

KINGHAM HILL MAGAZINE

No. 14

MARCH, 1920.

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CHRONICLE OF EVENTS.

We are very pleased to welcome back among us William Barlow, George Bond, Charles Lobb (our best wishes on his marriage), Richard Osborne, Fred Rose, Walter Arnould, now in London, and Tom Pitt, who has returned to Ireland.

As usual, the Examination of the School took place in the second and third weeks of December, the Rev. C. Hankin Turvin taking the III. and IV., while Mr. Young examined the V. and VI. Forms.

We were very pleased to see the Rev. F. J. Hazledine once more on the Hill after being on active service in France and Mesopotamia.

On Sunday, December 14th, Mr. Hazledine took the afternoon service in the Chapel. He said how pleased he was to be with us once again, and spoke of the texts which he had received daily from his wife. These texts he read out to his men, and it was remarkable how they fitted in with the events that transpired during the day. He specially dwelt on the text, "Thou shalt be sincere with the Lord Thy God." He urged all of us to be sincere in our dealings with God—genuine throughout.

On Monday evening at the School Mr. Hazledine gave an interesting Lecture, in which he described some of his experiences in France and Mesopotamia, and told some very amusing stories, those relating to cricket and cricketers being the cause of much merriment. One of many stories relating to his doings in France told us how, not being able to forego his customary plunge, he took (fortunately not in his customary way) to the water, or perhaps we ought to say to the mud; anyway, he sank perceptibly, and it was only by a narrow squeak he at last got to the bank, where he presented such a sight that the cook in charge of a field kitchen failed to recognise him, for he greeted him with some very sarcastic remarks, among which he asked him if he was hard up for something to do. Another story concerned a brigade march to take up a position in the line. The Brigade Major led the party in circles, and they came back after some time to the original starting place. Dealing with his life in Mesopotamia, he told us of visits he paid to many interesting and historical places, describing the country, the natives, and the services he held among them and the Indian troops. He also amused the younger ones by telling how the native boys with great skill managed to get their herds of buffaloes down the river.

On leaving Daylesford, the Rev. F. J. Hazledine proceeded to London, and was decorated by the King with the Military Cross on December 18th.

On Christmas Eve the Chapel was decorated with holly and evergreens by the boys and their teachers. A party from Norwich, Severn and Stratford

kept up the good old custom of going over to Daylesford and singing carols.

Our Christmas Day started with Holy Communion at 8.30 a.m. in the Chapel, followed by the Service at 11 a.m. This year Mr. Young kept up the old custom of paying a visit to each House and giving each the old greeting of a Happy Christmas.

At 3.30 p.m. we again met in the Chapel, where we all joined in singing the Carols. Mr. Cave very ably rendered two solos, one of which, "There came a Little Child to Earth," intensified our thoughts of Miss Young, who always took such a great interest in the carol singing.

On January 2nd we had our Annual Prizegiving. Mr. Young presided. He mentioned that the work done by the boys in the VI. and V. Forms was very fair. Harry Thomas came out head of the School, while C. Froud took the Scripture Prize for the VI. Form. Fred White was awarded a second prize for good work. The prizes for good conduct fell to A. Osborne (Durham), Chs. Orris (Sheffield), J. Richards (Bradford). The prizes for smartness were won by A. Wale (Durham), H. Mitchell (Sheffield), Allan Bunting (Bradford). Mr. Turvin spoke very highly of the work done in the III. Form, and in satisfactory terms of the work of the Upper and Lower IV.

School was re-opened on January 5th.

On January 7th the Rev. A. Dibben (brother of the Rector of Daylesford), who for some years has been a Missionary in Ceylon, gave us a very interesting Lecture on Ceylon. With the aid of the lantern, which was manipulated by Mr. F. G. Goddard, he brought before us and described some very beautiful views in the island of Ceylon. He then brought to our notice types of the different races and religions that inhabit the "Pearl of the Eastern Seas," such as the Singhalese, the Tamils, Buddhists, Hindus, Mohammedans and others. After which he showed us some of the schools and their scholars, following this by some views of the fine churches, especially the one with which he is connected.

We regret to record the death from diphtheria on January 10th of Edward Dennis (Sheffield House).

We tender our sympathy and best wishes to F. Marley for his recovery from the effects of his accident.

The following results of the Billiard Handicap, which took place in Severn House, have been handed in by Mr. G. Pike.

The following survived the First Round: J. Cleary, P. Floyd, F. Goddard, F. Harwood, H. Juniper, G. Pike.

The Second Round resulted as follows: F. Harwood beat J. Cleary; P. Floyd beat F. Goddard; G. Pike beat Juniper.

Semi-Final.—P. Floyd (7) beat G. Pike. F. Harwood drew a bye.

In the Final F. Harwood easily beat P. Floyd, and thus won the Handicap.

Four-handed Tournament (150 + Handicap).

T. Luxton (5) and F. G. Goddard (9) beat F. Harwood (21) and P. Floyd (7).

H. Juniper and T. Barlow beat C. Melton and R. Osborne.

J. Farmborough (13) and G. Pike (31) beat J. Cleary (7) and L. Murton (2).

Rev. C. Turvin and L. Scheu a bye.

Semi-Final.

