

KINGHAM HILL MAGAZINE

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Contents.

- 1.—Chronicle of Events.
- 2.—Our London Letter.
- 3.—My Trip to Port Said.
- 4.—The evacuation of Murmansk, North Russia.
- 5.—A Christmas on board H.M.S. Europa.

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CHRONICLE OF EVENTS.

On March 19th we had the usual holiday to celebrate the anniversary of the birthday of Mr. Young. The annual football match, Norwich v. School, took place, and proved a very interesting game. With the assistance of the teachers the School was able to field a strong eleven. Norwich was well represented. The game was evenly contested, both goalies having anxious moments. The School made the better use of their opportunities and scored on three occasions, while Norwich was able to register only one point. For the boys, Griffin B. and Mitchell H. played well. R. Osborne, Boyden and Green were the mainstay of Norwich.

The flag was hoisted on St. George's Day, April 23rd. In School we commemorated the day by singing the National Anthem and by summing up the lessons to be learnt from the Patron Saint of England, and notice was also taken of Shakespeare's birthday.

On Thursday, March 25th, several of our lads were confirmed at the Parish Church, Chipping Norton. Dr. Corfe, late Bishop of Korea, officiated instead of the Bishop of Oxford. The following confirmees were from the Hill: A. Bruce, C. Froud, W. Froud, G. Griffin, W. Mascot, F. Murton, E. Page, and B. Topp.

The Honorary Secretary of the Kingham Hill Literary and Debating Society, Mr. S. G. Meacher, supplies the following: The final debate of the session was held on March 12th. The subject chosen was "Home Rule." Mr. Scarfe, in a well-reasoned and patriotic address, spoke strongly against the idea of giving Ireland this extended form of self-government. Briefly outlining the Bill, the speaker said he thought its application would lead to chaos. No one wanted the Bill—it engendered irritation all round. Ireland was not fit for this self-government. Industrially the North outclassed the South. Quoting from the "Catholic Times," he showed that the Protestant minority would be made to suffer. Yes, there were safeguards; but in a clean, strong measure—which this could not claim to be—there would be no need to talk of safeguards. Rev. C. Hankin-Turvin thought that the measure needed careful consideration. What a state of disorder Ireland was in! Surely this Bill could not make things worse. Why not give it a trial? Mr. Davies could not agree to the placing of a Protestant minority under an avowed Roman Catholic Government. Mr. Pike considered that Ireland when separated from the Empire would be a worse menace and more trouble than now. Further remarks by Messrs. Goddard, Cleary, and Meacher brought the meeting to a close—a substantial majority deciding against the Home Rule Bill.

The football season has drawn to a close. The "Hill" record reads as follows:—

- 1st XI.—Played, 23; won, 16; lost, 5; drawn, 2.
- 2nd XI.—Played, 16; won, 8; lost, 7; drawn, 1.

The League team headed their section, being 2 points in front of Witney Swifts. A preliminary semi-final was played against Banbury Christ Church, and the Hill won easily 8—3, thus qualifying to meet Launton in the semi-final proper. Unfortunately J. Farmbrough was injured in the previous game and G. Pike was not well enough to play, and though the Hill put up a game fight they lost by 3—1, and so good-bye to the Competition.

On Sunday, May 16th, Sunday School was re-opened after being closed during the War owing to the Chapel Service taking place in the afternoon. Mr. Young kindly came over and gave a few words of encouragement to scholars and teachers.

Empire Day this year falling on Whit-Monday there was no formal gathering. The flag, as usual, was hoisted. On Sunday afternoon, May 23rd, Mr. Young in the Chapel reminded us all of our duty to the Empire.

The following notes on Cricket are kindly supplied by S. G. Meacher (Hon. Sec.): It seems as if the approaching season will be full of interest both on the Hill and throughout the district. On March 23rd a General Meeting was called at the Langston Arms, and it was decided to re-start the Chipping Norton District League. The Kingham Hill C.C. held its Annual Meeting at Norwich House on Friday, March 26th. Last season's record was very encouraging—Played, 10; won, 7; lost, 3.

