

KINGHAM HILL MAGAZINE

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CHRONICLE OF EVENTS.

On March 12th the Rev. O. Finch, son-in-law of Rev. W. Fisher, of Kingham, gave us a most interesting lecture dealing with his work as a missionary in the Presidency of Madras, Southern India. As the lecture was illustrated by the lantern and the pictures were very good, we were able to gain much knowledge regarding the country and the habits, religions, and customs of the people. The difficulty of obtaining water—rivers which were dry nearly nine months of the year—the splendid work of the Government in overcoming this drawback by the construction of canals and large tanks—methods of travelling—carts drawn by bullocks—the fact that anything on wheels in this part is called a “bundy”—the making of pots—washing of clothes—the distance one has to travel to see a doctor—the different religions with their various places of worship—Mr. Finch’s own church—the method of keeping the place cool by “punkah”—and the house in which he was living, and the one in which he is going to reside when he returns to continue his missionary work, were all so ably put forward and in such an interesting way that we were quite sorry when Mr. Finch put his hands together and gave us the “Good night” in Hindu style and language.

The Hill, on Monday, March 19th, kept the Squire’s birthday by taking its usual holiday. The match “Norwich House” versus “School” with which this day is associated took place. The game provided some very exciting moments, but towards the finish it was evident that Norwich was wearing down the School. It was a very fine struggle and well kept up the traditions of the past. Norwich well deserved their win, the score being 3—1. We were pleased to have with us on this occasion Mr. J. Davidge (Havelock Farm), who was at one time a very prominent member of the Kingham Hill 1st XI. and who for many years had not witnessed the annual contest.

We regret to record the death of Mrs. Meacher, which took place on March 21st, after a few days illness (pneumonia). Her bright and unselfish disposition will be long remembered, especially by “Old Swansea Boys” and Kingham Hill friends. We all greatly sympathise with Mr. S. Meacher and his three motherless little children in their sad bereavement.

We were deeply grieved to hear of the death of Mr. Shrimpton on April 15th. We shall miss his words of cheer and encouragement as the successive “Old Boys’ Weeks” come round.

On April 18th a Confirmation Service was held at Churchill, when the following “Hill Boys” were confirmed: V. Balfour, A. Davies, F. Dudley, G. Hancox, H. Howard, H. Jenkins, E. Lovegrove, L. Osborne, F. Overton and A. Rodwell. Bishop Shaw (in the absence of the Bishop of Oxford through illness) took the service and gave candidates and the congregation generally some

excellent advice. At the end he gave his text, which was taken from Psalm 91, 2 : " I will say unto the Lord, Thou art my hope, and my stronghold, by God in Him will I trust."

Sunday School was re-opened on April 22nd. We welcome Messrs. Floyd and Meehan among our staff of teachers.

On April 23rd, St. George's Day, we listened to the earnest address given by Mr. Young in the School. He spoke of lessons shown by the legends of St. George and the example set by the heroes of Zeebrugge, and brought out and recommended the great value to be obtained by a proper study of the works of William Shakespeare.

The following record of the doings of the football teams is by Mr. F. Harwood.

Twenty-three matches were played, 9 won, 12 lost, 2 drawn. Goals for 59. Against 77. The chief goal scorers were: F. Rose 11, E. Vecchi 9, Floyd and Gibbs 9 each, W. McSweeney 7, and F. G. Goddard 5.

Wins were obtained over Adlestrop (twice), Blockley (twice), Shipston-on-Stour (twice), Longborough (twice), and Shipton-under-Wychwood. We lost to Moreton (three times), Ebrington (twice), Charlbury (twice), Milton (twice), Kingham (twice), and Shipton-under-Wychwood. We drew with Kingham and Moreton.

Personally, I had great hopes (at the start of the season) of our Club winning the Moreton and District League; as it happens, our team came out third in the league table with 12 points for 10 matches. Moreton, 1; Ebrington, 2.

The 2nd XI. were not expected to do very much against teams that were quite up to Junior League standard. I think they deserve great credit for sticking to it right through the season.

Matches played 24. Won 3, lost 20, drawn 1. Goals for 39. Against 139.

Chief goal scorers were H. Mitchell 20, A. Rodwell 6, C. Orris 3.

