

KINGHAM HILL MAGAZINE

No. 21

DECEMBER, 1921.

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Kingham Hill Magazine.

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DECEMBER, 1921.

CHRONICLE OF EVENTS.

The School was reopened on September 12th, after the usual six weeks' holiday.

On Sunday, September 25th, the services were taken by Mr. Hawkins, of the Evangelization Society. In the afternoon we were pleased to see Lt.-Commander E. Hilton Young, M.P. (Financial Secretary to the Treasury), who lost an arm in the gallant raid on Zeebrugge.

On Sunday, October 2nd, in the afternoon, our former Chaplain, the Rev. F. Hazledine, who is taking up his residence in Kampala, Uganda, East Africa, gave a farewell address. The text chosen was from I. Peter ii., 7: "Unto you therefore which believe He is precious." The main thought was the thing that we loved most, that one was the most precious to us, and illustrated this by the story of a child preferring the old rag doll, which it loved, to the very beautiful, costly and new one. He also told us of the professor, who had a telescope—the boy a great distance off, and the apples. The boy wondered how the professor knew. Our prayers and good wishes follow him and his wife in the noble work they are undertaking in the mission field of Uganda.

On Sunday, October 9th, the services were taken by Mr. Bailey, of the Evangelization Society.

On October 13th five boys passed the swimming test at the bath. This date must surely be a record.

Our Harvest Festival was held on Sunday, October 16th. The Chapel had been decorated by the boys, with the help of their teachers. The Rev. Mitchell Carruthers gave both addresses, that of the morning being taken from Psalm 150 and Isaiah xli., 67: "They helped everyone his neighbour and everyone said to his brother, Be of good courage." In the afternoon he gave us a very impressive lesson from St. John xii., 24: "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die it abideth alone, but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit."

On October 21st, Trafalgar Day was commemorated as usual, the flag being hoisted, and lessons on that great event and the life of Nelson being given by the teachers in the School.

On November 5th the bonfire was lit by Mr. Young at 6 p.m. Reports showed that the fire could be seen for some miles around—Chipping Norton, Shipton Salford, etc.

On Armistice Day, November 11th, the boys and others assembled in the hall just before 11 o'clock. After "the two minutes silence" had been observed, the hymn "Our God our help in ages past" was sung. Then our Chaplain gave a very impressive address, the keynotes of which were the lessons taught by Armistice Day, viz., self-sacrifice and self-discipline. At the end of the address

“The Children’s Hymn,” by Kipling, was sung, and the service then concluded by the singing of the National Anthem.

On November 19th the first of the matches in the House Competition for the Football Cup took place. The opposing teams were Sheffield and Bradford. It was a very one-sided game, and though Pither, Davies and Vyse, for Bradford, played well in an uphill fight, the Sheffield team quite dominated the game, and won by 14—0.

On December 3rd the final took place between Sheffield and Durham. This proved to be a magnificent contest, and interest never waned from the time our referee, Mr. Harwood, lined up the teams. Mr. Carruthers kicked off at 2.15 p.m. In the first half Durham had most of the game, and but for the sound defence of Sheffield should have scored. In the second half Durham scored the first goal through Osborne. Sheffield then scored by a capital shot by Johnson, which quite beat the Durham goalie. Amidst considerable excitement the tussle went on, and shortly before the close Durham again scored, and thus won by 2—1. Osborne, Ridgard, and Rodwell played well for the winners, while Dickens, Johnson, Lane and Vecchi merit great praise on the Sheffield side.

Mr. Young, in presenting the Cup, congratulated the winners on securing the championship for two successive seasons, and praised both teams for the splendid way in which the game had been contested; but deplored the fact that there were so few spectators to witness such a fine struggle.

Mr. George Bond, hon. secretary of the Kingham Hill, supplies the following note and summary of the doings of the two Elevens:—

The Hill team is doing exceptionally well in the Oxfordshire Junior League, having played seven games, winning six and one being drawn. We were rather unfortunate to lose to Kingham in the first round of the Junior Shield. The Second Eleven have been unsuccessful so far, having lost all their matches in the Chipping Norton and District League. They are drawn to play Chadlington in the Rollright Cup.

SUMMARY OF RESULTS.

FIRST XI.

