

No. 8

# KINGHAM HILL MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER 1918.

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## CHRONICLE OF EVENTS.

Our gallant fellows have had a very hard and busy time on the Western Front, so our visitors have not been numerous during the last three months.

We have been exceedingly pleased to see Warrant Officer D. Board R.M.L.I.; Charles Devine, Liverpool Scots, wounded from hospital; Albert Fryer, R.N.R., on draft leave; Lieut. A. James (Canada); Percy Floyd, M.G.C., on draft leave, now in France; Sergt. A. Jarvis, R. Jolley, R.M.; Q.M.S. Stanley Meacher (France), Walter Sallows (France), and Bert Woods from hospital, now on his way back to New Zealand, where we hope he will soon regain his health.

On June 3rd the Bath was opened, and the Swimming Class commenced. Up to the present twenty-six boys have successfully passed the test.

We wish to thank Fred White (Australia) for views of Sydney, in Australia, which he kindly had forwarded for the School.

We regret to record the death of A. Cooke, Durham House, on June 28th, after a few days' illness.

On Sunday, June 30th, the Chapel Services were taken by Mr. Oliver Cromwell, from the Evangelization Society.

No doubt all the old fellows were sorry to hear of the very serious illness of Mr. Cock during the latter end of June and the early part of July. On July 15th we were all pleased to welcome him down here to recruit his

health, and we were glad to see him daily getting stronger, so that when he and Mrs. Cock left here on August 23rd he felt that he could once more take up his work at Latimer House. We trust he will be spared many years to continue his good work there.

We were glad to welcome once more the August Holiday visitors from London and other parts of the country, and as the weather was gloriously fine and warm, we think they all thoroughly enjoyed their visit to the old place. As usual, bathing, cricket, and the gymnasium were the chief attractions. They seemed to take great interest in the struggle for the Cricket Cup, and which no doubt reminded them of the times when they took an active part in the contest.

On Sunday, August 4th, special services took place in commemoration of the beginning of the fifth year of the war. The morning service was taken by our chaplain, Rev. Hankin Turvin. Mr. Young took the service in the afternoon, and during his address made special reference to the "Old Boys" who have nobly laid down their lives for us. We all stood in reverent silence while Mr. Young read out the names of the old fellows who are "missing" or prisoners of war, and of those who have made the "great sacrifice."

It was a great disappointment both to visitors and residents that serious illness kept Miss Young away from us at this season. We sincerely hope that she will soon be restored to her usual health.

It was a great pleasure to see Mr. Shrimpton amongst us once more. We trust his improved health will continue.

On Wednesday, August 7th, the first match in the House Competition took place between Bradford and Sheffield. Bradford went in first and made 48. The chief scorers were Mathias (17) and Jewitt (11). Sheffield then went in, but only managed to put together 19 runs, of which J. Burnett accounted for 11, being not out. The second innings of Bradford realised only 45 runs, Froud (13) and Mathias (11) being the chief scores. Sheffield could only reply to this with a score of 30, of which J. Burnett made 24. Jack Burnett (Sheffield) did some fine bowling, taking 8 wickets in the first innings and 5 wickets in the second. Bradford were thus the victors by 44 runs.

On Thursday the annual struggle between the Visitors and Norwich took place. The Visitors were fortunate in having D. Board as their captain. The first four wickets fell very cheaply, but with the appearance of Board runs came on very quickly, and with the help of Desmond the score soon grew. The innings closed for 79, Board being not out 37, Desmond 15. Norwich then went in but could only make 45, Pitt 13, and Holmes 12, being the chief scorers. In their second innings the Visitors were only able to make 47. The second innings of Norwich opened in a disastrous manner, 4 wickets falling for 15. Parsons and F. Harwood made a good stand, but at the finish

the score was only 57. Thus the Visitors won a very good game by 22 runs. Denis Groves' bowling was very good, he taking 4 wickets for 9 in the first innings and 6 for 20 in the second.

"The gathering of the Clans" took place on the usual day, Thursday. Mr. Young paid a visit to each of the three houses. Our thoughts were with all "Our Old Boys" at the Front and elsewhere.

