

# KINGHAM HILL MAGAZINE

No. 51.

JUNE, 1924.

## Contents.

- 1.—Chronicle of Events.
- 2.—Our London Letter.
- 3.—To our New Home.
- 4.—Prickles.
- 5.—Belonging to the British Empire.

# Kingham Hill Magazine.

No. 31.

JUNE, 1924.

---

---

## CHRONICLE OF EVENTS.

On March 19th we celebrated the birthday of Mr. Young. Everyone enjoyed the holiday. The match between Norwich and the School took place as usual, and after a good contest, ended in a win for Norwich.

On Thursday, April 10th, the Confirmation Service was held at Chipping Norton. The Archdeacon of Oxford, Bishop Shaw, officiated in the absence of the Bishop of Oxford. There was quite a large number of candidates, and one was pleased to see so many boys—a fact upon which the Bishop remarked. At the end of his address he gave the candidates a text as their motto, the words being taken from Psalm xxvii., “The Lord is my light and my salvation: whom shall I fear? the Lord is the strength of my life.” The following confirmees were from the Hill:—L. Bates, C. Dufre, J. Johnson, P. Medcalf, F. Melton, J. Murton, G. Nash, F. Pawson, F. Pither, E. Robins, J. Salter, H. Scarfe.

The following note on Football and Cricket is by Mr. F. Rose, the Honorary Secretary:—

“The Football Club had a fairly successful season. They won the Engineers’ Cup and finished fifth in the Chipping Norton and District League. Had it not been for the fellows leaving for Canada, the team would have had a splendid chance of winning the League as well as the Cup. The principal goal-scorers were: H. Mitchell, 17 goals; E. Vecchi, 14 goals.

“A general meeting was held at Norwich House on March 25th. Mr. F. G. Goddard presided over a fairly large attendance. The chairman asked the advice of the meeting as to running two teams; after some discussion it was decided to run a First and Second Eleven. Then followed the election of officers. Mr. F. Rose was again elected Honorary Secretary, with Mr. F. G. Goddard as Treasurer. Mr. F. G. Goddard was proposed and elected as Captain, Mr. C. Melton as Vice-Captain. G. Hancox was elected to captain the Second Eleven, and F. White as Vice-Captain.”

On April 20th, Easter Sunday, the afternoon service was discontinued, and we started the evening service. Sunday School was to be reopened on the 27th, but owing to the heavy rain it was deferred to the following Sunday.

The flag was hoisted on April 23rd, St. George’s Day. Our thoughts too were upon that heroic deed, “Zeebrugge,” and, also, William Shakespeare.

Owing to the cleaning of the Organ, the Chapel has been closed, and the services have been conducted in the School Hall. We are now looking forward to Whit-Sunday, when we hope to meet in the Chapel and have the enjoyment of our organ.

On May 24th, Empire Day was commemorated in the usual way. The flag was hoisted and Mr. Young gave an address in the School. He spoke of the

way in which our Empire was acquired, and how it was maintained, emphasising that Justice was one of the chief aids in keeping this Empire together. Hitherto our brethren overseas had been devoted in their attachment to the British flag, as was shown by the splendid way in which they came together from all parts to take their stand by our troops in the great war. But the Empire was in danger now as it had never been before; during the last few years the Loyalists in Ireland had been basely betrayed, and the "United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland" now no longer existed. Egypt had been abandoned, and there was serious unrest in India owing to the ignominious surrender of the Government to a small disloyal minority of the population, and Imperial interests generally were being neglected and given up in all parts of the world. He urged the boys, as they grew older, to take an intelligent interest in these things, so that when the time came they would be able to use the vote to the best advantage for their country and Empire. The outlook is very dark at present; may the eyes of the people and their rulers be opened before it is too late.

The ceremony was concluded by the singing of the National Anthem and the giving of three hearty cheers for our beloved King.

A short service was held by our Chaplain on May 29th, Ascension Day, in the School. He took for his text Hebrews 1. 1—3.

