

# KINGHAM HILL MAGAZINE

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# Kingham Hill Magazine.

No. 37.

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## CHRONICLE OF EVENTS.

On Sunday, September 6th, the Services in the Chapel were taken by Mr. Bailey, of the Evangelisation Society.

On September 3rd and 4th a party of boys went from the Hill to Kingham, where they ably rendered some missionary hymns at the Meetings which were held on behalf of the Church Missionary Society.

The annual sermon on behalf of the British and Foreign Bible Society was preached by Canon Leakey on Sunday afternoon September 13th. He gave a most interesting address in which many references were made to Uganda, East Africa, where he laboured for thirty years. The offertory amounted to £2 15s. 6d.

The School was re-opened on September 14th, after the usual six weeks' holiday.

During the absence of our Chaplain, the services in the Chapel on Sundays, September 20th, September 27th and October 4th, were taken respectively by Mr. Thurston, Mr. Higgs and Mr. Rawlings from the Evangelisation Society.

We regret to record the death of Reg. Viner, which took place on October 5th at Fulbrook, near Burford, where he had been staying for a time with his mother. We sympathise deeply with his dear ones in their bereavement.

Our Harvest Festival was held on Sunday afternoon, October 11th. The Rev. W. Mitchell-Carruthers gave the address in which he brought out the lessons of Harvest-time.

On October 21st, the anniversary of the Battle of Trafalgar, we hoisted "The Flag," and had our usual "talks" on the life of Nelson—of the great victory in which he lost his life, and of the example he set to us as expressed in his well known signal, "England expects every man will do his duty."

The Hill has recently lost two of its well known residents. Mr. Lamb retired at the end of September (principally on account of Mrs. Lamb's health) after forty years' service. We sincerely hope that he and Mrs. Lamb will enjoy many years of well-earned rest.

Mr. A. Walliker was so badly affected by his serious operation that he felt compelled to give up work for some time. Consequently, he and Mrs. Walliker left the Farm on October 28th for Bushey, Herts, where we hope that after a good rest he will regain his usual good health.

Our best wishes to Mr. and Mrs. Edginton who have taken up their duties at the Farm.

The following report of the doings of the Cricket Eleven is supplied by the Hon. Secretary, Mr. C. J. Melton.

Cricketers—Old boys and new boys—a Happy Christmas to you all. Rather cold weather to talk about cricket, but there is no alternative, as so many of our readers are waiting for the doings of the Hill XI. in so many parts of this great Empire of ours. I know that it is read in Australia and very likely lies beneath—No, on top of the “ashes” but I must not encroach on the valuable space, so here it is. As far as successes went, we did not get many.

Played 12, Won 4, Drawn 0, Lost 8. But the games were played throughout the season in the good old cricket style, for the game's sake. Our worthy skipper, F. G. Goddard, again heads the list in averages, and the rest—well, you know. I must congratulate Camp, who gave such a magnificent show with the bat.

#### BATTING.

	No. of Innings.	Times Not Out.	Runs.	Most in Innings.	Average.
F. G. Goddard ... ..	13	0	254	53	19.5
G. Bond ... ..	13	3	117	31*	11.7
W. Green ... ..	11	4	82	20	11.7
J. Jones ... ..	7	0	80	30	11.4
L. Osborne ... ..	12	2	105	57*	10.5
C. Melton ... ..	14	0	99	18	7.1
G. Hancox ... ..	13	0	93	27	7.1
F. Rose ... ..	9	0	62	27	6.9
J. Farmborough ... ..	13	0	84	28	6.4
T. Pitt ... ..	7	1	20	11	3.3
P. Floyd ... ..	14	0	33	14	2.3
J. Davies ... ..	7	2	5	3	1.0

\* signifies “not out.”

#### BOWLING.

	Over.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.	Averages.
G. Hancox ... ..	48	7	154	22	7.0
F. Rose ... ..	97	13	264	36	7.3
J. Jones ... ..	30	9	94	12	7.8
F. G. Goddard ... ..	34	8	88	11	8.0
P. Floyd ... ..	30	1	105	13	8.07
J. Farmborough ... ..	116	21	297	35	8.4

We were very pleased to have Mr. Kinahan with us, and to give the address in the Chapel on Sunday afternoon, October 23rd.

At 6 p.m., on November 5th, the Bonfire was lit by our Chaplain in the absence of Mr. Young, who was unable to be present. The bonfire had been erected in the furze field near the School and proved a great success. The performance of the “guy” was a source of interest and amusement to all—young and old.

On November 11th, Armistice Day, a service took place in the Chapel for the observance of “The Two Minutes' Silence.”

We deeply sympathise with the Squire and Mr. Arthur Young in the death of Mrs. Lawrence, which took place at Covesfield, Salisbury, on November 21st, after a short illness.