F. Goddard headed the batting averages with 44.7, G. Pike running second with 36.9. C. Luxton headed the bowling with an average of 3.14 per wicket and G. Pike came next with 5.28. The following officials were elected for the coming season: F. Goddard (Captain), G. Pike (Vice-Captain), S. Meacher (Hon. Sec.), Messrs. C. Melton and R. Osborne (Committee), with Rev. C. Hankin-Turvin as Chairman. It was decided to join the District League. The question of running a 2nd XI. was discussed, and it was decided to do so if it were found possible to raise an eleven.

At a meeting of the League Executive the following teams were admitted to the membership of the League: Ascot, Chipping Norton, Churchill, Kingham Village, Kingham Hill (holders), Salford and Leafield.

The opening League match was played at Leafield on Saturday, May 20th. The home team scored 74, being disposed of by C. Luxton 3 for 20, F. Rose 2 for 26, D. Groves 2 for 6, and F. Goddard 3 for 17. The Hill scored 101 for nine wickets—D. Groves 28 (not out), F. Goddard 25, S. Meacher 16, G. Griggs 9.

Next Saturday Salford visit the Hill, and the team chosen to meet them consists of: S. Meacher, F. Goddard, C. Buxton, T. Barlow, J. Farmbrough, C. Melton, D. Groves, G. Griggs, E. Scheu, F. Rose, and P. Floyd.

During the absence of our Chaplain the services in the Chapel are being conducted by preachers sent from the Evangelisation Society. On Sunday, May 16th, Mr. Stanger took the services, followed by Mr. Mason on the 23rd and Mr. Bailey on the 30th. Mr. Thurston will take the services on June 7th.

The Swimming Bath is now being got ready, and everything points to having a very enjoyable and successful season.

The following no doubt will be read with interest and appreciation by all Old Boys: "Copy of Notice accompanying the bestowal of Military Medal on H. Juniper, 18th Battalion, Canadians."

Military Medal,
53131 Cpl. H. Juniper,
18th Battalion.

For conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty in front of Passchendaele on November 9th, 1917. This N.C.O. displayed great courage and initiative in the leadership of his section. Thrice during the day his section of trench was destroyed by enemy shell fire, and each time he reconsolidated the position and maintained his connection with his platoon commander. His personal example and fearlessness maintained the courage and spirit of the men under him.

T. W. SCARFE.

OUR LONDON LETTER.

Latimer House,
June, 1920.

It has been suggested that occasional news from Latimer would be very acceptable to readers of the Magazine. This letter, therefore, is in the nature of an experiment, which we hope will prove successful and perhaps lead to a permanent contribution to the Magazine from Latimer House. May we hope that a similar experiment will be tried at Havelock!

Unfortunately, our March letter reached the Editor too late for insertion in the last Magazine, and as we have little to record since Easter, we will endeavour to give some account of our activities previous to the publication of the last number.

In the early part of January a meeting of Senior Residents was held, and it was decided that a Social gathering of some kind should take place once a month during the winter season. Entertainment and Sports Committees were elected and soon got to work, with, we may say, excellent results. Social evenings took place on January 18th and February 9th, and Old Boys' Concerts on February 2nd and 27th. The latter concert was given as a Farewell Evening to the Canadians and was most successful. Those of the performers who made their "debut" are to be congratulated, and it is hoped that they will entertain us at some future date. In addition to these festivities, some friends of Mr. Carley very kindly entertained us on January 28th and March 10th.

Old Boys had a very pleasant surprise on February 13th—a visit from Mr. Cock. He looked exceedingly well, and we are glad that his rest has done him

so much good. Both Mr. and Mrs. Cock stayed at Latimer for a few days and were present on the station, as of old, to witness the departure of the Canadians.

A Confirmation Service was held by the Bishop of Willesden in Holy Trinity Church, Marylebone, on March 24th at 8 p.m. The following residents of this House were among the candidates presented to the Bishop: Robert Fryer, Alfred Hackett, William Hancock, Arthur Kingston, Arthur Lloyd, Richard Turner and Sidney Ward.

