

# KINGHAM HILL MAGAZINE

No. 18

MARCH, 1921.

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## CHRONICLE OF EVENTS.

The annual school examination took place during the latter part of December. Mr. Young examined the V. and VI., and the Rev. W. Mitchell Carruthers the III. and IV. forms.

The chapel was decorated on Christmas Eve by the boys and their teachers.

December 25th, the Christmas services were held in the chapel at 11 a.m. and 3 p.m. Mr. Carruthers officiated at the morning service, his subject being "Great Joy." During the carol singing in the afternoon we thought of many absent friends. Mr. Cave rendered in a very effective manner two carols, "There came a little Child to Earth," and "Holy Babe so pure and gentle," and Mr. Young gave a short address on the words "For your sakes He became poor."

The Squire visited all the homes while the Christmas dinner was in progress, and wished one and all a happy time.

The prize-giving took place on January 8th, Mr. Young distributed the prizes to the successful boys. The report of the work of the V. and VI. forms was fairly good on the whole, special praise being given to Scripture, Geography and Writing. The upper and lower fourth forms earned commendation for the neatness of their written work. Scripture composition was excellent, and Writing uniformly good. In the third form, Scripture and Writing were excellent; the III. and IV. forms gave evidence of careful instruction. F. White (Durham) came out "head" of the school, and he also won the Scripture prize for the VI. form. Prizes for good conduct were awarded to A. Wale (Durham), C. Orris (Sheffield), S. Milne (Bradford). The prizes for smartness were obtained by J. Major (Durham), F. Pawson (Sheffield) and E. Hodgkins (Sheffield).

Our best wishes for a successful career to Mr. S. G. Meacher, who has resigned his post as lower school master and taken up the position of instructor in the new educational Army Corps, at Bordon, Hants. Mr. S. Meacher became a member of the school staff in 1900 and the school will very much miss his valuable services. He took a keen interest in everything connected with the Hill, being secretary of the Literary and Debating Society, captain of the Kingham Hill Football team for several seasons, and hon. secretary of the cricket club. A parting gift of a wristlet watch inscribed: "To Stan. from friends on Kingham Hill" was presented to him from members of Norwich and Severn Houses, the old teaching staff and the superintendents.

The school was re-opened on January 10th.

The football match between Durham and Bradford took place on Tuesday afternoon, January 4th. The weather was very unfavourable, and the ground wet. The play was one-sided and though one or two of the Bradfordites played well, the Durham team proved too good for them and won by 17-0.

On January 15th, the struggle between Sheffield and Durham for the "Cup" took place. This proved to be a very keen contest—one of the best games that has ever been played in this competition—for it was interesting from start to finish. The Sheffield team played exceptionally well, Cyril Orris, their goalie, did some very good work, they missed G. Hancox, who was kept out of game by sickness. For the winners, A. Osborne, L. Osborne, Page and Rodwell played well. The result was Durham 2, Sheffield 0. Mr. Young in presenting the "Cup" to Durham, complimented both teams for the excellence of their play.

On January 24th, the Rev. W. M. Edge gave a very interesting costume-lecture on "Life in Palestine." The following characters were portrayed by residents of the Hill: Bedouin Woman (P. Coiley), Married Woman of Bethlehem (G. Bond), Unbidden Guest (A. Osborne), Slave (S. Milne), Bedouin (Rev. Mitchell Carruthers), Bethlehem Girl (H. White), Fella (T. W. Scarfe), Scribe (Rev. W. Edge), Honoured Guest (D. Groves), Woman out-door dress (J. Camp), Woman indoor dress (A. Wale), Bethlehem Girl (Pawson). The head-dress and the usefulness of the women's sleeves were of special interest. Various passages from the Bible were made clear by incidents enacted by the above characters, such as, the work of a Scribe; casting lots; coveting the best seats, and having to take the lowest; carry ye one another's burdens; salute no one by the way; washing of hands; offering of refreshments to guests; slave watching the hands of her mistress; bargaining for fruit; manner of reclining and travelling phylacteries; reading of the law, etc. The lecturer concluded his address by advocating a more earnest and zealous work among the Jews in order to bring them into the Christian fold.