On November 29th, at the Memorial Service, the Rev. W. Mitchell Carruthers spoke of the great loss to the nation in the death of our beloved Queen Alexandra, and of the Hill especially in the death of Mrs. Lawrence, who was so deeply interested in its members and their welfare. Special hymns were sung among which were "Sleep thy last sleep," "For all the saints who from their labours rest," "For ever with the Lord," "Abide with me, fast falls the eventide."

The following report of the doings of the Kingham Hill Football Club is supplied by Mr. F. Rose, the Hon. Secretary:—

Up to now our teams have met with little success. We lost to Cherington in the Engineers' Cup after having the best of the play during the greater part of the game. One of the best games was that with Kingham Village in the League, our men seemed to be at the top of their form, and beat their rivals in a way that made this game one of the best seen on the Hill for some time. The results of the teams up to date are as follows:—

	<i>Played.</i>	<i>Won.</i>	<i>Drawn.</i>	<i>Lost.</i>
Chipping Norton and District League ...	8	1	4	3
Milton-under-Wychwood Junior League ...	3	2	0	1

We wish all our readers "A Happy Christmas" and "A Bright New Year."

T. W. SCARFE.

### A TRIP TO THE ZOO.

It was a fine morning when, with my small son and daughter packed comfortably in the sidecar, I set off on my bike for the thirty-mile journey to the Zoo. Given a fine day, I do not think there is a more interesting place in London than the Zoological Gardens in Regent's Park. The addition of the Aquarium has added to its charm considerably. Here one can see some of God's most wonderful works among animals, fishes and birds at close quarters.

The children were naturally excited and bombarded me with questions the whole way.

Every time a house, village or hamlet appeared the same question was asked: "Is this the Zoo?" And when the boy noticed a large number of motors travelling in the opposite direction, he said: "The Zoo must be finished, they are all coming away!"

After an hour and half of pleasant journey we arrived. On passing through the park numerous squirrels popped their heads out of the grass to see whether we were bringing them their favourite nuts. These little rascals used to be regular inmates of the Zoo, or at least their forefathers were, and became so

tame and friendly that they were allowed their freedom. They quickly found their way out into the park, and, if you please, have got as far as the orchards in Kent. They are so tame that they will take food from your hand.

The first thing we noticed on entering the Zoo was a row of gorgeous-coloured parrots, perched in the open and secured by chain; some of these fellows could talk when brought to the Zoo, but they are so well fed and looked-after—in common with all the Zoo's inhabitants—that they become too lazy to do so.

I asked the children what they would like to see most; in reply they named almost all the animals they had ever heard of, so I decided to try and visit everything.

Leaving the screeching parrots, we next visited the monkeys; these little chaps are a never-ending source of amusement. Their cage was full of nut shells and oddments, they appeared to spend most of their time between eating and teasing each other. Their favourite dainty appeared to be fruit. The Orang-Utang, an immense beast with very large chest and arms, was the chief attraction. He has an indoor and outdoor cage to himself, strongly made with iron, as you may guess, for he is so strong that he could tear a man's body to pieces with his fingers.

From here we went to the small mammal house. Here live the tiniest of monkeys, some so small that they could sit comfortably in a small boy's palm. These little rascals were particularly lively and gave us endless amusement. The Kinkajou particularly interested the children when it climbed up its own tail on being held up by the keeper.

We were very fortunate this day, the weather was fine and in nearly every house we found something specially interesting, which is only seen by the lucky few.

At last we were with the elephants. The Zoo now has a very large number, including a pigmy elephant about the size of a donkey. When full grown—he is now seven years—he will not be half as big as an ordinary elephant. With him for company is a baby African elephant about his own size. The keeper invited the children inside the barrier and let them feed the elephants on small potatoes. Indiana, a huge Indian elephant, will pick up the keeper's keys with his trunk from the floor of his cage and give them back to him. If you put a small potato and the keys in the end of his trunk he has such a sensitive feeling there that he can switch the potato into his mouth and hand you the keys—or perhaps I should say trunk you the keys—by the ring. The children went wild with delight when they were allowed to do this.

In the elephant house we also saw the crusty old rhinoceros. This old rascal cannot be trusted and never loses an opportunity to try and stab someone with his massive horn. But in the next cage live Darby and Joan, a dear old pair of hippopotami. Although their mouths are so large that they can eat half a truss of hay or more in one mouthful, they are very docile and friendly, even allowing keepers to sit on their backs. They like to come to the railings with open mouth and wait for buns and other tit-bits to be thrown in. A little later the three elephants used for carrying children came in. These were taken out to the outdoor cage for a bath by the keepers and it was a delight to watch them.

They bellowed and plunged and sank out of sight just like children. Mother and daughters were bathing together, the small one kept getting up to all sorts of mischief, and when the keeper ordered them out and indoors she kept running back and jumping in.

The old ones were very obedient and went indoors at once.

At a few minutes to four we went to see the lions feed. The animals seemed to know it was nearly feeding time for they were making a frightful din.