Eastertide, for the greater part, was spent mostly indoors—London, as well as Kingham Hill, receiving its share of rain. Whitsuntide, however, was a glorious holiday, the sun having apparently finished its game of "hide and seek." For this the "seekers" are most thankful!

There is little more to tell you of the Social side of our life, since indoor gatherings and meetings cannot compete with the long summer evenings and the green freshness of the parks. One and all succumb to the temptation, and go to enjoy all that Nature offers.

We have yet, however, to give some account of ourselves in the realm of sport.

FOOTBALL.

Although we were late in making a start and, for various reasons, were unable to enter any Competition, our Secretary succeeded in arranging a good programme of friendly matches. The season's sport proved thoroughly enjoyable to all who took part; that the team met with some success will be seen from the following table: Played, 22; won, 14; drawn, 3; lost, 5; goals for, 73; against, 32. Principal goal scorers: W. Stiles, 21; A. Desmond, 9; R. Booth, 8.

Owing to the difficulty which many London clubs experience in obtaining a ground, the greater number of the matches were played on our ground—the historic field at Oak Hill Park, Barnet. And here, on behalf of the team, we should like to tender special thanks to Tommy Munton, who did most of the work in connection with the ground. Not only was he in the main responsible for the initial preparation, but Saturday after Saturday saw him busily applying the whitewash brush.

The doings of the Hill team were keenly followed by all at Latimer. It was good to see the Hill again at the head of their Section; may we express the hope that next season we shall see them at the head of the League! Another year, perhaps, when railway fares have "come back," a meeting between the Hill and Latimer might be arranged at Easter time. 'Twould be a popular event.

INDOOR GAMES.

The Indoor Games Competitions organized by the Sports Committee during the winter proved very popular and successful; the experiment is well worth

repeating. Monday evening, March 29th, was devoted to playing the "Finals," after which Mr. Carley presented prizes to the following winners:—

Billiards.—F. Russell (cuff links).

Chess.—D. Osmokrovitch (purse).

Table Tennis.—F. Dack (note case).

Draughts.—R. Viner (pocket knife).

CRICKET.

At the moment there is very little to report. Practice is going on in the Park, and the first match will be played on Saturday next. W. Stiles is Captain and W. Ward Hon. Sec.

BLUE AND GOLD.

MY TRIP TO PORT SAID.

Early in the morning of October 2nd, 1918, I left Milford Haven in South Wales for Port Said, Egypt.

I was on board an English merchant ship, the s.s. "Tanfield," as signalman, having been lent by the Navy to the British India Steamship Company.

In company with us was the s.s. "Varzin," of German origin, and which was captured by the British early in the war; as escort we had two "P" boats, whose duty it was to see that we had no submarine surprises.

After three hours steaming at ten knots, we lost sight of Old England's shores, and from then our thoughts were concentrated on what the next few days or even hours would bring forth.

According to instructions we were to proceed W.N.W. and pick up eighteen other vessels, which had left Liverpool the previous day. At five p.m. we sighted them on the horizon, and so accordingly we turned our helm, and after two hours' careful manoeuvring we managed to take up our position in the convoy. By this time the two "P" boats had left us to return home, and in their place we had one "Q" boat (or mystery ship) and eight smaller boats called "Kil" boats, their names beginning with "Kil" (Kilkenny, etc.).

During the next few days sea-sickness got a hold on me, and all I wanted to do was to lie down and sleep. I could eat nothing for three days, after that time I began to get better and gradually my appetite returned, and I can assure you I made up for lost time with a vengeance.

At six a.m. on the fifth morning I was awakened by the sound of several explosions, and on rushing up to the bridge found the captain and officers in a state of excitement. I enquired of them what was the matter, and I was very quietly informed that there was a submarine in the vicinity and that the escort

were dropping depth charges*, which if they had exploded within a hundred feet of the submarine none of the crew would have seen daylight again.