Wins were obtained over Church Army (Chipping Norton), Chadlington and Lyneham. We lost to Chipping Norton (twice), Long Compton (twice), Cherington (twice), Hook Norton (twice), Charlbury (twice), Salford (twice), Eastone (twice), Great Tew (twice), Chadlington, Kingham, Lyneham and Church Army once. Drew with Kingham.

Thursday, May 10th, being Ascension Day, a short service was held in the Chapel, at 11.15 a.m., which the school boys attended.

On May 12th the cricket season started, both elevens winning their matches with Chadlington. On May 19th the 1st XI. journeyed to Shipston-on-Stour and gained a victory over the home team. At home our 2nd XI. lost to Churchill. On May 26th Stow beat our 1st XI. Midweek matches were played at home against Adlestrop and Kingham, the 1st XI. beating Adlestrop and the 2nd XI. gaining a victory over Kingham.

T. W. SCARFE.

OUR LONDON LETTER.

LATIMER HOUSE.

June, 1923.

We wonder if the "Hill" is faring any better than ourselves in regard to the weather; we have seen the sun 'tis true, but we certainly have not felt it as yet. But, in spite of the indifferent weather, Londoners have managed to get their sport; the Londoner seems to think nowadays that Saturday afternoon is for sport, and sport only; the weather has become a secondary consideration, in fact, covered-in sports grounds are being built in several parts of London.

London at the moment is undergoing a great change; and one could almost say, being rebuilt; that which Wren tried to do years ago is being done to-day, and some really beautiful buildings are springing up with marvellous rapidity.

We were deeply sorry to see the announcement in the paper of the death of Mr. Shrimpton, who was well known and loved by all who knew him.

The following Old Boys have recently paid us a visit: C. Aylott, H. Berryman, Brumfitt, A Camp, E. Dray, P. Floyd, A. Fryer, F. Henley, G. Huckle, F. Hyde, H. Horne, Matthias, A. Noble, W. Stiles, W. Searies, C. Viner, A. F. Jarvis, Woodward.

Our best wishes to W. Stiles and Albert Noble on the occasion of their marriage. W. Stiles, March 31st; A. Noble, April 29th.

A General Meeting of the L.H.C.C. was held on April 11th, and the following officers were elected:—

President: C. E. B. Young, Esq.

Vice-President: Mr. J. C. Carley.

Secretary and Treasurer: L. Arman.

Captain: S. Jarvis.

Vice-Captain: V. Dack.

Committee: R. Viner and J. Thomas.

We have played the following matches:—

St. John Street C.C., 38; Latimer, 13 for 7 wks. Match Drawn. Bowling: W. Arnould 2—2, R. Viner 5—15, S. Jarvis 3—12.

Latimer, 58 for 4 (declared); Clifton, 53 for 7. Match Drawn.

Latimer, 59; Old Christophians 4 for 0. Abandoned, rain.

Clifton C.C., 16 (F. Russell 17); Latimer, 56. Bowling: S. Jarvis 7—12.

Clifton, 47; Latimer 28. Bowling: V. Dack 4—11, S. Jarvis 3—14, W. Arnould 2—3.

Clifton, 50; Latimer, 50. Drawn.

St. John's Mission, 28; Latimer, 63 (V. Dack 15). Bowling: S. Jarvis 4—9, R. Booth 4—11, V. Dack 2—5.

Camden Wesleyans, 13 (R. Poore Sub 4); Latimer, 83. Bowling: R. Booth 5—4, S. Jarvis 5—9. Batting: H. Morgan 21 (not out).

It will be noticed that we have played the same team four times, *i.e.*, Clifton C.C.; but unfortunately we have to play according to permits obtainable.

RED AND GREEN.

OUR TRIP OF FOUR THOUSAND MILES.

We left Latimer House at 8.45 a.m. on Friday, but did not leave Euston before 10.20, so we had plenty of time. We were rather sorry that there were not so many old boys on the platform to see us off owing to the time of departure. Will Barlow nearly lost his cap while waving it out of the window, but a porter picked it up, and handed it back. We arrived at Liverpool at 2.30, went before the doctor for medical examination, went on board at 3 o'clock; the boat left the landing-stage at 3.30, so we had no time to look round Liverpool. Saturday morning, had a game of football on deck; in the afternoon it was rather quiet because most of the people on board were beginning to feel sick. Sunday, divine service was held in the saloon at 10.30, also again at 8.30; otherwise the day was very quiet.