On Saturday, August 10th, the final match for the House Competition took place. This year's game was remarkable for two reasons. The scores in the first innings of both teams being equal, also the very low scoring—we think a record for this match. There is no doubt that this is accounted for somewhat by the hard state of the ground which made the ball get up for catches, and the good fielding of both teams. Bradford House went in first and made 19 runs, five of the team being caught, H. White taking 8 wickets. The score of Durham's innings was the same—19. In their second innings Bradford could only make 13, seven of the team being caught, H. White, of Durham, again taking 8 wickets. Durham lost seven of their wickets in obtaining the victory.

On Sunday, August 11th, we were pleased to see Q.M.S. Meacher taking his old place in reading the lessons in the Chapel.

On the Monday following, Mr. Young giving an extra half-holiday, a match took place between Norwich and the Visitors. The Visitors were again captained by D. Board, and made 82, of which Board contributed 47 and the Rev. H. Turner 19. Norwich House scored 54, of which J. Moull made 35. It was a great pleasure to see Q.M.S. Meacher again batting and bowling on the "Pitch." Mention must also be made of the bowling of Sergeant A. Jarvis taking 3 wickets for 2 runs.

On Sunday, (the) August 18th, the services in the Chapel were taken by Mr. Miller, and on the 25th by Mr. Thompson.

The farm hands have been very busy in getting in the crops, and, in common with reports from all over the country, we seem to have a bumper harvest on the Hill. The two fields near Stratford House which were ploughed up last year have yielded abundantly, and it has been a great sight to see Mr. Walliker and his men working till almost dark carting the golden sheaves, filling up the barns, and building the ricks.

We are sorry to record the death of E. Ferry (Durham), killed in action in France, also the news that Arthur Kirk (Swansea and Canada) is missing.

Perhaps some of our readers would like to know the address of Private Thomas Barlow, who is a prisoner in Germany:—"2/4 Oxford and Bucks Light Infantry, 200341, Rennbahn, Munster, 11, 1W, Germany." He was wounded in the left leg and the right arm.

T. W. SCARFE.

### WHY NOT?

I don't know what it's coming to, it's pretty bad so far,  
And hard to prophesy what's best to do.

One cannot live as one would like, with prices as they are,  
One feels the "Pinch of War." Yes, that is true.

The "Beef Trust" and the packers had to have their day as well,  
We cannot have our steaks and chops to dine;  
For hogs and cattle are quite "scarce," and very dear, they tell,  
And so a "meatless week" was next in line.

If sugar keeps on soaring, we will have to add one more,  
And have a "sweetless" week just for a change,  
We'll have to put a "To Let" sign in every candy store,  
And keep all ice-cream parlours out of range.

So since we must be wheatless, and meatless, as they say;  
And heatless, also sweetless, for the war;  
We might as well be eatless till we starve and blow away,  
There's nothing, then, that we should linger for.

I wonder if the "Financiers" would call it "vulgar cheek,"  
If we should try to add another kind;  
I think 'twould be in vogue to have a "cheatless week,"  
When all their tempting schemes would be declined.

E. DEARDS.

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### AN IDEAL HOLIDAY.

At last! After a whole year of hard work the time has come to ask for leave. The leave is granted for 14 days, glorious! And to think that 10 at least are to be spent in the dearest spot on earth.

How the time drags and no letter yet to say whether I can go to my old home. Here it is at last and in the same bold handwriting. Now I'm off, mounted on bicycle with luggage perched on front; raining too, but what does that matter, it is bound to be fine down there. Here's the station! Now for a carriage. After several efforts I manage to squeeze in, but the discomforts of travelling become a pleasure at such times. I turn to place my bag under a seat, someone treads on my toe; I apologise for putting my toe in the way. I tread on someone's toe, and when I turn to say how sorry I am, a lady accidentally sticks her hatpin in me; this is quickly followed by a tall man sitting in an elderly lady's lap and being rewarded with a stony glare for the remainder of that part of the journey.

The sky still remains heavy and rain still falls, but I've perfect faith in Kingham Hill weather.

