

KINGHAM HILL MAGAZINE

No. 53.

DECEMBER, 1924.

Contents.

- 1.—Chronicle of Events.
- 2.—Our London Letter.
- 3.—Scouts' Trip to the British Empire Exhibition, Wembley.
- 4.—Whiskers.

Kingham Hill Magazine.

No. 33.

DECEMBER, 1924.

CHRONICLE OF EVENTS.

Mr. F. Rose, Honorary Secretary of the Kingham Hill Cricket Club, supplies the following report of the various games played during the season 1924 :—

FIRST ELEVEN BATTING AVERAGES.

	No. of Inns.	Times Not Out	Most in Inns.	Total Runs	Average
F. J. Goddard ...	8	1	80	214	30.5
F. G. Rose ...	6	0	34	91	15.1
J. Jones ...	7	0	51	98	14
T. Barlow ...	8	2	14	35	5.8
J. Farmbrough ...	6	1	11	29	5.8
L. Osborne ...	9	1	12	44	5.5
P. Floyd ...	9	0	21	46	5.1
W. Green ...	6	2	5*	11	2.7
G. Bond ...	8	0	7	20	2.5
C. Melton ...	9	0	9	21	2.3
T. Pitt ...	7	1	4	6	1.

*Signifies not out.

BOWLING AVERAGES.

	Overs	Maidens	Runs	Wickets	Average
F. G. Goddard ...	37	16	72	10	7.2
F. G. Rose ...	81	21	193	23	8.3
P. Floyd ...	40	1	147	11	13.3
J. Jones ...	55	7	162	12	13.5
T. Pitt ...	27	5	73	4	18.2
J. Farmbrough ...	65	11	192	8	24

Matches played 9. Won 4. Lost 4. Drawn 1.

SECOND ELEVEN BATTING AVERAGES.

	No. of Inns.	Times Not Out	Most in Inns.	Total Runs	Average
A. Rodwell ...	6	0	44	122	20.3
F. White ...	10	0	31	100	10
G. Hancox ...	10	1	25	71	7.8
C. Orris ...	10	0	34	66	6.6
R. Jenkins ...	10	0	17	56	5.6
E. Lovegrove ...	6	1	13	25	5

BOWLING AVERAGES.

	Overs	Maidens	Runs	Wickets	Average
A. Rodwell ...	18	3	18	15	2.5
F. White ...	44	8	111	25	4.4
R. Jenkins ...	43	6	121	24	5.04
G. Hancox ...	18	2	47	5	9.4
F. Overton ...	11	1	26	1	26

Matches played 7. Won 2. Lost 4. Drawn 1.

The annual service on behalf of the British and Foreign Bible Society was held on Sunday afternoon, September 21st. The Rev. L. Lloyd gave a very interesting address. The collection amounted to £2 6s. 10d.

While our Chaplain was on his holiday the services were taken by the following Evangelists: September 28th, Mr. Collins; October 5th, Mr. Goudie; October 12th, Mr. Bailey, and October 19th by Mr. Tatham.

On Thursday, October 9th, the Kingham Hill Scouts went up to Wembley, where they spent a most interesting and enjoyable day.

October 21st, Trafalgar Day, was observed in the usual manner. Mr. Young gave a patriotic address to the boys, urging them to do *their* duty to England throughout their lives.

Our Harvest Festival took place on October 27th. The Chapel was decorated for the occasion with wheat and flowers. Mr. Carruthers preached from the text "Man goeth forth unto his work and to his labour until the evening." Psalm 104, verse 23. In spite of the inclement weather the service was heartily rendered by all present.

On October 29th intense interest was taken in the General Election. We are quite proud of our part in the great victory achieved by the Conservative Party throughout Great Britain. North Oxfordshire was "true blue" and our candidate increased his majority over the Liberal from 219 to 6,228, and had a majority of 1,495 over both Liberal and Socialist. This was a wonderful and well-deserved victory for Major Edmondson. He carries out his duties in a praiseworthy manner and is popular with all.

November 5th saw the usual immense bonfire on the Furze field. It was a fine night, and all enjoyed the big blaze and the fireworks.

On Tuesday, November 11th, the Armistice Service in the Chapel commenced at 10.45 a.m. with hymns and prayer. The lesson was read by our Chaplain. After the "Two Minutes' Silence" Mr. Young spoke a few words on the debt we owe to those who so nobly gave their lives for us in the Great War—particularly the old boys from Kingham Hill and Latimer House. The service concluded with the singing of the National Anthem.