On Monday we had another game of football; lost one ball overboard, so had to make another.

Tuesday, football and skipping;

Wednesday, had vaccination parade; just had to show our arms to see that we had been vaccinated; after that all passengers had to go into the saloon and then pass out on deck, and as we went out we were counted.

Thursday, very quiet.

Friday morning, we were playing jump jimmy nacker, and Tom Perkins wricked his ankle, but it is all right now; in the evening we had a cinematograph show, mostly on Canada.

Saturday, we had a concert, but none of our fellows took part.

Sunday, we saw land about 8 a.m.; the boat touched the quay at 3.30, but we did not land before five o'clock.

Then we had to pass the doctor, and when Alfred Fassam was asked where he was going, he said, "Canada." Tom Perkins was detained for some time, but he got through.

W. Hancox was detained for two days.

We left St. John at 10 o'clock at night, got to Montreal at 3.30 the following afternoon, when we all went to the C. of E. hotel and had tea. We left Montreal at 10 o'clock at night and got to Toronto at 7.30 next morning. We sent a telegram to Havelock; the train left again at 8 o'clock, and we got to Woodstock at 10.45, where we waited some time till Jeffs came with the waggon; and we arrived at Havelock Farm at last, all safe and sound after our long journey.

E. CORNISH.

COMING OF CHRISTMAS.—II.

By the time we reached Truxillo we had gathered the following information, viz.: "The rebel army under General Christmas—an American soldier of fortune—had attacked and captured Truxillo, making a great noise with their old-fashioned weapons and killing or wounding half a dozen Royalist troops." We

remained in Truxillo one night only, discovering that Christmas and his army were able to leave and attack the next seaport town, La Ceiba.

Some of the rebels were to travel by land and some by small schooners which lay off the beach.

Travelling at 14 knots, we reached La Ceiba after one day's steaming.

We discovered that the Military Commander here had made preparations on a most elaborate scale to defend the town against Christmas. The town was almost surrounded by impassable swamps and all approaches over firm ground, etc., were well trenched and guarded by machine guns, riflemen and a few old-fashioned field pieces.

A few hundred determined men may easily have stood a siege of thousands for any length of time, provided plenty of food was available.

The morning after our arrival the Captain interviewed the Military Commander and tried to persuade him to give up the town and avoid bloodshed, as practically all other important towns had succumbed to Christmas.

But the Commander was determined to fight and continued making his preparations.

Large parties of the ship's company were then ordered ashore to dig trenches and fill sand bags, etc., for the protection of Europeans and women and children.

We had a good chance of studying the inhabitants. They are a mixture of Spanish and Mexican with a good sprinkling of Negroes. They are very excitable and quarrel over next to nothing.

Life is very cheap and revolutions and murders frequent.

They were very glad to see us there and looked upon us as friends. There is no doubt that the British flag is highly respected in such places.

After two days' work we had built sufficient blockhouses on the railway and trenches, etc., to suit requirements.

We then returned aboard to await developments. It was now when the joke went round about the "Coming of Christmas." We were, of course, anxious to see the fight. The main defence was situated on the beach, and we were so close to shore that we had a good view of both the ground on which the defences were built and that over which the attacking party must travel.

Naturally, the schooners were very slow and the men who were marching had at least six days' march before them, hence the delay.

So the following remarks were prevalent—"Christmas will never come," "It always seems long waiting for Christmas," etc., etc.

To our relief the rebels arrived about the sixth day, as did also an American warship.

As soon as the rebels were settled on the coast well away from the town, the two captains (British and American) went to interview General Christmas, as they had received orders to do all they could to avoid bloodshed. Christmas promised that he would not interfere with the peaceful inhabitants or property and would do his best to persuade the town commander to surrender before attacking.

He gave two days for a decision and threatened to attack if the town had not surrendered by 9 a.m. on the second day. The two armies—to us—were a most pitiful sight. The officers were the only ones who wore any semblance of uniform.

The other ranks were dressed in their ordinary attire, consisting chiefly of loose linen coats, wide-brimmed hats, baggy trousers, and no shoes or boots.