T. Luxton and F. Goddard beat H. Juniper and T. Barlow by the close margin of 2. Game full of excitement. Losers held a lead of 40 at one period of the game.

Rev. H. Turvin and E. Scheu beat J. Farmborough and G. Pike. Very poor game. Losers badly off form. Won by about 30.

Final.

T. Luxton and F. G. Goddard beat Rev. C. Hankin Turvin and E. Scheu. Winners led the whole distance.

The following notes on our Debating Society have been handed in by our Secretary, Mr. S. G. Meacher.

As announced in our last issue, the meeting on December 19th was "League of Nations." The opener, S. G. Meacher, was opposed to the idea, which he thought was false and in its inception not practicable, and made no allowance for the "national ideal." The Rev. C. Hankin Turvin spoke in favour of the "League," and placed a proposition before the meeting, which was carried by a majority of 3.

On January 19th, Mr. F. G. Goddard gave a very interesting paper on the Negro Peril. His experiences among the blacks in East Africa added special interest to his remarks.

On January 23rd, Mr. Davies opened a discussion on Labour troubles. He dealt with profiteering, and thought that to be the root of the evil. The Rev. C. H. Turvin thought the weakness of the Government was the cause of the present unrest. Messrs. Cave, Goddard and Meacher spoke generally on the subject, and on the motion of Mr. Scarfe it was decided to adjourn the discussion.

The discussion was re-opened on February 20th, and at its close Mr. Scarfe moved: "That the chief cause of the present unrest in the Labour world was the undue influence of Socialism." The motion was carried.

The next meeting on March 5th. Subject, "The Irish Question."

During the last three months some very interesting and exciting games at football have been witnessed on the Hill, and we owe a deep debt to our energetic Secretary, F. Harwood, for arranging such games in the various football competitions.

The following notes are by our Captain, S. G. Meacher.

As prophesied in our last issue, the Hill succeeded in defeating Chipping Norton in the Second Round, Oxon Charity Cup, by 2-1, a creditable performance.

In the Third Round the Hill Eleven journeyed to Oxford to meet St. Frideswide's, who were a very strong combination, and proved too good for us, winning by 3-1.

We still head the League. Since the last issue Chipping Norton (7-0), Charlbury (6-3), and Stonesfield (4-3) have all been beaten. Woodstock

visited the Hill in a "friendly" game, and after a keen struggle the home side won by 3—1.

On January 10th the XI. bade farewell to the Shield Competition, Witney Swifts coming to the Hill and returning winners by 5—0.

On January 17th, in a League game at Witney, the Swifts again won by 5—1.

The Second XI. have been going strong. Adlestrop (3—1), Churchill (3—0), Milton (5—0 and 9—0) have been defeated, while Hook Norton have defeated the XI. twice by 4—1 and 6—2.

T. W. SCARFE.

Twelve of our lads left London on the 1st March for Canada. The departure of such a number after an interval of five years is quite an event, and a number of their companions assembled at Euston Station to give them a parting cheer.

A short service was held at Latimer House in the evening, to commend them to God's gracious care and protection, after which they left by the night train for Liverpool, and sailed the next day in the C.P.R. steamer, "Minnedosa" for St. John, N.B. By the time these lines appear in print, they should have reached their destination.

Our best wishes and prayers go with them for their safety during the voyage, and for happiness and success in the new country.

Their names are as follows: A. Bunker, A. Desmond, A. Dray, C. Fair, E. Fawdry, J. Griffin, H. Holmes, J. Moull, F. Parsons, H. Topp, E. Violot, and W. Wright.

A TRAIN JOURNEY IN EAST AFRICA.

Having received orders to proceed to Kilindini on March 29th, 1919, we (three of us) got all our kit down to the station at 8 p.m. The train was due to start at 4.30 a.m. of the 30th, and so we had to get prepared overnight. Our carriage was not a "first." It was a big iron truck, covered, of course, and we put our beds down and prepared to settle down for the night. We were starting from Tanga (and perhaps a word or two here about Tanga will not be out of place). It was the principal port of late German East, and exported goods in 1913 valued at nearly £1,000,000. The town is nicely laid out, with very wide streets with huge mango trees all down the centre for shade. There is an excellent hospital, pleasantly situated by the sea, and public gardens with a bandstand and four good hotels. There is also a very picturesque golf course, the palm trees and tropical shrubs making a very beautiful background. It has a large harbour entered by a broad channel, and can accommodate the largest ships. As you know, hostilities were commenced by the Germans in East Africa, who advanced from Tanga. The British attacked Tanga in November, 1914, but were driven off with about 800 casualties. It was eventually cap-

