

KINGHAM HILL MAGAZINE

No. 47.

JUNE, 1928.

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CHRONICLE OF EVENTS.

A Confirmation Service was held on Thursday, March 1st, at Chipping Norton Parish Church, when, amongst others, the following from Kingham Hill were confirmed: C. Canfield, G. Griffen, A. Handy, W. Mason, A. Newman, J. Welch and C. Winter. Bishop Shaw gave them a text as their Confirmation motto: "The Lord is my light, and my salvation; whom, then, shall I fear: the Lord is the strength of my life; of whom, then, shall I be afraid?" (Psalm 27, verse 1).

There was a general holiday on the Hill on Monday, March 19th, this being the anniversary of Mr. Young's birthday. As usual, the annual football match took place between Norwich and the School. The School, with the assistance of their teachers, were able to field a strong side, and repeated their success of last year, the score at the close being School 4, Norwich 1. In the first half the game was very fast; Norwich missed several chances, but the School defence was very sound, and the younger boys played remarkably well, especially L. Abbey, P. Anderson and R. Jalland. The score at half-time was School 1, Norwich 0. In the second half the play became rather tame, the School had nearly all the play and were able to add three more goals, while Norwich scored one from a penalty. F. Dudley, R. Jenner and L. Lamb played well for Norwich. Mr. F. Harwood again kindly acted as referee. The interest in the second half was marred somewhat by the appearance of the hounds and huntsmen going to and fro from the plantation and the gorse field.

On Sunday afternoon, March 25th, in the Chapel, we were very pleased to have an address from Mr. Kinahan. He took for his subject the story of St. George. He kept the attention of all while he drew lessons from the heroic deeds of our patron saint and of the great stand which he made for Christianity, which culminated in his death as a martyr.

Thus all of us who are armed with the breastplate of righteousness, the shield of faith, the sword of the Spirit, may become Christ's faithful soldiers to the end of our lives.

The Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race, which took place on March 31st, created great interest on the Hill. The boys showed great interest in the "tug," which was well contested, but as the weather was unfavourable, the "boats" had to be abandoned. Mr. C. Melton repeated his former kindness and brought his wireless set to the School, and we were able to "listen in" to the running commentary on the race, supplemented by the diagram of the course and explan-

tory notes by Mr. G. Bond. At the close cheers were given for Cambridge, who had so easily defeated their opponents; also a hearty vote of thanks was given to Mr. Melton.

Mr. F. Rose, the Honorary Secretary of the Kingham Hill Football Club, supplies the following note and summary of the doings of the eleven:—

This season has been a very successful one. The final result of the matches in the Chipping Norton and District League being:—

	P.	W.	L.	D.	Goals :		Pts.
					For	Agst.	
Kingham Hill ...	14	12	2	0	91	17	24

This placed the team head of the League, Division 2, and with such a brilliant record and the remarkable form shown by some of the junior members of the team, the prospects for the ensuing season are remarkably bright.

Sunday School was reopened on April 22nd, and Messrs. Cave, Davies, Floyd, Harwood, Meehan and Melton resumed their classes.

Special lessons were given in the School on April 23rd in connection with "St. George," the patron saint of England, "William Shakespeare," and the heroic storming of Zeebrugge.

Saturday, May 5th, was a red-letter day on the Hill. The Football Cup, which had been previously presented by the Mayor of Chipping Norton to the team, was brought home in triumph. Congratulations to the Captain, J. Davies, and the members of the team who were able to bring about such a splendid result.

On Thursday, May 17th, being Ascension Day, the boys assembled in the Chapel at 11.15 a.m., when a short service was held, at which our Chaplain spoke to us of the lessons to be learnt from the Ascension of our Lord. Suitable hymns were sung.

On May 24th, Empire Day, in the absence of Mr. Young, the Rev. W. Mitchell-Carruthers conducted the proceedings, which were opened by the singing of the hymn, "O King of Kings whose reign of old," followed by Prayer and Lesson taken from Psalm 118, after which our Chaplain spoke to the boys on the pride of being born in England, contrasting that with boyhood in other lands—of the devotion of our soldiers in the late war, and of the responsibilities attached to citizenship of such an Empire as ours. The boys then sang "The Children's Hymn" (Kipling), followed by "Jerusalem" and "God Save the King." We then went outside and fell into line and, headed by our Chaplain, marched past and saluted the Flag.