Basingstoke is reached, and now for the Great Western. Although still crowded, how much more comfortable it is, there I can get a seat in a

corridor on my bag, watch the lovely country as we fly past, and munch some of the ration provided by my thoughtful wife. What line is there to compare with the Great Western? Could the carriages be more comfortable? Could the speed be better? Is not the country one passes through beautiful? Haven't you noticed how nice the rail side and the tiny stations are kept? And, above all, is it not the line which takes us to our dear old home?

Reading and Oxford are passed, we are now nearing Kingham, and how excited I am. I feel five years younger. The sky is now much clearer, the sun has made its appearance.

Kingham! I am the first to alight; I fill my lungs with the pure air. In two minutes I am whisking away on my bike for home, where a genuine welcome awaits me. As I proceed I gaze my fill on all the dear old landmarks; through Kingham I go at top speed; Ah! there's the Hill! not quite blotted out from view by the pretty plantations surrounding, but, perhaps, one day they may be; but that will tend only to add to its beauty,—the works of nature are far more beautiful than those of man. Now I'm bumping through the Marsh; there's Churchill and the Old Mill away to my right,—what dear old memories the latter recalls. Stratford is also in full view, and full of good people who know I'm coming. I now feel at least another three years younger.

The big gate is closed, but the other one is open. So I endeavour to ride through to save time, but with disastrous results. My bag flies into the hedge and I sit in the road; so I call a halt and finish my rations on a five-barred gate.

Stratford is now but fifty yards, and, feeling another two years younger, I give a lusty shout, and soon burst in upon as happy a party as one could wish to see. There is dear homely Mrs. Scarfe, with welcome written all over her face, and her table groaning with the weight of jam tarts, etc., which makes one's mouth water, although one has fed in good old country fashion on a five-barred gate. Dear old Mr. and Mrs. Cock, too; the colour restored to the former's happy face by the pure air of Kingham Hill and kind attention of its good folk. Frank Harwood, too. Was there ever such a nature as his? Frank, you are a lesson to all of us, we take our hats off to you. Your character is written on your face—unselfishness, devotion to duty, ready willingness to help others, satisfaction with your lot—it is all written there.

Your reward will be great, Frank.

Before night I become several years younger, through taking part in a children's party in natural surroundings. Did ever tea taste better than when breathing pure air at the same time, or did cake ever taste better when one can eat it and gaze on lovely flowers, trees, hedges, fields and woods in all their summer glory.

Day follows day in rapid succession, each being crowded full of pleasure and enjoyment. Now we are on our bicycles speeding through magnificent scenery, now we are sitting talking of old times and our happy schooldays.

We visit some of the loveliest places in England, to think that I had lived eight years at Kingham Hill and did not know till now of these places.

Compton Wynyates with its pretty scenery and grand old Tudor house is worthy of anyone's interest, the house being a splendid example of the solid workmanship of our ancestors. Broadway, another place we visited, offers one of the grandest views it is possible to imagine, no hand of man could possibly paint such a picture as that seen from here.

How nice to play cricket once more on the old pitch. Who, after leaving Kingham Hill, cannot picture old scenes enacted here, a well-contested football or cricket match, sports; visitors teams invariably beaten by the Hill.

How well everyone looks, all painted bronze by Nature's own brush; how could they look otherwise when living according to Nature?

The dear old farm, nearly hidden from the view of the homes by the tallest hedge in the countryside, but in full view for miles on the other side. Who hasn't got a tender spot for the place? Surely no one could leave there without feeling better for the hearty welcome from the hardworking hospitable farm folk. Never were human beings in better keeping with their surroundings. Cannot you hear Arthur laugh hundreds of yards away when telling of his troubles!

I wander through the meadows, along the brook, here a spot where a fox had its hold, there a tree that I climbed year after year for crows nests, here the very spot where I fell in when trying to steer a raft along the dye brook. Every inch written in indelible characters on my memory; how could one forget?

Everyone does his or her best to make each other happy, for we are now a party, a family gathering, all Kingham Hill folk. The second day after my arrival I go to meet our dear old schoolmaster, Mr. Scarfe, always ready with a warm welcome for any old boy, loved and respected by all. How brown he looks after his few days strenuous drills, and how his face lights up on seeing someone to meet him.