tured on July 7th, 1916. A monument is erected there over the burial place of our soldiers. Now to get on with the train journey. Precisely at 4.30 a.m. we started on what we expected to be a three days' journey. By night we had travelled 220 miles, passing through several places of interest, large fruit growing districts, and rubber and sisal plantations. The railway runs along the foot of the Usambara mountains, trees of all sorts growing almost to the top of them. At Mombo Station one can see a good wide road winding round the mountains which leads to Wilhelmstal, where fruit and vegetables of every description are grown. Cauliflowers, cabbages, peas, leeks, etc., grow in profusion. We arrived at Moshi at 10 p.m., our stopping place for the night, which lies at the foot of Kilimanjaro, on the south side. As the train did not leave till 8 a.m. the next day, we decided to go up to the hotel and have some supper. It was raining fast, and it does rain in Africa, but we got a "boy" to show us the way to the hotel. We thought we were ascending the bed of a river, as the water was up to our knees, but the boy assured us it was the road, and so we plodded on until we came to the hotel, which we found in darkness and everybody in bed. Needless to say we did not wish to have that walk in the rain for nothing, and so beat a tattoo on the front door. The proprietor, a Greek, did not want to get up and prepare a meal for us, but we insisted on it, and eventually we sat down to a good feed, washed down with Kilimanjaro coffee, after which we returned to our "iron truck" for the night. Next morning off we started, and got as far as Kahe Junction, where we were informed we should have to wait a few hours as the rain had washed some of the line away. After five hours' waiting we were told we could not go on as it would take a day or two to repair the breach, and in the meantime we were to return to Moshi. We decided to shift our quarters from the "truck" to the Hotel Africa, and enjoy a little more comfort, and altogether we spent just over a fortnight at the foot of Kilimanjaro. I could lie in my bed in the hotel and see the snow-capped peak of the mountain, which was nearly always visible at 6 a.m., and between 5 and 6 p.m., but was covered in mist most of the day. I have heard of several ideas of the natives as to what snow is, but the only two ideas I could get from the natives on the spot, and I asked a good number, was that it was either "chumve" (salt) or "mingi mingi rupia" (lots of rupees). Every day we went to the station to see if the line had been repaired so that we could continue our journey, but were told that a lot more of the line had been washed away. The largest breach in the line was nine miles long, and several of two or three miles. It looked as though we should be stranded for the whole of the rainy season. After a week of wandering round with our rifles looking for game—the fiercest things we shot being buck and wild pigs—we decided we would go back by rail to Tanga and see if we could get a boat to Kilindini. When we got to the station we were told we could not go back to Tanga as some of the line had been washed away in that section. We then decided to wire to Tanga to see if a boat was due to go to Kilindini, but were told at the telegraph office no wires could be sent as the rain had washed some of the poles away and broken the wires. You

may guess that cheered us up, as we were expecting to catch a boat at Kilindini which would take us the first part of our homeward journey. However we made the best of things and amused ourselves looking for game for a few days. We went out one day with an experienced hunter to try and get an elephant, but did not get a suitable opportunity for a shot. The elephants were coming down from the mountains to the plains, on account of the rainy season, and were moving about in large numbers, and it was not safe to risk a shot with so many about. We went out for a walk one day without our rifles, and came upon 14 elephants under some trees. We got to within 200 yards of them before our dogs disturbed them, when away they went as fast as they could. I might say the largest tusks were got in this district, weighing 580 lbs. the pair, the elephant being shot by an Indian with an old muzzle loading rifle. As this is about a train journey, I must get on with it. About the middle of April the railway people decided to try and get an engine with two or three trucks through to Nairobi, and we could hitch our truck on if we cared to risk it. We decided to risk it, and once again got on the move. We had a very slow journey for a day or two as the bridges, etc., were only temporary, and the water rushing under them in torrents, but we managed to get through without any mishap. At Voi we got on the Uganda Railway and exchanged our "truck" for a respectable carriage, and we appreciated the change very much. The journey from Voi to Nairobi across the Athi plains is a sight to be remembered. The lovely scenery, and the giraffe, zebra, and other animals which can be seen in plenty from the train, keeps one interested all the way. From Nairobi to Kilindini the journey was quite uneventful. The scenery in some places is magnificent and constantly changing, and seems to make the journey a short one. Our journey from Tanga to Kilindini, instead of taking about three days, took us just three weeks. I might say we were just in time to get a boat going South for home round the Cape, our original one having gone up through the Suez.

F. G. GODDARD.

RECONSTRUCTION RAMPANT.

There was once a farmer whose temper had been spoiled by four or five unprofitable seasons (discerning readers will have noticed already that truth is not among the merits of this story). This farmer left the management of his farm to two servants, who, though given to much bickering, generally managed fairly well. One day a cow fell ill, and was doctored by the two in the manner in which they, their fathers, and their grandfathers, had always doctored sick cows, but as this beast had contracted a new and fashionable disease which was not cured by the orthodox treatment, but rather made worse, in a few hours it died. The farmer, on hearing of this, squandered his remaining shreds of good temper, and, declaring that he would have no more of these bungling knaves, sacked the lot.

A new bailiff was appointed immediately, and he was an enthusiastic fellow. He had watched the former managers at their work, and had conceived a great contempt for their antiquated methods. The still indignant farmer was soon convinced that more up-to-date methods were needed in rural affairs, and he welcomed the new man, gave him the keys and a blessing, and partially recovered his former good humour in turning over in his mind the prospect of a farm that would be the envy of the county. The first concern of the newcomer was to rid the farm of rats, which had multiplied vigorously under the old regime, and he was very successful. He discovered that there were rats in the cow sheds and rats in the stables. The foundations of the farmhouse were honeycombed with rat holes, and the ricks were teeming Hamelins of rodents. Very soon he came to the conclusion that the place was unsound, and a positive danger to the neighbours, so, with a can of oil and a torch, he reformed the whole farm, vowing within himself to build a much more modern and convenient place. The owner, when he saw the flames, burst a blood-vessel and died.