The reader will probably imagine that we were somewhat bloodthirsty in our anxiety to see the two armies fight.

We had heard that very few lost their lives at these revolutions. It was simply a case of making a noise with their weapons and one side or the other surrendering. We had a very quiet time on the whole on this station, except for an occasional visit to a town; we would be weeks on end in out of the way harbours and confined aboard.

It was only natural we should look upon the coming battle with a little excitement. But had we known the result, although we could not alter matters, we should not have been so anxious to see the armies fight.

At a few minutes to 9 o'clock on the day appointed, the natives could be seen making preparations for the coming battle. The soldiers were already in position and women were taking their washing and other articles out of harm's way, and finally all non-combatants made their way to the trenches or blockhouses. A few of our Marines were sent to guard the "British Consulate" and a large number of the ship's company were put in charge of the blockhouses and railway. Both Consulate and railway were to be regarded as neutral ground.

By 9 a.m. all the remaining members of the ship's company had taken up favourable positions to view the battle. I had a splendid place in the fore top. From here I had a fine view of the whole battle area. The defending force could be plainly seen preparing their guns and moving about in their trenches. The attackers were well in view preparing for the attack.

At 9 a.m. sharp the first shot was fired by the attacking force. This was answered by a volley from the defence, and the battle began in earnest. The attackers rapidly approached, led by officers on wiry ponies, but the accurate fire of the defence soon held them up. Men could be seen falling everywhere, never to rise again. One man climbed a tree to get a better view of the trenches; he had scarcely gained the top when he crashed through the branches to the ground. A group of nearly a dozen were mowed down by a shot from the old field-piece, which, although so old, wrought terrible destruction. The battle waged fierce for some hours, both sides sustaining casualties, but the attackers the heaviest.

I have often seen sham battles on the cinema and smiled at the ridiculous idea portrayed. Here was the real thing with men being slaughtered on both sides. Yet we were viewing the whole thing, powerless to do anything—unless English interests were interfered with—and scarcely able to believe that it was nothing more than a huge moving picture.

Whether by accident or design it is hard to say, but bullets flattened themselves against the sides of our ship and splashed in the water round about. A

good many, no doubt, were ricochets from stones, trees or other objects. Luckily no one on the ship was hurt. Towards noon for some reason or other some of the defending troops began to retire. This seemed strange to us, as they were well protected and had not suffered so heavily as the attackers. Their officers could be seen encouraging, threatening and doing all possible to prevent them from retiring. Finally, the majority left their trenches and rushed back towards the town. They were met by the General commanding, mounted on a white pony, who drew his sword, rode among them, and using the flat of his sword tried to drive them back. But by this time they were panic stricken.

The General's appearance drew a tremendous burst of firing from the attackers and the ground was simply ploughed up all round him. When he found he could do nothing with his troops, he turned his horse and galloped back. The whole ship's company on board was filled with admiration for this officer and great was our excitement when we saw him escaping, but he had scarcely reached shelter when he fell to the ground mortally wounded. Two of the Marines from the Consulate carried him in and rendered first aid, but he died within the hour.

This was the signal for a general collapse on the part of the defence.

Up to this time the G.O.C. had been the moving spirit, going from trench to trench encouraging and generally keeping his troops up to their work.

Within ten minutes of the General's disappearance the "Flag of Truce" was hoisted over the Quartel (soldiers' barracks) and other buildings and the town was surrendered to the rebels.

The second-in-command of the town—another general—on hearing of the loss of his superior, left his command and placed himself under our captain for protection.

This General, whose name was Diaz, had captured General Christmas on a previous occasion, placed him in a cage in the public thoroughfare to draw the insults and taunts of the inhabitants and decided to shoot him at sunrise the following morning. He also walked him barefooted through the town with the roads plentifully sprinkled with prickles. Christmas was a very brave man and treated his enemies kindly. Naturally, he was furious at his treatment and gave up all hopes.

He took very little notice of the natives until he happened to notice several vultures flying overhead. The natives of these parts are very superstitious. Christmas knew this. He also knew that they almost worshipped the vultures and looked upon them as sacred birds. He then began to answer the natives and threatened that his soul would enter the vultures and fly over their heads to haunt them for the remainder of their lives. During the night he was released by the natives and allowed to escape.