- v. Leafield, won 3—0.
- v. Milton (friendly), lost 7—2.
- v. Leafield, won 2—0.
- v. Milton, draw 1—1.
- v. Charlbury, won 5—1.
- v. Milton, won 3—1.
- v. Kingham (J.S.), lost 3—2.
- v. Chipping Norton, won 4—0.
- v. Stonesfield (friendly), lost 2—1.
- v. Kingham, won 2—1.

SECOND XI.

- v. Churchill, lost 7—3.
- v. Charlbury, lost 12—1.
- v. Enstone, lost 8—0.
- v. Kingham, lost 1—0.
- v. Enstone, lost 3—2.
- v. Milton (friendly), lost 4—3.
- v. Chadlington, lost 7—1.
- v. Milton, lost 5—0.
- v. Chipping Norton, lost 3—2.

We wish all our readers “A Happy Christmas” and “A Bright New Year.”

F. W. SCARFE.

OUR LONDON LETTER.

December, 1921.

Once again we are nearing the time when all our thoughts turn to Peace and Goodwill, and we join in wishing all our friends on Kingham Hill, and those connected with it in any way, wherever they may be, "A very Happy Christmas and a Prosperous New Year." It is only natural that at this time of the year we should look back on the happy boyhood days which we have spent on Kingham Hill, and looking forward to the time when we shall again be able to visit it.

Our congratulations to Mr. F. Munton on the occasion of his marriage. It came as a great surprise to most of us; we wish him every joy.

We hear that the Kingham Hill F.C. is again coming to the fore this season. We wish them every success in any competitions for which they have entered.

An impromptu concert was held at Latimer House early in September, when everyone thoroughly enjoyed themselves. Mr. Cave—who was at Latimer at the time—as usual distinguished himself in rendering several songs, and Mr. F. Marley very kindly officiated at the piano.

We have been unable to commence our billiard competitions this season, on account of the billiard room being closed for repairs.

The majority of the residents are in strict training for "high jumping" just now; not because we wish to take all the honours at the Annual Sports at Kingham Hill next year, but because the contractors who have undertaken to repair the house have very kindly placed the scaffolding across the gateway through which we enter, and it is necessary to be able to jump a considerable height to arrive on the other side with any degree of comfort.

Great excitement was the order of the day when the news reached Latimer that the old-time bonfire had come into its own again. It reminds one again of the good old days.

We are sorry to say that one of the most popular fellows that we have come across has left Latimer House since our last publication. We refer to H. Horne. His address will be found on another page.

It is with deep regret that we have to make it known that the Latimer Football Club is no longer in existence; after playing two matches we found it impossible to carry on, as we cannot get enough members from Latimer, and therefore we were forced to withdraw from the Finchley and District League and Cup competitions. We hope to be able to raise a team next season.

Since our last number we have been very pleased to see the following "Old Boys" at Latimer House: E. Bond, R. Burnett, A. Camp, L. Camp, P. and E. Dray, A. Fryer, R. Fassam, R. Gibbs, P. Green, G. Hammond, A. Jarvis, C. Lobb, F. Marley, L. Murton, A. Noble, C. Smith, A. Scarsbrook, C. Viner.

It has been suggested that, for the benefit of those living away from Latimer House and Kingham Hill, a list of residents of Latimer House should be published in the magazine. We hope to be able to do this in the next issue.

RED AND GREEN.

ADRESSES OF OLD BOYS.

- A. F. Jarvis, Alexander Orphanage, Maitland Park, N.W.3.
- H. Horne, 6, St. Albans Road, Kingston-on-Thames.
- A. Maskell, 43, Rudloe Road, Balham, S.W.12.
- A. Scarsbrook, 137, Great College Street, Camden Town, N.W.3.

THE EVACUATION OF MURMANSK.

On arrival at Sryatanavolock we found that place very much alive with troops. A company of machine gunners had arrived, also an artillery battery, in addition to our own two companies.

The enemy were now firmly established in a line embracing the village of Coicorri and Ussuna, about 12 versts from Sryatanavolock.

Up to the present most of the fighting had been confined to the railway, where there was very little firm ground for manœuvring. The Bolsheviks had probably found some difficulty in getting food supplies, so were easily pushed back until they were in the above-mentioned position, where the ground was much firmer and cultivated. Here they could get supplies by commandeering them from the natives.