On my looking round I noticed that a Japanese passenger boat had dropped astern, and suddenly as if the water had parted and swallowed her, she was seen to plunge head foremost and in a very few minutes she sank from our sight. There was not much hope of rescue, for she went down too quickly, and only about twelve were saved; many women and children were amongst the drowned. Shortly after this I noticed a torpedo coming towards our ship, but fortunately we were able to avert disaster by altering course. Nothing more was seen of the submarine, but later we heard the joyful news that she had been sunk by our "Q" boat.

Early the seventh morning Gibraltar was sighted, and as we were to anchor there till the next day I looked forward in eager anticipation of being allowed ashore, but I had no such luck.

My first impression of this famous colony was one of disappointment; it was so unlike the pictures with which I had been familiar from my earliest days. Of the grim precipice there was no trace, there was nothing terrible or even soldier-like about Gibraltar as seen from the Western sea. It does not suggest a lurking ambush full of guns, nor could any place look less like an impregnable fortress. All that is seen is a steep hillside bare towards the top, but full of harmless shadows of trees about the foot. There is a harbour around which crowds a homely, shrinking town, with a glimpse here and there of gardens and walks. On the summit is a watch-tower, from which women might watch for the home-coming of fishing boats as the sun goes down.

There are certain features, however, in the landscape which are irregular. The harbour is evidently more than a haven for fishing vessels, for between the green slope and the sea are many monstrous ships of war.

A little acquaintance with the place and it comes to be understood why it is called "The Rock," a further knowledge discovers the familiar precipice—the Lion's Face—rising from low ground and not from the sea, and that it ever looks towards Spain.

The highest aspiration of the little sea town is to kill and its pious hope is to develop its powers to destroy life to wide limits. An enemy so ignorant as to mistake this little colony for a Mediterranean seaside resort would be convinced of error with some suddenness, while the unfriendly who would ask for bread at Gibraltar would receive a scorpion.

The next day we left Gibraltar, and nothing further happened until the fifteenth day, when we sighted Port Said.

My first impression was one of peculiarity. One becomes aware of a row of houses on the horizon, which spring out of the sea; if one can imagine a

* A large can, filled with high explosives, and which can be timed to explode at a certain depth. These are dropped over the stern of the vessel.

detached row of lodging-houses at Southend in company with a lighthouse then there is a conception of Port Said.

We anchored in the canal, opposite the main street, and instantly there was a crowd of boats on all sides, containing filthy-looking foreigners, some selling their wares, while others offered to row ashore any person who wished to go. The noise they made can only be compared to the monkeys in the Zoological Gardens.

The principal street is made up of a series of houses and shops, little above the dignity of shanties. The thoroughfare gives one the impression of being some sort of "Native Street" in a London exhibition. Everybody lives in the road, and the crowd one struggles through comprises Arabs, Egyptians, Bedouins, Greeks, Turks, Maltese, French, Spanish, and English, of donkey boys, postcard sellers, beggars, native policemen, Nile boatmen, British sailors, coal coolies, and tavern touts. All night long noise of some sort continues. Indeed, the chief music-hall of the town announces as its greatest joy that it is open all night.

Port Said affords a display of the West at its worst and the East spoiled. Yet at the time of sunset a glory of the East can even make beautiful this mongrel city. At this time the squalid house-tops become turrets and battlements of gold. The sky is the colour of a yellow rose, the clouds are tinted with lilac, the shadows in the street are purple and long. Picking her way through the dirt and debris of the quay is an English girl, and as the light which the East alone has seen falls upon her dainty face and makes a halo of her fair hair, it is possible to realise at Port Said how the East and West may meet.

ALBERT FRYER.

THE EVACUATION OF MURMANSK, NORTH RUSSIA.

It is now over four months since our troops evacuated North Russia, but the country is still in a terribly unsettled state. The population, who are not intimately connected with the Bolshevik leaders lead a life of terror. The safety of their lives and property is always hanging in the balance.