Mr. F. Rose, the Honorary Secretary of the Kingham Hill Cricket Club, supplies the following note and summary of the doings of the 1st and 2nd elevens:—

The cricket season has opened very well, and the following are the results up to date:—

1st XI.

Played 4; Won 3; Lost 1.

- Hill v. Moreton (away). Lost.
 ,, v. Chadlington (home). Won.
 ,, v. Hook Norton (away). Won.
 ,, v. Long Compton (home). Won.

2nd XI.

Played 3; Won 1; Lost 2.

- Hill v. Chadlington (away). Lost.
 ,, v. Hook Norton (home). Won.
 ,, v. Cherrington (away). Lost.

T. W. SCARFE.

OUR LONDON LETTER.

At the Annual Meeting of the Cricket Section of the Athletic Club, held on April 2nd, R. Steele was elected Captain, and F. Cushion Vice-Captain, for the 1928 season.

Latimer made an indifferent start to their season, losing four and winning one of the first five games played, since when they have won five games out of the last six games, which shows that the team is getting together and a good season may be expected.

For the first time for several years Latimer entered for the Regent's Park Cricket Cup, but were easily defeated by the Sparta C.C. by 93 runs to 33.

On Whit Monday the Stanhope Institute were played against at Burnt Oak, near Edgware, Latimer winning a good game with 52 and 26 runs to 34 and 37 runs.

Through the kindness of Mr. Young, 40 Latimer boys, with Mr. and Mrs. Emptage, went to see the Royal Tournament at Olympia, of which a short description of the chief events is given.

A historical display was given by the Royal Scots Fusiliers, during which there was a march past of six squads, each dressed in the different period uniforms used from the raising of the regiment in 1678 to the present day.

A stirring episode was the Battle of Inkerman, during which the regimental colours were nearly captured, but were saved by the arrival of reinforcements.

A Trick Riding Display was given by the 17/21st Lancers, in which, among other things, the men had to take off their stirrups while clearing the fences. Some clever tricks were performed while the horses were going at full gallop. Lewis Osborne, the old Durham boy, was one of the men in this event.

A clever display of Gymnastics was given by the Army Physical Training Staff.

In the Inter-Port Field Gun Competition, in which the teams had to bring a gun weighing nearly a ton into action over obstacles, including walls and a river, H.M.S. "Pembroke" and H.M.S. "Vivid" competed. H.M.S. "Pembroke" won. Time: H.M.S. "Pembroke," 4 min. 30 secs.; H.M.S. "Vivid," 5 min. 42 secs.

Owing to the condition of the mines in Wales, we have had a large addition to our number, there being nearly 60 boys now resident in the home.

We have received visits from the following old boys from Kingham Hill and Latimer House: E. Dray, C. Dickens, V. Kennard, L. Osborne, H. Pullinger and R. Pullinger.

TWO BLUES.

THE CANADIAN TRIP, 1928.

We left Euston on Friday, March 9th, there only being a very small party to wish us God speed, owing to the morning hour. Nevertheless, the send-off was just as hearty and appreciated by us three.

Arrived at Liverpool 3.30 p.m. and went straight on board the "Minnedosa." We were very much struck with the hugeness of the boat as compared with the smallness of the cabins.

Of course, we were lost entirely for several hours, but we got to know our way about.

On strolling up on deck, the first person we met was Tom Hine, returning from a three months' trip to the old country. Our tongues sure did wag for an hour or so. We left Liverpool for Belfast at 9.30 p.m. It is a wonderful sight when drawing away from port, the myriad lights shining on the water and the traffic as seen from the distance, but the noise of tugs winches and the crew down in the hold is terrific.

Arrived at Belfast sometime Friday night, and going up on deck Saturday morning we were greeted by snow. Left Belfast at 12.30 p.m., arriving at Greenock 4 p.m. Sunday. Left Greenock 9.30 p.m., and Monday morning found us well out into the ocean.

One does not see much of Belfast or Greenock, as the boat does not pull in, but the tugs come out to the boat; in fact, the boat lies some considerable distance from the shore, roughly three or four miles.