Our fellows continued to get on very well with the natives, and were respected everywhere.

On arrival we learnt that our job was to push the enemy back a certain distance and give the Russians—who were taking the offensive—a good start.

Two days only were allowed for preparation before commencing the attack. During that time the troops were employed on outpost duty, rehearsing their part for the attack, etc.

As a general rule, a Battalion Headquarters does not go into action, consisting, as it does, of signallers, cooks, pioneers, who are required for lines of communication, etc. But in this case our companies were not controlled by our own headquarters, so we were left with no more serious work than fatigues. This called for a good deal of chaff from the remainder of the battalion, causing headquarters to volunteer to go into action as a platoon.

Between the two enemy villages and our own was quite a fair road for a Russian road; each verst along the road was marked by a post. We had a store and ammunition dump at the 10th verst post and an outpost at the 12th verst post. At the latter post the roads branched off, the one to the right leading to Coicorri, the other on the left to Ussuna.

The night before the attack operation orders were issued. These orders give all particulars regarding advanced guard formation when moving off, position of hospital tents, object in view, transport, etc.

Briefly the following explains what we were to do:—

Move off at 6 a.m. from 10th verst post; one company (D) with Battalion Headquarters were to advance and attack Ussuna; one company (half C, half B), were to advance and attack Coicorri. Each company were to be supported by machine gunners and one English 15-pounder.

The evening prior to the attack we moved off as separate units from S—, and on arriving at the 10th verst post were told to make ourselves comfortable for the night. This was no easy matter, as the only shelter was a group of scrub bushes. Luckily, my sleeping bag came up with what little baggage we were allowed. These bags are extremely useful on these occasions; they can be used for packing one's kit in a very short space of time, and when halted they can be unrolled and made into a bed in a few minutes. Each man was in possession of one waterproof sheet. This was spread on the ground, but the dew in these parts was so heavy that all except the fortunate ones with sleeping bags were wet through by morning. Some went to the trouble of putting up a shelter of boughs; this kept the dew off to a great extent.

Before turning in a short service was held just outside the camp, conducted by our Chaplain.

About 11 p.m., just as I was dozing off, we heard a continuous burst of rifle fire for about ten minutes. An orderly was despatched, and brought back the news that a strong enemy patrol had attacked our outpost with bombs, but had been driven back.

It would be difficult to describe my thoughts that evening. I had not been in any serious action before, and did not know what my feelings would be when coming under fire on the morrow. I did not expect to sleep much, but strange to say, I fell sound asleep before the orderly arrived back with news of what the firing was about. We were awakened early the following morning, and after a hasty breakfast formed up on the road ready for departure.

The seaplanes which were to assist us in the attack were due to arrive from their base in Medre Gora one hour after our departure, and heavily bomb the defences of the villages before the assault.

We moved off punctually at 7 a.m., the advance guard (one platoon of D Company) moving on about 400 yards ahead.

The country along the Coicorri route was very thickly wooded and covered with bushes; that along which we travelled was very thinly wooded, this enabling

us to see a great distance ahead. We moved to about 800 yards from the village in column of route, and then opened out into skirmishing or infantry formation.

The journey up to this point had been very tedious. We were continually being stopped by the advance guard and receiving false alarms, etc. Soon after opening out the advance guard came under fire, and the front line took up their first position. On reaching a point about 500 yards from the village, the platoon to which I belonged (Headquarters) was ordered to break away to the left, and make a flank attack. We had not gone far when we came under heavy machine gun fire, but luckily the firing was very bad; the shots went high, knocking twigs off trees or burying themselves in the trunk, otherwise no damage was done.

The village was built on a swift-flowing river, which emptied itself into the last lake we crossed. Parts of the country over which we advanced were covered with trees and bushes, through which it was difficult to see more than a dozen yards or so. On arriving at the spot from which we were to make our flank attack we found the country quite open and the ground cultivated. This made it very easy for the enemy to see us, and we were constantly fired at, but received no casualties until we got quite close. It was very difficult for us to keep the village in sight on account of the nature of the ground, and it was constantly necessary to climb a tree to check our direction. This was rather dangerous work, as the enemies' fire was so high. We worked our way round until we found ourselves in a small plantation, on arriving at the edge of which we could plainly see the enemies' defences between 60 and 100 yards ahead of us. All this time our aircraft hovered overhead dropping bombs and observing the enemy's movements, and the Russian artillery pounded away to our rear, their shells as often as not dropping dangerously close to our own lines.

