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KINGHAM HILL MAGAZINE

MARCH, 1918.

Contents.

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Since the last issue of the Magazine we have had the pleasure of a visit from the following:—Harry Bartlett (Canada and France), Arthur T. Humphry (Canada and France), Percy Floyd (from Ireland), Sergeant A. Jarvis, George Jones (Warwick Regiment) on draft for France, Sergeant Juniper (Canada and France), Ray Moulden, Frank Passenger, Reg. Viner, C. Thomas (Canada and France), Fred White (Australia) on sick leave, now back in France. P. Davey has left Norwich House to join up.

The School Examination took place as usual during the second and third weeks of December. The Rev. Hankin Turvin examined the Upper and Lower Fourth forms, the Rev. A. Grisewood the Fifth, and Mr. Young the Sixth.

The opening game for the House Competition for the Football Cup took place on December 1st. The two teams, Bradford and Sheffield, were very evenly matched, and as everybody anticipated, a keen struggle took place. After some mid-field play Sheffield took the ball towards their opponent's goal, and when there appeared every chance of saving a goal, Gosling handled the ball in the penalty area; however, Sheffield did not take advantage of scoring an easy goal. It was not long after that the ball was again handled, and the Bradford goalkeeper brought off a fine save. Both teams played well, and half-time arrived without any goals being scored. At the re-start it was quite evident that both sides were doing their best to score, but the defence on both sides for some time proved too good until Jewitt receiving a good pass from the right scored for Bradford. This aroused Sheffield to make a great effort to equalize, and this they did, Vecchi scoring a fine goal by getting the better of the right back. Excitement now grew intense, both sides doing their level best to get the winning goal.

CHRONICLE OF EVENTS (continued)—

Towards the end Sheffield, by their good combination, had slightly the better of the game, but could not score, and the game ended in a draw.

On Christmas Eve the Chapel was decorated by the boys and teachers. The Holy Communion was celebrated at 8.30 a.m. on Christmas Day. Collections at this service, and also at eleven o'clock, were taken on behalf of the British and Foreign Sailor's Society, and amounted to £1 6s. 3d.

The Squire kept up the time honoured custom of visiting the various houses and wishing one and all "A Happy Christmas." At 3.30 p.m. the usual carol singing took place, Miss Young and Mr. Arthur Young being present. Our thoughts were specially drawn to our brave absent fellows who in years gone by took part in this service, and no doubt many of them were thinking of us and the "Old Carols." This year Mr. A. Cave very effectively rendered two solos, "Sleep Holy Babe," and "See Amid the Winter's Snow." The chorus of the latter was sung by the boys. Mr. Young gave a short address, in which he spoke of the "Old Boys" and their noble and self-sacrificing work for us.

Prize-giving took place on Friday afternoon, January 4th. We were very pleased to have Miss Young with us on this occasion. Mr. Young took the chair, and was supported by our old friend the Rev. A. Grisewood, and the Rev. Hankin Turvin. Owing to the long-continued sickness of last year the reports of the examiners were not so good as usual. Denis Groves came out head of the School, and also won the good conduct prize for Sheffield House; E. Violot for Durham, and W. Frowd for Bradford. The prize for smartness was won by H. White for Durham; A. Leversuch for Sheffield, and J. Rowley for Bradford.

We deeply regret to record the loss of two more of our boys who have been killed in action in France, namely, George Brooks (Bradford) and Fred Mitchell (Durham).

George Brooks worked in the gardens for some time. He was very fond of music, and played in our Band. In Canada, as on the Hill, he will always be remembered by his chums as a good chap, and for his quiet and good influence.

Fred Mitchell was for some time Musketry Instructor at Cosham.

On Saturday, January 12th, the re-play between Bradford and Sheffield took place. Everybody anticipated a good game, and they were not disappointed. It being a keen struggle till the last ten mniutes of the game, when Sheffield, by a continuous blockade, succeeded in scoring (J. Burnett) the first goal of the match. Not many minutes after this the ball was handled by Mathias (Bradford) in the penalty area. Groves (Sheffield) took

CHRONICLE OF EVENTS (continued)—

the kick, and easily scored. This was disappointing for Bradford, whose players seemed to feel it; falling off quickly in their game. Sheffield, keeping up the pressure, a few minutes from the end scored their third goal, and so won what we might call a very interesting game.

On the same day Norwich House met a team from Daylesford. This team proved rather too good for our fellows.

The final took place on January 26th between Durham and Sheffield Durham won the toss, and certainly to their disadvantage elected to play against the wind. Sheffield took the ball towards their opponent's goal, keeping up a lively bombardment, though it was not until well into the first half that they scored their first goal. Half-time arrived with Sheffield leading 4—0. In the second half play was of a very uneven character, Durham only breaking away at intervals. Sheffield scored another five goals. Their opponents made a dash up the field just before the finish, Shaw scoring for them. Thus the game finished 9—1. Sheffield had a great advantage over their opponents by their good passing and the hard kicking of their backs. Mr. Young handed the cup to Groves, the Sheffield captain, congratulating the team on their two victories.

A word of praise is due to "Our Referee" on the way in which he carried out his strenuous duties, and for supplying us with the accounts of the various games.

Perhaps it would interest our readers to give the winners of the "Old Boy's Cup":—'03, Bradford; '04, Clyde; '05—6, Durham; '06—7, Bradford; '07—8, Durham; '08—9, Sheffield; '09—10, Swansea; '10—11, Clyde; '11—12, Clyde; '12—13, Swansea; '13—14, Bradford; '14—15, Swansea.