Could there be anything nicer than to go to bed healthy tired, sleep like a top and wake to the song of the bird and the cry of our busy farm hands going about their harvesting, and to be able to look out of the window and see for miles across meadows, streams, hedges, and breathe air in its purest state.

Teas in the meadow by the dear old brook! how lovely! Everything laid out cosily under a towering willow, the kettle sings merrily over the camp fire, everyone is happy even the old ones feel young again. Tea over we wander by the brook to the steps. A song! Yes! How could one stop there long without bursting forth into song, and how grand it sounds in such surroundings.

My holiday draws to a close, I am regaining my normal age. Time comes when I say good-bye, and with what regret, but I am sure of a warm welcome at my own little home from my wife and tiny girl, and even the dog and chickens will be pleased to see me.

Home once more, but still full of memories of my holiday; visions of

pretty glens, fields, woods, and other beautiful works of nature rise before me, and those happy smiling faces who make one so welcome.

Truly there is no such holiday as that spent in natural surroundings, and where is there a place better than Kingham Hill for such a holiday?

D. BOARD.

### SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE.

Where are the lads of yesterday,

We knew and we loved so well?

Oh, they left their homes at the break of day,

To the fifes and drums they marched away

Into the cockpit where war held sway,

Somewhere in France.

By the pale dim light in the ingle nook,

A mother sits weary and worn,

Her tired eyes scan the family book,

And they gleam anew with a loving look,

As she thinks of her son whom duty took.

Somewhere in France.

Mothers, sisters, sweethearts and wives,

What are you thinking now?

You are thinking I trow, of the gallant lives

That have sacrificed been to the German knives

In that great Armageddon that still survives,

Somewhere in France.

You slackers at home on Easy Street,

What are you thinking now?

Are the shackles so strong on your hands and feet

That you idly stand while the war drums beat

And you know the enemy's still to defeat

Somewhere in France.

Friends and countrymen left behind

What are you thinking now?

Are you perfectly satisfied in your mind

And that you could no greater glory find

Somewhere in France.

Gallant lads of the day that's gone,

What are you thinking now?

That some day you'll meet us when all is done

And, by the grace of God, the victory's won,

You'll tell us you've buried the sword and gun

Somewhere in France.

L. BATCHELOR

## ACQUAINTANCES AND FRIENDS.

The season of youth is the time of acquaintance rather than of friendship. It is not this in appearance, but it is in reality. While young we regard all our companions as eternal friends, but a few years of separation destroy the illusion. Acquaintance is something short of friendship. It is knowledge without intimacy—intimacy with some reserve.

Acquaintanceships are of importance to young men. Friendships often grow out of them, and these social connexions greatly affect one's happiness and one's general welfare. Acquaintanceships are most helpful in the formation of our character; it is a sphere in which we make impressions. It however has its temptations, but when considered seriously, soberly, and in the fear of God, it has some advantages. It has been well said that on the slender thread of a mere acquaintance "immortal things" may be suspended.

Of all earthly gifts which our Heavenly Father has bestowed upon us there is none greater or more blessed than that of friendship. Acquaintances are not friends. Friendship is often stronger than kindred, and this is singularly apparent in daily life. Friendship is affection and you cannot gain the affection of a friend without bestowing it. Very few value friendship as we should, and it is a pity that it is not more cultivated by men.

Friendship has been beautifully defined by an old writer "as one soul abiding in two bodies."—What a wonderful meeting that was of Jonathan and David! The world seemed changed to them from that hour. Can anything afford us more joyous happiness than to feel that there is at least one heart that beats in perfect sympathy with our own. To be able to realize this great blessing is a real strength to our character.

It is often a grief to find that many young men lack friends. It is not a common case to find them living a comparative life of solitude. Some are too self-centred to seek to find companions and friends. Human friendships are worth seeking! True friends are a valuable possession, and there is no better way of keeping them than by frequently praying for them—thus being linked together by a sense of unity of thought, you may grow together in the strength of God.

Remember that Christ Jesus is man's Best Friend. He loves you, more than ever you can love Him. He loves when earthly friends fail. Is He your chosen Friend? He cleaves fast whatever happens. He changes not! Have you taken up your cross and are following Him?

