

KINGHAM HILL MAGAZINE

No. 19

JUNE, 1921.

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CHRONICLE OF EVENTS.

March 19th, the Squire's birthday, was observed as usual by a general holiday. The annual football match between Norwich and the School proved to be one of the best games ever played on the old ground. Every inch of the game was keenly contested. At half-time the score was:—Norwich, 2; School, 0. In the second half the School scored two goals, thus making the game level. Within two or three minutes of the close of the game Norwich, amidst great excitement, scored the winning goal, Norwich thus winning a splendid game by 3—2. Great praise is due to Norwich for preparing the ground and giving the Hill such a good display. There is a rumour that Norwich and the School will meet at cricket this year.

We record with deep sorrow the death of Sidney Page, which took place on Easter Sunday, March 27th. All of us will remember his cheerful spirit and willing manners, and the great patience with which he bore his sufferings.

On the following Sunday Mr. Young and the Rev. W. Mitchell Carruthers made touching references to S. Page's death. The Squire's text was: "Behold, *now* is the accepted time"; the Chaplain's, "Man that is born of a woman hath but a short time to live." The hymn, "Rock of Ages," was sung.

Sunday School re-opened on April 3rd, and the Day School re-opened on the following day, after the usual Easter Holidays.

On April 16th the Hill suffered another sad bereavement in the death of Charles Spratley. During the short time that elapsed between his return to the Hill and his death, he had won the hearts of all by his cheerful manner and the calm spirit with which he faced his sufferings. No one who was present in Chapel on the following Sunday could fail to be impressed by the address of our Chaplain. He told us some incidents in his visits to C. Spratley. May we all be as ready to answer the "Call" as he was! The funeral took place on April 20th.

On St. George's Day, April 23rd, the flag was hoisted as usual, and the teachers gave brief lessons connected with the name of our Patron Saint, and also upon William Shakespeare.

On May 14th Mr. Cleary and family left the Hill. We wish them great success in their new life in Canada.

Our best wishes to Mr. and Mrs. Rose, who are now taking charge of Norwich House.

Trinity Sunday, May 22nd, was a red-letter day in the history of Kingham Hill. On going into Chapel on Sunday evening, we found in all the seats *something* that has been long talked of—"Our Hymnbook." We all realise

what a task Mr. Young has had (among his many other duties) to collect such a rich selection of words and tunes. The Squire says, in his preface, how much we owe to Miss Young for the compilation of this book. We feel that "Our Hymnbook" is a fitting memorial to one who took such a deep interest in everyone and everything connected with the Hill. We were pleased to have Mrs. Lawrence and Mr. Arthur Young with us on this memorable occasion.

The following note on the doings of the Kingham Hill Cricket Club is supplied by the Hon. Secretary, Mr. F. Harwood:—Our season opened with a visit to Moreton on May 14th, who can always field a good team. Moreton won by 94 runs. Moreton, going in first, compiled a total of 166, to which the Hill replied with 72. On going in the second time, the Hill made 100 runs for the loss of four wickets. Griggs batted extremely well, being top scorer in the first innings with 19 runs, also making 36 not out in the second attempt. F. G. Goddard made 38, J. Farnbrough 18, in the second innings. D. Groves came out the best in bowling, taking four wickets for 36 runs.

On May 21st we received a visit from Chadlington. The game resulted in a very easy win for the Hill. The visitors batted first, their innings totalling 74, to which the Hill replied with the large score of 226. So the Hill won by 152 runs. G. Griggs played a fine innings of 86 runs, scoring freely all round the wicket, which was a delight to watch. F. G. Goddard made a useful score of 50, and then retired. W. M. Sweeney also batted well for 29 runs.

The Second Team journeyed to Broadwell, and, like the First Team, ~~lost~~ their opening match. The Hill team scored 34 in each innings. Broadwell made 72 and 54, and so won by 58 runs.

On May 28th the Hill visited Kingham to play the Villagers. The Hill team batted first, making 109 runs. To this Kingham replied with a total of 69 runs. The Hill thus won by 40 runs. The batting honours again went to G. Griggs, who did very well indeed to make 45 runs on such a difficult pitch. J. Farnbrough came out the best in bowling, taking six wickets for 34, and D. Groves three wickets for 15 runs.

The Second Team received a visit from Bledington, and lost by 50 runs. The Hill went in first and made 48 runs. Bledington replied with a total of 98. Going in the second time, the Hill team batted with much more confidence, and ran up quite a respectable score, making 109 runs for the loss of seven wickets. E. McSweeney batted well for 44 runs; W. Coates, 21; and Harry White, 20.

Before closing, I should like to say how much we miss the services of S. G. Meacher, especially as a first-wicket batsman and for his stubborn defence, which is always a great help to any team. We shall be very glad to see T. Luxton back for his bowling.

On May 24th, Empire Day, the Flag was hoisted as usual. We tender our thanks to G. Thompson (Canada), who is staying on the Hill for his holiday, for his valuable help on this occasion.