The great Bolshevik leaders when first aiming for power worded their programme so cunningly that the masses of the poorer and uneducated classes flocked to their houses, only to find to their everlasting regret that instead of being set free from their aristocratic yoke, and living a life of freedom, they became greater slaves than ever. Before the revolution seventy per cent. of their work was for the benefit of the upper classes and thirty per cent. for themselves. Now they are expected to give up their goods, homes, and even honour. Life is so cheap that many a peasant has lost his life to satisfy the whim of a Bolshevik Commissioner.

The following lines deal with the portion of North Russia between Murmansk and a small Russian village called Svyatanavalock, the former being the port used to such a great extent by the British for supplying Russia with munitions before the revolution, and later held by the British to prevent Germany from using it as

a base for submarines, the latter place being about 600 miles along the railroad which runs from Murnansk to Petrograd. At the time of my arrival the whole of the above territory was under British control, and therefore not a very good example of the existing conditions in other parts of Russia.

Some of the places we visited had been quite recently vacated by the Bolsheviks and showed signs of their ruthless methods, as the following article will prove.

I.—DEPARTURE OF THE ROYAL MARINE BATTALION.

About 4 p.m. on a very fine day about the end of July I was passing from the orderly room to the mess when the Adjutant spotted me. I had had a somewhat worrying day and tried to camouflage myself, but it was no good. I had hardly made the mess door when I heard "Sergeant-major" in his well-known voice. I hurried across and saluted. I wish to speak to you in the orderly room, he said. Once in the orderly room he shut the door, and turning to me remarked, I am afraid this little trip of ours is not going to be quite the picnic we at first thought. In fact, we may find ourselves in action very shortly. I enquired whether he thought the Germans would give trouble at the thoughts of losing a small State? He gave me a knowing look and said, "The people who are likely to give us the trouble live in a much colder region than Germany." The word "Russia" flashed through my mind at once, but except for the fact that he advised me to prepare for a cold climate I could get no further information from him. I may as well explain here that the 6th Royal Marine Battalion had been formed for the purpose of going to Schleswig-Holstein in connection with the voting of that State to decide whether she would remain under Germany—who stole her from Denmark about fifty years ago—or be returned to the latter, and see that Germany used no unfair means to bring about a result in the latter's favour.

The whole Battalion had looked eagerly forward to this trip as a great change from the strenuous times they had been through before the signing of the Armistice. Now came a bombshell in the shape of sudden orders from the Admiralty to prepare for embarkation on H.M.T. "Czar" to a destination unknown. At least no one was supposed to know, but we could not help knowing, considering that Russia was now the only country where fighting was still taking place.

When eventually I arrived in the mess I found the rumour had already reached there, and on my entrance all eyes were eagerly turned in my direction with the hopes, no doubt, of learning something. I arrived in time to hear the C.S.M. of A Company relate to the group of members gathered round him how he had got the first inkling of the alteration in plans. It appears that Gunner Brown, in company with his crony Pte. Smudge the butcher, emerged from the back of the canteen, followed by an excitable crowd. "What in the 'ell are yer giving us?" said one. "They won't send us to Russia! We ain't volunteers." "Volunteers or no volunteers," said Brown, "we goes to Russia, and by gosh!

won't you look funny with a nanny-goat beard and high boots; they'll take yer for old Tirpitz." "Well, if they take me for Tirpitz, I don't know what they'll think of you with that shiny red and blue nose of yourn. It will look a beauty with the cold in it and Russia's icy mountains as a background."

"A good many similar remarks as well I overheard," said the C.S.M., "but when I called Brown over he knew nothing except what Smudge had said and Smudge had overheard a remark whilst cutting up some meat for the officers' mess. Finally," said the C.S.M., "on reaching the Company office, I found a photo—cut out of a daily paper—of a Marine in sheepskin coat, high boots and fur cap, under the heading of 'Sailors in Russia' nailed to the door."

I had not been in the mess many minutes before I was questioned by all the senior members, but except that they were to prepare for cold weather I could tell them nothing.