Other articles in this magazine have borne witness to the fact that the present state of political things in Great Britain is one that is not far removed from chaos, the only tangible facts in which are certain broad tendencies of public opinion. From day to day there is change, continual and bewildering, in all the things that make up what was called the social order of England, and this change is the more confusing because it can only be viewed through two of the most effective distorting glasses ever known, namely, the Press and the speeches of public men. At this time there is not much virtue in calling for Milton, who would doubtless construct some very admirable treatises which nobody would read. Every man must think and act for himself in his endeavour to put things right, even if he does not quite feel that he was born to do it.

Reconstruction and Resettlement! Can anyone point to any resettlement, or even to one spot that is not more unsettled than ever. Two things have been done; women have been admitted to the House of Commons and the Education Act has been passed but not made operative—so much has been accomplished in fourteen months! Energy has been dissipated on fads, and decisions reversed as soon as made; in short, nothing has been left undone to make confusion worse confounded, while leaving unseen rotteness to spread. One by one the cows have died, and the rats increase.

And where is the remedy? It lies in separating the truth from the noise, the good from that which is merely old, and the essential from the fad; and in giving effect to decisions with a cautious energy that will not be called upon to retrace its steps. There must be a larger tolerance for all constructive opinions and a recognition of all that is good in ideas that are opposed to our own, or are held by people we dislike. This spells the death of the old party system, and that will be little regretted if it brings about a saner Government. Bear in mind that many things must be reformed, and remember Bacon's

precept—see to it “that the good be not taken away with the bad, which commonly, is done when the people is the reformer.” To put it shortly, find an honest statesman with an average amount of brains, not given to writing in the Sunday Press, and support him. His name? Perhaps he is the husband of the famous Mrs. Harris!

E. C. BOND.

WAR EXPERIENCES OF A SHEFFIELD FELLOW.

I have been asked to write an account of my experiences in Siberia, the country I have just arrived from. If I fail to interest the reader, I must ask them to excuse the writer, as it is the first article I have ever written. These experiences are numerous and would occupy much of my time and perhaps make the reading monotonous, if I wrote too much, so therefore I will not keep you long. In a few words I want to try and make you understand what kind of a country Siberia is. You have read, after certain affairs, about people who are “banished to Siberia,” and you form a conclusion that this place must be a terrible place to live in. It is, and yet, on the other hand, it is not. Every country has its advantages and disadvantages, and the greatest disadvantage is the climate. For six months of the year certain industries are closed owing to the severity of the winter. The soil is black and very rich, not what you find on Kingham Hill farm, clay and stones, but soft earth, which does not require much tilling. When I first saw Siberia, it gave to the stranger the appearance of barrenness, caused by the heavy and severe winters, but as the warmer months came on and the snow disappeared, everything showed its true colours, vast meadows left and right, so, as you travelled through the country you find huge forests, which would supply Europe over and over again if they had the labour. Perhaps now you can understand why Japan and those other Eastern countries want a “finger in the pie.” The Trans-Siberian Railway is one of the masterpieces of this country. In some places the railway runs spiral, so as to obtain its objective, and some of the gradients are so steep that it takes as much as three engines to get a train up; so you see, after all, what is said about Siberia, it is not a country to be neglected. It is a very religious country, and it is religion which has caused the country's downfall. Everywhere there are churches, and no places for education. Any Russian who is educated owes his education to some other country in most cases. Of course, the people were kept down by certain laws, and if those laws were disobeyed you could not claim your own life. The people are the most ignorant in the world, but they will work, and if you try to interfere they would take your life if you insisted on interference. Very good-natured people, but very deceptive. Commencing from Vladivostok, a port which is growing rapidly, the railway takes us through a little hilly country to start with, and gradually flattens out into prairies, and so, as you travel west, you are bound to go through Mongolia, which, as you are aware, is neutral country, so one has to take precautions. The Mongolian is a very dirty and ugly individual, and if