In the evening Mr. Young gave a very interesting lecture on the "lesson" taught by Empire Day. He told us how this Empire differed from that of any

former Empire that had existed, and the necessity of living up to our responsibilities. The necessity to think—and to think Imperially—was shown, and the want of such a statesman as Mr. Joseph Chamberlain (who stood for Imperial unity) at the present time was brought out. At the commencement we saw a map—a very blank one—depicting the world as it was known in the fifteenth century. Dealing with the beginning of our vast Empire, he said that Trade was the motive which first prompted our ancestors to seek out fresh lands and to settle. He showed us the effect of the discoveries of Columbus and Vasco de Gama. As he mentioned the names of Sir Francis Drake and others, the settlement of Jamaica and Newfoundland, Robert Clive and Plassey, the gallant Wolfe and Canada, our map began to put a much brighter appearance, and this was made more so when the work of Captain Cook in opening up Australia and New Zealand was shown. The development of Africa in the nineteenth century and the conquest made in the Great War were next shown. The need of coaling stations and naval bases was brought out, and soon the whole world was dotted with stars showing the existence of these. By the use of four flags, viz., the White Ensign, Blue Ensign, Red Ensign, and Union Jack, and the Cross over all, were indicated five main objects for which the Empire exists—Dominion, Settlement, Trade, Protection of native races—and our duty to see that in all parts of our Empire the Gospel is preached. For over an hour Mr. Young kept us interested, and by his graphic illustrations we were made to realise how vast is this Empire of ours. Cheers for our King and the singing of the National Anthem brought to a close a most enjoyable and interesting evening.

T. W. SCARFE.

OUR LONDON LETTER.

LATIMER HOUSE.

June, 1921.

There can surely be no more difficult task than to have to write a letter when you have nothing to write about. And that is the problem which confronts us at this moment, and for the solution of which we seek inspiration!

The coal crisis, the absence of smoke and clearness of vision, the appalling unemployment, the doings in and out of Parliament, the visit of the Crown Prince of Japan, Professor Einstein and other notabilities, the disappointing Test Match, etc., etc., you are already familiar with, and we can tell you little else.

Very well, you may retort, why write at all? We hasten to assure you that we do not write for the mere sake of writing; yet, in spite of the fact that we have little news, we have what seems to us two very good reasons for continuing to write.

In the first place, we want to keep unbroken the record begun nearly two years ago of contributing a Latimer letter to every number of the Magazine.

In the second place, it is our aim to unite and bring together all the scattered "bits" (pardon the word!) of Kingham Hill—to link up, as it were, Kingham

Hill with Latimer and Havelock, and to put Old Fellows, wherever they may be, into touch with each other.

These, then, are our main reasons for writing, although we have nothing to write about.

At the beginning of our letter we sought inspiration, and, while defining our second reason above, it appeared that here was something we could write about.

There are, no doubt, a great many Old Fellows who often think of their days on Kingham Hill, and who, perhaps, wonder what has become of their old "chums." They perhaps would like to hear from them, desire to write to them, but, unfortunately, do not know their whereabouts. Now, this is just where the Magazine may help them by giving them the particulars they require. We therefore suggest that room could be found in every number of the Magazine for a list of addresses, and that Old Boys be invited to ask for and to send addresses. By this means many fellows will be put into, and be able to keep in, touch with each other. We are making a beginning in this issue by giving elsewhere a list of addresses which we have to hand, and hope others will be published in the next Magazine.

Since our last issue the following Old Boys have called at Latimer :—Messrs. E. Bond; R. Booth; Bros. Camp; P. Coiley; C. Devine; Bros. Dray; P. Green (R.N.); G. Jones; A. Kite; T. Munton; R. Pullinger; A. Scarsbrook; G. Thompson (prior to departure for Canada); S. Upsher; W. Warn; P. Wright; N. Whitworth (R.N.); and W. Young (Brad.).

All residents of Latimer were grieved at the sad news from the Hill of the death of Charlie Spratley, and our sympathies go out to his brother Will in Canada. Charlie was a popular fellow at Latimer, and took a great and active interest in the sport of the House. A short memorial service was held here on April 20th, the day of the funeral.

August will soon be with us, and with it the great reunion of Old Boys on the Hill. We hope the weather will be more kind to us this year than it was last, and that the Sports, Cricket, and other activities of August week will go off with a real swing. We wish all on the Hill and all Old Boys a happy holiday at that time.

FOOTBALL.

Our position in the League at the close of last season was not nearly as high as we at one time hoped it would be. We certainly anticipated something of a set-back when the Canadians departed, but we were not quite prepared for the series of disasters which overtook us. The team was further weakened by injuries, and, as a result, not another victory was gained—of the last five matches, four were lost and one drawn. Our complete League record was as follows :—

Played, 15* ; won, 7 ; lost, 6 ; drawn, 2. Goals : For, 38 ; against, 34.
Points, 18.*

* One game, not played, awarded to Latimer, owing to opposing team failing to keep the fixture.

In all, we played 22 matches, of which 12 were won, 8 lost, and 2 drawn; we scored 71 goals, and had 54 scored against us. W. Stiles easily headed the list of goal-scorers with 36 goals to his credit.