Naturally, General Diaz was very much afraid of falling into the hands of Christmas, hence his relief at finding the British and neutral ground.

When the battle was over stretcher parties were organised and sent ashore to help with the wounded. I went in charge of one party and saw some horrible sights.

The bullets used were of the soft-nosed variety which make a small hole on entering the body and open out with resistance. Even when a limb is struck

the wound is so jagged and large that great care is needed to save the patient's life. We found dozens of wounded, but the majority were dead, the soft-nosed bullets had done their work too well. The doctors from both ships worked hard until the following morning. There was no person in the town skilled in surgery. I shudder to think how the poor fellows got on after we left.

Our doctors did all they could and left plenty of bandages, etc., but skilled attention was necessary for the awful wounds.

I found the fellow who fell from the tree; he had been shot in the head, his face was almost carried away. Another fellow sat against a tree; we thought he was alive, but on touching him discovered a large gaping hole in his back and on closer inspection a very small hole in his chest.

During one visit to the temporary hospital with a patient a native woman brought in her pet monkey, which had been shot in the shoulder. Luckily it was only a flesh wound. He took his turn to be dressed and displayed quite an intelligent interest in the proceedings, seeming to know that the doctor was doing something for his good.

By the time we got aboard we were heartily sick of the whole thing, and would never feel so anxious again to see men fight with such weapons. Had the bullets which are allowed only in civilised warfare been used there would have been very few killed.

We left the following day about noon for Porta Cortez.

(To be continued.)

DOUGLAS A. BOARD.

ABOUT MOTIVE.

Whatever one undertakes, whether it be in the activities of business, in school, or college, in games and sport, or in the domain of friendship, success will be in proportion to the depth and urgency of the motive.

All historic friendships show this; all triumphs gained in cricket and football demonstrate the fact that no one will forge to the front whose motive is not sufficiently strong to make him indifferent to hardship, careless of fatigue, and eager to do his best.

The motive, too, should not be wholly selfish. The miser's motive in hoarding money is low and mean. The motive of a philanthropist whose aim is to benefit those in need, is high and noble. An urgent motive like that of a miser degrades character. An urgent motive like that of the philanthropist elevates character.

Without a sufficient motive one gets nowhere. The railway train may have luxurious equipment, a splendid engine; the aeroplane may be of the latest device; the same may be said of automobiles, but until they receive the fires and petrol respectively they stand inert and useless.

In daily life we shall have power only as we have motive.

J. H. CLEARY.

MR. SHRIMPTON.

By the "home-call" of Mr. John Shrimpton the boys of Kingham Hill have lost a real friend; he had been in failing health for some little time, and was hardly more than a name to the younger generation; but the elder lads and all old boys were familiar with his face, for he was a constant visitor to the place, and his genial manner and cheery flow of words made a friend of every one whom he came across. He was present at the opening of Durham House in 1886; he presided at the opening of Plymouth House in 1893; and he was hardly ever absent when any important gathering was held in connection with the work. He was nearly always down here at the time of our sports in the summer—not that he took any special interest in the races—no one would accuse Mr. Shrimpton of being over-fond of athletics! but he delighted in going round and having a chat with all the old boys who were down at Kingham Hill for their holiday; and his presence brought sunshine wherever he went.

One of his favourite questions in early days was, "Are you happy?" Many of our fellows, no doubt, have been greeted in this way; he would introduce himself sometimes to a passing stranger with this question, and the stranger might be surprised, but could not be offended when he looked up at the genial face of the questioner, which showed that *he* at all events was thoroughly happy. Yes, he had found the secret of true happiness in a wholehearted devotion to Christ, his Lord and Saviour, and that simple heart faith was the keynote of his whole life. His chief work was amongst the girls and young women of London; but he had the keenest sympathy with all boy life as well. Many of our lads long since grown up will remember with grateful affection the kindly advice received from him at different times, the genuine interest he took in their concerns, and the way in which he would constantly point them upward to the true aim and end of life.

He wore himself out in his work; now at length he has entered into the rest he so longed for—with Christ which is far better—and his works do follow him.

" Servant of God, well done!
Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy."

C. E. B. YOUNG.