We are glad to know that the Rev. W. Fisher has so far recovered from his illness that he has been able to return to Kingham. We hope that he will soon be fit to resume his work in the parish.

Mr. F. Rose, Honorary Secretary of the Kingham Hill Football teams, gives the following details of their doings this season.

FIRST ELEVEN—LEAGUE GAMES.

Great Tew, lost 4—3; Chipping Norton Liberal Club, lost 2—1; Chadlington, won 3—1; Long Compton, lost 4—1.

FRIENDLY GAMES.

Milton, lost 2—1; Chipping Norton Senior, lost 5—1; Donnington, won 11—1; Blockley, won 5—2; Donnington, won 8—1; Chipping Norton Liberal Club, won 4—0.

Played 10. Won 5. Lost 5. Goals for, 38. Goals against, 22.

SECOND ELEVEN—LEAGUE GAMES.

Great Tew, lost 3—2; Great Rollright, lost 10—0; Swerford, lost 5—1; Chadlington, lost 7—0; Swerford, lost 4—0; Long Compton, won 2—1.

FRIENDLY GAMES.

Chipping Norton Reserves, lost 4—1; Chipping Norton Liberal Club, lost 5—2; Milton, lost 9—4.

Played 9. Won 1. Lost 8. Goals for, 12. Goals against, 48.

On Saturday, November 29th, Kingham Hill School team (Captain H. Pawson) journeyed to Adlestrop Park, where they met a representative team from the Adlestrop Oddington Daylesford Sports Club (junior section). A good game ensued, the result at half-time being School 1, A.O.D. 0. In the second half the home team had much the better of the game and placed two goals to their credit and thus won 2—1. Our team played well and kept their opponents, who were a much heavier team, busy to the end.

We wish all our readers a Happy Christmas and a Bright New Year.

T. W. SCARFE.

OUR LONDON LETTER.

Latimer House.

December, 1924.

Christmas is now upon us, and many are looking forward to the short holiday, and a visit home to their parents and re-unite with old and new friends in jolly festivity.

The first real signs of winter were with us this week in the form of a good old London fog accompanied with rain.

We offer our good wishes to those on the Hill, and those abroad for a Happy Christmas and Bright and Prosperous New Year.

Our congratulations to the Rev. Thornton Duesbury, rector of Holy Trinity Church, on being appointed Bishop of Sodor and Man.

Born in the Isle of Man, he has now had his boyhood wish granted, that being to become Bishop there.

Previous to coming to Holy Trinity Church, he had been at Islington and Leyton, both places which involved a great deal of work. He thoroughly deserves his good fortune, though his gain will be our loss.

Several of the newcomers to the House had the pleasure of witnessing the Lord Mayor's Show, one actually taking part in it. From reports received it was a really wonderful spectacle.

Efforts have again been made to run a football team, but we find ourselves totally unable to do so. We have, however, a new indoor football game run on somewhat the same lines, which arouses great enthusiasm.

It is hoped to run a competition on ordinary league system, the top person (team) receiving some small prize.

While on the subject of games, we should like to mention that the Billiard Room will soon be open again. The room having been completely done out and the table renovated. After practice once more, we may be able to hold our own against the Severnites at the next time of meeting.

The competition between the Pirate and the London General 'Bus Company is getting really interesting. The General Company have now altered their numbers, and in some districts by combining with the "Underground" have reduced fares. In reply to this the Pirate people have made a greater reduction, and it is comical at times to watch the enemies flying for the stopping points in order to get the fares.

During this month a few of the fellows have been indisposed with colds or 'flu, owing no doubt to the continual damp weather we are experiencing.

Since the last publication, the following old boys have paid us a visit:—

H. Boyden, A. Camp, E. Dray, F. Henley, F. Hyde, G. Huckle, A. Mathias, Dick Watts, and Mr. Penn, a late Superintendent of Clyde.

RED AND GREEN.

SCOUTS' TRIP TO WEMBLEY.

I think my account of above must be a very brief one, as I am sure the details of everything seen and done will be more vividly remembered by the Scouts than myself, and repetition is not desirable.

On October 9th we started off from Kingham at 8 a.m., and strange to say, the weather was fine and kept fine all the day—a most unusual occurrence. We arrived at Paddington about 10 a.m., and the remarks passed on London by

those who were visiting it for the first time were numerous and varied. After a look round the station we got on the Underground to Baker Street, where we changed into a train that took us direct to the Exhibition, where we arrived at 11 o'clock. Then began the "Tour of the Empire." After an hour or so (during which we inspected "Caerphilly Castle" and the "Flying Scotsman" in the Palace of Engineering, which is probably the largest concrete building in the world, having a floor space of over half a million square feet) we decided to get some food and were fortunate to get tables all together, and for the next half-hour we were fairly quiet.

