

KINGHAM HILL MAGAZINE

No. 17

DECEMBER, 1920.

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CHRONICLE OF EVENTS.

The School was reopened on September 13th, after the usual six weeks' holiday.

On Sunday, September 19th, the Rev. W. A. Ferris, M.A., District Secretary of the British and Foreign Bible Society, took the evening service in the Chapel. The collection amounted to £1 11s. 9d.

On September 28th the bathing season was brought to a close, when four boys did the "Length." This season, owing to the prevailing wet and cold weather, was not so successful as those of former years.

On Sunday, October 3rd, the Rev. Cyril Hankin-Turvin gave his farewell addresses in the Chapel. In the morning he chose for his subject "God is faithful"—"Be thou faithful." In the evening he spoke to us concerning the past events of his life, and the wonderful overruling of it by God, and chose as his text, "So He bringeth them unto their desired haven" (Psalm 107). Among other things, he mentioned: School days—life at sea—hardships and trials in a merchant vessel—life in New York—cast adrift—the earnest, simple prayer, "God, help me"—the immediate answer—friends from Y.M.C.A.—missionary to Guinea Coast, East Africa—experiences there—almost dying—comfort derived from John xiv.—home—missionary to South Africa. He exhorted us to leave our lives in the hands of God—to take Jesus as our Pilot, and quoted from the well-known hymn, "Jesus, Saviour, pilot me." The service closed with the singing of "Abide with me."

The residents of the Hill presented the Rev. C. Hankin-Turvin with a handsome large Prayer Book for use in Church, as a slight recognition of their appreciation and esteem for his work and interest during his chaplaincy on Kingham Hill. Their prayers and good wishes follow him in his new work as Rector of Herringswell, Mildenhall, Suffolk.

The services on Sunday, October 10th, and those on Sunday, October 17th, were taken by representatives from the Evangelisation Society.

On October 21st we commemorated the anniversary of the Battle of Trafalgar in the usual way by hoisting the Union Jack. Talks with the boys on the life of Nelson took place in the School. In the afternoon Mr. Young gave a short address in the School, reminding us of our duties as citizens and the dangers of Internationalism and Bolshevism. The Children's Hymn (Kipling) was sung, also the National Anthem.

Our Harvest Festival was held on Sunday, October 24th. The Chapel had been decorated by the boys, with the help of their teachers. Mr. Young took both of the services.

On Saturday, October 30th, a serious accident happened to Victor Blackwell. He was about to slide down the hand-rail of the stairs at Norwich House, when he toppled over and fell. He was unconscious for several days, and his condition caused great anxiety. We trust he is now out of danger, and pray that God will bless all the means used for his recovery, and that he will soon be restored to his usual health.

We welcome the Rev. W. Mitchell Carruthers as our Chaplain. In the past years we have always looked forward to his annual visit, and we feel sure that his work amongst us will be for the good and success of the Hill.

On Sunday, October 31st, Mr. Carruthers preached for the first time as our Chaplain. In the course of his address he mentioned his long connection with the Hill, his regret at leaving his old friends and the parish where he had spent so many years, but he felt that he had been "called" to this work, and came amongst us "as the servant of God."

The following note on doings of the Football Eleven is given by Mr. S. G. Meacher:—At one time it seemed doubtful whether the Hill would be able to run a team during the season, but I am pleased to say a fairly good Eleven has been got together, under the Captaincy of G. Griggs, assisted by H. White (Hon. Secretary), who, with D. Groves and R. Osborne, form the Committee. To date (November 27th), seven games have been played—five have been won and two lost. The team has entered for the Rollright Challenge Cup, and are drawn to play Heythrop in the First Round.

Summary of Results:—

- v. Chipping Norton Juniors:—Won 10—3 and 2—1.
- v. Chadlington:—Lost 3—4, and won 4—2.
- v. Stow:—Won 3—0.
- v. Daylesford:—Lost 0—2.
- v. Bledington:—Won 5—1.

Goal-scorers being: D. Groves, 9; T. Barlow, 8; G. Griggs, 7; R. Osborne, 1; and H. White, 1.

On November 11th, Armistice Day, "the two-minute silence" was observed on the Hill. In the School, immediately afterwards, a short service was held, followed by a short address from Mr. Young.

All former Scouts will be pleased to hear that the "Scout Movement" is once more amongst us. We wish the members and their Scout Master, Mr. F. G. Goddard, every success.

