

KINGHAM HILL MAGAZINE

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CHRONICLE OF EVENTS.

The re-opening of the School after the Summer holiday, which should have taken place on Monday, September 13th, was postponed to the 20th owing to alterations to the heating apparatus.

On Sunday, October 3rd, we had our Harvest Festival. The Chapel was as usual decorated with flowers and wheat by the boys and their teachers. The Rev. W. Mitchell-Carruthers preached in the morning. There was a large attendance at the afternoon Service. Mr. Young, in the course of his address, mentioned the fact that on this day we were commemorating the anniversary of the opening of the Chapel (October 3rd, 1903.)

On Saturday morning, October 16th, Mr. Young spoke to the elder boys in their class room of the great and important lesson of this day on which we think of the two martyrs, Bishops Ridley and Latimer, who on this day in the year 1555, were burnt at Oxford, because they refused to deny the faith of the Gospel. As the flames shot up and surged around them the faithful and heroic Latimer cried out: "Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, and play the man; we shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as I trust shall never be put out." To-day "that heritage" which has been handed down to us is threatened by the changes proposed to be made in important parts of the Book of Common Prayer (which is associated with the name of Archbishop Cranmer who suffered in 1556). It is our duty to see that the Protestant cause for which they died is not destroyed.

The Hill commemorated the anniversary of the Battle of Trafalgar on Thursday, October 21st in the usual way by hoisting the Union Jack. In the School, talks on Lord Nelson—his boyhood—life and service, took place; and in the afternoon, Mr. Young gave an address in which he showed that if we were to pull this country through these critical times, we must have unity of aims, and also unity of hearts, and that the motto of Nelson must be ours. The Children's Hymn (Kipling) and the National Anthem were sung.

In the absence of our Chaplain, the services on the 24th and 31st of October were taken respectively by Mr. Milledge and Mr. Thurston from the Evangelisation Society. Both preachers were listened to with great interest and attention.

On Friday, November 5th, the bonfire was lit at 6 p.m. by Mr. Young. Great interest was taken in the cooking of Mr. Cook. A large number of fireworks were let off and the fire was a great source of amusement to the onlookers.

Quite a large number gathered in our Chapel on November 11th, Armistice Day. The first part of the Service was taken by our Chaplain. The hymns,

“Sleep thy last sleep,” and “Our God our help in ages past” were sung. The “two minutes’ silence” was observed. Mr. Young, in a few words, said that patriotism was not a mere waving of flags, but the spirit of sacrifice, and instanced the example of those whose names were inscribed on our tablet, and others who had gone forth in the Great War, and that example should be an incentive to us to be prepared for sacrifice in the daily routine of our lives. The Service closed with the singing of the National Anthem.

We were pleased to see amongst us on the Hill Norman Whitworth (who has been giving us those interesting articles in our Magazine on Gibraltar past and present). F. Dack, R. Pitchford and R. Pullinger.

Mr. F. Rose, the Honorary Secretary of the Kingham Hill Football team, supplies the following note and summary of the doings of the Eleven.

The Football Eleven have had a fairly good season up to the present time, and occupy a prominent place at the head of the League table. The games have resulted as follows:—

Played 8. Won 3. Drawn 3. Lost 2. Goals for, 29. Goals against, 8.

On Saturday, December 11th, the Second Round of the Engineers’ Cup will take place, when the Hill will meet Kingham Village.

The match will be played on the Hill ground and should prove to be the most exciting game of the season, as there is always a keenly contested game when these rivals meet. Let us hope that the Hill will be victorious.

Good things come from Canada, and so we appreciate that token of fellowship—“the Button”—and hope we shall be permitted to wear the badge which links Kingham Hill boys with one another.

All on Kingham Hill wish our readers a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

T. W. SCARFE.

A SPANISH BULL FIGHT.