We were again fortunate, for one of the large pairs of lions was at play. The great beasts frisked about like kittens, turning each other over and playfully tapping each other with their paws. Some of the great cats tore at their flesh, consisting of about twelve pounds of goat or horse flesh, very greedily, others scarcely took any notice of it.

Some of the tigers are very friendly, two of them allowing themselves to be petted by the keeper whilst we watched.

The sea lions were our next objective, the keeper had a large basket of fish and fed them by throwing each a fish to catch, and, by the way, they never miss, or into the water to make them dive. Each sea lion had his own little spot to feed and woe betide any intruder!

Noticing a large number of people interested in something the other side of the pond, I piloted the children round, and, wonder of wonders, there was a mother sea lion with a day old baby. The little one was whimpering like a child, and the mother seemed really proud of it. It was some time before the children would consent to leave.

Near here live a family of penguins, and in the same enclosure a pair of prairie marmots from Australia. These little fellows are about the size of a guinea pig and shaped like a rabbit with much smaller head. They make excellent pets.

Time was getting on. We visited the birds of prey, wild ass and horse, the large cattle, and bears in turn.

The latter, like the monkeys and elephants, are of great interest to children. Old Sam, the aged polar bear, has a compound to himself, since Barbara, his wife died, but in the next cage live several polars. The brown and black bears cut some amusing capers when begging for buns.

One stood on his hind legs, one sat up in real begging fashion, and yet another sat with his fore-paws clasping his hind ones. All hoping to attract the most attention.

The bears are very comfortably housed on the Mappin Terraces. Here the conditions are as near their natural surroundings as man's ingenuity can make them. On the same terraces and above the bears live the Barbara sheep. Their enclosure is made to resemble the sides of rocky hills and mountains where in their natural state they love to roam with every chance of escape from their fierce enemies.

In a large open pond with an island in the centre and a comfortable house, live a pair of otters. Just such otters that used to inhabit the Dye Brook. These little chaps have become very tame in captivity and sit up begging for tit-bits like little Teddy Bears.

The tropical bird house with its multi-coloured inhabitants occupied our attention for some time.

Some of these little feathered creatures are so small that they could easily be mistaken for butterflies when in flight.

Very few birds in England can surpass them in beauty, but I am sure we should never want to change such beautiful songsters as the nightingale, thrush, blackbird, or in fact any of our singing birds for the most beautiful of foreign birds.

One bird in this building calls for special mention, the mynah bird. There are several of these, and to look at them one would not suspect them of talking, but while standing by the cage of one, we were surprised to hear the words "How do you do?" spoken very clearly. At first we did not dream of connecting the words with the bird, but soon found it was no other. In size the bird is a little larger than a blackbird and not unlike one in colour and size.

Later, when visiting the wolf and wild dog house, I received a great shock when I found the boy inside the barrier stroking the wolf, which was licking his hand. Fortunately, this animal is very tame and loves to be stroked. Incidentally, there is an up-to-date "first aid" station in the Zoo in case of animal bites.

We witnessed one pathetic little incident when watching the chimpanzees in the great ape house. Two little fellows were playing happily together in a cage when the keeper came along and took one away. The poor little chap that was left sobbed like a baby and did his best to open the door of his cage. We could hear his cries quite a distance away after leaving his cage.

Another late addition to the Zoo is the sacred baboon colony. They also have very fine quarters. There are no bars or covering of any description to remind them of their captivity. They live on a large island cleverly built of rocks with passages leading to their inside quarters containing heating apparatus and comfortable beds. A moat surrounds the island to prevent their escape and enable the public to see them.

The reptile house is full of interest. Here one can see—within a few feet—the wily crocodile and alligator, the terrors of tropical rivers. There are also a wonderful collection of snakes, some over thirty feet long. These horrors enjoy a hearty meal about every twelve days. Some, in fact, will go much longer without a meal. I'm afraid very few boys would like to be a snake.

Time was getting on, so we paid our shillings and entered the new aquarium.

Time and space will not permit me to write of all I saw either in or outside this wonderful place so I will briefly mention the most interesting.

The lighting is an art in itself and one can see every object in the tanks most clearly. Air is continually being pumped into the water and the latter kept fresh by continual running.

To our regret the sharks and octopus had died, but more are being brought to England.

One tank contained two tiny fish about the size of tiddlers, called Japanese fighting fish. Two males of this species cannot be kept together because they

fight like terriers. The Japanese keep them as pets and arrange fighting matches between them.

There is another tank swarming with tiny seahorses. These have a head and neck shaped like a horse. Their body tapers to a curly tail. In size they are about two inches long. The most peculiar thing about them is that they swim by the aid of a fin on their back resembling the propeller of a ship. When in motion they remain upright like a man walking and move along with body and tail quite steady. Another interesting creature is the giant water crab. This creature has a shell like a tortoise, a long tail, and is about a foot in diameter. When at rest it settles on the bottom right side up, but turns on its back to swim about.