We heartily congratulate both Sergt. H. Juniper and George Reynolds on having obtained the Military Medal. During Juniper's visit to the Hill he came along to the Cover where the boys were at work. Mr. Young called for three cheers, and the boys responded in the good old Kingham Hill manner.

For some time men have been felling trees in our neighbourhood. The cutting down of the trees on Daylesford Hill in the Quarry and at the back of Greenwich and Severn Houses has quite altered the outlook. During the month of February our boys have worked with a will to clear and stack the wood.

On Saturday, February 23rd, Norwich House team went over to ——— where they met the Wireless Operators. It proved a very exciting game, and as no goals were scored by either side the draw reflected great credit on Norwich House. Parsons at back, and Osborne outside left, did some capital work, and our goalkeeper, W. Arnould, brought off some capital saves

T. W. SCARFE.

THE DAWN OF THE DAY.

The day has dawned, the sky is red,
Red war has come at last;
The rose that guards the Empire's bed
Must bear the battle's blast.
To arms! ye men, in freedom bred,
By Freedom's sword ye still are led.

The day goes on, in battle slow;
How stands the Empire's rose?
Volley on volley, blow on blow,
From day's dawn till it's close.
Ye men of honour, in freedom bred,
Fight on, till Freedom's foes are dead.

The day doth fade, the scales are turned,
The enemy pleads for peace:
The "contemptible" army, lately spurned,
Will never know defeat.
Fight on, ye sons of a hundred fights,
Once more Dame Freedom claims her rights.

The day is past, and Britain's sons
Stand silent, strong and flushed:
The war is won, their duty done,
The enemy downcast, crushed—
Men of renown in a nation's wars
Have again upheld Dame Freedom's cause.

E. FAWDRY.

A GREETING FROM THE FRONT.

Dear Sir,—

With your approval I should like these few lines to appear in the next copy of the Magazine.

To all readers of our Magazine:—

Our Magazine has been going for some time now, and I will take the opportunity of saying a few words on its behalf.

Voicing the sentiments of all ranks, I should like to pass a vote of thanks to those at home who have worked so untiringly, with the results that to-day we have a Magazine that is sought for by all who have been connected with Kingham Hill.

It has been the means of bringing all into closer re-union, and we hope that the success that has attended your labours in the past will be doubled in the future, and with the help of the boys at the front I feel sure that the future will be most successful.

Rightly are we proud of Kingham Hill, and it is with joy when we think of the way in which its name and traditions have been upheld during these three years of war. Some of the boys have given their lives for King

and country and Kingham Hill, and it is for those of us who survive them to carry on in their footsteps, with a greater determination, until victory is ours, so that they shall not have died in vain. We are now on the threshold of another year; there is still a lot to be done; but with the name of Kingham Hill on our lips let us go forward, trusting in God and all will be well, and on the morrow we shall see the dawn of peace, a peace victorious and lasting.

In closing I ask all readers to accept my best wishes for a happy and successful New Year.

ALBERT CHEESEMAN.

"MY VISIT TO ENGLAND AND BACK."

It was on the evening of Friday, October 13th that the orderly room sergeant came to me and said:—

"Sergeant Rye, get your kit ready and parade at orderly room at 6 p.m., as you are for leave!"

My heart jumped for joy to think that I was fixed. Then I began to wonder how I should spend my time, but, alas, my arrangements were all dashed to the ground! When I arrived in Blighty I found that I had caught a bad cold in my gums, which caused me a lot of pain, and I can assure you all on Kingham Hill that pleasure had all fled from me, for I was close handy to a comfortable bed, and there I wished to stay?

Otherwise I would have been delighted to have paid a visit to the old place once more. Well, as far as the leave went I made the best of things, and made out that I enjoyed myself, but oh! that pain!

The most particular thing that struck me whilst home on leave was the air raid. I was at — — when I heard the first thud of the beasts; and then, before one could count two, an aerial torpedo descended from one of these horrible machines; the next was: crash!!! And when I went down through — — afterwards, I saw — — — front windows all smashed to smitherins. I then thought it was high time to return to Croydon, where I was staying, and get down to a comfortable kip.

Well, then came that awful day for my return and one I will always remember, for we set sail just after a gale broke in, and I can say its the roughest voyage I ever hope to have. We were twenty-one hours on the water, and during that time, I am sorry to say, one of my best pals was washed overboard owing to an angry wave leaping right over the ship.

I am now back in France, and in "Some Hospital" at that, having a treat of my life. I am suffering from septic ulcer palate, but I am not worrying about it; its better than home, as the doctors and orderlies make everything so comfortable for you that you don't think of the hard times the people in Blighty are having. I only wish this could last until duration.

I herewith conclude, sending my very best wishes to all, and my deepest sympathy to the relatives of the dear old boys who have so gallantly died for their country; trusting we may see the end of this awful crime very speedily, and that we may again see K.H. shine in all its glory, I remain,

SERGEANT RYE, W. "An Old Swansea Staff."

A COMMISSION ON THE N. AMERICA AND WEST INDIES STATION.

1.—"From England to Bermuda, via Azores."