you ask for trouble you find it is usually paid with interest. After a few more days of travelling you arrive at Lake Baikal, which is very interesting because of its scenery. It is said to be the coldest lake in the world, because the bottom is always ice. I found it very cold, when I ventured to swim in it. Proceeding onward, I eventually arrived at Omsk on the 6th January, 1919. Here we stayed for some time and several incidents occurred. This is one of them. It was a special concert given in honour of Admiral Koltchak and attended by all the elite and high authorities at the seat of government. The first part of the programme was made up of songs, just the usual songs which we had at the time, such as "It's a long way to Tipperary," "Every little while," but the second half was entirely different, something which illustrated the character of the British people. Physical drill done by men in vests and white shorts regularly "brought the house down." The men looked fit for anything, and their evolutions, in this country of slow-moving people, were a miracle of alertness. A newspaper, describing the concert, says that the Siberians only knew England from Kipling, Dickens and Shakespeare, and lacked a clear notion of its people. Then they suddenly realised, when they saw the quick, elastic files of British soldiers in the streets of Omsk, and this is what was written: "They march—if march is the word—with the light feet of sportsmen. Excellently clothed, healthy, and fresh. The faces of strong, determined people, expressing the blood of the whole nation. All seem young and at the height of their strength. They give the impression of what we Russians call culture and more of freedom, simplicity and naturalness. They have spent three years in India and now they have come to this cheerless Siberia. Everything is strange to them, yet they walk about the town as if they had lived here all their lives, quietly, without open curiosity, nor do they lose themselves like some foreigners do. The indistinct figure of literature is made manifest in these English soldiers, who know how to live and conduct themselves. So fresh, so affable, such good spirits, such strength of body and mind. Yes, a fine people. These men make us feel this about the British nation." This ends the newspaper's account, to which we can look back with pride, and to think I was one of those very few who ever trod in that vast country of Siberia in uniform. Eventually we had orders to proceed to Ekaterinburg, and I was lucky enough to be selected as one of the guard to escort a train, which took four days to reach its destination. Of course, when a person arrives in a foreign country the first thing he does is to study the language and customs of that country. Here is an episode which might interest the reader. Learning the language proved a great trial to many of us because in every State they have their own dialect and some of the fellows got disgusted with a Russian, if he was told he was not understood. Some of these men even went as far as to accuse the Russian of not knowing his own language. This train I was on contained military clothing for the front line of the Russian Northern Army, which was known as the Siberian Front or Koltchak's Volunteer Army. Our travelling compartments were not first-class, they being freight cars, with a small stove erected in the centre. Into one car sixteen of us were

placed, and it was our duty to see that the train reached its destination with the full number of trucks, because the Russian is a man who would help himself by uncoupling a truck, remove what he required, and send the truck on about a week later. This did not suit the British. On the first night out the train pulled up suddenly, at a small siding, miles from a respectable place, and the man on duty got out to find out where we were, and the reason for delay. It was discovered that an axle box had caught fire and it was next to a consignment of petrol and therefore it was necessary to remove the contents. So we asked for another truck and then the official let us have something hot and quite indistinct, and if written on paper would look like blots of ink. The only thing we could do was to visit the stationmaster. I was one of the three that held the interview. With an air of intelligence (which one must have when dealing with foreigners) we advanced and came to a large room in which were seated bearded men, the typical native of Siberia. The guardsman introduced us, not as we would, with politeness, but with these words: "English soldiers no understand," and started off in the same breath with our business. Then the "official" spoke, not words from Shakespeare or Rider Haggard, but sentences which were painful to hear. This continued for half an hour, and eventually we got him to stop (with great difficulty), and we managed to catch a word here and there. What I did not understand, someone else did, and it was finally understood that if we allowed the guardsman to travel in our truck, we could use his truck for the journey, and our orders were to deliver so many waggons at a certain station; we agreed, provided he obtained another waggon before our destination was reached. At 2 a.m. the same morning you would have seen sixteen British Tommies and two Russian officers unloading 130 bales of Army clothing. This will give you some idea how difficult the language of this country is, and the method the British adopted to overcome it. Just before leaving Siberia for home General Gaida, Commander-in-Chief of the Northern Army, was nearly assassinated, but for the timely action of one of his bodyguard. The would-be assassin was standing a few feet away, and was in the act of hurling a bomb, when he was promptly dispatched with a revolver. These were everyday occurrences, but I believe that the condition of Russia has very much improved since we first arrived in November, 1918, when it was dangerous to go about alone and unarmed. If there was any trouble it was advisable to clear away as quickly as possible, because lumps of lead would soon fly, and somebody is bound to stop something. A British cruiser, H.M.S. "Carlisle," lost one of their petty officers through a fit of jealousy. Such are the penalties of chivalry. Can you wonder why we fellows wanted to leave Russia and let them manage their own affairs. It was all very well for the British Government to talk as they did, but the soldiers did the work, and were thought less about. We were as helpless as babies, only one thousand men in all. What compensation have we got for it? Nothing but thank you. Does this keep body and soul together? The sanitary conditions of this country are terrible and indescribable. Many of the refugees are making their homes in railway trucks, which have been