J. SHRIMPTON.

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## A STRIKE AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

I sat up and listened. What could be the meaning of those awful thuds? What caused them? Thud, thump, thud, and all the time a very pronounced whirring noise.

I had been in a goodly number of air-raids and have sat listening to the drone of the engines and the patter of machine-guns overhead, so at once the

thought came: a raid. But what a raid! The thuds were almost continuous and every moment were increasing in sound, obviously drawing nearer.

I went into the street to learn the meaning. How could it be possible that a raid of such magnitude was taking place and no warning given; even now no police were to be seen and no maroons or whistles to be heard. People, white-faced and half mad with fear were running for raid-shelters or "tubes," others were hastening home to be with relatives or friends, others again, more cool or possibly more silly, stood and watched. They could see nothing, but could hear the crash, crash, and the awful droning from the N.E. and E.

Bombardment was out of the question, as hundreds of guns would be needed to keep up such a din, and the droning wanted explaining. Soon flashes could be seen about the city—in reality on the other side—and the shrieks and cries of those near at hand were heart-rending. The name of God was used in many, many instances, but with no knowledge of real or religious feeling.

For half an hour this terrible experience continued, then as quickly ceased.

Rumour and truth now became so mixed that the mind seemed unable to grasp a single fact. No one had the deliberate intention of spreading alarmist reports, but the experience had unnerved all, and each wished to state some fact—which really they imagined—to prove that during the trial they had been able to keep their thoughts and minds collected; consequently knowing nothing, they agreed with every statement made until it was impossible to arrive at the truth.

"It was a raid" said those who came from the city. To the same effect, presently, came news from the E. and N.E. A raid? this was instantly declared impossible, as if true at least a thousand bombs must have been dropped, for it was also said that no guns were in action. It was clear that no searchlights had been at work.

Others insisted that the Germans had landed at Dover, Folkestone, and Sheerness, and were now smashing London with their guns; that the Government and all the west-end population had gone to the country, leaving the trusting uninformed public to death—or worse. Many other tales equally vivid and impossible were told and believed.

Why half an hour's bombardment and then a stop?

It was perfectly true that many hundreds of people were killed; that the damage to railways, public buildings, business and dwelling-houses was beyond calculation, based on damage previously done in this country.

Many now emerged from the "tubes," and we learnt of those who had been killed by being forced on to the electric lines by the weight of numbers behind, and of those who had been crushed to death. Can one wonder that we felt bewildered and worried. No ambulances had been seen, and there was no work of rescue beyond that done by unofficial persons near at hand.

In the middle of this confusion of mind and business the droning was again heard, and shortly, crashes and thuds, until the city seemed afire;

flashes, crashes, fire, smoke and noise were mingled and terrifying. All immediately rushed for shelter, some being killed. In the city people ran in any direction, panic stricken, until running was no longer possible.

There could be no doubt—there was no doubt in the minds of many that raiders were over, not in one's or two's, but in numbers above a hundred. The suspense was awful; no guns could be distinguished and no shells were to be seen bursting in the sky. However, the patter of machine-guns could be heard, and gave us heart to think that our own gallant men were giving their lives and knowledge to defend us. How grateful we felt—until we were forced to hide as a German aeroplane flew rapidly along about 200ft. above the street, firing at anything that was seen to move, and leaving a stream of either perfectly still bodies, or others groaning and twisting under some injury. That was the meaning of the patter of bullets which had given us so much courage. Dead and injured horses were everywhere, their vans, with the deserted trams, blocking transit. Other horses madly galloped, absolutely out of control (the drivers having sought shelter) until a crash told that they had run into some obstacle and so finished their journey and added to the heap of ruin. The only living people to be seen were crouching along by walls or running rapidly in an effort to get to their homes or away from London.

The crashes were now not so heavy or frequent, the machine-gun fire was only occasionally near enough to be deadly.

Leaving the corner where I had been sheltering I crossed the street and went indoors. It was not long before the noise was intensified and bombs could be heard exploding in all directions.

Can anyone explain my feelings, or the feelings of the millions of Londoners, who were in a like situation? We waited, not knowing when a blinding flash and a splintering of glass or wood would probably be the last thing realised on earth. Soon windows went, then bits of wall were blown in, and still, by some miracle, we escaped; we knew that houses all around were falling, and surely ours was doomed.