On July 31st, 1909, I completed a course for "Physical Training Instrucor" at the Naval Headquarter Gymnasium, Portsmouth. From there I went to Deal for three months to gain experience in training recruits, and then on to Chatham, my headquarters, to await disposal. Whilst at Chatham I had to re-qualify in Field Training, and when about half way through this course I received orders to go to H.M.S. Brilliant as the ship's P.T.I. It was then close to Christmas and preparations had been made for giving the men in barracks 16 days' leave. This—as you may depend—I was looking forward to very much. In fact I had made out my programme of visits, etc. when I got my orders. But that did not trouble me long, for, was I not going abroad, which I had been looking forward to doing for so long?

The Marine detachment numbered 25 including 1 sergeant, 1 lance-sergeant, 1 corporal (myself), 1 lance-corporal, and 21 privates. We marched out of Chatham Barracks about 9 a.m. on the 19th December. We wore full marching order and white helmets. The ship was lying at Sheerness, so we were to reach her by tug from Chatham Dockyards down the Medway.

I should like to mention that, before the war, it was quite a common occurence for parties of Marines to march out of barracks to commission ships for all parts of the world, and very little notice was taken. Other detachments would be coming in from the same source.

We arrived in Sheerness after an hour's journey down river in a drizzling rain, and very soon caught sight of our home-to-be for the next two years. You can guess how eager those of us were who had not seen her before—to see what sort of a ship she was.

The Brilliant was a second-class cruiser of about 2,400 tons, with raised Poop (after part) and Foxle (fore part, Forecastle), painted as nearly all ships are in the navy—a dark grey. This makes them almost invisible at a long range. She was armed with two *6-inch, six 4-inch, and several ‡3-pounder guns. Capable of a speed of 19 knots, she was a very old ship, as ships go in the navy, and certainly not built for comfort. The latter is rarely studied in the navy, the ship's fighting ability is the first consideration All the centre part of the ship between the Poop and Foxle, below the upper deck, was taken up for engine space, stokeholds, and coal bunkers. The latter always being near the ship's side, to help protect the engines from shell fire. A good part of the upper deck was taken for funnel casings, galleys (cook-houses), etc. The after part of the upper deck on most ships is called the Quarter Deck, and is the sacred part of the ship. The anchors are carried on the Foxle, and it is here the steam capstan for working the anchor cables is situated. The capstan engines are below on the main deck. Beneath the Foxle, and called the Foxle Mess Deck, half the seamen had their messes, and beneath that again, called the Main Deck, the other half messed. The after part of the latter deck, divided by a bulkhead (iron wall)

* Size of bore. ‡ Weight of projectile.

from the Seamen's Messes, the Marines and Stokers had theirs. It may interest you to know that, in the space of about 24ft. by 24ft., a space hardly as big as Clyde dining room, about 90 Marines and Stokers lived—for there were over 60 Stokers in the ship. So you can imagine what comfort there is. The accommodation is the same on most ships, yet the fellows get quite used to it, and a good many prefer a ship to barracks.

Arriving aboard we were told off for our various duties, what part of the ship we were to mess, where to stow our hammocks, and given our numbers. Odd numbers belong to Starboard Watch; even numbers to Port Watch. This is done for purposes of dividing the watches up and for leave. The following day we coaled and provisioned, the latter job no one minds, but the former is about the worst job in the Navy. I can only refer you to Clark's poem about the subject; there is plenty of truth in it.

We were due to leave on the 22nd, so when the ship had been cleaned free of coal dust, half the ship's company were allowed ashore for 24 hours. I took advantage of this to go and say good-bye to my people.

On the morning of the 22nd I awoke with the boatswain's mates cry of "All hands, heave ho, heave ho, lash up and stow, show a leg, show a leg, etc," in my ears. This meant that the men were to get up, lash up and put away their hammocks and get ready for the daily routine. If you were to watch any man get out of his hammock you would notice his leg appear first, hence the cry "show a leg." I have often had the job of shaking the Marines, and have found it a common occurrence to go round and see legs sticking out from a good many of the hammocks, the occupants trying to make one believe that the body would soon follow. All this generally happens about 5 a.m. I had selected a sleeping billet on the upper deck, and slept there in the company of several petty officers. We used to have a canvas screen rigged up round a boat deck for walls, the deck itself forming the roof, although it was very cold in bad weather, it was much better than sleeping on the close mess deck. I could see for miles across the water when the screens were rolled up, from my hammock. On this occasion I looked through a crack in the canvas and could see the outside of the harbour. The weather was anything but promising, for I noticed huge waves bursting against the forts and rocks. I ate a jolly good breakfast that morning, for I knew it was possible I should be sea-sick; it was nearly a year since leaving my last ship. We steamed out of harbour about 9.30, answering the signals of good wishes from other ships as we passed through the lines. We hadn't been out many minutes before we found our future home rolled and pitched like a tub. Strange to say, I felt no ill-effects that day, and quite thought I should be quite free from them. We passed the "Nore" lightship about 10 a.m., and headed for the North Sea. It was here on the following day that I found I was not to be free from sickness, for I had hardly eaten my breakfast when, to my horror, I had to part with it again.

From that day for the remainder of our trip to the Azores I spent most of my time in pacing the deck in the fresh air, and certainly not in eating. I not only lost what little I ate almost immediately afterwards, but it seemed

that I would lose all my permanent fittings as well. I was very strong and fit after my P.T. course, so I did not suffer so much as a good many.