On Wednesday, February 10th, the Rev. W. Mitchell Carruthers, gave a lecture on Canada illustrated by magic lantern views. The lantern was manipulated by Mr. F. G. Goddard. Among the various pictures shown were those of a "liner," engine and carriages of the C.P.Rly., the interior and exterior of which showed great arrangements for comfort and adaptability for long journeys. A picture of H.R.H. The Prince of Wales in conversation with an engine-driver, proved of great interest to the boys. Then there were pictures of several large towns of Canada, Montreal, Quebec (with statues of the famous "Wolfe" and Montcalm), Toronto, Winnipeg, Calgary, Vancouver, etc. The harbours of Halifax and St. John, Niagara Falls, were of special interest; while views of harvest operations in Manitoba were very instructive and showed the large scale on which the work is carried on in Canada. There were some fine views of the beautiful scenery connected with the "Rockies." Mr. Carruthers gave an account of his visit to Havelock, where he met several old boys and received a very hearty welcome from the late Mr. Harry Benfield, who will always be remembered by former residents of Havelock. At the close of this interesting and instructive lecture Mr. Young thanked the lecturer, and called for three hearty cheers which were responded to in the usual Hill style.

During the last few weeks confirmation classes have been held by the Chaplain

The following note upon the doings of the Kingham Hill Football Club has been handed in by the hon. secretary, H. White :—

“ Since the last number of the *Magazine* we have only been able to play six matches. Owing to illness and matches being cancelled, we did not have a game in January. We unexpectedly lost our cup-tie with Heythrop at Heythrop by 1-4.

Summary since November :

versus Shipton, lost 2-4.  
 ,, Heythrop (Cup Competition) lost 1-4.  
 ,, Charlbury, won 6-5.  
 ,, Daylesford, won 4-1.  
 ,, Milton, lost 0-5.  
 ,, Daylesford, won 4-1.

We have thus played 13, won 7, lost 6.

Goals :—For 40. Against : 39.

Goal scorers are : Groves, 13 ; Barlow, 12 ; Griggs, 9 ; Osborne, 2 ; Green, 1 ; White 1 ; 2 were scored by opponents.”

A meeting of the Kingham Hill Cricket Club was held at Severn House, on February 23rd, when the following officers were elected :—

Hon. secretary, F. Harwood, Captain, F. G. Goddard, Vice-Captain, J. Farmborough.

Committee : The above officers with P. Floyd and D. Groves to represent Severn and Norwich houses respectively.

Umpire : P. Coiley. Scorer : H. White.

The above is by Mr. Harwood hon. secretary, K.H.C.C.

We wish the K. H. Cricket Club a prosperous and successful season.

On February 18th, Mr. Walliker gave a farewell supper to the Canadians and farm hands. A most enjoyable evening was spent, which will be long remembered by the guests when far away from the dear old Kingham Hill Farm.

On February 25th, a farewell social evening to Canadians and friends took place at Norwich House, and a very happy evening was spent by all present.

T. W. SCARFE.

Latimer House.

March, 1921.

This period of the year is for us always one of great excitement and activity, for we have with us the “Canadians.” The house is “full,” boxes and bags fill the passage, visitors come and go, laughter echoes from many a corner, and about the whole house there is a kind of mysterious atmosphere which usually accompanies the preparations for a long voyage, and in these preparations we are just onlookers, and while we do not possess the high spirits and emotions of these fellows, we share their excitement and feel deeply interested in their venture. Unfortunately, our letter must reach the Editor before they depart, so we cannot give you an account of the farewell at Euston. However, we feel sure that many Old Boys will be present to give them a long rousing cheer and to wish them good luck and *bon voyage*.

## KINGHAM HILL MAGAZINE.

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The concert on December 16th, which we mentioned in our last letter went off very well, many Old Boys turning up for the occasion. Of course, Christmas was spent, as it always has been and will be spent, in the good old English fashion. But we must remark on the exceptionally mild weather we had at that season and which induced many to take walks abroad during the day.

On January 26th, we had the pleasure of welcoming Bishop Taylor Smith, Chaplain-General to the Forces, and Mr. Arthur Young. The service that evening was taken by the Bishop, and many of us will remember his splendid address on "Strength—physical, intellectual and moral." What power, what wealth to possess all three!

Our other visitors this season include: Messrs. E. Bond, R. Booth, J. Bromley, W. Briers, J. Burnett, A. Camp, G. Clapshew, Cooté, E. Cornish, C. Devine, P. Dray, B. Frampton, G. Hammond, J. King, F. Meeham (from Canada), C. Mitchell, T. Munton, Scarsbrook and N. Whitworth.