Latimer has again entered for the Finchley League Competition, and we take this opportunity of wishing the team every success.

CRICKET.

At the moment of writing, cricket holds the imagination and stimulates the activities of most Latimarians, in common with many thousands of other Londoners, for England has just lost the second Test Match at Lord's.

Regent's Park is not an ideal ground, but, nevertheless, the following games have been enjoyed:—

- May 24.—Polytechnic, 38 (Stiles, ten for 10); Latimer, 41
 „ 27.—Polytechnic, 59; Latimer, 92 for seven (Russell, 25 not out).
 „ 28.—Primrose, 44; (Stiles, eight for 17); Latimer, 34.
 June 4.—Latimer, 113 (Stiles, 57); N.L. Post Office, 38 (Stiles, seven for 17) and 75 (R. Viner, five for 17).
 „ 11.—St. Christopher's, 127; Latimer, 31.

BLUE AND GOLD.

ADDRESSES OF OLD BOYS.

E. C. Bond, 8, Vicarage Terrace, St. Anne's Hill, Wandsworth, S.W.18.

T. Munton, 122, Church Road, Croydon.

Messrs. C. Devine and R. Booth, 129, Devonshire Road, Holloway, N.7.

J. Ellis, c/o Anglo-Chilean Nitrate Railway Co., Tocopilla, Chile, S. America.

Messrs. J. Moull, F. Parsons, and A. Desmond, 151, Norwich Avenue, Woodstock, Ontario, Canada.

Messrs. P. Dray, E. Dray, and A. Fryer, 107, Akerman Road, Brixton, S.W.9.

W. Warne, 2, Michigan Avenue, Manor Park, E.12.

REPORT OF MATCH RECEIVED FROM CANADA.

1—1 Ties Press Soccer Lid off Woodstock.

The Bain Soccer Team and the East Woodstocks pried the lid off the local season here, Saturday afternoon, in the opening game of the City League, which resulted in a 1—1 tie.

The grounds at Victoria Park were in great shape, and a big crowd saw a splendid exhibition. Bains were expected to win handily, but the East Woodstocks trotted out a team of dark horses that gave the waggon-makers a big surprise. In fact, Bains were lucky to hold them to a tie. In the first half, Bottoms and Juniper combined, the latter scoring for Bains. In the second half, play was all the other way. Fawdry, a new man, who played a great game, took a pass and scored cleanly, evening the count. The game was handled by J. W. Bryan.

The line up:—

Bains : Verne; Brown, Bottoms; Bain, McDonald, Cunningham; Fleming, Turner, Lynch, Juniper, and Jarvis.

East Woodstock : Spratley; Parsons, Boyden; Wright, S. Clarke, Violot; Desmond, Fawdry, Clapshew, Moull, Bourne.

Referee : J. W. Bryan.

FRONTIER LIFE IN INDIA.

Let me introduce you to India, the richest Colony England ever possessed, and whose loyalty during the war proved beyond a doubt her faith in English leadership. On arriving in this country, you wonder at the civility of the inhabitants, who are always ready to do anything for you, knowing it is to their advantage to act in this way. The people are a brown-skinned race, split up into different religious sections, which, perhaps, you are all acquainted with and heard so much about. Like all other races, it does not necessarily mean that just because you know Hindustani you know the language of India; every State has its own dialect, and this proves a great hindrance to all travellers. South is Tamil; East, Nepalese and Burmese; North, Afghanistan and Arabian; West, Hindustani. Different races: Sikhs, Punjabis, Nepalese, Gurkhas, Pathans, and numerous other small races. Take yourself back to the beginning of the Great War. Many people who were acquainted with the conditions of life in the North-West Frontier of India thought that now England was at war with Germany, there would be serious unrest in this part of the world, but this was not so—thanks to the able management of the British political agents. The history of the Indian Frontier before the war was nothing but one long record of war raids and punitive expeditions, and, knowing this, England always kept a reserve force of well-trained frontier men to oppose these numerous and ridiculous raids. Racial antipathy, fierce religious hatreds, and centuries of carefully fostered fury against white civilisation has made this one of the danger-spots of the world. You can just imagine what effect such tales as the occupation of Belgium, retreat of the British, and heavy losses of the French had upon these people, whose ambition was to crush British rule. Surely this was an opportunity for foreign agents to stir up strife among these people. However, nothing really happened until the early months of 1917, when they tried to take advantage of the supposed weakness of our forces. The Amir of Afghanistan declared himself a true friend of Britain, and I think it was not until his death that things became serious. It is difficult to convey to readers unacquainted with life in Northern India any idea of the great hardships endured by the British troops in the frontier campaigns during the war. Young British soldiers found themselves exposed to great variations of climate, to tremendous heat, to nights of bitter cold, owing to the great height above sea-level, to shortage of supplies, and to physical effects of the most exhausting type; through mountainous country, which takes years to get acquainted with, and against tribesmen of magnificent physique, who are fighting on their own territory. These Britishers