We then took a walk to Australia, Canada, etc., etc., and it is hard to say which interested us most, but I think the majority would say Canada was as good as any. (All details left to Patrol Leaders.)

We were successful in getting tea quite comfortably, after which the fun commenced. Having spent the day studying the resources of our Empire, and finding out many things we were quite ignorant of, we thought a little relaxation was necessary, and so we went to the Amusement Park, where we discovered all sorts of weird inventions, which have to be tried before they can be appreciated, or otherwise. (Details of amusements I must also leave to Scouts.)

The only casualty we had all day occurred here. Leslie Bates lost his hat on the Giant Racer, and that is not to be wondered at, as hundreds of other people have done the same thing. It is said they have to have a "Hat Auction" very often to get rid of the surplus hats.

At 8 o'clock we went to the Stadium and saw a splendid display of fireworks, which everybody seemed to enjoy. We then had a walk to South Africa and had a very interesting half-hour there, after which we made our way to the station, and got to Paddington in time for the train at 11.30 p.m.

I think the Scouts wanted to show me they were not tired after so much travelling, as the journey home was *not* spent in sleep. I can safely say everybody thoroughly enjoyed themselves, and came back much wiser than they went.

I should just like to add a word of thanks to the "whipper-in" (Mr. Fred Rose) who so ably helped me to bring all safely back.

F. G. GODDARD.

OUR TRIP TO THE BRITISH EMPIRE EXHIBITION.

On Thursday, October 9th, we had the pleasure of going to the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley. Leaving Kingham Station by the 8.10 a.m. train, we arrived at Paddington and travelled by the underground railway to Wembley Park, via Baker Street.

Our first visit was to the Palace of Engineering. Here we were greatly impressed by the enormous exhibits. Some of the chief among them being the big guns and various engines, such as the massive "Flying Scotsman," "Caerphilly Castle," as compared with Stephenson's old-time locomotive. We also saw the electric power station, which is used to light up the whole Exhibition.

From here we crossed the lake to the Canadian Pavilion. There we saw the miniature sceneries of our noted Dominion. The different kinds of corn and fruit, the Prince of Wales modelled in butter, and the miniature Canadian Pacific Railway were the chief items of interest.

We next went to Australia. Here again we were struck by the beautiful sceneries, the model sheep farm, sheep-shearing done by electricity, minerals and dried fruits of all kinds were among the exhibits.

Leaving here we went to New Zealand. The chief sources of interest were the dairy produce, frozen meat, and also the process of freezing. Another feature was the polished and unpolished woods.

We next visited West Africa. In the Gold Coast we saw some native boys washing gold dust which was very interesting, as also was their language.

Burma, our next place, was on the whole the most magnificent pavilion of all. The wooden pinnacles with their carvings and wind-bells were marvels of human structure. The most impressive things were the Corporation Ruby Mines, rice products and scented woods.

Our next place of interest was India. This pavilion was represented as the Taj Mahal. Wonderful silks, Kashmir shawls, carpets and perfumes greatly impressed us. After this we had a trip on the lake, which we all thoroughly enjoyed.

From the lake we went to the Palace of Industry. Here we saw the bread and biscuit making; the ingredients not being touched by hand during the whole process. Indeed there are so many things that impress one that we can hardly explain.

Towards evening, we all enjoyed ourselves by going to the Amusement Park; the only casualty being the loss of a hat on the Giant Racer. One Scout had his fortune told, which we are afraid was not exactly the truth.

We now went to see the firework display at the Stadium. Both the Stadium and the fireworks proved very interesting. Having a little more time, we went to one more place of interest, this being South Africa. Here again we saw the dairy produce: huge bales of raw tobacco and various kinds of wild animals, especially the ostrich with its beautiful plumes, and extraordinarily large eggs; we also saw some diamonds of different shapes and sizes. Another notable sight were the native spears and shields, and other weapons not looking very "tame."

After leaving this pavilion, we strolled round the grounds to the exit, and to the end of our tour round the Exhibition. Finally, we arrived home at 3 a.m., after a wonderful day; not forgetting to thank Mr. Young for our splendid outing.

G. HANCOX, C. ORRIS, L. LAMB.—Scouts.

Special Notice.—We also thank Mr. Goddard for his excellent guidance throughout the whole of the Exhibition.