Three days and three nights this terrible experience continued. At times death was very near, at others more distant, but always possible and probable. We had to exist on what food was in the house (although for the first day we thought little of food) it was nearly impossible to get out to find any, as moving objects were instantly pursued and subjected to machine-gun fire from above. The suspense, lack of sleep, lack of food, lack of light (we were forced to cover windows and openings caused by bombs, thus shutting out light) and lack of knowledge played havoc with our bodies and minds.

At the end of that time all was quiet as death, and after some terrible thoughts as to what would happen next we distinctly heard cheering. We staggered up and cheered with others—we knew not why; and greedily drank and made efforts to eat, but it was knowledge we were most seeking.

It was simply marvellous how quickly we learnt the facts. There had been a great deal of unrest at the Air Ministry and several resignations had

been handed in or called for. Our airmen being dissatisfied with conditions and pay had also decided to suspend operations.

This news was soon acquired by the Germans who at once sent over as many aeroplanes as possible, and these continually passed from Belgium to this country and back, receiving fresh loads of bombs or ammunition and as quickly releasing them on London. There was no opposition until the end of the three days and nights when our men resumed service (as their grievances were settled satisfactorily) and cleared the air—after the damage was done. Can you picture the scene? Can you picture the effect? Try! Now try again!

This was not a dream. You see I had been reading how our engineers had threatend to strike, and in some cases had done so, in face of such a need as at present.

Allowing my imagination free play I reflected on the results of a strike in our air service, if actually carried out, with the result as seen above.

Thank goodness our services are above such pettiness.

F. MARLEY.

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### AN EXPERIENCE AT THE FRONT.

You will be surprised to know I am back in England again. I have been wounded this time behind the right shoulder, but I have not lost the use of my right arm I am pleased to say.

It was on the morning of the 22nd of August, about one o'clock, when we were ordered to move forward to the support, but as we crossed a ridge just behind our front line something unusual happened. At the time mentioned the moon was very high in the heavens, and we could be seen for a considerable distance from the German side. As we were going over the ridge we saw a signal light go up straight in front of us. It was a double red, and we knew what was going to happen. Fritz had seen us and he was signalling to his artillery to open up on us. It was but one minute later when the shells began to fall around us. Our destination was, I am sorry to say, shell holes just behind the front line, and by the time we got there the bombardment had thickened somewhat, and we were glad to get down as best we could into the deepest hole we could find.

We were to attack at a quarter to five, and by then we were a bit broken up, but we were quite cheerful when the time came and our barrage opened. It was a splendid barrage. We started about 200 yards behind the front line, and we had gone about 100 yards when I dropped behind from the front of my section to see if they were all safe, but when I came to the last man a huge shell burst behind us and a piece buried itself in the rear of my right shoulder. At first I did not think I was wounded until one of my section saw the blood streaming down the back of my tunic, and then I told the senior man to take charge of the section. I followed them up to the front line where I found a deep dug-out, into which I made after wishing the boys the best of luck and

a safe return. The battalion was very young, all boys of 18 and 19 years of age. It was five o'clock when I entered the dug-out and did not leave there until 11 o'clock, when the shelling had died down a bit, but I had to run 200 yards, at the end of which I was out of breath, but I felt I was safe. I had to walk a few miles before I came to a dressing station, at which I entered an ambulance, which took me well behind our big guns.

I heard later that the boys had done well and the prisoners were coming down in large groups, some carrying our wounded down. Well, to cut the story short, I was operated on at the C.C.S., from there I went to Rouen, and now here I am at the same town of Hereford.

A. GREEN.

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### A SOLDIER'S PRAYER.

It ain't as I 'opes He'll keep me safe  
While the other blokes go down;  
It ain't as I wants to leave this world,  
And wear a hero's crown;  
It ain't for that, as I says my prayers,  
When I goes to the attack;  
But I pray that, whatever comes my way,  
I may never turn me back.  
I leaves the matter o' life and death  
To the Father who knows what's best;  
And I pray that I still may play the man,  
Whether I turns east or west.

A. GREEN.

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