A few days later we were officially told we were not now for Germany, but for somewhere else, and we were to leave England on Thursday or Friday in the "Czar."

The feelings of the Battalion were now in a mixed state. A good many had spent the whole of the war on ships, roughing it in all weathers in a constant dread of the submarine, and never knowing whether the next moment would be their last or not. Others had served through Gallipoli and France, whilst others had recently arrived back from Salonika, German East Africa, and numerous other places. All delighted at being home for a spell, and at the thoughts of no more war. Now they were ordered to a place which was spoken of with dread by all. There were already a number of British soldiers there, and the public were crying out about the expense of their upkeep.

It was a most unpopular campaign; the Russians had received our men with mixed feelings, the majority of the working classes were against it, and the country was in an awful state. No wonder one heard grumbling on all sides, and such remarks as "I won't blinking well go!" etc., etc., passed.

The time for our departure drew close; sheets of correspondence passed between our orderly room and the Royal Marine Office, London, or the R.M. Divisions. This man was found unsuitable, that man had not a complete kit, another man was requesting to leave the service, and so on. Only those who have had to deal with it know what an amount of correspondence goes on through a Battalion orderly room.

Orders came through that we were to fit up with gas masks—this was quickly accomplished, another to the effect we were to turn over our transport—this consisted of six light Ford cars, four motor cycles, one motor ambulance, and a large car for the C.O. All this, of course, would have been used for the voting in Germany.

July 30th came round, and with it orders for our Battalion to embark on Friday or Saturday, 31st or 1st. The following day all was bustle and confusion.

Lorry-loads of baggage left continually for the station, stores not required in Russia had to be returned, and the hundred and one things necessary for the departure of a Battalion attended to. I shall never forget our last evening in that camp. All ranks by this time felt certain where we were bound for and had made up their minds to make the most of their few hours in England. The canteen was packed to overflowing with the men belonging to the Plymouth and Chatham companies. Portsmouth and Eastney men were taking their last farewells, as they (or the majority of them) lived locally. No one seemed able to settle down—the air was full of noises. At 9 p.m. last post was sounded and my work began. Every man by this time should have been in his hut ready to rest, as we were to start at 2 a.m. But on such occasions one must overlook a lot. To the great credit of the men, we were able to report present at 9.45. About 12.40 the first bugle went. I hastily donned my clothes and equipment and went the rounds of the companies to see all were alert.

At 1.30 the fall-in bugle sounded for the first party. It was pitch dark and there was scarcely any light in the camp, but every man got into his place in a very short time and was ready to march off in less than ten minutes. The same thing happened with the second party. This proved how well the men were trained. Although a great number had indulged somewhat freely in liquid refreshment the night previous (which was only a few hours before), every man was able to fall in and carry out orders.

At 1.45 we marched out of camp for the station, a walk of over four miles; this was accomplished to the accompaniment of all the latest songs and choruses. The inhabitants of Fareham must have thought us a noisy lot, for we must have woke the whole town. Startled faces peered behind blinds and out of windows, to be met with all sorts of remarks and sallies from our men. One lady in night-cap was in such a hurry to get her head back on the cry "Get back to bed!" from one of our fellows that she bumped her head violently against the sash, and then told us we were a lot of scoundrels, the latter remark being met with cheers and laughter.

At about 9 a.m. the following morning we arrived at Tilbury Docks and thence by tug to H.M.T. "Czar," which lay in mid-stream. The "Czar" (our home for a few days) was a fair-sized ship, and was running between England and Russia with troops.

We were met on the gangway by ship's officers, who gave every officer and man a card. This card bore the number of berth and mess to be used by the recipient.