On November 29th the Sheffield Boys returned to their old home, which had been repainted and otherwise made very comfortable for them.

The following note upon the doings of the Cricket XI. is supplied by the Hon. Secretary, S. G. Meacher:—

Batting Averages:—F. G. Goddard, 36; G. Griggs, 20; C. Luxton, 19; S. Meacher, 18; P. Floyd, 16; T. Barlow, 10; C. Melton, 7; F. Rose, 6;

D. Groves, 6; J. Farmborough, 5. The following also batted, but did not play in half the games :—W. Green, 9; C. Viner, 8; Rev. C. Turvin, 3; S. Green, 3.

Bowling Averages :—The brunt of the attack fell on C. Luxton, F. Rose, and D. Groves.

Averages :—

D. Groves, 28 wickets for 95—average, 3.4.

J. Farmborough, 13 wickets for 81—average, 6.2.

F. Goddard, 18 wickets for 121—average, 6.7.

C. Luxton, 29 wickets for 244—average, 8.41.

F. Rose, 23 wickets for 194—average, 8.43.

P. Floyd, 6 wickets for 32—average, 5.3.

All on Kingham Hill wish our readers a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

T. W. SCARFE.

OUR LONDON LETTER.

LATIMER HOUSE,

December, 1920.

In our last letter we spoke of the charm and beauty of the country life over that of the town, but we have since been reminded that the latter possesses many advantages. There is no doubt that those who live in London are "in the heart of things" and in close touch with the life of to-day, with its many and varied activities and problems.

The people of this great city are confronted almost daily with new ideas and thoughts which may or may not affect them. Moreover, there is no lack of information upon the numerous topics which engage the attention of the public, for the Londoner, in addition to what he can see and hear, is fed by several editions of newspapers from morning until night.

Now, so highly do we value this advantage of living in London that we must commend the practice of those who, living in the rural districts, pay periodical visits to this great city of ours. We ourselves, although living in London, consider it to be part of our education to make an occasional tour round such districts as the City, Westminster, and the big shopping centres, for this is the only way of keeping in touch with what is going on. "Go and see for yourself" is a piece of sound advice which we accept, for second-hand information is not always reliable.

And one of the things seen made a deep impression on most of us—we refer to the unveiling of the Cenotaph in Whitehall and the Burial of the Unknown Warrior. It is impossible to describe adequately the tribute of the nation as paid on November 11th and succeeding days. We feel confident that those who

were privileged to witness the scene will never forget it. We were also deeply impressed by the funeral procession of the murdered officers. The temper of the nation is wonderful!

Yes, we who live in London possess many advantages, but do they outweigh the disadvantages? We ask you, which is the happier—the dweller in the country or the Londoner? This very debatable question would surely provide sufficient material for an interesting discussion on some Friday evening in the Library.

And now home, as Pepys would say. You will all be interested to hear that we were honoured on November 27th by the visit of a very dear old friend—the Rev. F. J. Hazledine. He looked remarkably well, we thought, and in many respects just the same as ever. Other visitors we have been pleased to see are Messrs. W. Barlow, F. Charles, F. Marley, T. Munton, T. Pitt, Radford, A. Sydney, W. Young (Bradford), and Canon the Rev. Thornton-Duesbery.

During the past three months we have had one or two meetings of residents and a social evening in the Library. We all look forward to the Christmas Concert, which we are holding on December 16th.

The Indoor Games Competitions, which proved so successful last winter, are being repeated, and we hope to give you the results in our next letter.

The popularity of football is greater than ever, and you will be pleased to hear—as we are pleased to record—that our team has been doing remarkably well. This season the Finchley and District League has been revived, and Latimer, champions of Division III. in 1913-14, were elected to membership of Division II. Up to the present, six League matches have been played, of which five have been won and one lost, with an aggregate of 23 goals for and 10 against. That is undoubtedly a good start, and we are divulging no secret when we say that hopes are running very high that the close of the season will see Latimer Football Club promoted to Division I.

We have also survived the first round of the Finchley Charity Cup Competition, with a 5-2 victory. On the occasion of this match, something over 12s. was collected and forwarded to the General Fund for distribution to North London Hospitals. Everyone concerned is very glad of the opportunity of doing a little good work in this way.