The Holy Trinity Church War Memorial, which was unveiled on November 11th of last year, is now completed, and the Roll of Honour contains the names of the following Old Latimer Boys: Arthur Clapshew, Sidney Collier, Horace Devine, Ernest Ferry, Herbert Fuller, Samuel Hyde, Albert Hyslop, Frederick Mitchell, Victor Thatcher, Charles Turner Reginald Ward.

The football season is now well advanced and, looking back, we have memories of many pleasant, well-contested games, both on our own ground at Oakhill Park, Barnet, and on the ground of our opponents. In spite of ill-luck, through injuries and other causes, our team has acquitted itself with great credit. Perhaps our greatest disappointment occurred on February 12th, when, in the third round of the Finchley Charity Cup competition, we were defeated 7-1. Our opponents were "S" Division, Metropolitan Police, a very hefty team, as you may guess; but the game was not nearly as one-sided as the score would suggest.

Our League record now stands as follows: Played 10, won 7, lost 2, drawn 1, goals for 32, against 16, points 15.

With six more games to play, we have still a good chance of finishing at the head of our Division, though it must be confessed that our prospects have diminished to a considerable extent since we are losing three of our regular players in Stanley Clarke, W. Spratley and Geo. Clapshew, who sail for Canada on Saturday, March 12th. We shall be exceedingly sorry to lose their services, and our heartiest good wishes will accompany them to the country which they have chosen as their future home.

A complete record of all games played this season reads as follows:—

Played 17, won 12, lost 4, drawn 1, goals for 65, goals against 36.

W. Stiles, who occupies the position of centre-forward, has proved a most prolific goal-scorer, no fewer than 31 goals coming from his foot (or head). R. Booth has scored 8, S. Clarke 7 and F. Dack 5.

We offer our heartiest congratulations to W. Ward, who was chosen as one of a team representative of the Finchley League, to play in a charity match against Tufnell Park, and to Stan. Clarke, who travelled as twelfth man (and incidentally played centre-half for Tufnell Park, who turned up a man short).

The Indoor Games Competitions have now been completed. All who took part in them have thoroughly enjoyed the recreation which they have provided, and are now waiting for the next series to be arranged.

All at Latimer wish the readers of the *Magazine* a very happy Eastertide.  
**BLUE AND GOLD.**

On the eve of going to press we are able to report some interesting items of news. Ten of our number have been confirmed lately: Mr. C. Melton, H. Hall, E. McSweeney, H. White, Chas. Orris, sen., A. Bunting, H. Mitchell, V. Blackwell, W. Coates and A. Topp, the two first at Sibthorp parish church on February 17th, and the others at Chipping Norton on March 10th. The service on both occasions was conducted by the Bishop of Oxford, who gave some good advice to the candidates.

On Saturday, March 12th, a party of 15 of our lads sailed from Liverpool for St. John, New Brunswick, *en route* for Havelock Farm, to make a fresh start for themselves in Canada. Their names are as follows: T. Banbridge, A. Boyden, T. Burnett, G. Clapshew, S. Clarke, R. Cooke, A. Dick, E. Fassam, S. Green, G. Griffin, H. Hall, A. Lloyd, W. Mascot, R. Osborne and W. Spratley. After a short farewell service at Latimer House, the party left by the midnight train on Friday, from Euston Station, where a large gathering of relations and friends, including most of the boys of Latimer House, were assembled to see them off, and wish them God speed. There was great excitement and cheering as the train moved out of the station, and they went off in the best of spirits. May God be with them all, and watch over them for good.  
 C.E.B.Y.

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## THE EVACUATION OF MURMANSK.

(Continued.)

### DEPARTURE TO KAPASALGA.

After being about a fortnight in Kem, we received orders to prepare for departure to Kapasalga, the village already occupied by C Company, and about 800 miles from Murmansk.

On receiving our final orders, we commenced the usual labour of removing stores and departed for the station. On arrival we found a number of trucks waiting, most of which were reeking in filth and leaking like a sieve. The weather up to this time had been very good, except for an occasional shower; it was very warm and sunny during the day, but at night extremely cold.

On the day of our departure from Kem the rain came down in torrents and over six inches of water covered the floor of the trucks. After a quick look round, I determined to see the R.T.O. and ask for something more decent for the men to travel in, but he was nowhere to be found; he evidently thought it the wisest plan to remain absent. On returning I found the fellows of both companies, undismayed by the weather, had set to work and baled out the water. The shoemakers and butchers had found pieces of zinc and nailed over the holes in the roofs. Others had collected firewood planks for beds, etc., and thoroughly cleaned out the trucks. The trucks that were not furnished with stores were very soon fitted up by robbing other trucks in the vicinity. The scenery between Kem and Medvega Gora, an important station, about seventy

miles from Kapasalga, was similar to that already described until we arrived at a small station about ten miles distant; from here the scenery changed from the level swampy plains to ranges of hills and mountains covered with pine trees, lakes, rivers and a few cultivated spaces.