We left Greenock for the ocean at 9.30 p.m. On passing up the Clyde, we were within a hair's breadth of smashing into a cargo boat; she lay broadside across our bows, and it was only by going full speed astern that disaster, at least, for the cargo boat, was averted. Luckily we were in our beds asleep, and did not learn of this fact until a week later. We remembered a nasty jarring sensation, and that was all we felt of it.

By this time we have completely lost sight of land, and all one could see was miles of ocean and seagulls. The latter follow the boat in hundreds for miles.

Sunday, March 11th.—Divine Service held at 10.30 a.m. in the dining room

Monday, the 12th, and I was seasick after breakfast. Oh! what a sensation it was; but by eating dry foods one can quickly get over it, and afterwards you feel you could eat a horse.

Jack Robins and Sidney Dickens were also slightly sick, but nothing to worry about. The sea was fairly rough all day Monday, and ropes were strung across the deck for support.

Tuesday, the 13th, and our first entertainment in the shape of a whist drive.

Wednesday, the 14th, and the weather was beautiful, although somebody was getting rain, for we could see a beautiful rainbow, which appeared to be touching the side of the boat.

We were by now just half-way cross. I had by this time been able to take stock of my fellow-passengers, and the following go to make the list:—

English in a majority, Scots, Irish, Danes, French-Canadians, Indians and Jews in the minority. The Danes were very young, but great big fellows, and I am told they make excellent farmers.

Thursday, the 15th.—Hinchcliffe passed over at 4 a.m., according to the "Marconigram" issued at breakfast time.

Some of the passengers were still feeling very sick, having been that way since Sunday, the 11th.

Weather had turned very cold and dull. During the afternoon we saw the first boat since leaving England, eastward bound. Greetings were exchanged.

After miles of ocean, it is good to see how one and all jump to their feet on the cry of boat passing.

We were nearing the western shore, and it was somewhat cold, and the sea as calm as a mill pond.

Friday, the 16th.—Gale blowing, and again ropes stretched across the deck.

A thanksgiving service was held in the afternoon.

We ran into a fog bank during the night.

Saturday, the 17th, we were going down the Bay of Fundy, and we get a glimpse of land.

Weather had turned fine again.

Dance in the evening.

Sunday, the 18th.—Arrived at St. John's during the night. We were up at 5 a.m. and breakfast at 6.

The first thing that struck us while we were waiting to go on shore was a bell ringing, the tone of which was as that on the Kingham Hill, and as it was nearly 11 o'clock by our time, we naturally thought of everybody making for chapel

When we did finally get ashore, we found that the bell belonged to the trains; we were soon to hear plenty of them.

After having passed Customs, Immigration Officers, Doctors, we boarded our train, the interior of which reminds one of the London tramcar.

We left St. John's at 4.30 p.m. and slept that night on the train. What an experience it is. All through the night one hears nothing but what sounds like a deep loud groaning; it is the engine giving warning as it nears the level crossings, a most weird noise, taking a lot of getting used to.

Monday, the 19th.—We had breakfast on the train, that is, after a struggle to get the fire going, which nobody seemed very keen about. However, we managed it, and enjoyed a decent cup of tea, the first real cup since leaving the old country.

We arrived at Montreal at 9.30 a.m., changed, and left at 9.45 a.m., arriving at Toronto at 6 p.m., changed again, and finally arrived at Woodstock at 10.30 p.m.

Mr. Davidge came to meet us with a bunch of fellows.

There was a good crowd at Havelock, and they gave us a great welcome.

They were gathered there on account of the Squire's birthday; also to hold a football meeting.

After a good supper we retired. Well, does it matter at what hour?—it was in the morning, anyway.

With all good luck to the Hill and Latimer during the coming football season.

Date.	Course.	Distance.	Lat.	Long.
March 9th ...		—	—	—
„ 10th ...	Various.	114	At Belfast.	
„ 11th ...	„	251	55° 06'	11° 15'
„ 12th ...	Rough.	400	52° 59'	20° 00'
„ 13th ...	„	388	50° 01'	31° 13'
„ 14th ...	Smooth.	379	46° 33'	39° 09'
„ 15th ...	„	383	43° 16'	46° 46'

The journey West takes longer than the journey East, owing to the Gulf Stream running against the boat at the rate of five miles per hour.