fought their lonely fight with magnificent endurance that was the admiration of all who knew them. Perhaps you can remember an incident in the paper of a new British regiment, fresh from England, arriving at Karachi, and, under an intense heat, travelled to Peshawar. Several of these fellows died before they arrived at their destination. An inquiry was made, and those responsible were dismissed. This is only an example to show how necessary it is to take precautions against a country one is not acquainted with. We were not engaged in any actual warfare, but fighting diseases, climatical conditions, and thieves was just as exciting as chasing Pathans over the Himalayas. The first night we were at Burhan Camp we had to have our rifles tied to our bodies to prevent thieves stealing them. These men go about at night naked and well oiled, so that, should they get suddenly surprised, they can get away easily, because you cannot get a grip on them. Some of you know what a greasy pole is like. Can any of you imagine what it is like to stand on guard with hidden treachery all round you, fearing every minute was your last? Such was the feeling of many of us engaged in this land of feud-born people. Three months of this would weaken the strongest. I have a few photographs to illustrate the barrenness of the country, but it is impossible to show these to every individual person, so you must exercise that power of imagination which you possess. I think I have said enough just now, so will conclude, trusting every reader will do his best to make our Magazine a success during the year.

W. WARD.

FROM LONDON TO HAVELOCK, MARCH, 1921.

After several good-byes, we left Euston Station at 11.45 p.m., March 12th, en route for Canada.

A few of us settled to a game of whist soon after the start, but we could not take any interest in the game, so we tried to sleep, in which a few of us succeeded.

We arrived at Liverpool at 6.15 a.m. on the 22nd, and were conveyed by C.P.O.S. charabancs to their building by the docks, to await embarkation. Here we were able to leave our luggage and obtain refreshment.

Not being able to embark before 10 a.m., we strolled round Liverpool in various groups. The impression that the town had on most of our fellows was not very great. It seemed squalid and dirty after being used to London. We then went back to the C.P.O.S. waiting-rooms, and wrote off a few letters and cards. Then came the shout for embarkation.

We were again conveyed by charabancs to the docks, and here we had to line up and pass the doctor. This reminded some of us of old times in the Army. A long wait in a crowd, and then not much when you have got there. The doctor just asked you a question or two, and you went through. One of our fellows was asked where he came from; he answered, "Fitzroy Square," and caused some amusement among our fellows.

We got on the boat about midday, and were taken to our cabins. We had a cabin for fourteen allotted to us right against the side of the ship, and one

of the party had to go in a near-by cabin; this one was W. Mascot. The passengers on the boat seemed to be mostly returning Canadians who had been to England on holiday and business; there were also about two hundred peasant people from Alsace-Lorraine, sent by the Salvation Army.

We sailed about 4 p.m., and our party stood on the deck after tea watching the Welsh coast. We turned in rather early that evening, as we were all rather tired. The bunks are very good, except that the writer had one fault to find—length, but it was only a few inches.

On the first morning A. W. Boyden woke up, and remarked that he was going to be ill, and sure he was. A few more fellows got a little "dicky" during the day. Life on ship seemed rather monotonous. Get up, have breakfast, walk or sit on the deck, have dinner, walk or sit again, have tea. That evening, just to liven matters up, our crowd got on deck and had a good old sing-song, including several Kingham Hill favourites—"Jack o' Lantern," "Micky Dunn," etc.

On the Monday, about 11 a.m., the seamen got busy tying anything movable to a fixture, and told us to look out for rough weather about 2 p.m., as we were approaching the famous "Devil's Hole." We decided to go to sleep after dinner and wake up to it. We woke up about 4 p.m. and saw some sea. After tea we got well wrapped up, and got on the promenade deck to face the elements. Now, I think if a fellow is well, a rough sea is grand; a good few of our fellows enjoyed themselves on deck that evening. The rough sea continued till about midday Wednesday, and then calmed a bit. During Monday evening the wireless apparatus was dismantled, and this caused quite a diversion on Tuesday morning watching the crew putting it up again. It was very interesting.

On Thursday morning we woke up to a very calm sea and a flood of sunshine, which continued till evening, when we ran into wind and snow.

On Friday morning, the weather being nice again, our fellows started a few games—skipping, tug-o'-war, jump-jim, fighting on horseback, etc. These games were quickly taken up by other fellows, and the rest seemed to find pleasure, by their laughter, in watching us.

Taking the party on the whole, we stuck the voyage well, and found our own amusement.

On the Friday evening a concert was held in the third-class dining saloon, and two of our fellows participated in the programme, Tom Bambridge singing "Four-and-Nine" and "Snowy" Boyden singing "Italiano."

We berthed in dock at St. John's, New Brunswick, at 8.30 a.m., Monday, March 22nd, and disembarked at noon. Then we had a scramble. First crush, pass the doctor; second crush, pass the Customs officers. We then had a wait till 6.30 p.m. for our train, so we went to the canteen in the disembarkation sheds and bought some bread for the train journey. After that we had a look round St. John's. The town was very much like most of the towns in France—little shops, wooden houses, barns, and the railway running in the street. The engines here greatly amused our fellows. When the train is running through

the street, a big bell, like Kingham Hill school-bell, is clanging on front of the engine.