All that afternoon we worked at getting in the baggage. This was accomplished by 4 p.m., and practically the whole of the Battalion laid their weary heads wherever possible to rest. I had scarcely settled off into a comfortable doze when the ship's sergeant-major came and asked me to come and see to the Marines, as they were all trying to get their food at once and causing much panic. I went to the mess deck, and found all our fellows clamouring with their plates and fighting for a place near the stewards who were issuing the food. I asked the

chief steward what the usual procedure was, and on learning that it was usual to line up and go to each steward in turn, I promptly told the fellows what to do and in a few minutes all were served. The food was very good and plentiful. It was supplied by the shipping company, and I must say they feed their passengers much better than the Government do their soldiers.

About 6 p.m. that evening the anchor was raised and we started on our journey North.

(To be continued.)

DOUGLAS BOARD.

A CHRISTMAS ON BOARD H.M.S. EUROPA.

I am writing this letter as promised, with an article about how our sailors generally spend their Christmas in the Navy. It is about time I sent something, and I think it is rather interesting to those who never served in the Navy on board ship during Christmas Day. This last Christmas was the third I have spent on board ship, twice on H.M.S. "Agamemnon" and once on H.M.S. "Europa," so I think I ought to give a good description of how our sailors spend Christmas on board ship.

Well, to begin, the first thing in the morning, about 5 a.m., we generally hear our Christmas Day reveille, that well-known hymn, "Christians awake, salute the happy morn"; then you see heads coming up from under the blankets to see if there is a boot or shoe handy to make them go, and turn in their hammocks until the proper reveille is sounded on the bugle at 6 a.m. Then we all jump out of our hammocks merry and bright, lash up, and stow the hammock away. We all fall in at 6.30 a.m., and then we just have a bit of a clear up round the flats. We have breakfast at 7 a.m., after breakfast clear up mess decks and flats, and also ourselves for divisions at 9.45 a.m. (what I mean by divisions is that we all fall in to be mustered). After divisions we get prepared for Church Service on the quarter-deck at 10.30 a.m. till 11.30 a.m. After Church Service we go and decorate our messes all ready for inspection. At 12 o'clock noon the captain, officers' band, and one or two funny parties inspect the decoration in the messes while the band is playing "Roast Beef of Old England," or if the ship happens to be on foreign service they play "Rolling Home to Merry England," and the funny party follow up and try to make themselves look bigger fools than they are. After dinner we have a sing-song on the mess deck, or sometimes there is an impromptu concert until tea time—tea at 4 p.m. After tea, on the majority of ships, there is generally held a concert on the quarter-deck by the Ship's Concert Party. The concert generally starts at 8 p.m. and finishes at 12 o'clock midnight, and that is the end of Christmas on board ship.

I will not say that is how every ship spends its Christmas. Perhaps the ship may be stationed at a place where leave is given, like H.M.S. "Europa" was. What I have just written about is how a ship spends Christmas when she is

stationed at a place where the ship's company cannot get leave. Now I will just write a few lines and tell you how I spent my Christmas Day on board H.M.S. "Europa," 1919, at Smyrna (Asia Minor). Well, I must say it was a jolly Christmas. Everything was rather quiet until dinner-time. I dressed up in my clown's uniform, and went round the mess deck at 12 o'clock noon with the commodore, officers, and band. Of course, as I said before, we were trying to make ourselves look bigger fools than we really were. After dinner, instead of having a sing-song, we all got ready to go ashore and watch a football match between H.M.S. "Europa" v. Smyrna. Well, the game finished up 2—2, and I must say it was a jolly good game. I being an officer's servant had to come back on board at 6 p.m., the others had leave until 10 p.m.

We have about ten officers' servants on board; three of us managed to turn up and wait on about sixty officers at their Christmas dinner, 7.30 p.m. We finished waiting on the officers about 10.15 p.m., then the three of us went into the pantry and washed all the silver and plates up, and by the time we had finished that it was 12 o'clock midnight, when the lads were just getting over their Christmas Day.

Well, that is how I spent my Christmas Day on board H.M.S. "Europa," and may the next be in England.

H.M.S. "Europa," Jan., 1920

Pte. F. J. CLARK,

R.M.L.I.

KINGHAM HILL
MAGAZINE

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A Christmas on board of St. Esopus