On first arriving at this spot several of the enemy were exposing themselves near their defences, but a few shots soon either bowled them over or sent them scurrying to cover.

After a careful examination we came to the conclusion that it would be futile to try and assault the enemy's position without smashing up some of his wire entanglements. The adjutant accordingly sent a message requesting the artillery to make an effort to do so.

In the meantime I asked permission from the adjutant to take a Lewis gun and, accompanied by a corporal, work my way along a hedge which ran at right angles between the enemy's and our own position. We got to within twenty yards or so, and found a gap in the hedge, through which the enemy's trenches were visible. Before the enemy were aware of it, we managed to deliver a few bursts of fire from this gap, and at the same time gained an impression of the locality so that we should have an idea of the lie of the land on getting close to the enemy trenches. We crawled on our stomachs some distance further, and came to another gap, and telling the corporal to lie low, I peered through, and almost immediately felt a sharp stinging blow in my arm and stomach. I instantly rolled away under cover. The corporal could see I had been wounded,

and rushed to my assistance. I warned him of the gap, and between us we set to work to tend to the wound. I found my wrist in a very bad state, practically the whole of the back of it was blown away, and there was another large wound in the side of it. My little finger was hanging by a splinter of bone only, and I felt a stinging pain in my ribs; but the wrist became so painful that I took little notice of that. It took three first-aid dressings to effectively stop the bleeding. After looking round for the dressing tent I eventually made my way back to the 12th verst post, learning *en route* that the adjutant had been shot through the head about a minute after my leaving him. I was extremely sorry to hear this. He was a thundering good soldier; was only about 30 years of age, and had worked his way up from the ranks through sheer hard work.

On arriving on the main road I had the good (or bad) fortune to meet an R.A.M.C. orderly on his way to the main dressing station in a Russian pony cart. That journey was a nightmare to me. I felt every movement in my arm. The bone had been splintered to fragments, and each fragment felt like a red-hot needle.

On arriving at the station I found several from the other village being attended to, including a major, who had also been shot in the wrist. Here my wrist was attended to and a fragment of bullet extracted from between my ribs. I found that my strong Sam Browne equipment had been pierced with this fragment, which fact had probably saved me from a more serious injury to my body. On being dressed I learned that the wounded were to travel back the way we came, and you can imagine what my feelings were on hearing this.

The wounded major and myself shared a boat for the first stage of the journey. About half-way across the lake we encountered a thunderstorm, and the rain came down in torrents, drenching us through. By this time I was feeling a bit feverish, and was glad to lie in the bottom of the boat, and let the rain beat down and cool my face. It seemed hours before we reached the landing place, and the weather had worked the water up to such a pitch that the frail boat rocked about like a cork.

We found about a dozen wounded had already arrived, and doing their best to make themselves comfortable by a huge fire made by the Russian peasants.

There were no medical men to meet us, and as it was pitch dark by this time it would have been madness to try and make our way through the forests to Tyvdia, so we had to camp out for the night. Luckily one of our sergeants happened to be on the spot with a cargo of rations, and he proved a good Samaritan. He made hot cocoa and soup, and made us as comfortable as possible on rugs, etc. Every few hours he would give us all a nip of rum, and roam the forest for wood to keep the fire burning.

I have never had any particular liking for spirits, and could not stick the rum issued to us in Russia at any price. But after being wounded I found a drop of rum or brandy buoy me up wonderfully. I am sure I should not have managed so many miles on foot and under such conditions without. I could not

get a wink of sleep the whole of the first night, and could not even lie down to rest through the intense pain in my arm.