Room has been found in our fixture list for a few “friendly” matches, mostly with teams whose acquaintance we made last season. To date, results of such matches read:—Played, 4; won, 3; lost, 1. Perhaps if we set out a record of all matches played, a better idea of the team’s performances will be conveyed than if we attempt to describe them. Here it is:—

Played.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.	Goals	
				For.	Against.
11	9	2	0	47	21

Mention of our Second Team must not be omitted. The task of running two teams with a very limited number of players is not an easy one, and our Committee are to be highly commended for the great efforts they have made to

keep the Second Team going. Although the team has met with two or three severe reverses, the players are not downhearted; they show the spirit of true sportsmanship in their resolve to carry on. Here's wishing them success!

All at Latimer join in sending their heartiest good wishes for a Happy Christmas and a Bright New Year to all HILLITES, wherever they may be.

BLUE AND GOLD.

OLD BUDGE.

Old Budge is the dearest, fattest, laziest, and most lovable dog you ever saw. His home is in one of the prettiest spots in England. His master and mistress are of the very kindest, so old Budge is very happy.

Living with old Budge there is a black cat and a saucy little chocolate-coloured Pomeranian dog.

To tell old Budge's breed would be a difficult task; there is certainly something of the collie about him, but it is sufficient to say that he is very intelligent and all that his master requires of him.

If you should visit Kingham Hill and wish to see the old chap and the dear old farm which is his home, you must start off on a nice clear day (to get the best view of the surrounding country).

Leave the substantially and beautifully built Chapel and School on the left, the workshops on the right—taking care, when proceeding along the road just here, not to step on the steam exhaust from the laundry—also taking care to glance to the left at the pretty plantation, which is well remembered by all old boys as a group of dear little trees just a few feet high.

Take a few more paces, breast the hill, and there, sirs, facing you, is the nicest view imaginable. Right away to your left front lies Chipping Norton—at one time—when agriculture was one of England's chief industries—a very important town. From there, for miles away to the right, stretches the ridge of the prettiest of hill ranges. Dotted along the sides of these hills you will see pretty little woods, farms, hamlets, and streams. Glance downwards and there is the valley formed by the latter-mentioned hills and our own dear old Kingham Hill. Through this valley runs the dye brook, at one time a pretty trout stream, surrounded by meadows and with willow trees growing along its banks. Go a little further, and there, at the foot of the road on which you stand, lies the Home Farm, almost hidden from view by the highest hedge of the countryside. Look closer, and probably you will see a dark spot in the middle of the road. That, sirs, is old Budge, the old fellow that this story is chiefly about, and the farm is his home.

There he stands, barking his welcome at your approach, his tail wagging to such an extent that his fat old body writhes and wriggles in sympathy. Close

on his heels follows Pom, and yes! as I live! the old farm cat. If you are a friend there is a right royal welcome awaiting you at this farm. If an enemy, beware! for old Budge stands on guard at the head of his miniature army.

One day a vicious dog made his appearance, and growled, barked, and swore in dog language to such an extent that old Budge's warm and kindly disposition instantly fell into the background, to be replaced by just anger at this outrage on his dear old hospitality. The old chap bared his fangs, glared his hate, and every hair bristled on his body. Just how it happened would be difficult to relate, but, before one could be aware of it, those dogs were fighting, tearing, growling, wrestling, and shaking and swaying first this way and that, and where were Budge's soldiers? Not very far away! Pom was coiled up in front of the kitchen fire asleep—at least, he was one second; the next he was out through the front door, and to see that miniature dog go to the assistance of his beloved Budge was good, sirs! Pom's teeth were sharp, and well that vicious, snarling, strong foreign dog knew. Nor was that all. What is this streak of black coming from the orchard? Why, the old farm cat, to be sure! The dear lovable cat which purrs and rubs herself round your legs.

A dog snarling and out of temper is not a nice thing to behold, but beside a cat which is really angry it is mild. And there came Budge's other portion of his army into the fray—spitting, scratching, swearing, as only a cat can, into the fight, like ten fiends in one, and that foreigner flew, sir! What else could you expect?

One day old Budge made an awful mistake: he barked an unfriendly bark at the squire, and when he knew of his mistake the old fellow suffered agony of soul, and his dear old eyes were full of apology. But he made up for it subsequently, and wagged his old tail to such good purpose that his fat body nearly bent in two in the process.

Old Budge lives in the land of plenty, but, make no mistake, sirs! his dear old disposition is in no ways spoiled. He remains faithful and ready to die for his master or mistress. He has plenty to eat and quite a good time, but should he be called upon to suffer privations, such as hunger, cold, fatigue, and even death for his master's sake, do you think he would fail? No, sirs, not on your life! His last dear look and wag of his tail would show his undying love, faith, and devotion. There are dogs that have not got such kind masters as Budge, but, like Budge, they are so faithful that they will lick the hand that whips them.