Our sympathy is with the Rev. W. Fisher in his illness. We trust he will soon make a good recovery.

The continuous rain has interfered with the Cricket Season, only one fixture, that with Milton, being played. We hope for a change in the weather before long.

T. W. SCARFE,

---

## OUR LONDON LETTER.

LATIMER HOUSE.

June, 1924.

The following notes have been supplied by V. C. Dack, Hon. Secretary of the Cricket Club.

At the General Meeting of the Cricket Club, held in April, the following officers were elected:—

President: C. E. B. Young, Esq. Vice-President: Mr. J. C. Carley.

Secretary and Treasurer: V. C. Dack.

Captain: C. Hewson. Vice-Captain: R. Steele.

Committee: A. Goodwin and W. Warn.

To date four matches have been played, with results as follows:—

Latimer, 36 v. Incogniti, 45.

„ 36 v. St. John's Mission, 39 for 3.

„ 22 v. Jewish Central, 74 for 9 (R. Turner, 4 wkts. for 7 runs).

„ 45 v. St. Christopher's O.B., 50.

„ 48 for 4 v. Emmanuel, 58 (R. Turner 7 wkts. for 18 runs).

On the 18th May the Bishop of London gave the address at Holy Trinity Church. The text he chose was, "For I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ," Romans i. 16. He illustrated this by telling of his visit to Wembley Exhibition during the week, where he had been opening a mission, and how the only way to cure the unrest of the world at the present day was by all believing in the text he had chosen for that morning.

The main topic nowadays is the Wembley Exhibition, a really wonderful place, which cannot be properly described, but a place which has to be seen to realise the magnificence of it. From an educational point of view it is excellent, showing the various goods exported from our colonies, also models of how the various trades are carried on. As a place of amusement it is very good, and it might be mentioned here that a day at the Exhibition can be carried out very cheaply, when one thinks that entrance to all the Colonies and the Palaces of Engineering and Industry are free.

We regret to record that R. Viner has had to enter a sanatorium for ill health. We wish him a speedy recovery.

Our hearty congratulations and best wishes to A. Jarvis on his marriage at Easter.

Since the last publication, the following Old Boys have paid us a visit:— A. Camp, E. Dray, A. Green, G. Hammond, G. Huckle, F. Hyde, A. Jarvis, S. Jarvis, A. Mathias, F. Mathias, A. Noble, C. Viner.

RED AND GREEN.

---

### TO OUR NEW HOME.

After our friends had bidden us farewell, and good wishes had been expressed, we started on our long journey from Euston Station a few minutes after eleven o'clock and arrived at Liverpool at 3.20 p.m. on March 28th. At Liverpool we were examined by a doctor, and afterwards made our way to the "Montrose." We spent some time on deck looking at the Old Country and wondering when we would see it again. The boat pulled away from land at 7.30 p.m. so that only the lights of Liverpool could be seen. Being interested in the different parts of the boat, we spent much time inspecting them before retiring to our berths. On Saturday morning we saw the South coast of Ireland, which could be seen until late in the afternoon. During this time we were thinking of the Hill team playing football against Salford, and wishing we were there to help.

At eight o'clock on Sunday evening we attended the service which was held in the Lounge, when our minds were again brought back to the Hill as we sang that beautiful hymn, "Eternal Father." We were all feeling a little queer by Monday morning, but we kept up our spirits, so that none of us were really bad. During the voyage we indulged in skipping and playing football, the balls being made with paper and string. Amusements were obtained during the evenings in the way of a Concert, Whist Drive, and a Dance, a collection being made on each occasion in aid of the Seamen's Orphanage.

Whilst on the Hill we often heard remarks to the effect that the boys had never heard how the passengers fared on the boat; as space will not permit details, it may be sufficient to say here that we fared very well, which means that we found nothing to complain of.