The salamander is quite new to science; he is like a large lizard with legs and tail complete, but with a more rounded body and head. He was discovered through a reservoir bursting in Japan.

We were fortunate enough to witness a battle between two hermit crabs for the ownership of a shell. These creatures are soft and tender, making a very good meal for fish. So, to protect themselves, they live in a borrowed shell. When they outgrow their home they have to look round for another before being gobbled up. Hence their eagerness to obtain a good one.

We also saw almost all English salt and fresh water fish as well as a large number of tropical ones. Some of the very prettily marked ones among the tropical particularly interested the youngsters.

It was now getting late and time to go home. There was still "Old Bill" the walrus, to see, but with many regrets we learned from a keeper that he was dead, and only a week before.

In the above article I have only very lightly touched on the Zoo's wonders. There are several very fine books written on the subject, but I think the best information is gained by a personal visit.

In conclusion, with Mr. Young's permission, I wish to invite any boy under the age of fifteen to write an essay on any two of the following animals, one from Group A, and one from Group B. The winning boy will receive a book about the Zoo as prize.

D. A. BOARD.

A.—Elephant, Camel, Wild Horse, Wolf, Lion, Tiger.

B.—Rhinceros, Hippopotamus, Sea Lion, Barbara Sheep, Wildebeeste.

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### THE JOYS OF WINTER.

Winter is with us once again and there are many who have dreaded its approach and now long for its end. To them Winter is an infliction, a form of penance, something that must be endured simply because there is no way out of it. Their view of, or rather attitude towards, this season may be put thus,

" See, Winter comes to rule the varied year,  
Sullen and sad, with all his rising train,  
Vapours, and clouds, and storms."



and we might add frosts, fogs, chilblains, influenza, and doctors' bills.

For the rich and leisured there is a way out though, and that by migration to the sunny shores of the Mediterranean. But for the majority of our people, excepting those having rich uncles prepared to subsidise their sojourn abroad, there is no alternative. We must face the ruthlessness and rigours of Winter unless, of course, one cares to hibernate. Our sympathies must, however, go out to those to whom Winter is abhorrent, for perhaps when we are old or infirm we, too, will experience similar feelings.

But is there not something to be said in favour of this much despised and maligned season?

“ But Winter has yet brighter scenes—he boasts  
Splendours beyond what gorgeous Summer knows;  
Or Autumn with his many fruits, and woods  
All flushed with many hues.”

All seasons have their own particular charm, I think. Spring, the glorious awakening of new life in all forms and the welcome return of the warm sun; Summer, the season that marks the maturity of all growth, gives flowers that please the eye, and the birds' sweet songs that gladden the soul of man; Autumn, the time of the gathering in of fruits, the season of wonderful changing colours that makes God's earth one vast, beautiful picture; and Winter, the period of rest and sleep, of sparkling frost and snow, of fireside joys! This is Nature's ordered and harmonious way, and it is well that it is so. Should the arrangement of the seasons be left in our hands I am afraid there would be disagreement and confusion. Some would want all Summer and others all Christmas. And should we not tire of cricket and hot summer days all the year round, and on the other hand not a little sick of “spice and all that's nice” if we had three hundred and sixty-five days of Christmastide!

“ If all the year were playing holidays,  
To sport would be as tedious as to work.”

Besides, our bodies need variety and rest or we should break down in health, and we must remember that the soil, plants and all other creatures require rest, too. So while Summer follows Spring and precedes Autumn, Winter must have her place also in the scheme of things. Do we not read in the eighth chapter of Genesis that “While the earth remaineth, seed time and harvest, and cold and heat, and Summer and Winter, and day and night shall not cease.” This is called Nature's Cycle of Life, and we can see what a wise, beneficent plan it is, and one that is for the good of all.

Therefore let us, young and old, make the most of Winter and let the world ring with our happy laughter. See to it, boys, that the hills and woods resound your boisterous shouts as you slide on the frozen pond, and insist on the laggard and the timid partaking in the snowball fight! And when, flushed with vigorous exercise on the field, darkness comes on, you may steal indoors to continue the fun. Who would care to miss the fireside joys? The late Dr. Benson knew what fireside joys meant for he wrote,

“ Then in Winter, when gusts pipe thin,  
By a clear fire would I sit within,  
Warm and dry in the ingle nook,  
Reading at ease in a good grave book.”

Yes, Winter is the time of fireside joys. It is the time of real home life, of family re-unions and friendly visits. And so we shut fast doors and windows to keep out the cold night air, and heap log upon log on the blazing, crackling fire. We enjoy it the better when the wind howls and the rain beats upon the window, for it makes everything within seem more cosy and snug. What a compact little word snug is, and does it not just express what we feel, Snug! and you are proof against the foulest of weather, and ghosts and goblins, too.