removed from the main track. One side of the trucks is occupied with cattle, and the other side by the family, which consists of varied numbers and reaching as much as seven. They have no means of disposing of their rubbish, and it is a wonder there is not more disease. The Russian peasant is very dirty. All along the 4,000 miles of railway are small bands of Bolsheviks, who are existing on plunder alone. They make the refugees' life one long nightmare. I have seen many a scene, not actually of murder, but scenes which make an Englishman's blood boil. I am only too pleased to leave that country, but the memory will always be a living picture for the rest of my life. This is the state England would have been in, if she had not made the great sacrifice for liberty. Even to-day one constantly hears the question raised, "Is England a free country?" I guarantee those people who raise this question have never witnessed the state of affairs in Russia. I am strongly against sending men to this country, and if England ever attempts to finance Russia, England will soon be bankrupt. A Russian once asked me why the English were not fighting for Russia. When I finished telling him what I thought, he was in a hurry to get away. Anyway, let us get out of the country for a change. The voyage from Vladivostok was an uneventful one, with the exception of a day and a night. It was on the 6th day of November, 1919, a period which will never be forgotten by those who were with us. We got mixed up in the tail-end of a typhoon, a sort of weather which mariners dread in this part of the globe. The vessel had all her work cut out to plough her way through the mountainous seas, which seemed to threaten us with disaster. During the night of the 6th there were several humorous incidents, which broke the monotony of continual splashing of water on deck and the howling of the wind. About bedtime the swell seemed to increase, and the ship would roll into angles of as much as 60 degrees, disturbing our sleep by the falling of cups, plates—in fact, everything that was movable. It was not an everyday scene to see boots and socks floating about among the plates. Owing to the way we were crowded, some of the men slept on the tables, which were very light and only partially fixed, and when a fellow sleeps on top they would not withstand the continuous swaying of the boat, with the result that the table collapsed, mixing bedclothes, slippers, human bodies, and boots in a heap. The scene was very humorous to us in the hammocks, but not to those that were mixed up, and we soon got turned out for laughing. The swell proved too much for me, and I spent a few minutes on deck "feeding the fishes," known as seasickness. Things calmed down gradually, but fog set in before we reached our destination, causing a few hours' delay. There were a few Russians on board who could speak broken English. These all hail from European Russia, having been driven east by our most esteemed savage, the Bolshevik. Eventually on the 16th day of November, 1919, amid welcoming messages flashed from the wireless of Admiral Jellicoe's flagship, "New Zealand," which happened to be in harbour at the time, and to the music of three bands and lusty throats of several thousands, who braved the elements and gathered together to greet old friends, the C.P.R.S. "Monteagle," whose decks were

laden with British and Canadian troops, practically the last batch to leave Siberia, was warped into her berth at the C.P.R. Dock, Shed No. 1, shortly after 8.30 p.m. at Vancouver, B.C. The ship docked in a torrential rain, but the troops took a soaking rather than remain between decks, in which the atmosphere was indescribable, and those that were with me would agree on this point. Despite the fact that we were not allowed on shore, the men were in high spirits at the completion of their first stage towards home. It was a common thing to see friends walking along the wharf trying to pick out a familiar face among the long line of Tommies and few Canadians who leaned over the rail. We were not given much freedom in Vancouver, but what we did get was greatly appreciated. At 11.30 a.m. on the 17th our train pulled out of the city, thus commencing a journey of 2,885 miles over that vast land known as Canada. Am sorry to state that we passed over the Rocky Mountains at night, so you see that we missed one of the finest sights in the world. At nearly every station the people gave us chocolates and fruit. At Winnipeg we were received by the Mayor of Winnipeg and the Premier of Manitoba, who in turn gave us a "welcome" address, concluding with an issue of tea, fruit and cake. Here we could not have a look round the city, much as we wanted to. Eventually we arrived at Montreal, and to the familiar sound of "Auld Lang Syne" and rousing cheers of those we left behind, our ship, S.S. "Tunisian," gently glided over the rippling waves of that mighty River St. Lawrence. After twelve days on the Atlantic Ocean we arrived at Southampton, where we had another "feed," and finally demobbed at Fovant in the early hours of the morning of December 7th, 1919. It would not be right to finish up so abruptly without giving you some idea of what our war work has been. During our five and a half years of war service we have had a long series of disappointments. At the outbreak of war we were one of those crack cyclist battalions, and as cyclists were not required in France we were put on the coast defence list, and did fifteen months on the South Coast of England. Later we were posted on the list for East Africa, when there came an urgent appeal from India, so we had to change direction left, and were planted for three weary years under that blazing sun, where we led a nomadic existence from February, 1916, until October 29th, 1918, and it was from this date that we were attached to the C.E. Force in Siberia. After leaving Vladivostok it seemed a new world to step back into civilization again. It would make every man think for himself if he saw the world, as it has been my privilege. Now I will conclude, wishing our magazine every success in the future.

An Ex-Army Telegraphist,

W. WARD.

FROM THE TOP OF A 'BUS.

Most readers of the Magazine understand what I mean by a 'bus, but for those of my younger friends I must explain. 'Bus is a common, everyday word or term which we apply to a public conveyance, a vehicle for passengers, travelling by road between two fixed points. The 'bus may be horse drawn or motor driven, but we are rapidly approaching the time when all 'buses will be mechanically driven. Many municipal and police authorities have sanctioned the 'bus system, but none to such an extent as London. To use a loose term, we may speak of London as "full of 'buses," for they are to be seen in every main road and street.

I must here apologise for this diversion, for my purpose was to write, not about a 'bus, but about those things that can be seen from the top of a 'bus. At the same time, I felt that it was most important that my younger readers should have at the outset some idea of the 'bus. One word more. Those of you who wish to be very correct in speech or pedantic must never say 'bus, but omnibus.

It is of a ride on the top of a London 'bus that I propose to write. I have no doubt that those of you who have lived in London have also enjoyed a ride on the top of a 'bus through London's busy and wonderful streets, and will agree with me when I say that there is much to be seen on the journey. Yet there are hundreds of people who, figuratively speaking, ride daily on a 'bus with their eyes closed. They do not observe and mentally record those things which they see, and, consequently, remain ignorant for the most part of the many wonders and problems of this age.

Now I do not profess to be a student of Pelmanism, but I do endeavour to see as much as my eyes will allow and my mind receive. If I am alone or not engaged in conversation, I am constantly on the look out for something fresh, and my daily ride provides many opportunities and interests.