WHISKERS.

Years ago, before Durham—our first home—was built, the Dye Brook as it is now was not a brook full of water made foul by tradespeople who had no thought for fish or animal life, but a bright sparkling stream teeming with speckled trout and fierce-eyed otter. To-day, the Thames Conservancy Board keep a fatherly eye on our old meadow brook—which is really a small tributary helping to feed Father Thames—but the damage has been done, and we see no speckled trout chasing gorgeous coloured flies, nor Whiskers the otter chasing the speckled trout.

The winter had been a very severe one, bird and animal life found it difficult to find sufficient food to keep life in their bodies.

Whiskers the otter felt the pinch as much as most, but he, like all other members of the weasel tribe to which he belonged, was a fighter, and looked upon an empty stomach as part of the day's routine.

His only meal in the last twenty-four hours had been a poorly nourished water rat. Whiskers was not downhearted, he was young and loved life. His natural food, the trout, had moved down or up stream, probably the former, and by all the laws of nature Whiskers should have followed, but being a young male otter and full of self-confidence he had been in the habit of wandering a considerable distance from his families and usual hunting grounds, and had returned one day to find his parents and brothers and sisters had departed.

Even then Whiskers should have followed, but he had sustained a nasty wound in his left shoulder in a dispute over a fat trout with an old dog otter, which not only made walking, but also swimming, a most painful procedure. And by the time the wound was well enough for travel, winter had set in with a vengeance.

Whiskers left his hole in the ice and hunted the banks in vain. Even the water vole had disappeared. In disgust he left the stream and made his way gingerly across the meadow, keeping close to the brook—where the bath now stands—crossed the old lower furze field and bee-lined to the ditch leading up to the farm.

At that time the farm—although picturesque—was not a third of the size of the present mass of buildings. But as at present it has always had a remarkable fascination for the wild folk.

Keeping well down in the shelter of the ditch, Whiskers continued his journey. Old Verey, the barn owl, mistaking him for legitimate prey, swooped down within two feet before discovering his mistake, a buck rat hearing the owl froze to inaction, then died, and Whiskers fed. Rats were not his usual menu, but he had to eat or be frozen to death. Murder was afoot on all sides; a grass snake pursued and captured a tiny bank vole and was in turn captured and devoured by "Prickles" the hedgehog. A rabbit squeaked and then died, and Reynard trotted off with his first meal that day, only to run into Whiskers, and was so startled that he dropped his prey and backed.

At the best of times Whiskers wore an expression so fierce that one would imagine he had a grievance against the whole world, but compared with his expression now his usual expression was a thing of beauty.

The rabbit lay between them, Reynard flashed his fangs and growled his hatred. Whiskers said not a word, but wanted the rabbit just as badly as Reynard. The latter moved slightly and prepared to make a grab at his prey. Whiskers prepared to make a grab at the fox, and then the prey, when Old Verey suddenly disappeared round a rick.

The rabbits fled through the hedge, the attendant weasel tribe followed, and all became still and quiet save Reynard's growls. Came a cough, a human cough, a real church-yard cough, and Reynard, knowing the source, fled as only the wild can flee, leaving our Whiskers crouching and wondering.

It was the farmer's step which had frightened the wild folk and his cough, which had warned Reynard. The farmer had lost some chickens and determined to put a stop to it. He was wise enough to know that however quiet he may be, his enemy the fox would know of his approach and disappear without giving an opportunity for a shot. But the farmer used his brains and had stationed a man with a shot gun just clear of the hedge at the bottom of the close on a spot where he knew Reynard would leave the farm. The man was lucky—a chance shot and the fox was no more, the chickens were avenged. The shot nearly drove Whiskers out of his mind, but he did a wise thing—he remained perfectly still. Had he moved, the farmer, who was but a few yards away from him, must have seen him in the moonlight.

The farmer and his man went back to the farm satisfied with their night's work, and Whiskers ate a hearty meal.

That night Whiskers slept warm and comfortable. The winter took its full toll of wild folk. A tiny cock sparrow going supperless to bed was found frozen stiff to his twig perch the following morning. A moorhen, unable to find food in the frozen stream, was also found perched on one leg in the meadow with nothing left but bone and feather.

But Whiskers, although deprived of his natural food, managed to keep the life blood ebbing through his supple body. True, he was in bad condition if weight counts for anything, but rabbits, rats, etc., do not make bad food even for an otter.