Then we may take down from the shelf some well-worn book and in a few moments be transported to some ice-bound shore or tropical scene. It may be a “ tale of old delight, of caves and castles, and knights so bold, And ladies with hair that gleams like gold,” or it may be a tale of the sea or some strange adventure that we read—it matters not, for soon we are oblivious of all things except the incidents and characters of the story. Winter holds no terrors for us then but joys only. The long evenings quickly and pleasantly pass and bedtime comes all too soon.

A. F. JARVIS.

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## GIBRALTAR PAST AND PRESENT

(continued)

The Rock itself is a huge isolated mass of compact greyish-white limestone, of the Lower Jurassic age, varied by beds (of more recent formation) of red sand-stone, shale and fissures of ossiferous breccia. Immediately behind Catalan Bay is an immense accumulation of loose sand and gravel sloping up from the sea at an angle of about forty-five degrees. The oldest superficial accumulation, the unfossiliferous limestone breccia of Buena Vista, was apparently formed under rather more severe climatic conditions than the present, this was succeeded by a period with a much more genial climate, the richness of the mammalian fauna of this period being attested by the remains found in the Genista Cave. The next event was probably the subsidence of a large part of the rock, to about 700 feet below its present level, erosion of ledges and platforms (well seen at the Europa Flats) and the formation of calcareous sandstone, containing shells of recent Mediterranean species from the debris. To this succeeded another upheaval, with a mild and genial climate, and the final scene appears to have been a new depression, leaving the Rock and Straits of Gibraltar as we now see them.

The Genista and other caves, discovered by Captain Brome, between 1863 and 1868, have yielded an exceedingly rich harvest of mammalian remains. These include the bones of bear, hyena, several species of cat, varying in size from that of a panther to a wild cat, rhinoceros, one or two forms of ibex, the hare and rabbit, which are still to be found upon the upper rock and Europa Point.

No notice of Gibraltar would be complete without allusion to the Rock monkeys or as commonly known, Rock apes, and it has long been a discussion as to how they came here, but it is thought that they originally came across from Africa, probably being imported. At one time they were very numerous, but to-day their number has been reduced so that only a few remain, and I have only seen them on two occasions during my three years here.

The actual birds of the Rock are very few indeed, but during the course of the warm weather numerous little strangers take up their residence here. Often one may catch a glimpse of an eagle, osprey, vulture, and falcon, which have their eyries on the eastern face of the Rock, but they are only represented by one or two pairs, which is just as well, as they are very fond of swooping down and carrying off poultry, and as I keep chickens I am naturally pleased that there are only a few, or my stock of poultry would very quickly disappear.

Of reptiles there are only a few harmless species, although they are fairly numerous. I have seen several snakes ranging from three to six feet in length, but they quickly glide away at the least sound. Quite recently we were surprised to see one of our dogs return from the grounds with a snake coiled around its body. It appears that the dog had stumbled across the snake, which the dog immediately seized just behind the head with its teeth, the snake then coiling itself around the dog's body. When killed the snake measured four feet nine inches in length. Lizards are numerous and attain a length of twenty inches or so, but are perfectly harmless. One also hears of Rock scorpions, but whether they exist on the Rock I cannot say, as I have never seen one, or yet met any person who has.

For fish one has only to pay a visit to the fish market, where are displayed some thirty or more different species of ichthyic fauna which abound in the waters around. Sharks are not uncommon, having been seen on several occasions recently in Admiralty Harbour. Although of small size, and blue sharks, it is nevertheless a wise precaution to stop bathing, I suppose, as they are partial to human beings. Insects of all descriptions abound on the Rock, and during the warm weather our buildings are generally alive with them day and night, and they appear to think that our beds are also for them to get into. That is not too bad, but they do not realise that there are other parts of the bed to crawl around in, instead of attacking the occupant. As a commercial port, Gibraltar ranks among the foremost in the Mediterranean, the tonnage in 1913 being 6,278,616. The war was the cause of a great increase in tonnage, that of 17,190,669 in 1918 being the greatest; since the war, as all over the world, there has been a great decrease, and 1922 only records 5,982,258 tons of shipping. That Gibraltar is fast losing her reputation as a coaling port cannot be denied; being able to judge a little from our work I have no hesitation in saying that ships which at one time called here to coal are now being directed to Oran and Algiers, the reasons being that port dues and the price of bunkering coal are amongst the dearest in the world. Gibraltar is a non-productive colony, and depends on the shipping of exports and imports to and from Spain for part of its revenue, this has, however, greatly decreased of late on account of numerous

restrictions imposed by the Government which now rules in Spain. The trade of Gibraltar may be stated as being regulated by the following :—

- 1.—Ships calling for bunkers.
- 2.—Strength of Army and Navy.
- 3.—Number of tourists.
- 4.—Aliens employed in H.M. Dockyard.
- 5.—Exports to Spain and Morocco due to transshipment.

