteen pence,
 And that ain't quite enough to raise a cheer.

But what's the use of grouching? Hang it, lads, there's blokes
 in France
 What'd swop us, and be glad to do it too;
 So I takes me blooming hat off, and thanks God I've got a chance
 Of coming back some day, old girl, to you.

F. GODDARD.

THOUGHTS AT SUNSET.

Dear Sir,—I happened to run across Mr. Meacher a short while back, and he handed me a copy of the Kingham Hill Magazine, which, I need hardly tell you interested me greatly, especially the news of D. Bosworth, who was some years back my washing companion for some considerable length of time in the laundry.

The grand old sight—the setting of the sun—is before me! I wonder how many men in mending trenchland are fondling cherished memories of the old Homeland, while looking toward the splendid sight, and I wonder how many hearts full of praise and sympathy are with us all here! This is one of the few times when warfare seems to lessen its fearful grip, as if in sympathy with nature, but how long will it be now before our guns break upon the calm, and enemy shells come hurtling through space to more clearly demonstrate destruction for the picture of the morrow! I see now through the darkness another vigilant spell of watching will commence, broken only by occasional rushes from one fire bay to another, away from the probable falling place of each dreaded trench mortar. Whatever the hardships though, whatever the cost, we must carry on with the grim business. Those little crosses yonder are sufficient to tell us that many heroes from Kingham Hill have made the supreme sacrifice for King and Country. Many others to-day are facing the powerful enemy; and it inspires me to know that somewhere along this great line friends of my school-days are linked up with me, to bar the way, until the enemy acknowledges justice and liberty.

Wishing the Magazine every success.

W. H. STEEPLE.

TRUE AND FALSE FREEDOM.

I want to write at least one article for our "Magazine" as a proof that I wish to be included in the number of "old boys" who take a real interest in Kingham Hill. My subject is: "What is to be the end of all this bloodshed?" We are all very busy forecasting dates for the end of the war, and all have been called upon to vary the dates; decided, yet all are convinced that the war must end, and that there will be an "after." That this will be satisfactory remains to be seen, as on this point individual minds vary greatly.

This, of itself, will surely show us how necessary it is for each one to have aims and ideals to which we can apply those of other minds, either in comparison or in addition, and finally to adopt one opinion according to our knowledge, which at all times is imperfect.

We all believe we are fighting for Freedom and Right: Freedom from autocratic—mainly military—power and the right to live our own lives according to our own standard. Have we paused in our violent support of such ideals to consider what that means? We inwardly reply, "Certainly we have. We mean that we want no one interfering with our liberty either

of thought, work, or sport, and the establishment of some means by which we can live without continual worry and fear."

I believe the majority have only got thus far and have not considered how it is to be done.

The Russians had the same ideals; but who would place the British Empire (it is not a question of England or any one section) in a similar plight, or who would say that our aims were attained if we reached a state of disorganisation of all transport, anarchy, and the most pronounced mistrust in everyone; no authority to bring any order from this chaos; the murder of one section of the people because they wanted Freedom and Right in a different manner to that of the murderers, or because they were richer.

That is not freedom: it is democratic autocracy, or autocratic rule as practised by so-called democrats. We don't want it—not even the wildest want it; therefore we must beware lest we get it.

We want a system whereby all—both rich and poor, powerful and humble, learned and ignorant—can live a life of our own choosing in a way which does not interfere with the legitimate right of others. To do this we must not commence by killing or dismantling our own people for the protection of whom so many have already given more than was their's to give.

We have the remedy in our hands, but because we have it no one appears to realise it, as all are looking for some new remedy.

What is wrong with our Parliament? Who is dissatisfied with the idea and with the constitutional laws? Who is dissatisfied with our power there? We are, in many cases, thoroughly disgusted with the methods of the Members. We elect our own; it is therefore our fault, and within our power to put it right. Why only agree to the members nominated by the parties? Why not nominate a man in whom we have confidence, and of whom we know something, and then support him at the election—get the wife to help—and when elected send particulars of any grievances to him.

If we murder, if we rob, if we harass those who have risen to positions higher than our own, merely because they are higher; is that freedom for them? You must remember it is freedom for all.

It is the surest method we have of checking the natural inclination of so many to improve their position, and so to improve the position and prestige of the British Empire.

Are we, in the name of Freedom and Right, to be the means of keeping everyone down to mere existence, with a constant dread of persecution if they attempt to improve their position, or to make the lot of Britishers better, cleaner, and more honourable?

Is that Freedom and Right as we know it? Many are the forces at work; many are the minds now with plans fully prepared for some such coup.

Are we going to let them carry them out?

Will you not consider now some of the probable results and calamities of such a course, and then I feel sure we shall emerge with flying colours, for Britishers have ever been the first to grasp the real thing from under a mass of sham.

F. G. MARLEY.