The chart, which showed us on which part of the ocean we were travelling, was closely watched, and we were always waiting for the chart to be altered at mid-day. On Friday night we saw the guide lights in the distance and knew that we were nearing St. John, so were not surprised to see land on each side of us on Saturday morning. The boat was tugged into port at half-past-ten, and we landed about one o'clock in the afternoon.

By the time our papers and baggage had been inspected it was after four o'clock, so that, as our train was due to start at 5.30, we had not time to look round St. John. The train started from the station at 5.50 p.m., and as we were watching the scenery, it was not long before we could see how much Canada was in need of workers. As we did not pass through Montreal, we were advised to make enquiries at Smith's Falls regarding a connection from Toronto to Woodstock; here we were misinformed, and if Mr. Davidge had not enquired at Woodstock Station, he might have found himself at 2.30 a.m. on Monday waiting for a train that was not coming. We arrived at Toronto on Sunday at 9 p.m., and as we could not get a train until next morning, we had to find rooms for the night. We left Toronto at 8 o'clock on Monday morning; arriving at Woodstock at half past ten. Then commenced the last and roughest part of our journey, the roads, after losing their mantle of snow, were not very level, and the milk rig, being a bit shaky, did not add to our comfort, so that we were not sorry when we arrived at Havelock Farm. We wish to thank our friends for the way in which they gathered at Euston Station and gave us such a hearty send-off, and also those who so warmly welcomed us to our new home.

W. MCSWEENEY.

---

### PRICKLES.

Mr. W. had extinguished the last light and had gone to bed before 9 o'clock, as is usual with country folk who have to commence earning their daily bread when other folk have a few more hours' slumber to look forward to. And wild folk, whom man seldom saw in daylight, began life in earnest.

Rats scampered about the ricks in the yard, squeaking, fighting, and ready to devour anything from a grain of wheat to anything a little softer than a brick, which might come their way. An occasional squeak of terror proclaimed the success of Old Midnight, the old barn owl—the farmers' greatest friend—in catching a fat rat to help feed his latest addition to the family. His flight is so silent that it is little wonder he is mistaken for a ghost bird.

An old dog fox crept out of the furze field, shied at a moon beam, and barked a challenge at the moon, which was instantly answered by one of his

brethren across the valley, Bolters Barn way, and commenced his nightly prow towards the farm.

In fact, all life seemed to be making in that direction. In the corner of the bailiff's garden sat a hare on her haunches munching the juicy top of a lettuce, rabbits were there in large numbers either side of the orchard hedge. The old dog fox's wife was already there stalking the hare and rabbits and hoping for the opportunity of a well fed chicken.

Came a squeal and all life froze. Not a movement anywhere, save the gentle swaying of trees, etc., in the night breeze. The squeal was repeated by a rabbit which had been unfortunate enough to leave the close—and the company of Mrs. W.'s sleeping pony—and make its way across the ditch to the orchard. One paw only reached the edge of the ditch and then the squeal.

Old Virey the stoat had caused the squeal, he was hunting at the head of his family, consisting of his wife and four sturdy youngsters. Came they up the trench like a miniature pack of tiny hounds—afraid of nothing but man, with his wicked gun and trap—when bunny arrived, one bite only at the back of the scull—which is the trade mark of all the weasel tribe—a final squeal and bunny was no more.

Life was still only for a few seconds, and then became normal, our wild folk face death too often to worry about it.

The fox, the badger and the otter, mightiest of the four footed animals left to us in the wild, if size counts for aught, hunt with just as much fear as the smaller fry, fear of the unknown.

Then came one who fears naught. Up the ditch leading to the slaughter house came he, grunting and snoring like a fat pig, neither turning to right or left to avoid anything alive, and all the time crunching miniature reptiles to satisfy an appetite which nature intends shall gnaw and gnaw at his vitals until dozens of slugs and other gastronomic horrors and enemies of man are consumed. And who could the newcomer be but Prickles, the hedgehog, the little piggy of the wild, fearing nothing but gypsies, who roll him in clay and bake him.