S. JARVIS.

SUMMER TIME AND AUGUST. KINGHAM HILL "SPIRIT OF AUGUST."

If we were to ask weather experts what month, or months, of the year constitutes the summer season, we should be given cold, hard figures without any consideration for weather conditions.

For some reason or other, August has always been my favourite summer month, due, no doubt, to the great interest taken in that month at K. H.

Every old boy knows with what keen delight we used to look forward to August week, with its visitors, Annual Cricket, Sports, Gathering-of-Clans Concert, etc. For weeks ahead we used to talk it over, going over the intending list of visitors again and again, and finally, on the great day, dash to the gates to meet early arrivals.

To me that is twenty-six years ago and upwards, but I still possess the August thrill. I shall never forget my delight on revisiting the Hill in August after an absence of ten years or so, and, in spite of the fact that, by experience, I find that June and July generally produce better weather, August remains my favourite month.

If I am allowed my choice in selecting a month for a holiday, August is that month, whether the holiday be for visiting the Hill or any other place. However long I live, August will be my special month.

The reason I am so attached to this month is because of the sentimental associations connected with it when living at K.H. The fact that I left twenty-six years ago proves how lasting these associations connected with August are in effect. Among us K.H. folk, these associations should be known as the "Spirit of August."

In those days we used to have a wonderful gathering of old boys. Where have they all gone? Some made the great sacrifice during the Great War. Their names will live for generations on Kingham Hill after we have gone.

The Chapel in which their names are inscribed was built on lines which are wholly British. Good material, good workmanship and beautifully simple, and built to last for centuries.

Others of our old comrades are in Canada, helping to build up our mighty Empire. Their thoughts must surely revert to the Hill at August time.

Others who have remained in England still visit the Hill, but they are few compared with those who do not.

How nice it would be if we could make 1928 a bumper August week. Surely there are a large number of old boys who could take advantage of Mr. Young's generous hospitality and live again in the August spirit.

Think what it means to Mr. Young and our younger comrades living on the Hill.

Think of what it used to mean to us.

Whatever the weather, August is our Kingham Hill sunshine month, because Mr. Young has chosen it as such, and that fact alone is sufficient for any Kingham Hill fellow.

D. A. BOARD.

"Long Live Kingham Hill's August Spirit!"

SCRAPS.

The enthusiastic cyclist who sets out from London towards Oxford in the early days of August is said to propel himself for the first hour or so in a kind of reverie, in which he reflects on various pleasant ways of disposing of half-a-crown. But having passed through Uxbridge in this delightful manner, he sometimes falls to thinking that, as there is nearly the whole of a long summer's day before him, it would be well to take the opportunity of looking about at the places and scenery on both sides of the road, and he abandons his plans concerning the half-crown—the reward of the fastest rider in a two miles' race on August Bank Holiday—and resolves instead to carry off the prize in the Cycle Race (Slow), which, though it amounts only to two shillings, seems to be more probably and less strenuously attained.

When this magnanimous sacrifice of sixpence has been finally settled upon, the rider is at liberty to enjoy the journey that lies before him. There is now no need to use the remaining fifty or sixty miles as a training track to get him "in form" for Monday's exertions, and he dawdles through Gerrard's Cross in a second reverie, turning over in his mind the history of this famous highway, and so thoroughly does the spell of the road rob him of his wits, that he is almost fearful of being held up by some masked highwayman and robbed of his money, or his life as well. Further on, at Beaconsfield, there is little difficulty in imagining that Disraeli still stands on the steps of the ancient inn, addressing his lively oration to the electors of that sleepy town, and it was at Tetsworth, a hundred years ago, that Maria Edgeworth sat at the window of the "Swan" and saw the arrival and departure of no less than twelve stage coaches in one morning.

The cyclist of 1950, if such a creature ever exists, will need a much more potent imagination to see these things, for already the old Oxford road is losing its charm. It is being straightened, widened, flattened, and generally "improved" in the interests of utility. A recent traveller has called it "that beastly great road that joins London to Oxford," but he, being a clergyman, may possibly have a higher standard of beauty than the rest of us (except, perhaps, in the matter of adjectives). Nevertheless, in many places the hedges have certainly gone, and concrete posts and wire fences stand in their place. Petrol pumps spring up as thick as lamp-posts in town, and the peaceful traveller, especially if he be prone to fall into reveries, is at the mercy of the swift and deadly motorist, who, lacking the simple courtesy of the highwayman, is by no means disposed to offer his victim the chance of parting with his money before depriving him of his life.