We managed all right on the train journey. What with tinned meat we brought from England and bread we bought from St. John's, we were all right for food; the only thing was tea. This was rather a stiff price—10 cents, or 5d., a cup.

I don't think that a week's train journey out here would be dull, as the scenery is very nice—that is, providing I had a fortune to buy food for that time!

We were fortunate, and perhaps a little disappointed, to find that the snow had practically cleared up out here.

Eventually we arrived at Woodstock Station at 3.15 a.m., Wednesday, March 24th. Then we had an attempt to get Havelock on the telephone. I have heard jokes made about the London Telephone Service and the quickness of the staff, but they put you through like lightning in comparison with Woodstock Central. Another attempt at 5 o'clock, and it transpired afterwards that they woke Sid Juffs up (who, by the way, wished us to the bottom of the sea); but, when Havelock answered, Central had gone into their second sleep. At about 6 a.m. we got on again, and found Havelock on, and we were glad to hear that they were coming down right away. Then the welcome sight of Sid driving the democrat. All the kit and most of the party went up on this. A democrat is a rather low cart about eight feet long and three wide. Stan. Clarke and I went with Mr. Davidge in the buggy. When this affair appeared in sight it caused roars of laughter. It is like a big perambulator, which we immediately named it. We then arrived at Havelock after one mishap, the democrat falling on its side into the ditch with all on board, but no sooner than we expected, as the roads are very rough here. Then a good feed and a look round.

AT HAVELOCK.

Easter Monday.

We have now been at Havelock nearly a week, and most of the fellows are going, or have gone, to various farms. Sid Green, T. Burnett, T. Bambridge, R. Cooke, and W. Mascot have gone, and H. Hall and R. Bourne will be going to-morrow, and a few are on the staff here. Some are looking for work in the towns, but, if unsuccessful within a few days, will go farming for a little while.

The first evening here saw a few old fellows calling in.

On Good Friday we had a reunion, and the following are some who called in:—"Nin" Fawdry, J. Moull, "Podgy" Holmes, "Treasurer" Parsons, H. Topp, Violet, "Micky" Desmond, Phil. Ward, Arthur Bettridge, Len. Batchelor, Arthur Bunker, Peter Wright, Fred Nurden, and Herb. Hodgkins.

We got a game of football in the afternoon, which was abruptly finished by the bull joining in. In the evening we had a concert.

The fellows here wish Kingham Hill every success, and that Latimer will get at least runners-up of their Division of the Finchley and District Football League.

WILLIAM SPRATLEY.

THE EVACUATION OF MURMANSK.

continued.

[*Note.*—By an oversight, which we extremely regret, and for which we tender our apologies to the writer of the articles, the account of the "Departure to Kapasalga" appeared in the March number of this Magazine, thus taking precedence of the "Stay in Kem," which is related below, and should, of course, have been inserted first. As, however, the incidents described are more or less independent of one another, we venture to hope that our readers will not lose their interest in the story by being taken from Kapasalga to Kem instead of from Kem to Kapasalga.—ED.]

ARRIVAL AND STAY IN KEM.

We arrived at Kem Station— $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles from our destination—exactly twenty-four hours before we were expected. This fact, no doubt, owing to the feeding up of the crew.

"D" Company, with their baggage, etc., left the train here to be housed in Nissen huts by the station. The remainder, Battalion Headquarters and "C" Company, went on to the town siding. Arrived here, we found no arrangements had been made to accommodate us, so we were obliged to dump our stores by the railside and make ourselves as comfortable as possible until billets were allotted. This took nearly four hours, during which time the men were employed in preparing meals, playing football, etc., etc., and, incidentally, trying to find shelter from several heavy showers of rain. At last the Adjutant arrived, and told us off for our billets. "C" Company were to proceed to the other side of the town and encamp on top of a hill. Barracks were already there, but these were found to be occupied with millions of vermin, so the men preferred canvas.

The officers were billeted in a large house by the river, and Battalion Headquarters in a school. In the latter place there were absolutely no arrangements for cooking, sanitary, or any other convenience, except a bath, and we did not learn of the latter until leaving.

After telling off so many men to each room, cooks, watchkeepers, etc., I was very glad to take a rest. The continual bumping of the train and confined space made us all feel weary. By next evening our fellows had made the place look and feel quite homely. A cookhouse was built in the courtyard, wash-places and stores were built, and the whole place scrubbed with boiling water and disinfectant.

Nearly the whole of the houses and public buildings of Kem were built of wood. This fact is probably accounted for owing to the abundance of wood and scarcity of brick. There were no made-up roads. The streets simply consisted of the natural earth-crust. This, in wet weather, got into a very bad state. Cattle, horses, and sheep wandered about the streets at will; the latter soon got to know the school held someone kind, for at frequent intervals during

the day they would visit the school, stand on their hind legs, look through the window, and wail for the piece of bread or other tit-bit they knew was sure to come.

There was no water laid on in any of the buildings; this had to be brought from the lake, on which the town was built. Early in the morning and late at night housewives could be seen carrying large vessels of water for next day's consumption. The womenfolk appeared to work very hard, doing a great deal more than Englishmen generally allow their womenfolk to do.