When we left Kem our little mascot Bob entrained and left with us. I don't think the poor little chap liked the bumping and jolting, several times he tried to jump out of the truck door, but was prevented in time. Just before reaching Medvega Gora the train slowed down to take a bend, Bob saw the chance and jumped, luckily he landed on a soft spot and came to no harm. He started off in pursuit of the train, but was soon left behind, and the last we saw of him was a tiny speck galloping along between the rails. We saw him no more, but heard of him when passing through on our way back.

On arrival in Kem we found the majority of A Company (Royal Marine Artillery) had already arrived straight through from Murmansk. They had charge of an armoured train, on which was mounted a four point seven (4.7 inches). This train had seen some service previously; but was not much used at this time.

We stayed at Medvega Gora for several hours and arrived at Kapasalga—the nearest point to the Bolshies—at 10.30 p.m. Then followed the usual carting of baggage.

There was very little left of the original village, whole streets of houses having been burnt down by the Bolshies, and as all the houses in this district were built of wood there was very little left to tell the tale.

We found C Company in charge of the village and manning the outposts. Up to then next to nothing had been seen of the Bolshies, but the aircraft had reported the enemy retiring some distance up the railway and across country in two villages called Usuna and Boicorri. Our other nearest point to this was a village called Syvalanavalock, situated away to our right flank about 70 miles across country and actually facing the two enemy villages. At Kapasalga the provisioning was not so good as it was further down, but we were fairly well off considering. We were running our own canteen, where cigarettes and eatables could be bought quite reasonably, and there was also a Y.M.C.A. hut, where concerts, lectures, etc., could be indulged in. A rather amusing incident occurred with the manager of the latter concern. He had his quarters in a truck, where he slept and did all his business. Early one morning a party of Russians arrived at the railhead, and at once got to work to light a fire; very little wood was available, but one of them spied some nice logs fixed under the wheels of the railway trucks, which they promptly removed. These logs had been placed there to prevent the trucks from moving, as there was a decided slope running from Kapasalga for some miles in the direction of the Bolshies. As soon as the logs were shifted the trucks started to move, very slowly at first, but gradually gaining momentum. The Y.M.C.A. manager woke from his sleep with a start, hastily donned a pair of trousers, opened the door, jumped, and started running after the trucks. He made quite a comic picture; his trousers were loose, braces flying behind, and no boots on. By this time half the camp was aroused, and the manager was cheered right lustily as he ran.

The trucks soon disappeared out of sight, taking with them some hundreds of pounds belonging to the Y.M.C.A. Luckily they were brought up on a level

piece of line a few miles down, and were recovered before the Bolshies could interfere with them.

It was at Kapasalga where we first made the acquaintance of Sir Henry Beauchamp, an English Army Chaplain. He was doing splendid work among the troops, lecturing them on interesting subjects and cheering them up in a hundred and one little ways.

I attended a service on the Sunday in a little Greek Church on the outskirts of the village. This old church had been used as an aiming mark by our artillery when attacking the village when held by the Bolshies.

The lower and upper structures were badly knocked about, but the place was still almost intact. As there were no seats we were obliged to stand throughout the service. We were invited to sit down during the sermon; but the floor was strewn with pieces of glass from the broken windows.

The day after our arrival C Company were sent off to Syvalanavalock by forced marches. They reached this village safely, and after a day's rest set out to attack the Bolsheviks at Poirri. They succeeded in capturing the outposts, but found the village too strongly held to capture without the aid of heavy artillery to prevent unnecessary loss of life.

The following day a message was sent through for C Company's baggage and rations. I may here explain that this Company were in none too enviable a position. They were separated from us by 70 miles of the roughest country imaginable, including huge pine forests with rough tracks over which no wheeled vehicle could pass, large lakes two of which were nearly twenty miles across and could be forded only in rough and frail fishing boats. What roads there were, were so bad that it was necessary to force a way through the undergrowth at the sides occasionally to avoid going into slish up to the waist.

When the convoy was ready I was ordered to go in charge and see the stuff safely into boats across the last lake which divided Tyvdia from Syvalanavalock.