Let us now consult the G.W.R. time-table.

* * * * *

People who travel on railways do not necessarily lack imagination, however. The following quotation from a recent book on Warren Hastings will show this very well:—

"The little village of Daylesford has now grown into a thriving town, easily reached from the Adlestrop station of the Great Western Railway" ("Warren Hastings," a Biography, by Lionel J. Trotter).

We can only suggest that he got out of the train at Ascot-under-Wychwood by mistake, and walked about that noisy city under the impression that he was in Daylesford village!

E. C. BOND.

LOOK AHEAD.

August Bank Holiday soon will be here; that great day for all Kingham Hill lads, old or young or otherwise; the beginning of the glorious week we remember as most enjoyable or to which we look ahead for joys to come, rain or no rain, sunshine from above or sunshine from amongst the cheerful faces one is sure to meet.

In the September of 1924, No. 32 of this Magazine, I wrote as I felt about the lack of interest then shown in the sports generally and the smallness of the numbers of those entering for the contests.

Here I would remind all the lads who will be enabled to take active part in this week of ours that it is "up to them" to make the sports a real success this year.

Let all visitors and residents witness some keen contests.

If a lad enters a race or testing event thinking he stands a very poor chance of winning, then I am afraid the keenness will be missing which makes for success, and both those who live with you and those who journey to see your efforts will be disappointed. How can this be avoided?

You can run, or jump, or swim, or dive, or do something for which there will be competition. You can do one or more of these things somehow, however badly, and that is a necessary start.

You can't run fast, you say. Who can run faster than you? Oh, yes, I know he is bigger or longer in the legs than you; but bear in mind, if he is bigger, he has more to carry, and weight tells against speed; also, if he is longer in the legs, they are more awkward to control, and might trip him up when running. At any rate, he could not run at all once, but has learnt to do so by continual practice. You can do the same, but hurry up and make a start. Make up your mind to run faster this August. Try hard. How?

First make up your mind as to what you can do best—long distances or short, jumping, or throwing the ball or weight, swimming or diving. You like running short distances best, eh? To work then.

Let us decide on the hundred yards. What are we to do?

You may be sure it is waste of time to run *any* distance for practice and expect to win a definite short sprint. In the race itself, you won't have to run a mile to win a hundred yards; so practice only the distance you intend to run. Practice When? Well, any odd time.

When on your way to school, run—for one hundred yards; or when going to work do the same. That makes you smile, eh? Fancy running TO school or work. Well, if you don't care about running towards these most essential things, run FROM them, and remember to run as if being pursued by that lad who can run faster than you. When the whistle sounds "all in" on these beautiful evenings, run as hard as you can for your particular distance, then walk as slowly as you like, unless the Super. sees you.

That's just a general idea, you know. Learn to judge your distance, and in this I know Mr. Scarfe will be delighted to oblige you with a tape measure if necessary. You will easily guess how far to run after the first measurement, and I know you will be surprised and pleased to notice the improvement in your speed after a week only, if you really run for all you are worth, and do it often.

Be a dark horse, and on the day of the race surprise all your friends and chums by winning.

Perhaps you will not win. In that case, think of the pleasure you get when you hear your mates say they did not know you could run so well, and that you did "jolly well." You will know how little speed and time separated you from the winner and possibly at the next race, in a year's time, your effort on this occasion will enable you to pull off first prize then.

Win or lose, you will have shown a sporting try, and will have assisted in showing spectators a race instead of the spectacle of one boy running and the rest merely trotting behind because they "know the one running is sure to win." No one knows until the finish of the race who is the winner; therefore try hard until the finish, when you may be first home.

I have particularly mentioned the one hundred yards' race, but everyone will understand the general remarks apply to the different races of whatever distance, although you will get nearer to school or work in your "on the way" runs than those who choose the shorter sprints.