What men there were in Kem—with the exception of a few in Government employ—appeared to idle about, wasting their time. But these were all called up later, fitted out in khaki, and sent forward to fight the Bolshevik. The churches at Kem, like most other churches in North Russia, held to the Greek ritual. Great pains are taken to make these churches beautiful inside; the outside is not taken into much account. The inside is beautifully, if somewhat lavishly, decorated with silver candlesticks of a tremendous size, glass cases covering pictures (or figures) of Christ and disciples or Bible scenes, in enamel, imitation pearl, gold and silver. In some cases the latter three are real. No chairs are provided, the congregation being obliged to stand throughout the services. The Russian priests wear long blue cloaks, and are held in great reverence by the common peasant. They have a great power in their hands on this account, and can work a lot of good, although we found while in Russia that some used their influence for evil.

Every typical Russian house has a picture of the Christ in each room. The beauty of these pictures varies according to the pocket of the owner. Some of the smaller houses, where the furniture is very poor and the clothing of the inhabitants scanty, have pictures framed in costly gold material, and the picture worked in mother-of-pearl and enamel. The peasant is so strong in his belief that he would sooner die of starvation than dispose of these altars. A lot of our fellows tried to procure one, offering large sums to the peasant, more valuable still, food and clothing, but all was of no avail. Later, we found, on looking through some of the larger houses sacked and pillaged by the Bolsheviks, that these pictures had been left untouched, although probably the most valuable of all the household property.

While we were in Kem the work of fitting up the Russians and Koreleans went on with feverish haste. This was done by British soldiers, and with uniforms from England of British design. The inhabitants got on very well with the English troops. The latter respected them, and did not in any way interfere with their rights as citizens. The whole of the population were rationed by the British, and could be called upon to work for the troops at any time.

Dividing two portions of the town, one on which the barracks were built, in addition to a large number of houses, and the other, the main part, was a very fast-flowing stream; this was bridged by a very fragile wooden structure. This bridge had to be negotiated very carefully after dark, as it was in a very bad state of repair, several planks being missing from the floor. Close to this bridge was a large wooden building used as a club and owned by one of the

most interesting characters I met in Russia. When the Bolsheviks were in Kem, in their usual manner they started to rid the place of all intelligent men who opposed their views. One of these was our friend of the clubhouse—a Cossack of the old school; his clothes, as one would picture them after reading of this fierce race. A round woollen cap adorned his head, a light loose blouse his body, and trousers, similar to those worn by the Dutch peasant, his legs. Over his shoulders and hanging loosely he wore a large black cloak. At his side hung a very sharp dagger over a foot long; this was his most treasured possession. His hair was jet black; his eyes dark and piercing, his eyebrows and moustache were thick and matched his hair for colour. He had a perfect set of teeth, which added to his fierce expression when he smiled or raised his lip in anger. This old Cossack was a staunch friend of the British, and would go to any length to serve them. The Bolshevik he hated like poison, and, being as full of courage as he was fierce, did not hesitate to let them know it when they were in possession of the town. When the firing parties were carrying out their awful work of massacre, the old Cossack was lined up with several others outside his house. I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of a Canadian sergeant-major who witnessed the Cossack's release, so I will use his words. He stood some few paces in front of the other prisoners in striking contrast. While the others were mumbling prayers and shaking with fear, this grand old warrior stood firmly, stretched to his full height, a haughty look on his face, his hand on his dagger, and defiant to the last. The Commissioner in charge was about to give the order to fire when a party of British officers galloped across the bridge and intervened. A few hours later all those who professed to be friends of the Bolsheviks were ordered out of the town by a British Major of Marines, with a backing of about three hundred Serbian soldiers. The Major was killed by treachery some weeks later. This happened before serious fighting took place between the Allies and the Bolsheviks. For sheer pluck and audacity, the act of Major Drake Brockman would take a good deal of beating.

Close to the clubhouse stood the local hospital, another wooden building; in charge of this place was a private in the R.A.M.C. until taken over by our own doctors. This private had been in Kem over six months, and was looked upon as a skilled practitioner by the natives, going by the title of "Professor." In stature the "Professor" was about 5 feet 4 inches, and in weight about 8 stone. When I first caught sight of him he was in the act of extracting teeth from the mouth of a large native woman. His tunic lay on the floor by his feet; one sleeve of his shirt was tucked up, the other hung loosely; his braces dangled by his side, and were supported to the trousers by pieces of wood or nails; he wore putties and boots, which appeared a good many sizes too big for him. His expression was difficult to read; he appeared at first to be devoid of intelligence, but, on looking closer, one discovered one's mistake, and when he spoke he proclaimed himself to be a real Cockney. How he had managed to survive six months in Kem and still retain the people's confidence was a marvel. He had had no training in Red Cross work, but had simply gone to Russia from the infantry as a stretcher-bearer, and, owing to the great shortage of staff, was

sent to Kem for surgical work among the natives. As I entered the temporary dental chamber the "Professor" left the poor woman, who moaned in agony, to come to speak to me. "'Ello!" he said, "come to 'ave a look round? I've just been pulling this ole girl's teeth out. I got five all right, but the sixth is a blighter! I've got three pieces of it!" "Why don't you get on and finish," I said, "instead of leaving the poor woman in such agony?" "Oh, she's all right," he replied; "I'll finish 'er ter-morrer! Come and have a look round." Later I asked the "Professor" what happened if one of the natives was taken ill? "Oh, just give 'em a dose of No. 9, feel their pulse, and tell them to go to bed," was the reply.