In the first place, what of my fellow travellers on the top of the 'bus? A casual glance round will show the fares to be a naval captain, two Army officers, a gentleman in a frock coat and tall hat, two bank clerks, one railwayman, three gaswork labourers, a very poor old woman, my friend (my friend is very well known to you, I believe!), and myself. You may perhaps wonder how I am able to discover the occupations of my companions. It can easily be done by close observation and attention to the general conversation.

Well, then, here is surely something to interest us—here is material for the psychologist. We may study these men, examples of success or failure, of industry or indolence. Note their faces, what they read, how they speak, and after a little practice we may discover how they feel and think. But if you really want a psychological study, if you want to be able to read men and women, I advise my readers to travel on the tube for a certain period, and at all hours of the day and night, and you will be amply rewarded.

However, let us leave our "companions of the road," and turn our attention for awhile to the road or street itself.

My daily ride is along a road which is almost world famous, a road which found a place in poems of old and still finds in songs of to-day. I speak of the Old Kent Road. As I write the name I cannot help recalling the glories of the past. Its origin dates right back to Roman times, perhaps earlier. Along this road the Roman soldiers tramped to Londinium (London), and it was the way of the Canterbury pilgrims. Kings and queens were transported along it on their way to the Continent; ambassadors, carrying important messages and documents, made it their route; and by this road Henry V.'s soldiers returned victorious from Agincourt. We must not forget the Kentish men and the rioting of the mediæval ages, the highwaymen and robbers of a later day, when we think of its past.

As I look from my seat on the top of the 'bus and think of these things, I am conscious of a great change in this old road. It is no longer a road of pretty villas and country inns. To-day it is drab, dirty and, if I may be allowed to express my feelings, ugly. It has a purely commercial aspect, and one that shows, not the large thriving and successful businesses, but the small, cheap shops, where purchases are made in halfpenny and pennyworths. The road, some two miles in length, consists chiefly of these small businesses, of which oil and grocery stores, vegetable and meat markets, butchers, cheap jewellers' and furnisners' shops are in the majority. Window dressing is not recognised as an art in this road; even the goods displayed appear dirty, and the advertisements seem to be designed to offend lovers of art and all that is beautiful. Lastly, mention must also be made of the street vendors, the stall man and "cheap jack," the hot potato and chestnut man in winter, and the ice cream gentleman in summer. One could write also of the many street cries of these traders, but this scarcely comes under the title of what is seen from the top of a 'bus. There are two other outstanding features in this road, namely, picture palaces and public houses. The names of some of the latter serve to remind us of bygone days, and not a few are famous. The inns of Chaucer's time are well known, while the "Thomas à Becket," the "Kentish Drovers," the "Manor House Tap," and many others are equally interesting. You may also see in the Old Kent Road the "World turned Upside Down." Pray, do not be alarmed, for this is only the name of another inn.

So much for the road itself. What of its contents, or, I should say, its traffic and pedestrians? The traffic is mainly commercial, too, and consists of the unending transport of goods from factory and warehouse to shop. Looking ahead from where I sit, the street seems crowded with huge tractors, lorries, small trade cars, waggons, carts, trams, and 'buses. I have made experiments in counting the number of vehicles which have passed me at given points and at various times, and I find that of road traffic seventy-five per cent. is mechanical or motor transport. This shows that the poor old horse has lost favour and is outpaced in the commercial world. There will come a day perhaps when our only specimen of a horse will be a stuffed one in the British Museum; and who can say that the controversy about the horse

will not be as heated as that of to-day about the prehistoric Brontosaurus!

Of the pedestrians I will say little, for to say much would require many volumes. They always have been, are, and will be the most interesting of all elements in this street. Here you may see the "Man in the Street," who holds opinions and views on all problems and topics under the sun; here, too, you may watch and study the crowd. They are a mixed crowd indeed—tinkers, tailors, soldiers and sailors, as the rhyme would have it; here you will find the "all sorts and conditions of men." There is one purpose, one struggle—to live, to exist! Some few succeed where others fail, but the majority live from "hand to mouth." On the faces of some is happiness, on others sorrow; here lightheartedness, there worry and care; laughter drowns weeping, grief turns away joy. If you want tragedy and comedy there is no need to go to the theatre, for they are both to be found here. Yes, real, gruesome, tragic tragedy and natural, joyous comedy can be seen every day. Death walks arm in arm with Life!

There are many other things that I see along this road, but of which I cannot write at present owing to insufficient observation. I will, however, conclude by giving two sights which I see daily.

One is that of an old man, who sits under the railway bridge near New Cross Gate, selling newspapers. I always pity him, for he has only one leg, and, moreover, he has a splendid, honest, kindly face which cannot but evoke pity from even the hard-hearted who pass by. One feels that this poor man is capable of and worth something better than selling newspapers. He is one of my studies, and I often try to find out what he has been. Shall I ever succeed without asking him?