About the third night out the weather became much worse, and about 2 a.m. on the fourth day a huge wave hit our canvas screen and burst the stout cord supports like cotton. We greeted this with a roar of laughter, but before we could repeat the roar a second wave came and drenched us all to the skin. We very quickly unhooked our hammocks and made for the hatchways trying to recover our belongings as we went. I used to use my clothes for a pillow; any I did not want for this purpose I would put in the foot of my my hammock; of the whole I only managed to salvage my hat. So you can picture to yourself a marine running along the upper deck in his shirt, trying to dodge the seas, and darting about after clothes. On the sides of smaller ships swinging doors are built to allow the water to run off the upper deck, and they are made in such a way that very little water can come in, but it can run out as the ship rolls that way. Any loose objects floating about the upper deck very soon find their way through here, as did my coat and trousers, etc. After that I was obliged to sleep on the marines mess deck, and it needed a cast-iron constitution to do such a thing. Just imagine nearly a hundred men in the space I have mentioned, with ports closed tight to keep the water out, and the only air coming down a small cowl. You can imagine what little comfort there is on such a ship. If you go on to the upper deck it must be with caution, for the deck gets very slippery, and at any moment a sea might oblige you with a shower bath. And yet it is surprising how cheerful the men keep; it seems that men of the Navy will keep cheerful under any circumstances.

Some of us used to get on one of the driest spots on the lee side of the deck, and sing popular songs. Perhaps we would be half-way through a song when a familiar noise would tell us to expect a sea, when everyone would make a dash for the other side, or for some support on the boat deck to hang by and lift the legs well clear. If one happened to be unlucky and not reach safety he would get a good soaking and a rousing cheer by way of sympathy from his comrades. Such is the Navy!

It is very amusing when a ship first encounters rough weather, the sailor has a dread of making things secure before it is absolutely necessary, and it is only when you find the ship rolling heavy, and such things as field guns, wooden lockers, hen coops, etc., chasing you along the upper deck that he will condescend to start roping things safe. It is the same with the mess utensils, one end of the mess table rests on an iron support on the ships side, the other is supported from the deck above, and at the latter end all the * " mess traps " are placed. The ship perhaps will be rolling very steady when she suddenly enters the outskirts of rough weather, which is generally signalled by a heeling further over to one side than formerly, and it is generally on this first big movement when the " mess traps " roll from the end of the table with a loud crash to the deck. You can imagine what a noise it makes when nearly all the messes in the ship (about 20) are concerned, each mess having some dozen or so large tin articles.

* Kettles, tin dishes, plates, basins, etc.

This loud crash is invariably accompanied by a rousing cheer from everyone, excepting, of course, any poor chap who happens to get a kettle on his toe, or the corner of a ditty box on his head. It is on the latter occasions when we hear the English language as it is spoken in the Navy. I have been in a mess which has been left with only two plates and one basin at the end of a rough trip. We used to put our dinners in the corners or middle of baking dishes or kettle lids five in each. The kettles used in the Navy are about four or five times larger than a house bucket, about the same depth, but broader and longer. Some are smaller than that.

On Christmas Day I dined off toast crusts, at least I started and the fishes finished for me. I could have had some nice salt beef or pork, which, according to the date on the cask, had been salted in the 17th century, and re-salted about half-a-dozen times since. (I think that most of this ancient food has been done away with since).

When I was not occupied with dodging seas and hanging on to the boat deck like a bat to clear a wave, I thought of what my folk may be doing at home, and what the boys of Kingham Hill were doing. (I remember we used to be allowed up till 9 o'clock and play games, etc.)

We sighted the Azores after ten days' buffeting, but the sea was so rough in the vicinity that the captain deemed it unwise to turn the ship broadside on to the weather. So we had to steam round the lee of the islands, for about 12 hours. After that time the sea still remained troublesome, so the captain gave orders for everyone to leave the upper deck and batten all hatchways down. I had resolved to stay on deck that night and chance a drenching, for the mess-deck was getting worse than ever. I got my hammock and was wondering which mess-deck to go to, when something decided for me. I was standing near a hatchway leading down to a small mess-deck —used by chief stokers—when a wave hit me in the back and sent me down head first. This mess was situated over the boilers, and it was so hot there that my hammock and clothes were quite dry by morning.

When all was ready the ship's head was turned towards the mouth of the harbour of Fayal, the port of the Azores. After about 20 minutes' of heavy pitching and tossing—during which time it was difficult to tell which was sea and which was sky, we cleared the breakwater safely and entered the harbour. It was too dark that night to see anything of the town, so I contented myself by eating two pieces of dry bread and sleeping soundly till morning. If you look at your map you will see where the Azores are situated, and the route we took from Sheerness to get there. (Sheerness is near the mouth of the Thames on the Medway).

In the morning I went on deck and found we had anchored in the centre of the harbour, and had a splendid view of the town. The latter was built on the side of a hill, and looked very pretty. The main road ran along the side of the harbour, and appeared to be the chief shopping place; other roads, lined with houses, ran up the hill-side out of view. Most of the houses' exteriors were painted white, the remainder green, and this gave the town

* Thought perhaps the boys would like to work out the route and distance by maps.

its pretty effect. Nearly all houses were built of wood. The inhabitants, at that time numbering about 1,500, spoke the Portuguese language and were mostly descendants of that race. There were a few English, and these were employed on a large wireless station, the latter being situated on a high hill. You will see by your maps that the Azores is a splendid place for transmitting wireless messages. On the opposite side of the harbour to the town, stands a very high mountain, of which we saw the top for a few minutes only, the remainder of our visit it being immersed in clouds.