During 1922-24 H.M. Forces amounted to approximately 2,500. During the same period trade was at its lowest ebb, and unemployment rife, which brought suffering and want to nearly the whole Gibraltarian population. The months from January to April of each year bring many tourists to Gibraltar who stay for the day. Ships of the transatlantic routes are then taken off their regular services and tour the Mediterranean. On the arrival of a tourist ship prices are raised and the tourists are fleeced for practically everything they purchase. In H.M. Dockyard Spanish labour is in the majority being recruited from the neighbouring Spanish towns and villages, their wages are very low, averaging twenty-five shillings for a well paid man, but as he can live on practically nothing and has very little rent to pay he is willing and contented to work for such, whilst the Gibraltarian finds that after paying his rent he has not sufficient to keep himself for a week, let alone his family, should he be married, so it may be truly said that he does not live but merely exists. I have been in many Gibraltar homes consisting of only one room, and how they live, especially as the Gibraltarian has generally a very large family, can better be imagined than told, so that we find a people with practically no moral principle whatever.

The census of 1922 revealed that there were 22,018 people in Gibraltar, consisting mostly of civilians, military and naval ranks making up the total.

In olden days sanitation was very bad, and naturally disease was prevalent, but of recent year sanitation has been brought up to modern lines, with the consequent decrease of disease. The years 1804, 1813, and 1818 were the worst years experienced for disease, yellow fever taking the lives of over 8,000 people, and an outbreak of cholera which claimed some 500 victims; lastly we have influenza, which exacted a toll of 133 lives in 1918.

There are numerous places of interest in Gibraltar, and to describe them fully would fill a book, so I will endeavour to give a brief detail of the most important. First of all let us imagine in our minds that we are a party of tourists approaching Gibraltar from the sea. The first thing that catches the eye is the form of the Rock, which closely resembles that of a crouching lion, projecting majestically as if it were isolated out of the sea, the narrow strip of land joining it to Spain being hardly perceptible to the naked eye. On entering the bay a fine view is obtained of the Admiralty Harbour and Dockyard, which is built on reclaimed land, being some thirty feet below the town level. The harbour, with a water space of 440 acres, provides adequate protection from rough weather, being enclosed by three strongly built moles. In the dockyard are to be found four large dry docks, shipways and all the necessary parapher-

nalía which make a dockyard. The dockyard was originally open in the 18th Century, and it is here that after the Battle of Trafalgar, several of Lord Nelson's ships, including the "Victory," in which the dead hero was being conveyed, were repaired and refitted prior to their sailing for England. A landing is effected at the Waterport Wharf, or, as ships now enter Admiralty Harbour, at the Military Gun Wharf. Having landed at the latter we will trace our way out to the neutral ground, walking along Reclamation Road we pass military storehouses, the depot ships "Cormorant" and "Hart" (old vessels which are known by name as "Cormorant") and flying the flag of Rear-Admiral Gibraltar. Further on we come to the naval recreation grounds, comprising two football or cricket grounds, a canteen and cinema, the latter being a disused seaplane hangar. To the right of the recreation grounds stands the war memorial. Having passed the cinema we come to Waterport, with its wharves and other necessities. Passing on to Bayside Barrier we branch off to Four Corners, and here arrive at the beginning of the neutral ground, to enter which one has to pass through the gates. The neutral ground is railed off from the British territory by a high fence with sentries posted at the gates by day, and at night sentries are posted at intervals along the fence, but nevertheless it is possible on a dark night to scale the fence and crawl to the Spanish gates, at which place a shilling will work wonders and gain one entrance to the neighbouring Spanish town. The barrier gates open at 6 a.m. and close every night at 10 p.m., after which time pedestrians are only allowed to enter and leave Gibraltar by special permits. Leaving here we will trace our way to Eastern Beach and walk along the sea front to Catalan Bay, passing on our way the civilian recreation grounds, race course, and North Front Wireless Station, a high power station for working with Malta and Pembroke (Wales). Arriving at Catalan Bay we see but a few houses, a church, and the only sandy beach in Gibraltar. The inhabitants of Catalan are descendants of Genoese fishermen who settled there last century. During the summer months the population of Gibraltar flock to Catalan to indulge in bathing and sun baths. Beyond Catalan the road leads to the Admiralty oil tanks and the water reservoirs. Two tunnels run under the Rock starting close to the oil tanks and emerging in the dockyard. In the vicinity of Catalan there is always a danger of falling rock, and notices are posted to warn pedestrians not to loiter on the road. Retracing our steps townwards we pass the cemetery, and then pause at Bayside Barrier to dwell upon the "Cross of Sacrifice," which was unveiled on the 11th November, 1922, by His Excellency the Governor, Sir H. L. Smith-Dorrien. No doubt the mention of his name brings to mind the occasion of pre-war days when a portion of the army were manœuvring in the vicinity of Kingham Hill. Close to Bayside Barrier stands Devil's Tower, which probably owes its name to the Genoese, and was probably built on the site of an old Moorish tower. From here we walk along a causeway with the sea on our right, and on our left an inundation which was at one time a morass which bounded the foot of the Rock. Beyond this inundation stands the isolation hospital. Taking Smith-Dorrien Road, we pass Victoria Gardens, and come to Waterport Gate, below which lie the meat market and also Moorish market, where everything for human consumption is sold.