The other sight is more pleasing. At a certain point where the traffic is heavy, and near a certain school, a tall, burly policeman may be seen piloting little children across the road. They seem such mites, yet they take his hands and look up into his face with such confidence, as much as to say, "We can't be run over now!" What a great powerful autocrat the constable appears to be to children. At least, I always thought so, for as a boy I never passed a policeman without turning round to look at the man who could stop all the traffic in the street and put anyone who misbehaved in prison.

Now, kind readers, you may or may not ride on a 'bus, or you may not live in London; nevertheless, will you try and observe wherever you may be, and make your life more interesting?

A. F. JARVIS.

"ENGLISH" WORDS AND THEIR MEANINGS.

The following is a list of words, with their meanings and in some cases their derivation, which have been coined on and are for the most part peculiar to Kingham Hill.

Possibly some of the old boys who read through this list will recognise some of the words, and in so doing will recall many an incident of the time when they as youngsters used these words—or some of them—as part of their everyday vocabulary.

I trust that the fellows who are mentioned in the following will take no offence, as none is intended.

BRAGGER.—Noun, one given to boasting; the same as Braggart.

CAMMIE or **CAMDEN.**—Noun, a broken-down knight of the road, a tramp.

Does anyone remember “Cammie” Knight?

CANE.—Verb, to cane or hit hard. “Cane it” was advice shouted to batsmen from the pitch bank. (For origin see list of words coined by Wally Green.)

COVIE.—Verb, to pot the ball of one’s opponent at billiards. The aforementioned habit was cultivated by Culverwell while playing on the Severn House table. Coined within the last century by C.T.L., late of the East.

CURTIN.—Verb, to forget, put off, back out of. Noun, one who curtins. Anything to do with Ernie?

DOBBER.—Verb, to use strength. Noun, a dobber, a big chap. Bill Crocker, the original “Dobber,” inhabited the blacksmith’s shop at one time.

DOSS.—Adj., nice. See Nacky. Example of use: “Leslie Murton is a doss chap.”

HOMMICKS or **HOMMUKS.**—Noun, plural, big feet or boots.

HOTCH.—Verb, to hotch or kick.

IMMUS.—Noun, a quaint small boy or yob. As far as can be ascertained by the records on hand, this was first applied to Les Isaacs by Stan Meacher.

JAGG.—Verb, to jagg, sus, or pont. “Jagg it” = More advice from the crowd.

JAGGER.—Noun, one who throws his weight about or jaggs.

JERVEY.—Noun, a “Nosey Parker,” one who wants to know all—and then some. Originally this name belonged to a Clyde fellow, it being a corruption of *Gervase*.

JOSH.—Noun, fat, a piece of fat meat. An abbreviation of Josh-o’-fat (*Jehoshophat*).

MAGGIE.—Noun, one who informs on another, a tale-teller.

NACKY.—Adj., nice, agreeable. The one who had the candy was always “a nacky chap.”

NAIL or **NAILER.**—Noun, one hard of hearing. Does anyone recognise the original “Nailer”? Keep off the grass, you Clyde fellows.

NAZZER.—Noun, a bone. Did you ever collect nazzers for Olly Bridge? And what did he carry in his waistcoat pocket?

PONT.—Verb and noun. See Dobber. This word is connected in the same way with Wally Green as that of “Dobber” with Bill Crocker.

RATHBUN, lit. **RATHBONE.**—Noun, a hair-cut. George Rathbone of Kingham was a bit of a tonsorial artist at one time, hence the term.

SAWNY.—Adj., silly. A sawny fellow = one who is a bit light in the top story, or, to put it vulgarly, one who is a "screw loose."

SCATTY.—Adj. See Sawny.

SHACK or SHACKUTT.—Noun, a shaky, rattling contrivance, such as a cart, bicycle, etc. Also applied to one who cannot control his legs properly. These words came into use about the time Albert Arnold first wore leg-irons. (No, he was not a convict.) Brothers Arnold, known as "Shack," and sometimes by the more familiar term of "Shaggy."

SHERBUN (SHERB. for short).—Noun, one with bad eyesight. Cricket players who throw at wickets and miss are usually treated to a long drawn out "S-h-e-r-r-r-b."

SHOFFER.—Noun, one who "shows off." Derived from the two words "show off." Literally a "show-off-er." Cut out the "ow," and there you are.

STCHURT.—Verb and noun. V., to sthurt = to travel fast. N., good stuff. This word must not be pronounced as "Stert," or the beauty of it is lost. The "churt" must be drawn out. Try it. Doesn't it sound lovely? This was a favourite word in olden days with "Flip" (Phillip) Kirk and "Cammie" Knight—of the road.

SUS.—Verb, to sus, heave or push. Noun, to give a sus = to give a heave or push.

TAZZ.—Noun, whiskers. Some connection here with Pete Nason.

TONK.—Verb, to tonk or strike. Noun, a tonk or blow. It is not grammatical to say, "Tonk it a tonk."

TOTS.—Noun, plural, scraps of bread and meat. Who used to say, "How about the tots for Sarah?"

WANG.—Noun, wet refuse from the table, pigs' food. A dilapidated wang-tub was once a familiar piece of scenery just a few yards up from Norwich.

WONK.—Adj., crooked, not straight.

YOB.—Noun, a boy. Boy reversed. See Immus.

N.B.—This list is by no means complete. Perhaps some of you can work in a word here and there.

G. R. C. PIKE.