I learned that the chief industry was fishing, and provisioning and coaling ships which called there. We coaled ship whilst staying here. On the second afternoon we played a football match with the wireless operators, resulting in the score 11 to 0 for us, and held an impromptu concert in the evening. I shall give more details about concerts on board another time. Whilst lying in the harbour each watch was allowed ashore in its turn. I went ashore one evening and was disappointed to find the town had lost a good deal of its pretty appearance, when one sees it at close quarters. The houses which were white, were made like it through a common whitewash. The roads were badly made, and the houses were built very ugly. I saw the interior of some and found them very uncomfortable, and in some cases very dirty. A soldiers' barracks stood on the harbour front, containing a battery of old muzzle loaders, which overlooked the harbour. Some of us marines being in a soldiers uniform, were made very welcome by the Portuguese soldiers. They took us round the barracks, and fired a gun for our benefit) we heard afterwards that the report caused a commotion on the ship; the First-Lieutenant thought it was the beginning of a salute and started making preparations to answer it). They gave us some black coffee with no sugar and some bread nearly as black, and then took us round the town. The most amusing part of it was that there was not one of them could speak English—or one of us who could speak their language—so we had to try and make each other understand by pulling faces and making signs. We walked in pairs, one Portuguese and one English in each pair, the walking being accompanied by a swinging of the arms in all directions. It must have given one the impression we were going through a sort of physical exercise table as we walked.

On returning to the main road—after exploring all the side streets and narrow lanes—we heard signs of great merriment from all quarters. It was our fellows enjoying themselves. They organise into parties and have concerts, etc. In passing a large hotel I looked through the porchway and saw a sailor doing the hornpipe (or what he could of it) on the piano. That dance led to an excited native coming aboard next morning for damages. The damages he asked for would have been enough to buy about four pianos. I heard afterwards that the piano was an ancient tuneless old thing; but he received enough to buy a new one, so perhaps the rascal rather looks forward to English sailors coming that way. The climate here is a little inclined to be tropical. No doubt the same sort of weather is enjoyed here as in the south of France. Although it was mid-winter we found it very warm. By

this time the weather had abated somewhat, but it still looked very unpleasant outside the breakwater. It certainly did not look very promising for our next trip.

Perhaps you would like to know something of what happened on Christmas Day. The same routine is observed on Christmas Day as on Sunday, except for few alterations. Hands turn out about 6 a.m. to clean ship and guns. Breakfast takes place about 8 o'clock. *Divisons at 9 o'clock. Church is rigged on the quarter deck, poop or other suitable place, and the whole ship's company take part in a service and carol singing. At 12 o'clock the Captain goes round the messes to see if the men are comfortable, tasting the pudding and cake provided. The remainder of the day is taken up with amusements provided by the ship's company according to the circumstances. We managed to make up some sort of a concert in the evening as far as the sea would allow us, but it was no good trying to rig seating accommodation, so we all had to stand. I forget all that took place at this concert, but we had a good many "turns." I managed to sing myself, a comic song it was, about what a jolly life one led at sea. The song was well received, but I myself did not feel in keeping with it. I was feeling anything but jolly.

We left the Azores after four days stay and headed for the Bermudas (a cluster of islands about 1,000 miles to the east of Central America, but look at your maps and make sure). The sea by this time was not half so bad as before, but quite bad enough to make things uncomfortable. It was whilst on this trip I saw flying fish for the first time; I used to stand at the ship's side and watch them. At first I thought they were small birds, but on closer inspection found they were fish, and concluded at once they were the "flying fish" I had heard of. They do not rise in the air and fly like a bird, but leap out of the water a few inches and skim along close to the surface, anything up to 20 or 30 feet at a time. After dark we had a good chance of inspecting these fish, for as the ship rolled over and the gunwhales came close to the water, several flying fish, attracted by the light, would fly into the ship and batter themselves against the casings. They are about the size of a herring, and the same shape; they have a large fin on either side of the shoulders about the size of a very small bird's wing, or not quite half the size of a bat's wing. It is these fins which act as wings in flight and also as fins in swimming. This is a great advantage to such small fish, for if they are chased by bigger fish they can leave the water and fly some 30 feet in any direction to baffle their pursuers. It took us seven days to get from the Azores to Bermuda. Nothing of importance happened on the journey.

DOUGLAS A. BOARD.

* Inspections of ship's company.

• There are more than one kind of flying fish, no doubt a Natural History book would give them.

• We averaged about ten land miles an hour from England to the Azores, and twelve land miles from the Azores to Bermuda. I will write next about the Bermuda Isles and what happened there. It is a most interesting place.

CAMPAIGN EXPERIENCES.

H. Ward, Manor War Hospital,
Epsom, Surrey.

Canada, England, France. Back to England.