Entering the Main Street, Casement Arch, Barracks and Square, also the Treasury Offices are to be seen. Glancing towards the top of the Rock the eye comes to rest on Moorish Castle. The most conspicuous part remaining is the upper tower, called the "Tower of Homage," where the Moorish Governors took the oath of allegiance, together with various terraces and battlements below it. A good deal of the old castle walls still remain, and the massive tower of the south gateway with its cupola roof is almost perfect, though modern constructions have been built against it. Quoting history, this castle preserves the memory of the first conquerors of Gibraltar and was commenced about A.D. 711 and finished in 742. It consisted formerly of a triple wall descending to the water side which enclosed an arsenal where the galleys were built. All this is now changed as at the present day modern buildings occupy the space. Having been built in the days of bows and arrows and battering rams, its thickest walls were those facing the hill. On the introduction of gunpowder, the defenders built up a thin wall with a tough concrete called tapia. A great portion of the castle precincts inside the walls are now occupied by military married quarters. Taking our attention from the castle we will now walk through the town, declining all kind invitations of Indian merchants to step inside and see their silk wares and curiosities. Passing the General Post Office and Cable Office we come to the Exchange, which is the only commercial building in Gibraltar. Behind the Exchange we find Jews' Market, a miniature "Petticoat Lane," and further on we see the City Hall, a building of recent structure. Next we pass the Spanish Cathedral, and a little further on come to the English Cathedral. Glancing up a side road we catch a glimpse of Governor's Parade, and the Garrison Library, which is reputed to be the finest institute of this kind out of England, and contains nearly 40,000 volumes. Near by is the printing office, wherein the "Gibraltar Chronicle and Official Gazette" is published, this being the only English paper published in Gibraltar, and is truly said to be the biggest three-halfpenny swindle of its kind, the only news being that of Leaflet press, in all amounting to about one page of this book. The next place of interest is Government House, the official residence of the Governor. Outside it is not a very attractive building, but within it is spacious and commodious. Government House, or, as it is sometimes referred to, as "The Convent," was formerly a convent of a community of Franciscan friars. Continuing our journey, we come to Southport Gate, which at one time was a favourite haunt of the Rock apes. Next to the gate lies the Trafalgar Cemetery, so called on account of the dead who were buried there after the Battle of Trafalgar, the inscriptions on the head stones still being plainly seen. Being somewhat weary after our tour round North Front and through the town, we will now pass to the Alameda Gardens and rest awhile. From the gardens we can get a good view of the Bay and Harbour, also the coasts of Spain and Morocco. At the entrance of the Gardens stand the Assembly Rooms where is to be found a dance hall. Behind the Assembly Rooms emerges an aerial way which by various stages reaches the top of the Rock. A large cage arrangement worked by stout wire hawsers travels up and down, carrying stores, etc., to the occupants at the head of the Rock when occupied. As my knowledge of the

history attached to the gardens is vague, we will take the offered services of a guide and let him inform us. Before 1814 this place consisted of a parade ground only, bearing the name of Red Sands, but the then Governor, Sir George Don, caused it to be planted with trees and shrubs, which are now most luxuriant, and astonish the eye by the great profusion of the flowers and vegetation, of which the geraniums are the most noticeable. On the Red Sands the force was drawn up in 1781 during the great Siege, on the night of the successful sortie against the advanced works of the besiegers on the North Front. The guide points out to us the band stand which was built by public subscription to commemorate the memory of King Edward VII. Leading from the parade ground, Heathfield Steps enable us to see the marble pillar on which is erected the bust of General Elliott, the defender of Gibraltar during the great siege. In another part a bust stands of the Duke of Wellington. This was erected in 1820, at a cost of one day's pay from all the garrison at that time. Continuing his yarn the guide tells us that in the red sands on which the "Alameda" now stands was originally the water conduit of the Moors, the water being conducted by pipes through the town, issuing forth at the Ataranza (The Arsenal), now Waterport, for the use of the galleys. The modern aqueduct was formed in the time of the Spaniards. At the southern end of the gardens we catch a glimpse of the asylum. Having by now rested sufficiently we dispense with the services of our guide, pay him a shilling or two, bidding us "Adios" (meaning God be with you), we soon lose sight of him along the winding path. Our next walk will take us along Europa Road, which for the most part steadily climbs upwards from the town. Here we come to the "Convent of our Lady of Europa," which, as the road has a steep incline at this point, is built some twenty feet above the road level, gradually falling to meet the road at its level by the main entrance. It is occupied by Sisters of the Institute of Our Lady of Loreto, and attached to it is the Loreto Convent, which is a centre of education for young ladies. Walking south we catch a glimpse of the "Mount," the official residence of the Senior Naval Officer. Further on we leave the Europa Road to take the road leading to Windmill Hill Flats. First of all Lloyds Signal Station comes into view, a tower some sixty feet high, and occupied by naval signalmen. Standing a great height above sea level the station has a commanding view of the sea around for some thirty miles. Close by are numerous barracks and the military detention prison, otherwise known as "His Majesty's Hotel." On the lower flats are a few rows of wooden huts mostly occupied by Gibraltarians. To the south we see the ruins of an old watch tower. Around the sides of the flats batteries of 9.2 guns are mounted, each having their respective underground magazines. Leaving the flats by a stairway, we arrive back on the Europa Road and within the garrison proper. The road here leads to the Mediterranean side of the Rock and here we come to the Governor's Cottage, which is the only building in the vicinity. The cottage was erected by the British Government in 1805 as a summer residence for the Governor, after the violent epidemic which raged in Gibraltar during the year 1804. A little further on from here the road ends at Monkey's Cave, where the cliffs rising out of the sea like walls are quite impassable. Our next object of interest is the lighthouse, which stands on the