A few days later the hospital was handed over to our doctor, and our two "sick boy stewards" were put in charge in the "Professor's" place. The last I saw of the "Professor" was when he was on the way to the station en route for England. He was in full marching order; his putties hung loosely over his boots; his pack almost hid him from view; his hat was pulled well down over his ears. Such was the man who had represented the medical profession in Kem for over six months! And it was such men who had done such wonders for their Empire in their careless, happy-go-lucky, irresponsible way, treating dangers and hardships as if they were part of their every-day existence.

On the Wednesday afternoon following our arrival, a football match was played between "D" Company and Battalion Headquarters, the former winning by 3—0. We had a great difficulty at first in securing a ground, as football is not played in these parts. We finally selected a tract of land close to the river, where a fatigue party worked all day Tuesday clearing away boulders, cutting down gorse bushes, etc.

On the Saturday afternoon a selected team from the two Companies played a soldiers' team from Popoff, resulting in a win for us by three goals to one.

On the fourth day after our arrival "C" Company were ordered up the line to Kapasalga to relieve an Army battalion. Our greatest worry throughout our sojourn in Russia was the vast amount of stores we had brought with us. It took an enormous amount of time and labour to shift these stores, and as we never stayed any more than a fortnight in one place, we seldom ceased to be troubled with them. A great deal of these stores were absolutely unnecessary.

The scenery on either side of the track leading to Kem Station was pretty in a wild and rugged way. On one side flowed a fast river, abounding in miniature waterfalls and huge boulders. This river was navigable for small boats, and our fellows took full advantage of the fact by borrowing a boat and going on a bathing or fishing expedition. On the other side of the road there were miniature forests, swampy fields, and a huge cemetery. The latter was very interesting to us on account of the quaint crosses and figure-heads adorning the graves. There were very few stones, all (or nearly all) crosses being fashioned from wood. The whole of the head-crosses bore a tiny picture of the Christ worked in enamel and covered with glass. There were several Englishmen's graves, six of these being Service men—three soldiers and three marines. It is when one walks through such a cemetery, thousands of miles from home, and

surrounded by hundreds of miles of desolate land and swamps, that one fully realises the awful results of war. In looking at these graves one's thoughts instantly fly to the relations left behind to mourn the loss of a husband, son, brother, or sweetheart.

About ten miles by rail from Kem, built on the White Sea, and used by the British for disembarking munitions, lies the town of Popoff, commonly known by those who have visited it as the wooden town. The whole place, including streets, is built of wood, and, at the time when I visited it, was packed with thousands of tons of stones. The smaller ships only could find sufficient water here, but it was found very convenient, as it was much nearer the fighting area and open for traffic nearly all the year round.

A few miles from Popoff, in the White Sea, there is a pretty little island, named "Silvoski," inhabited by monks. This island, on account of its monastery, is famous throughout North Russia. In normal times it is visited by thousands of pilgrims, who pay homage to the monks, making gifts of jewellery, money, etc. Several of our fellows had the opportunity of visiting it, leaving Kem on Saturday afternoon and returning on Monday. The monks were very good to them, and allowed them to see over the monastery, and gave them beds to sleep in. The fortunate ones were selected by drawing lots. My luck was out, or I might have been able to write more of the place. A native who could speak English told me that there is a small river on the island, and years ago hundreds of people used to visit the island to throw jewellery or other articles of value into the river, believing it to be sacred. This practice is carried out by some even to the present day.

At the back of our schoolhouse was a small wooden structure, which I at first took to be a sort of dairy, but found later to be a Russian bath. There were two compartments—one containing shelves, ranging from a few feet from the floor to a few feet from the ceiling; a copper and fire, and a waterway for draining the water. The other compartment contained a bench for sitting on.

You first light the fire in the copper; this heats some large smooth stones just above the stove. When these are red hot you remove your clothes and throw a bucket of water over the stones; this sends off a vapour, which quickly fills the compartment. You then lie on one of the shelves. Should the vapour be very strong, the lower shelves are used; but, if weak, the top ones. After a few minutes the perspiration begins to pour from you. When the vapour gets weak, you wash yourself in the copper, then go into the next compartment to dry and dress. Our fellows were so taken up with these baths that some of them began to overdo it and weaken themselves; but we did not stay long enough in Kem to do much harm.