Yes! came old Prickles boiling with rage at the loss of one of his babies. His wicked little eyes rolled and gleamed in the moonlight at the thoughts of the rat he had scented, and which he knew had carried off his baby as well as if he had seen the incident. The feud between our great friend Prickles and the rat vermin was an old one, handed down from generations and kept going by such incidents as above.

Yes! our little pig fellow was out for blood, rats' blood.

Two tiny voles fled at his approach, a cat stalking the voles—instead of being comfortably asleep in the kitchen chair—tapped him lightly, then turned a somersault and fled into the night swearing and spitting as only a cat can do. An English adder, one of the last of our dangerous snakes, glided along the ditch—clearing everything out of its path—hunting a mouse, a rabbit caught sight of it and fled in fear. A weasel stepped gingerly aside, but not in fear, growling its tiny rage and ready to do battle for its young, which were close

handy. The mouse now became paralyzed with fear and sat on its haunches facing the snake, and Prickles arrived, one bite and the mouse was no more, he simply huddled into himself as it were. In his side was a neat round hole, the bite of the hedgehog. The snake came on and so did piggy, snoring, grunting and insolent. The snake stopped, who was this that would dare remain in the path at his approach? He, the great adder, who was avoided by all, he would have to be taught a lesson! Then the snake saw the mouse, his legitimate prey, and his rage was increased tenfold. He reared his head and struck at Prickles' face, Prickles seldom hurries and does not appear to run fast, but when occasion demands he can get a hustle on, the strike was like lightning, but so was the ducking of Prickles' head, and the snake met needles, literally ate needles, the pain was intense. The snake now saw red and lost complete control of himself, he struck and struck again, meeting nothing but bristles, whilst old Prickles, the miniature pig, chuckled and snored inside himself, then the snake became exhausted and Prickles moved, how he looked and saw his opportunity I know not, but before you could count one, he had that snake by the back of the neck, and in spite of the writhing and twisting, hung on like a bulldog. Thus the snake died and our pig fed. Starting from the head and working towards the tail, rolling his eyes in keen enjoyment until none was left. The manner of his feeding was not nice to see.

Prickles continued his amble towards the farm. Spider, the pony, coughed a few yards away, but Prickles worried not, ponies are no enemies of hedgehogs.

A shrill squeal echoed through the orchard, up to the present nothing had disturbed our little pig, but this cry was different, it was the cry of a hedgehog, a lady hedgehog, and hog Prickles' wife to boot. I mentioned that Prickles could move if occasion demanded, and this was one of those occasions, he did not appear to hurry, yet he covered the ground at a wonderful speed, moving like a clockwork toy with legs hidden from view.

Mamma piglet had also scented the rat vermin round her nest, her rage was even greater than her lord's, and she lost no time in following the scent of her enemy.

She came upon several young rats gambolling in the ditch close to the slaughter house gate, at least they were gambolling until our spiked lady stilled two for ever—leaving the round hole in the stomach for all to witness it was hedgehog's work—the third escaped, giving full vent to the rats' squeak of distress, and so bringing the mother rat and numerous others helter skelter from their holes.

Their coming was so quick that Mrs. Prickles had not time to cover up before receiving a bite from a huge buck rat, which compelled her to fight for an opportunity of doing so. Standing with her back to the side of the trench she was soon hard pressed, one bite from her jaws had put her first assailant out of action temporarily, but others surged in and any second may have seized the opportunity of securing a deadly hold on a vulnerable part, when the man piglet arrived.

Ducking his head he went full speed—like a miniature battleship—and caught the nearest rat with his head quills full in the face and chest, knocking him over and squealing away to his hole. Another he caught with a side chop in the forepaw. He then flew straight into the group round his wife, scattering them right and left, thus giving her the opportunity she had been waiting for, to cover up. He rolled himself up quickly by her side and chuckled. I won't swear that he chuckled, but I like to think he did.