most southern point of Gibraltar, namely Europa Point. Its height is 61 feet, and above high water mark 156 feet. The power of the light is 3,500 candles, and with lens 35,000, the light being visible at about thirty miles, and casts a red beam over the Pearl Rocks to the south of the Spanish mainland. The lighthouse is built on the site of the former famous "Shrine of our Lady of Europa," which was venerated, revered and saluted at one time by all passing ships. It is claimed by the older inhabitants of Gibraltar that many miracles were performed on the site of the shrine. The shrine was sacked by Turkish pirates in 1540, and again in 1704 at the time of the British capture, the venerated image of the Virgin and Child being flung on the rocks below and mutilated. It was afterwards recovered by a priest and conveyed to Algeciras and eventually returned to Gibraltar in 1864. In 1866 it was conveyed in triumphal procession through streets lined by British Troops to its own chapel, where it is now installed in the beautiful marble altar presented by Pope Pius IX.

Next we pass on to Rock Wireless Station, which is about fifty feet below the level of the garrison, being partially surrounded by a high wall. The building, which is built on the same principle as a bungalow, stands on a rugged slope some thirty yards from the water's edge. Built as a medium power station and Admiralty owned, the station was originally intended for official use only, but at request of the commercial houses in Gibraltar was opened to commercial traffic also. The usual charge per word of most stations is 45 centimes, but being British ours is 60 centimes, but despite our handicap we average about 12,000 words per month. Messages received by us are forwarded to the Eastern Telegraph Company for dispatch to their destinations. Much is heard of the Marconi system whereby messages for example are passed by wireless, using the automatic transmitters. Transmission by this method is claimed to be quicker, but out of the thousands of messages we have handled, either cable or Marconi, I have yet to see one transmitted by Marconi which has not taken longer to reach its destination than had it been sent by cable. Day range on the universal commercial wave, 600 metres, is a thousand miles, a range seldom exceeded by any station, the usual commercial station proper has a range of 500 miles. By night the range is increased three-fold, the conditions which prevail in the atmosphere at night being more suitable for long distance work. The longest range reported for our transmitting set was over 4,000 miles, H.M. ships at Colombo being able to hear us practically every morning. For long wave working a valve transmitter is installed, day range over 2,000 miles, and by night a distance of about 5,500 miles has been attained. Probably a few interested in wireless read an account a short while ago of how the "Mauretania" had with one aerial succeeded in reading two messages at the same time but on different wavelengths, whether this was considered remarkable I do not know, but providing you had sufficient receiving models, a thousand messages could be received at the same time. On several occasions when busy I have switched another pair of telephones in the circuit for the use of a second operator, and we have both read messages from two different ships on the same wavelength, nothing truly remarkable, but just as the saying goes, "Where there is a will there is a way." If there are any "Wireless Fans" among the old boys,



they should have no difficulty in picking up this station at night on 600 metres, call letters BYW.

Well, so much said for the station, and now to continue our tour. Our walk now takes us through a tunnel blasted out of rock, with a length of about two hundred yards, which gradually slopes down towards the sea, finally emerging at Camp Bay, which place during the summer months provides a splendid bathing pool. The cliffs rise practically straight up from the beach to a height of about 200 feet, on the top of which stands Buena Vista Barracks. Journeying on, we pass the telegraph company's stores and at which point the cables enter the sea. Leaving the Bay by means of a stairway we enter Rosia, a suburb of Gibraltar, and after a few minutes' walk arrive back to our point of disembarkation, at which point I leave you.

NORMAN WHITWORTH.

*(To be continued.)*