At about 9 a.m., the whole of the transport was ready. There were about half-a-dozen mule teams with limbers and the remainder was made up of all the vehicles of the village. This transport was to take the stores to the shores of the first lake, through a forest which boasted a road of sorts. A distance of five versts. A verst being a little over half a mile.

As soon as we left the village our trouble began. I had spread the escort consisting of twelve privates along the length of the column and every few minutes messages arrived that carts had turned over, mules had bolted, baggage had fallen off, etc. This, coupled with the constant knowledge that the Bolshies might take it into their heads to attack us from the woods, kept us pretty busy. It took us three hours to travel those five versts, and we felt as if we had travelled fifty. I don't suppose that road had ever been given a surface or repaired. It was simply a clearing through the trees, and boulders, ditches and large holes had been allowed to remain. We found a large number of boats awaiting our arrival on the lake. These were manned chiefly by women; there was an occasional man, but the latter did next to no work. The next difficulty was the unloading of the stores from the transport and loading the boats. This proved a



very trying job. There was room only for about two vehicles by the water's edge, and no boat could get near enough to place the stores in without wading up to the knees.

It was past three o'clock before we got all boats loaded and set off in the direction of Tyvdia. The lake was dotted with numerous large and small islands, and as each one of these came in sight we hoped it would be our destination; but we were doomed to continual disappointment.

The boats were very heavily loaded, and however strenuously one pulled, moved sluggishly through the water. The women did most of the pulling, and did not seem to mind in the least. The lake, with the sun shining on it, the boats spread out with the bright coloured clothing of their occupants, and the numerous islands covered with trees and bushes made a very pretty picture.

We had left half of our escort behind, and the remainder, eight in all, had distributed themselves in the boats. At first, not knowing the distance we had to travel, and not being able to ask, our fellows looked upon it as great fun, and, seizing the oars, commenced racing. But when half-an-hour and then one, two, and three hours passed with no sign of our destination, their enthusiasm became somewhat damped.

It took us over four hours to reach the landing beach for Tyvdia, and once again the unloading commenced, and by the time it was finished we were worn out. We expected the transport to be waiting, but there was no sign of it; so we lit a fire, made some tea, and had a meal. It was now nearly ten o'clock, and we had only travelled about twenty-five miles. After waiting some time I decided to go and report to the C.O. in Tyvdia and ask for the transport. I proceeded along the road, taking the precaution to have my service revolver loaded and ready cocked. I had proceeded some distance when I met two Russian volunteers, who started to try and explain something to me about the Bolshies. They were terribly excited, and kept waving their arms about and pointing towards the bush to my left, which would be the direction of the enemy. The only word I could understand was Bolshevik, but I gathered that the enemy were lurking about in that direction. I hadn't the slightest idea how far Tyvdia was; it was most difficult to get information of any description. It took me over three-quarters of an hour to reach, and I was jolly thankful when I arrived.

On reporting to the C.O., I learnt that he had an idea that we were coming, but not being sure of the line owing to the pre-historic transport, decided to wait till he had word of my arrival. He told me that the Bolsheviks were getting quite saucy since the last attack, and were continually firing at people going along the road I had just traversed. You can guess I heard that with mixed feelings, as I had to go back again that night.

I was offered an escort of three Russian volunteers, but I had heard so much about them and seen some of their erratic firing that I decided to go back alone and rely on my speed and service revolver.

Although very tired, I covered the five versts to the lake in a very short time. I had my revolver cocked and eyes skinned for any unusual movement; but nothing happened. I met several Russian peasants unarmed, and apparently untroubled.

It was nearly eleven o'clock before we got the last load on and wended our weary way to the village of Tyvdia. The village transport here proved even more prehistoric than at Syvalanavalock. Some had wheels and some were simply poles with pieces of board nailed across. We found that the latter vehicle was the only kind which could be used between Tyvdia and the next lake. When we had stored the stores away I reported to the local C.O., who told me to billet my escort in the house opposite. We were to remain dressed, with our rifles ready loaded by our sides. The transport was to be ready at 4 a.m., and we were to proceed to the next lake as soon as the stores were loaded.