One day Budge's master was making his way to the Furze field (now a corn-field) next to the Bath field. There is nothing in this world that Budge likes more than a run through these fields with his beloved master. The scent of all the small wild folk abounding in the hedges and bushes, the occasional chase of a rabbit, rat, or mouse, is the very salt of his life, and on this occasion his mouth watered as he raced his fat way along, thinking of these good things! The gate had not been left ten paces behind when old Budge stiffened; he lifted his forepaws, cocked his ears, and sniffed. He stayed in this attitude a few

seconds, and then shot off as fast as his legs could carry his fat body in the direction of the First field. The gate was closed, but he did not hesitate a second; up and through the third and fourth bars he jumped, and squeezed himself into the field which had lately been ploughed. Here he found the going very difficult; his feet slipped or encountered obstacles at every pace; his breath came in gasps. Twice a rabbit jumped up from almost under his feet, and although he was tempted almost beyond endurance, he did not swerve an inch out of his course. His master, on finding he had not returned when some distance down the field, whistled and called. Old Budge heard, and almost turned, but duty lay ahead, and even his master's call—to him the most sacred thing on the earth, next to guarding his property—must be ignored. By the time he reached the gap at the corner of the field, his heart felt as if it would burst; his breath came in sobs. But on, on he flew, through the gap and along the furze field side of the hedge. Here the going was better; his breathing became easier and his going faster. Half-way along the hedge Budge flew through a gap into the next field, along the hedge about another twenty yards, and there a strange sight met his gaze. A few yards from her den stood a vixen, growling fiercely, with hairs bristling and hate showing from every inch of her supple body. Every few seconds she was darting towards the hole, snapping viciously at some unseen enemy. On Budge's approach the old vixen turned tail and fled, hiding a little way up the hedge, but ready to give battle for her young. And, strange to relate, out of the mouth of the hole came little Pom, dusty and dirty, minus a few hairs, but otherwise unhurt. Pom had been in one of his restless moods, and had gone hunting; he had found his way to the fox's den, and, scenting the young foxes, had made his way down the hole. He had hardly disappeared when the mother suddenly returned from a hunting expedition, and, scenting an enemy, flew to the hole to find Pom's brave little face, with snarls and gleaming fangs confronting her. Pom was in an awkward position; outside the hole he would have been all right, for, beyond driving him away, with perhaps an occasional snap on either side, the fox would have been content; but to find him actually in her home, and not knowing what harm had befallen her beloved children, nearly drove that vixen frantic with rage.

The vixen could have gone in and fought till perhaps little Pom was no more, but Pom—although a toy dog in a sense—has good weapons of defence, and would do some considerable amount of damage before going under; and well that vixen knew it! The wild have no mercy for the wounded, and to be badly wounded is as good as being dead. The vixen sprang from all points, doing her best to get a grip behind the ear or round the throat; but Pom's neck was well protected, and he met each attack with a sharp little bite on the nose of the attacker. Pom watched his opportunity to escape, but the vixen kept too close. Once Pom moved from the hole, the vixen would have just the opportunity she wanted, for Pom would have no room to turn:

Minutes passed, and the two fought, the vixen viciously and silently, the dog noisily snapping his defiance. And it was the short, sharp, squeaky snaps that old Budge heard, but how he could distinguish the difference between

Pom's usual tiny barks and his barks of distress, only he can tell; and how he managed to know it was Pom when only his own wonderful ears could hear, and when not even his master's sharp ears could detect a sound, is a mystery. Little Pom went mad with delight, frisked and jumped around old Budge, bit his ear, and shook his fur.

The vixen watched from the hedge; she was too wise to take on such odds. But should her young be attacked, she would have readily sprung into the fray and died fighting.

Old Budge was wise and kept a stolid silence; he knew that it would be no good to chase the vixen, who, being so cunning in woodcraft and stalking, would make a fool of them. So he simply gave a deep wough and trotted off to the farm, but not by way of the ploughed field—and met his master just returning.

“Holloa,” said the latter, “why didn't you come when I called you? You old rascal!” (the last sentence accompanied by a kindly pat).

And old Budge looked up into his master's face and said, with his eyes: “Looking after your property, master!” But, not understanding dog language, except in simpler things, his master will never know.

Dear, dear old Budge!

DOUGLAS BOARD.