Spring came, rivers became swollen with melting snow and mountain streams, and Whiskers was happy. The trout returned in large numbers and so did the otters. Our otter hunted and gambolled the day through, his favourite pastime was to leave the stream and slide headfirst down a well-worn earth chute into the water. It is this habit which gives the gamekeepers an unfair advantage. Traps are placed under water just below one of these slides, and many of our fierce little friends come to grief. It seems that the majority of wild animals are tarred with the same brush. The poacher knows that if he places his snare on a rabbit run he is almost sure to get a catch.

All wild animals in African and other jungles have their favourite paths, which they will move over daily.

But luckily for little Whiskers, the owners of the estate believed in living and letting live, as far as Whiskers and his brethren were concerned, anyway. Whiskers lived very happily with his brethren until there came a day when he felt lonely. He had seen other otters in pairs, and had taken no notice, but now he felt that he also would like to have a mate.

Then, one day he met her. He was chasing a fine big trout when he suddenly became aware of a second hunter. Whiskers resented this until he was aware that his rival was a female. The hard winter had brought all that was best in speed and endurance to the fore in Whiskers. He did a strange thing; like a flash he redoubled his efforts, caught the unlucky trout, took it to the bank, and as the other otter left the water dropped it at her feet. For his pains she spat and snarled at him, but that is the way of some of the ladies, and Whiskers heeded not, but crouched at a respectful distance while the future Mrs. Whiskers fed. Then came his rival. The wild only recognise the fittest; Whiskers knew this, so did the other otter. For a fraction of a second they glared, then Whiskers moved, no human eye could follow what actually happened during that fight; it lasted but two minutes: the rival fled, followed by Whiskers until he was well out of sight of our meadow. When he returned the lady had departed, but our otter did not mind that, he could bide his time.

The following evening Whiskers went in search of his new-found sweetheart; he came upon her scent near the bridge on the road leading to Boulter's Barn. The scent led him under the bridge and about a mile upstream. The whistle of a dog otter set him swimming rapidly, and rounding a bend he suddenly came upon his rival of yesterday and his future bride. The rival dog otter fled. Mrs. Whiskers continued playing as if nothing had happened, coming upon an otter's slide in the bank, she left the stream and dived, came a loud click, a cruel snap and our little female otter was held fast in a trap.

Poor Whiskers nearly went mad, he whistled, whined, snapped and shook the trap, but it held fast. The female otter writhed and twisted until exhausted. Whiskers remained by her side until he felt the pangs of hunger, but before satisfying his own appetite he caught two trout and placed them beside the trapped otter.

Dawn approached and Whiskers prepared to hide for the day, when a peculiar noise from up the valley drew the attention of both otters. A noise which was well known to otter folk, but new to our two. The noise of rushing waters. A cloud had burst somewhere up in the hills and sent some hundreds of surplus tons of water down the valley. The stream suddenly became a raging torrent. Our poor little female otter was indeed doomed. Whiskers should have heeded the first warning and deserted the stream for higher ground, but he was made of the stuff that heroes are made of, and remained by the imprisoned female. The water came down with a rush, and Whiskers had to hold the side of the trap to prevent being carried away. This proved their salvation. Their combined weight on the side of the jaws caused the latter to open slightly, and the force of the water swept them free. Fortunately the trap had gained a hold on the thinner portion of the paw and had not done much damage. But their troubles were not over; however powerful a swimmer an otter may be, he was almost as helpless as you or I in such a torrent. Pieces of wood, sods of earth, and other objects knocked them about until they were nearly stunned. Whiskers was conscious of a dull pain in his tail—had he only known it was the female otter hanging on to him with her teeth. In fact, she acted as a kind of anchor and prevented them from being whirled against the sides and dashed to pieces.

At last the speed of the water had decreased. The valley was flooding for miles, which tended to ease the rush, and Whiskers was able to swim with the tide and control his direction. The first thing he did was to let Mrs. Whiskers know with his teeth that his tail was not a trout. He then headed for a bank, the female followed, and here they rested for several hours. They were now actually on the bank of the Thames. A few minutes' search revealed plenty of fish washed up by the flood. They ate a hearty meal and after wandering a few hundred yards discovered a foxes' den in a meadow now partly flooded, but sufficiently out of water to provide shelter. Here they remained until the water subsided sufficient to enable them to work their way up stream and so back to their beloved meadow near the mill.

Here we will leave them, hunting, fighting and playing as only the weasel tribe can. Our brave little pair of otters. And even to this day, if you care to look, you will find the mud slides down which they used to love to dive.

D. A. BOARD.