We heard several distant shots fired during the night, but although Capt. Curzons fully expected an attack, as the main part of his garrison were away, nothing else happened. It was at this village that Lieut. Small, an English officer in charge of Russian volunteers, had his headquarters. He was a fearless and very brave man, and had trained his volunteers so well that they would follow him anywhere. He could speak Russian perfectly, and would go amongst the Bolshies disguised as a peasant and gain valuable information. He was at almost every battle with the volunteers, capturing hundreds of prisoners with his small band and much war material. I heard that he had been cruelly wronged at some time or other by the Bolshies, and was determined to do all in his power to help crush them. Whether this is true or not, I cannot say, but it was simply wonderful that he escaped any injury. Punctuality is taught to a very fine point in the Service, so at 4 a.m. the next morning we had washed, breakfasted, and got ready to move off. But punctuality is not believed in by the Russian, for it was nearly eight o'clock before the transport arrived. We loaded up and proceeded on the last part of our journey. Capt. Curzons had warned me to be extremely careful, as the Bolsheviks were often seen scouting round the track we were to follow.

From Tyvdia to the next lake was seven versts, and the going was so bad that it was as bad as travelling twenty miles on a flat road. The track was so bad that no wheeled vehicle could pass over it, and poles only were used. There were times when the mud and slush came up to the ponies' bellies and the escort were obliged to force their way through the undergrowth and pick up the track further on. We had a considerable amount of trouble with the baggage. Every few minutes one or the other of the vehicles would be overturned and the contents pitched into the mud, and by the time we reached the lake the baggage was in a filthy condition and the escort were splashed with mud from head to foot. On arrival we found no boats waiting, so, acting on Capt. Curzon's instructions, we lit a fire, which was the local signal for bringing them, and settled down for a meal and a rest.

It was nearly four o'clock in the afternoon before a boat arrived for the stores, and after loading up we trudged our weary way back to Tyvdia.

When we arrived back here we found that D Company had arrived to garrison the place. We were due back at Kapasalga by this time, and, knowing the difficulty of communication and transport, I determined to start back that night, as our C.O. would probably be rather worried about us.

We left Tyvdia about 7 p.m., and on arrival at the first lake discovered no signs of any boats. We roused up an old peasant who lived by the landing-

stage, and this dear old chap agreed to row us across to the island on which the fisherfolk lived who owned the boats. A quarter of an hour's rowing brought us to the village, which was situated on a picturesque little island. After a lot of parlanche and waving of arms, etc., we managed to convey to the natives that we required a billet for the night and two boats early in the morning.

The poor people of this village were kindness itself. They scoured the village for beds, which were placed in a warm room—used as a schoolroom—and milk was given us to drink. We had been led to believe that a very large percentage of the poorer Russian houses contained swarms of lice and other vermin, and you can guess we were not too eager to use the feather beds and mattresses, etc., but took good care not to let our hosts know of our reluctance.

We found later that we were the only Englishmen that had visited the village during its existence.

We were warned on our arrival in Russia that even in the territory occupied by the Allies there were a good many villages hostile to the British. We hadn't the slightest idea of the name of the village or its political views. I was determined that although we were so kindly received we should not be caught napping during the night; so I directed two men to sleep with their feet against the door to prevent the door being opened without their knowledge. The men also had their rifles with bayonets fixed by their sides. We were all utterly worn out, and very soon dropped to sleep. About 2 a.m. I was awakened by a terrific noise. Shots were being fired, and the whole village seemed to be running about shouting frantically. I ordered the escort to stand ready with their weapons near the door and windows, but on investigation found that some troops were rousing the village for boats to transport them to Kapasalga. The Russian peasant becomes very excitable at times, and shouts and raves for no apparent reason to an Englishman.

We retired to our couches again—which we had discovered by this time were free from vermin—and tried to sleep again, but this was almost impossible, as the row continued for over an hour.

I had made up my mind to start at four o'clock, so after a hasty wash in the lake and breakfast we prepared to depart.

Several boats were on the shore, but no crew, and after trying to explain to the owner of our billet that we wanted a boat at once for over a quarter of an hour without success, I determined to commandeer two. This had the desired effect, for no sooner had we taken our seats than the boat-owners rushed down, took their seats, and rowed away. The return journey was even more wearisome than the outward one, and by the time we reached the forest surrounding Kapasalga I was obliged to rest every twenty minutes.

On arrival in camp the Adjutant was extremely pleased to see us. He had reported us missing that morning, and went straight away to announce our arrival. We were received very warmly by the remainder of Headquarters, and learned that we were all to move off the following morning for Syvalanavalock. Which meant that we were to cover exactly the same route again. This, as you can imagine, was anything but cheering; but we managed to get a good night's rest, and felt much fresher in the morning.

*(To be continued.)*

DOUGLAS BOARD.

THE

NEW

MAR 1891