Soon after daybreak the following morning a doctor arrived, with stretchers and ponies. Those wounded in the leg had to be dragged along on stretchers. The part of the road over which we were to traverse was so bad that no wheeled vehicle could go over it; so the stretchers were lashed between two poles. One end of the poles acted as shafts, the other was dragged along the ground. How those poor creatures must have suffered! I thank heaven it was my arm and not my legs, and walked. I haven't any too clear a recollection of what occurred during the 70 miles' journey over lakes and through forests, except such painful incidents as being dressed at villages, etc. We arrived at Medvega Gora, where the first substantial hospital was situated, about three days and some odd hours after being wounded. During the journey we had been soaked through with rain several times, and the clothing which I wore was saturated with blood.

You can imagine how pleased we were to get a good wash and shift into comfortable dry things. We stayed in Medvega Gora about a week, during which time I underwent an operation and had my little finger removed; it was almost severed when I was wounded, and did not take much removing. I have been under several operations, but never with such eagerness as on this occasion. My arm and hand were in such a state that I was only too pleased to let the doctor put me off and do his best.

Although the conditions were very bad for a wounded man, I must say that everything was done for my comfort. The doctor who tended me at Medvega Gora was a splendid fellow. Although only a young man, he performed some very difficult operations with great success. On one occasion a young lieutenant was very seriously wounded, and was so bad that his comrades were about to leave him for dead. When it was found he was still alive another officer remarked that although he was beyond hope he would be given a fighting chance. The doctor already mentioned was telegraphed for, and arrived by seaplane with instruments in less than two hours, performed an operation and patched him up as best he could, and when we left Russia, about three weeks later, that lieutenant was well on the way to recovery.

Some of our fellows had some very narrow escapes. One lieutenant received a bullet against his metal cap badge in the centre of his forehead. The badge diverted the bullet's course, and it ploughed its way round his cap band, shaving off some of his hair *en route*. It left his cap at the back of his head. Another bullet struck a pocket light and exploded in a major's haversack on the centre of his back. There were also numerous other lucky escapes. The portion of bullet which struck my rib was checked in its course by my equipment, a metal portion of which was cut clean through.

The hospital train which conveyed us to Murmansk was very comfortable, and we were supplied with very good food under the circumstances, but the accommodation, cooking, etc., at the hospital in Murmansk was simply disgraceful.

After a stay of about 14 days in Murmansk we were transferred to the hospital ship Kalyan. I was most comfortably berthed in the officers' quarters, and found the fare so good that I am ashamed to confess to starting from the top of the menu and working down to the bottom for my first meal. For lunch and dinner there was anything up to ten courses, so you can guess what a glutton I made of myself. But it was only for that one meal, for I carried a painful recollection of a kind but firm sister armed with huge pills and white mixture.

During this time the English had turned the defences, munitions, rations, etc., over to Russians. The advanced line was over 900 miles from Murmansk.

We received every kindness and attention during our stay aboard the Kalyan, but we were extremely glad when eventually we arrived in Leith. From there I was sent by hospital train to Plymouth, and two days later to Portsmouth.

On seeing the first X-ray photograph of my arm I was very depressed, and thought it would be impossible to get the use of my wrist and hand back. I am very glad to say that although the process was slow and painful, I have now recovered almost the full use of my arm, and can play cricket and hockey fairly well again. The latter fact I owe to a great extent to the skill and patience of certain Naval and Army surgeons.

We had not been in England very long before we heard that the Bolsheviks had retaken Murmansk.

To my everlasting regret I lost my kit bag containing a diary of daily events which I had written specially for our magazine.

In conclusion I must thank the editor of the K.H. Magazine for the time and trouble, not to mention patience, he must have spent in putting my scribbling into shape for the magazine.

Whilst in Tyvdia I had the good fortune to witness, and partly take part in, a wedding ceremony and reception. I intend writing of this and a supposed hanging of a traitor in a separate article.

DOUGLAS BOARD.

OLD ST. PAUL'S SOCIALS.