It is as well, perhaps, to say that, for the longer distances, you must not run "all out" at the beginning, but take it somewhat steadily, keeping reasonably near the leaders, and then, on the final 200 yards or less (according to the total distance run), run as fast as you know, and keep running hard until you pass the tape. Don't worry where the other boys are, the judges are looking after them. Your job is to get past those in front.

It is a pleasure to see all competitors trying energetically.

It is surely gratifying to you to know that, in spite of not getting where you wished, you have tried your best and feel certain we know you are not slack and afraid to put forth your pace against others. Have faith in yourself, and don't admit the other chaps are better till they prove it on August Bank Holiday.

With the swimming sports, enter for those you can.

Remember something may cause the one you expect to win to fall out of the contest, or some little accident may cause him to be missing.

Do not look for this kind of thing, but it is always likely to happen, and it is useless AFTER the race to say, "I wish I had entered; I am sure I could have done better than the winner." Enter for all you can and do your best; but practice often beforehand.

Bear in mind that nearly all the people watching the events are Old Boys, who can remember races of many years ago, when there were five houses full of very eager, excited, determined triers, keen to win for their own honour, but very much alive to the honour of being the most generally all-round sporting house. You can't stuff them, because they know what was done and what can be done, and I truly assure you they are still most anxious for their COLOURS and the present representatives of their HOUSE to do remarkably well.

They want you to do well. They admire you if you try all you know.

F. G. MARLEY.

KINGHAM HILL CANADIAN ATHLETIC CLUB.

Our boys out in Canada have started an Athletic Club, and have joined the Woodstock Senior City Football League. When this report came in they had played so far three matches, with the following result: Won 3; lost 0; drawn 0; goals for, 11; goals against, 0; points, 6. We congratulate them heartily on this brilliant record. May they long continue to flourish and keep up the old Hill spirit in the new country.

Below is an extract from a Woodstock paper, giving an account of the first match of the season:—

"KINGHAM HILL WINS OPENING SOCCER GAME.

"NEW ENTRY BEATS THE BAPTISTS 3—0 IN FIRST GAME
OF SENIOR CITY SERIES.

"Smart Work by the Kingham Hill Eleven Gives Them Win Over Fighting
Baptists—Was Good Game Despite Weather.

"Cold winds and cloudy sky was the setting for the opening of the Woodstock Senior City Soccer League at Victoria Park last night, but the Kingham Hill—Baptist tilt went on just the same, the former scoring a smart 3—0 victory over the Baptists.

"While the weather was not in favour of good soccer, the brand shown last night was of high calibre, and by this game alone indications are that the fans should see some real fine soccer this season.

“ The Kingham Hill eleven, a new entry, surprised all by the way in which they played, the combination of the front line being particularly brilliant and pleasing to watch. Hall in the Baptist goal had his hands full at many times, and made several spectacular saves. The Baptist front line showed up fairly well, but the whole team was a little disarranged, and this showed in the nervous manner in which the ball was handled at times.

“ The first goal came in the opening minutes of play, a low shot getting past Hall in the Baptist goal. There was no further score in the first half, although the Kingham Hill team were dangerous all the time, only neat work by Hall keeping them out. ...

“ The second goal was scored on a free shot when Hall ran with the ball, Rodwell giving him no chance to save on the kick. About ten minutes before the end of the game Pitt took a pass in front of the Baptist goal, and it was a simple thing to boot it in. This ended the scoring for the night. The Baptists did some forcing after the third goal, but they were unable to get through, and were forced to let it stand 3—0.

“ The next game will be on Saturday afternoon at 1.30, when Hays and C. F. M. meet.

“ Baptists—Goal, Hall ; backs, Speedie and Brown ; halves, Barnes, Mooney and Milburn ; forwards, Holley, Karn, Durling, Batcheler and Coulter ; subs., Clowes.

“ Kingham Hill—Goal, Osborne ; backs, Parsons and Boyden ; halves, Barlow, Coates and Topp ; forwards, Orris, Pitt, Dickens, Rodwell and C. Orris.”

No. 47 was the last of the series
edited by the Founder. There was a
gap of more than two years before the
next (unnumbered) issue dated Oct. 1930
(in which see pp. 1 and 17) edited
by Mr. Scarfe.