War! Is it war? Yes! The great European war as we now know it had broken out. Wild excitement and enthusiasm is about everywhere. Patriotic songs and banners with the inscriptions "Down with the Kaiser," "Britons never shall be slaves," were floating in the air, in defiance to the Great War Lord. Every passer-by could see that Canada was out to do her share. I joined the parade down the street to the armouries, and was accepted to go overseas to help in dispelling "The Peace Breakers." The tyrants who would rule the world by the weight of the sword. After preliminary training in Canada, we embarked at Quebec and sailed majestically down the St. Lawrence. "We'll never see France, don't worry. The war will be over by the time we get there." Such remarks as these passed between us as we sailed on to our unknown destination. We put in Gaspe Bay, near the mouth of the famous river. We were about the second transport in the bay. Our escort of seven cruisers were there waiting to take us across the water. A week of waiting, then all was ready. At last we sailed for England. What a magnificent scene as thirty-one transports, with seven warships (as our escort) set out to sea! This day, October 1st, 1914, will never be forgotten by those fortunate enough to witness it. Then thoughts of leaving Canada behind for a few minutes held us all as we gradually drew away from land. I wonder which of us will never see you again, dear Canada, our loved ones, our homes? But the thoughts were soon set at rest by the excitement of forthcoming events.

England! There she lay. We had travelled for fourteen days, and now on the afternoon of the fifteenth she lay away in the distance. We soon were disembarked after a splendid welcome by the people of Plymouth and Devonport, and were detrained at Salisbury Plains, there to commence our training for the front. January, 1915, His Majesty the King inspected 33,000 men with artillery, cavalry, and every implement which a division takes to the front. After incessant rumours about our moving, came the day, February 7th. We entrained for France, left Avonmouth on the 8th, and on the 11th, after a miserable journey, we landed at Saint Nazaire on the South Coast.

France! Raining, a cold wind, then snow. Here we drew sheep's coats and every necessary for the warmth of the troops. With a heavy load we stepped ashore on the land we were to help to defend.

The Trenches! At last we had got our heart's desire; we were within a few hundred yards of our enemy. As natural when new soldiers reach the trenches, the first thing is to see what is going on beyond his own lines. What a contrast to the soldier of to-day. He is warned of all that is going on by his comrades, and acts accordingly. However, our first real touch with Fritz (as we soon learned to call him) came unexpectedly in April, 1915, and during these few days between the 22nd till the end of the month.

Although unconscious of our danger or of what we were doing, my excitement thrilled me through and through, and it was with a thrill of pride that I left with my comrades, the cover of the farm house, and with leaps and bounds, short runs and walks, we made across the open to fill the gap left open by our French allies, who had to fall back owing to the foul gas used by the Germans in their attempt to break through. In this, as in every succeeding effort, he failed. I was lucky enough to get away with a few scratches from shrapnel and bullets, which laid me up for a month. On returning to my battalion, I found them in another part of the line, which by the way I am not particularly inclined to visit again, Festubert. In another month we had moved down the line further to help in an operation down there. We attacked at Givenchy on the 15th of June, and while waiting in a trench for the zero* hour I was laid hors de combat by a shell which landed on the parapet just above my head. After this I knew little of what happened. From this I was in hospital for three months, returning again on September 25th to my unit. From then till November 6th, 1917, everything went well with me. By now my knowledge of the world in general was trebled, I had many exciting experiences which it would be difficult to relate so that one could fully understand and appreciate. However, to turn to Nov. 6th. We were at Ypres again, on the Passchendaele Ridge. Our attack was to take place at a few minutes to five in early morning. Everything went well till late in the evening when a gas shell dropped among a party of us, eight in all, who I am glad to say are now all safely in Blighty, and well on the way to recovery.

England! What a charm after all I have seen and experienced in the past three years? Your shores are like a rock harbouring those who have fought for you. There is peace and tranquillity everywhere. A peace that only England knows of. It is like a perfect rest after a hard day's toil. It is sacred in every wounded Tommy's heart. It is Divine, and as Mr. James says, it is a Benediction, till again we hear the call. Off on ten days' leave, then back to the "Gates of Hell." Camp life the recommencement of training for the next trip across to France. As I reflect on the past it makes me dread to feel that again I must take up arms once more. As the prophet remarks: "After the calm, the storm." However, lads on Kingham Hill, though I dread going back, yet this job must be done, and I tell you honestly, I am glad I came. We are fighting for you now. When you are the full grown manhood of this country never let it be said Kingham Hill is shirking its duty. The boys of to-day are setting a fine example, and we know the boys of to-morrow are going to do better. As years go by you will be our safeguard; a part of the armour which nothing shall pierce. So we leave it to you; great things are done every day, but the next always sees greater.

Now to wish all lads, far and near, in anyway connected with Kingham Hill, Mr. Young, and all in charge, every success.

Yours truly,

22—1—18. H. M. BROWN, Epsom, Surrey.

*Zero hour known as the exact minute to go over the top.

P.S.—I wish the Magazine every success.

THE BATTERY HORSE.

He whinnied low as I passed by,
It was a pleading sort of cry,
His rider, slain while going back,
Lay huddled on the muddy track;
And he, without a guiding hand,
Had strayed out on the boggy land,
And held there by the treacherous mire,
He lay exposed to shrapnel fire.

He was a wiry chestnut steed,
A type of good Australian breed.
Perhaps on steep Monara's height
He had followed in the wild steer's flight,
Or out beyond the great divide
Roamed free where salt bush plains are wide;
Or through the golden wattle groves
Had rounded up the sheep in droves;
Then shipped away to feed the guns,
And help the boys to strafe the Huns.

His load was eighteen-pounder shells,
The sort that in a barrage tells.
I drew the shells from out their sheath,
And cut his girth from underneath,
Then lifted off his saddle pack
To ease the weight and free his back.
His muzzle softly nosed my hand,
Because I seemed to understand.
My steel hat from an old-time trench
I filled three times his thirst to quench;
I brought my ration biscuit back,
And fed him from my haversack.