And there they remained whilst the rat colony circled them swearing revenge but daring not to touch. Old Virey the stoat and Midnight, the barn owl, hearing the confusion, came to investigate. The rats being so busy cursing the pricked piglets, noticed not their coming. To be off guard for a fraction of a second in the wild is fatal. The swoop of the barn owl and his wife was almost identical with Virey's spring. A squeak and two rats were lifted in the air as if by magic, followed by a third smothered on the ground by old Midnight's eldest son, who was not quite so experienced as his parents in gripping a rat first time with his claws, but covered it first with body and wings until the fatal grip could be gained.

Old Virey, leading his pack, had made the first spring for a rat but seeing the owls had redoubled on himself like a spring. He had no desire to be taken for a rat—for the owl sometimes makes that mistake.—Giving the signal to his family he dropped quickly back to cover, and as the rats scampered in terror from Midnight and his family, he (Virey) and his family took full toll.

What of our little friends? Did they know what was going on? I think so!

As soon as the owls were clear, Prickles stirred, signalled to his wife and off they trotted, for dawn was approaching. On to their nest, crunching, as they went, and insolent as ever.

And there we will leave them nice and snug for the day, with their babies snoring in unity. Little pig Prickles and his wife and babies, the great little friends of man.

DOUGLAS BOARD.

---

---

## BELONGING TO THE BRITISH EMPIRE,

What Britisher, worthy of the name, has not been thrilled at some time or other by the narration of stories of something attempted, something done, simply for the glory of old England, and to add lustre to her mighty name?

The mention of such household names as Nelson, Kitchener, Drake, Beatty, General Gordon, Rodney, or Lord Roberts, stirs the imagination of every true Briton.

These are heroes, one and all, who at a time of national distress, have risen nobly to the occasion and worthily upheld the great traditions of our race.

There are others—Wilberforce, the great Emancipator, Florence Nightingale, David Livingstone, Elizabeth Fry, who, in their different ways, have unselfishly devoted their lives to the benefit and improvement of their fellow man.



Britain has also contributed her share of discoverers and explorers, such as Henry Hudson, Frobisher, Scott and Shackleton.

The study of the lives and deeds of such as these is a great inspiration to each one of us to follow their noble examples.

They have left a great heritage; shall we prove worthy of it?

The poignant memories of the last great war are full of instances where the descendants of these great English men and women played their part and did their duty without thought of self; it was enough that their King and Country had need of them.

But the greatest hero of all, right down through centuries of history, is the plain, common, everyday man-in-the-street, and woman too. History does not record the doings of the individual men in the ranks, of the long, dreary marches, of the stragglers who limp, sore-footed, in the rear; but tells of the glittering generals who fight their battles miles behind the firing line.

All respect is due to the men who plan the campaigns, whose brains are pitted against the enemy's—strategy against strategy—but let us remember that the success of the battle, or of a business in the city, depends, to a great extent, on the steadiness and the courage of the rank and file.

The Dominion of Canada became British because of the victory which our soldiers under Wolfe gained over the French.

Canada belongs to the Empire to-day because of the wise and just government of Britain, and afterwards by the grant of self-government to the Canadian people.

The same thing is true of our Indian Empire, of Australia, New Zealand and South Africa, who all rallied to the aid of the mother country when the call of duty urged them, and in the hour of danger, they proved loyal to the Old Flag.

The extent and greatness of the British Empire to-day is the result of the good and wise administration of the laws of their country by statesmen who had the interest of their country ever before them, and who showed fair play and justice to the subjects of H.M. the King-Emperor.

Now, we ought to be very proud to belong to the British Empire, and jealous of her good name. We can all live upright, sober lives, as the gallant Englishmen of old gave us the example.

We should try to become better acquainted with the customs and the national characteristics of the great company of our English-speaking brethren, and when we come to know them better, and to understand their ways, we shall have a greater appreciation of the privilege and honour attached to the name—Briton.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead  
 Who never to himself hath said,  
 This is my own, my native land?  
 If such there be, go mark him well!  
 For him no minstrel raptures swell.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

ROWLAND F. COOKE.