It was while we were in Kem that Bob made his appearance. He was a little English dog, a mongrel favouring the spaniel and Pomeranian breeds. He wore a collar stamped "Bob Blackheath." Bob had evidently taken a fancy to some soldiers, and followed them to their place of embarkation to be brought to Russia. I first met him in one of the main streets of Kem. There was a terrific snarling and barking in the road on the part of several wolfish-looking

Russian sledge dogs. Any one of them could have disposed of Bob in one snap, but Bob was all English; he stood in the middle of the road, growling his contempt and showing his little sharp teeth. On our approach the sledge dogs slunk off, and Bob, recognising us as fellow-countrymen, welcomed us with a furious wagging of his tail. From that day Bob became one of the Battalion Headquarters. He slept at the foot of my rude couch (fashioned from young saps and canvas), and was as happy as the day is long. The Russian soldiers were dressed in khaki similar to the British, but this did not deceive Bob; he nearly made a mistake on several occasions, but apologised by showing his teeth when the man spoke.

When we were out, Bob would show his contempt for the native dogs, which were as much wolf as dog, by springing at them and snarling; this always resulted in the other dog slinking away. What would have happened to Bob if they had been blessed with some of his own courage is best left unthought about.

We were treated to two very good concerts while in Kem, both given by the seamen and marines from one of the ships in the harbour. Although the Russians could not understand what was said at these concerts, they crowded to see them, and applauded frantically after each "turn."

My favourite pastime during my leisure hours was to sit on the high bank of the river and watch the water crashing over the falls, etc. The centre of the river was quite clear of falls and boulders, and was used for boat traffic. The Canadian Sergeant-Major—already mentioned—was a most amusing individual. He had strange ideas of hospitality, and considered that no person visiting him had been properly treated until that person had consumed a goodly quantity of strong liquor. Twice I visited him, but on each occasion he had run right out of liquor, for which I was very thankful, as I like to be moderate in these affairs. He had spent over two years in North Russia in charge of the victualling arrangements of the civilian population. He was very lavish with his rations and clothing, and was often being "hauled over the coals" for being short of provisions. The civilians idolised him, and looked upon him as being a wonderful being.

One evening, when nearing Kem Station (the Sergeant-Major's home), I heard sounds of revelry, and, on rounding a corner of the road, ran into the strangest gathering it is possible to imagine. It consisted of two Korelean majors and one lieutenant, our friend the Cossack, two French soldiers, three English company sergeant-majors, and the Canadian sergeant-major. The latter gave a shout on espying me, and invited me to join them in a walk to Kem. This I was glad to do, as I could see some fun in store, and in any case it was better than Colson's (that was the Sergeant-Major's name) stuffy cabin.

The company had just left the latter place, and had evidently accepted Colson's hospitality pretty freely. The Cossack, stiff and erect, marched along arm-in-arm with one of the British. Two of the Russians were holding a heated conversation in very bad English. The remainder jogged along more or less unsteady, singing snatches of songs and enjoying themselves generally. The

two French soldiers kept up a most animated conversation, their arms waving in all directions.

About midway between the station and Kem we came across a large puddle of water in the centre, or, I should say, covering a large portion of the road. The Cossack spotted this when it was some ten yards distant; he broke away from his companion, and, with surprising agility for a man of his age, leapt clean over. This was a signal for everyone to try his luck, and as each man jumped the remainder would laugh and cheer; if he succeeded in landing short and well splashed himself, an extra cheer was granted. The two Frenchmen came to grief through trying to jump together; they collided in mid-air about halfway across, and landed on their hands and knees in about the muddiest part. They glared at each other for a few seconds, during which time we all expected to see a lively tussle ensue, when a smile suddenly broke over their faces and they embraced in true French fashion.

We hadn't proceeded much farther when we heard a shout, which appeared to come from a portion of the road just vacated by us. Several of us went back to where the sound came from; but, although we could hear a voice, could not locate the exact spot for some time, until one of the Korelean officers, searching close to the brink of the miniature chasm, had the misfortune to fall in; he fell to a depth of about six feet, and then gave a terrific yell as something had moved under him; the something happened to be the other Korelean major, owner of the voice. It appears that he was so flushed with his success over the puddle that, on coming across the chasm—although by this time it had become quite dark—tried his hand at jumping that, but failed miserably, and found he could not climb out. Neither officers were hurt much physically, but I'm afraid their pride was rather hurt as the two French soldiers and the Cossack went into fits of laughter.

By the time we arrived at the bridge, Colson's hospitality began to assert itself—the Cossack stumbled at every step; the Frenchmen leaned against each other for support; the three company sergeant-majors had faded away to their billets; and, while Colson was talking to the Cossack, I did the same.

The Russian children were a great feature of interest to us. Although, as far as we could see, toys, cricket, football gear, or games of any description were unknown to them, they always seemed happy and contented. A good many went barefooted, and had probably gone so from babyhood. They started work quite early, helping their mothers or fathers both inside and outside the house.

Colson told me of a little girl loved by all the British in and about Kem. This little girl was about eight years of age, and went right through the winter without wearing boots. Yet she always seemed happy and contented and had a smile for everyone. The soldiers made a great fuss of her, and saw that she did not go short of food or woollen clothing; but boots they could not give her, as there were none obtainable. Most of the boys were fitted up in khaki, and took a great delight in working for the British Tommy. The latter must have been sorely missed by the children.

DOUGLAS BOARD.