No horse that had been stable fed
More proudly tossed his chestnut head
Because a stranger saw his need,
And, passing, stayed to give him feed.
But time pressed on, I must not stay,
For weary miles before me lay.
He made a gallant bid to rise,
Then sank with almost human sighs.
I hoped a train might see his plight,
And draw him out before the night.

Now, you may ask why in this strife,
When times were grim and death was rife,
I should have ventured from my course
To try and help a battery horse.
I'll tell you why—I felt his need—
I've owned and loved a chestnut steed.

FRED WHITE,
Australian Forces.

SHORT STORY.

An amusing story is told of two privates of the Anzac Forces during the Bullecourt advance. It appears these two men got well in advance of their section, and took prisoner a German major who spoke very good English.

"You can't take me," he said, "I must have two men of my own rank before I move. You are privates, I am a major."

To the most earnest entreaties of the Australians he turned a deaf ear; even the threat of the bayonet was useless. Time was valuable. So with one accord they attached themselves, one on either side.

Removing his sign of rank, they said: "Consider yourself reduced to the ranks from to-day on. Quick march!"

FRED WHITE,
A.I.F.

AN ADVENTURE ON THE WESTERN FRONT.

It was risky, but I loved risks: it made life more exciting, and took one off the trodden paths. I fully realized what failure meant, and had therefore prepared my plans with much care and thought, exact in every detail. So far I was satisfied, and there was nothing more to do but to wait for the hour which would see me approaching the trenches opposite.

Time doth always appear to go slowly when waiting, and the waiting tedious, when something is afoot. So I sat down on the damp fire-step, and having lit my old briar, stared into the skies. It was pleasant to see the dear old moon, and the ever twinkling stars. They seemed to be very friendly to-night, and their nodding and blinking fascinated me. We were fascinated as children, we are fascinated as men; and I suppose the eyes of those on each will always be drawn heavenwards. It was truly wonderful that nature was just the same, and war had made no difference! Even now it was so peaceful, except for the rumbling noise of transport behind our lines, which recalled London and its unceasing hum.

Time for action had at last arrived, so I rose and proceeded to a deserted trench to prepare for my great adventure. Some time previous I had stripped a dead German of all clothes, and taking these from my hiding

place, very soon began to change. They fitted me rather well, and, I am not ashamed to say, that I looked a fairly decent German. But only looked the part, for I was still an Englishman at heart.

Climbing quickly over our parapet, I made my way for the opening in the wire. It was safe to walk across ' No man's land ' to the now deserted Bosche sap; but after that great caution was needed. The sap I found to be in a bad state, and after wading through mud and slime, reached the enemy's front line. Hearing no sound whatever of a sentry, I crept like a cat, round each traverse, turning at last down a very wide communication trench. This too was in a bad condition, full of mud and water, and it was with great difficulty that I arrived at the end and on to the road.

So far my luck was in, but deciding that it would be safer off the road, I struck off across the field and came to another series of trenches. These were evidently support lines or strong points, and the position was well chosen. An inspection told me nothing, except that they were only recently dug, for the soil was quite fresh. No object could be gained by staying here, it was better to push ahead and look for something a little more interesting.

A short walk brought me on to another road, and walking on the grass near the edge, I made for what I thought to be the village of ———. But I did not go far before I found myself nearing a column of transport waggons. Down I lay in the long grass, and keeping very still, waited for them to pass. The drivers were whipping and urging their horses on, using fearful language in doing so. Although I had learnt a little German at school, the noise of the jingling harness, and the heavy movement of the waggons, prevented me from gaining anything by their conversation. The column had soon passed me by, and rising, I proceeded slowly again on my way.

After some twenty minutes' walk I saw a small light shining some distance ahead. On nearing, I could see that from its rays, it came from a broken window or a hole in a door. My heart beat fast as I approached the house and stealthily crept round to the back. It was one of those old French chateaux, and it took me but a few seconds to find an entrance to the cellar. The place was damp, and very dark, not at all a pleasant abode. The floor was covered with bottles and rubbish of all sorts, but with the utmost caution, and by moving round the walls, I came to a door. Good! it was not fastened or locked, but for the present I dare not venture farther, for overhead there was a deal of tramping about and talking. As I sat and listened I was more than convinced that I had struck the head-quarters of some battalions. The click, click, of a typewriter was very distinct, and to one who had left office many, many months ago, it seemed as music.

It appeared fearfully dark and I had no idea of the time. Was it safe to stay? Should I gain anything by so doing? I might not gain but lose, aye, lose even my life if I was caught. Yet it was the risk, the uncertain future which gave pleasure and enjoyment. I decided to stay, and had not long to wait for the tramping and talking to cease. All seemed quiet now, and allowing another half hour to elapse I determined to have a look round. On opening the door I found a flight of steps, and quietly mounting these

found myself in a large hall. Still no sound, and the place seemed deserted save for a faint light which showed underneath a door at the far end. To this door I crept, and peering through the keyhole saw a large room with a long table in the centre. The table was covered with papers and writing materials, such as in used in an office and on the walls were hung maps, charts, and various diagrams. Here was treasure indeed! Quickly making up my mind what to do, I entered and was startled, in fact frightened, to see a soldier sitting on the floor in the corner of the room—but fast asleep. My relief was great, and my calmness returned as I watched his heavy breathing. He was fully equipped and had a rifle by his side; but I had no cause to be alarmed so long as I was quick, and quiet. Making for the table I picked up what papers I thought most valuable, and in addition a large leather despatch case. There was no time to open the case to learn the contents thereof. Down the cellar and out again on to the road took but a few seconds; dawn was breaking and it became necessary to hurry if I was to regain my own lines.