Well, boys, I am just going to try and write something for our famous magazine. I must call it that, because it seems so wonderful how it brings us to write from far Canada and other distant places. Well, when I was coming out of Old St. Paul's Church a few Sundays back, I was stopped by some persons and asked if I would join the A.Y.P.A., the Young People's Social Evenings. I promised I would, so I went and paid my membership money. There were some more of our boys there who joined with me. We started with a hymn, and then a prayer, and a good talk. Then someone sang a solo, which we enjoyed very much. Then we had a spelling match, in which, I regret to say, none of our fellows took the prize. Well, we sang some songs together, and had another prayer, and sang "God, Save the King," in which we showed

we were British to the backbone, and closed after a happy evening. Another time we went to Knox Church, where we were entertained by the young people of that church. The Rev. MacSagan spoke to us for an hour, and he gave us some very good ideas as to how we should run our Social evenings. You seem to feel as if you were back on Kingham Hill again when you get amongst about 400 young people—everybody wanting to know how you are and how you are getting on in business. Well, we had a very good evening, singing songs, joking and chatting, and good refreshments. I don't want to take up too much of our magazine, so I shall have to be quitting very soon. But I just want to inform those who come out next year, we don't want them to think they have to work from morn till night; there is plenty of chance to enjoy yourself after work. Well, I must close up now, wishing you all the best of luck and the same to the magazine.

E. J. FASSAM.

P.S.—Best wishes from Havelock Farm and all old boys.

TWENTY-ONE.

I have a very strong suspicion that by writing this article I am usurping the privileges of the Editor. If that is so, he will not need me to point out to him that he has, under the editorial table, a most effective retort: a snapper-up of ill-considered trifles (including misquotations)—a wicker-work swallower of impertinences.

With so much apology, let me draw attention to the "Coming of age" of the Kingham Hill Magazine (for this is the twenty-first number) and the completion of its fifth year of publication. I am certain that every reader will join me in expressing congratulations and thanks to Mr. Young, who, from the beginning, has been editor and publisher, and sometimes contributor as well. It can have been no light task to guide the youthful "Mag." in the way it should go; and sometimes, when its covers were far nearer to one another than they should have been, he must have felt discouraged. But here it is, at twenty-one, leaving infantile ailments far behind, and looking ahead to a long and creditable manhood.

It is the custom of our contemporaries, on the occasions of their various anniversaries, to entertain the reader with a summary of their achievements and some extracts from past numbers—the whole being tempered with a little self-congratulation, so far as modesty will allow. It is a pleasant custom to follow, and I have re-read my collection of K. H. Mags. (alas! it is not complete) beginning from the first issue. In this the Editor invited contributions about

"Shoes and ships and sealing-wax,
And cabbages and Kings."

He was not disappointed, and in later numbers we read of Army boots, "Big Lizzies," parcels that came to pieces in the post, Sauerkraut, and "Bill." Poor "Kaiser Bill"! Without you there would probably have been no Kingham Hill Magazine! We were going to hang you, and there wasn't much on the credit side of your account; so perhaps your neck was saved by the good that you did unawares!

In Number Two it was evident that the magazine was not to be, like a railway luggage rack, "for light articles only." Indeed, the serious contributions have always outweighed the humorous and the trifling. As we read again the graphic descriptions of life on active service, we lay down the sheets and recall past things . . . then slowly on with bowed heads, for we are reading the message of one to whom a vision was given . . . and he did not come back. . . .

"O Valley of England, in my dreams
Thy beauties oft appear;
My soul is led by the Spirit of night
To thy emerald meads in the gold sunlight;
I dream that I am there,
Where Heaven seems not far away"

. . . it is sacrilege to add a word, even with broken voice. Let us see that we are worthy of the sacrifice of men like this.

The regular contributors, who supply us with chronicles from Kingham Hill and Latimer House, it is idle for me to praise, for their work is known; but perhaps they will accept our thanks for their continuous records. It is no easy task to collect and arrange the "news of the day." To do it excellently, as these do, is not within the power of many newspapers that count their readers by the hundred thousand. We are fortunate.

It is strange when comparing our "Mag." with others of the same kind to find in it not one paragraph that could give offence to anyone. Only too often does a school magazine show a great likeness to the magazine of the "Short Lee-Enfield" in being full of small articles designed to give enemies an uncomfortable time. It is a rare talent to give offence, even without intention, to nobody; we see no reason to doubt that it will continue.

In accordance with the usual Kingham Hill custom of expressing our good wishes to friends at their coming of age, we offer our congratulations to all concerned with the production of the magazine; and we hope that its golden cover, with its not less golden contents, will long continue to make its appearance. While it does so, memories of the past will not fade away, nor auld acquaintance be forgot.

E. C. BOND.