Running and stumbling I ran along the road and across the fields, keeping as much as possible to the route of last night. At length I reached the Bosche trench, breathless and weary, but too late to get back, for it was almost light. Moreover our gunners were now busy and were sending over a regular barrage of heavy stuff. It was particularly unpleasant for me, and as I hurriedly looked for shelter I cursed those gunners, cursed their guns their ammunition and all connected with them. What an infernal noise—guns large and small, mortars, machine guns, grenades and rifles, all were apparently participating in this unusual morning strafe!

You have heard of the Bosche's latest strongholds and which are commonly known as " pill boxes "—it was into one of these that I entered.

The small door closed upon me with a click and shut me completely in—a prisoner! Whether this was a new trick of the enemy or not, there was no doubt that I was caught, with no hope of getting free. I could feel no lock or spring, nothing in fact to help me. Pushing and kicking were of no avail, and I doubt if anyone would have heard me shouting in this terrific din. My spirits lowered as I reluctantly accepted my misfortune.

Heavens! how I suffered that day and the next! Two whole days without food and drink, and a hellish noise both day and night. Shell after shell fell round my little shelter—no wonder the place was deserted, for what human being without cover could live here.—Every moment I thought would be my last, for continually my prison received splinters. Suffering in mind from my uncertainty I suffered in body too. My tongue was parched and burning, I would have given anything for a hard biscuit and a cup of water. Can you imagine my feelings? I felt almost a maniac, fierce, wild, and without reason. Again I strained to open the door and again it remained fast. Weak and ill, my nerve was now gone and the terrible, awful truth slowly dawning on me. Could it be possible that I should end this life by starvation and through my own doing? I dare not think of it, or think of such a horrible death!

In my desperation, I struck at the walls with my bare hands and felt

not the pain, felt not the blood which flowed from my broken knuckles.

Crash! My shelter received a direct hit. God bless that gunner, and forgive my curse, for although badly wounded I was free! Not even the great pain could banish my joy as I lay amid the wreckage. How long I lay there I could not tell—it was dark when I came round. I had slept while the angels had guarded me. Refreshed by sleep and made stronger by hope, I made an attempt to crawl to my own lines. But the suffering was terrible, no words of mine can describe what I went through. Clutching long tufts of grass I dragged myself along a few inches at a time. As I struggled in this way I recalled my days at school, and how for some trivial lapse from gentlemanly conduct or a slight departure from the code of honour, I was forced to run the "gauntlet." With teeth set and fired with same determination I meant to get through the "gauntlet" again. But this was no school affair, it was the gauntlet of life and death.

It is at such a time, contending against big odds, that a fellow thinks of his past, thinks of his home and loved ones—a mother, a wife, or perhaps a sweetheart! "Forget, oh forget the past," he cries, "and help me to begin again." But no soothing word, no sympathetic voice reaches him: he sees no outstretched hand to help. Friendless and alone he fights this hard battle of life in this dark world.

In such a mood I crawled bravely on to our lines, inch by inch, nearer and nearer I got. And when within reach of comrades and help, with only a few more yards to go, my weak body failed me. I had arrived at the limit of human endurance.

Many hours later I awoke and found myself in a neat white cot and I heard the kindest voice that has yet reached my ears, a voice which recalled dear mother. But my happiness was marred, my joy cut short—the papers I had risked my life for were lost and lay among the wreckage of the "pill box."

A. F. JARVIS.

DIARY OF A CANADIAN ARTILLERYMAN.

I left England for Canada on the 7th March, 1912, and worked at Havelock for about ten months, and was from one place to another, a rolling stone as they say, till I went and started work in Toronto, and settled there for a while; had a very serious illness, and had a rest up in Woodstock, Ontario. At Havelock, where I was getting strong—and by that time the war had broken out—I was no more fit for soldiering than the man in the moon, and all of the boys were joining up and going to do their bit; I could not see myself stay at home, so I went into Woodstock and enlisted with my side all bandaged up, and got through, that's the best of it all. Well, from there they sent me to Carling Heights, London, Ontario, and put me in the 34th Battalion. I was wearing civie clothes and a khaki cap; everything was all right, and nobody but me knew of my side. Reveille was about 5.30, and they called the roll, and gave us physical drill and a little double. Well, I

said I am done, and dropped down with my side all broken open, and went to the Medical Officer, and he discharged me right there, and I got my discharge papers a few days afterwards, saying that I was unfit for any military service, so I went back to Toronto and worked there again for a few months, and then tried to join up again, and passed in the 9th Field Battery, and came to England with the 45th Battery, Canadian Field Artillery. After three months in England we got orders to pack up for France, and I was over there about twelve months, and then I got a blighty at Vimy, and went to Lancashire. When I got better I made for the reserve Artillery, and was shipped over here for the second time, and am now in the — Battery, — Brigade, — where I met D. Bosworth, and he gave me the magazine, and told me to have a piece ready for it. Hoping that when this awful struggle is all over, we shall all meet at Kingham Hill before we return back to Canada. I left the Hill just seven years ago, so there are a few who may know me.

GUNNER J. DOYLE,
"One of the Boys."