If we were to compile a list of all the different sporting games played throughout the world we should find that practically each country has its own favourite game. For instance, we in England favour football and cricket, whilst, say, in America, baseball is the national sport, and so on throughout our list we find that practically each country has its own particular game. But on taking a second glance at the afore-mentioned list, we find that one large European country is not mentioned as having any national game, and that country is Spain. Perhaps some of you who read this article may say, “but Spain has a national game.” Well, should you think so, I must confess my ignorance, and admit that I have never seen or even heard of it, although I have lived for over three years practically among Spaniards. I fancy that I can hear one or two of you saying “What about

Bull Fighting?" Well, it is true that throughout Spain bull fighting is the recognised national sport, not only is bull fighting done in Spain, but also in a few parts of France, Italy and South America. But in these three countries it is not termed a national game, and a bull fight is seldom seen nowadays; more manly games which call for sportsmanship and a fifty-fifty touch fill the public eye.

Were it possible to take a ballot among the civilised nations, as to whether they were in favour of bull fighting or not, I have no doubt whatever that an overwhelming majority would condemn it, but what Spain chooses for her national game cannot be altered by outside opinion, and any so-called game that involves cruelty and bloodshed can never be termed sport, whether it be fox-hunting (although the fox has an opportunity of escaping) or bull fighting. Whilst at Gibraltar I went to witness a bull fight, but let me hasten to say that it was not any sporting instinct that bade me go, but curiosity, and with the idea of enlightening the Magazine readers' minds about the cruelty inflicted, by giving a vivid account of what I witnessed. Easter time in Spain is the signal for bull fights to commence, and the towns of La Linea and Algeciras have each a bull ring, these towns being but a half hour's journey by land, or in the case of Algeciras by sea, from the City of Gibraltar. For my visit I chose La Linea, and so left Gibraltar in plenty of time to give myself an opportunity to walk round and view this part of sunny Spain. It was indeed a glorious sunny day—of that I have no complaint to make; but I also expected to find a modern town. Alas! this was not to be; in place of a modern town I found a dirty, or to give it its correct name, filthy, collection of hovels, as one could hardly call them houses. The population of La Linea is about thirty-five thousand, but one would think that twenty thousand would be more than could be accommodated. Good roads are hard to find in Linea and we have to be contented to walk on roads very crudely made. It now being nearly time for the bull fight to commence, I decided to follow in the direction that most people were travelling and soon found myself in front of the ring. Viewing the ring from the outside it resembles somewhat the build of the ancient Coliseum in Rome. Having paid my entrance fee of one dollar, in English about three shillings, I entered the ring expecting to find a fairly comfortable seat, but the only seats to be found were just plain stone steps which ran round the ring and rising each about a foot, until the back steps were some fifty feet above ground level. I took a seat about half-way up and near the President's box, which later I found to be an ideal place to view the fight from, on account of the so termed sport taking place for the most part as near as possible to the President. The ring in which the fighting took place comprised a circle coated with sand, and enclosed by a stout wooden fence. On the far side of the ring a gate gave access to the sheds in which the bulls are housed. I cannot say for certain, but I believe the bulls are kept without food for a day or two and kept in darkness, so that when let loose into the ring they are practically blind and mad from hunger.

Precisely at three o'clock the President entered his box and immediately gave the signal for the fight to commence. The distant gate was thrown open and the toreadors, matadors, picadors on their horses, and a few others having miscellaneous parts to perform, filed into the ring and marched across to the

President's box, before whom they bowed, afterwards dispersing to various parts of the ring.

All now being ready, the signal was given for the first bull to enter. With a deep bellow bull number one entered madly into the ring; and, as though bewildered, paused awhile, then rushed madly at the nearest matador, who beat a hasty retreat to the ringside and vaulted over the side into safety with the bull a yard or so behind. Those taking part in the fight wear tightly-fitting clothes, as loose clothing may cause them to trip up and fall, in which case the bull would soon be upon the unfortunate one, and that would probably be one less to walk out of the ring. Although not hoping for it to occur, I was curious to know how far a bull could toss a man into the air.

Having forced one matador from the ring for the moment, the bull turned and madly rushed to the next matador, who was waving his large red cape so as to attract the attention of the bull, and having drawn the beast on himself, began to play with it. It must be admitted that although cruelty in its worst form, the lot of those engaged is a dangerous task. Great skill is shown by all concerned, and quickness in moving and knowing when to side-step out of the bull's path have to be acquired by experience. One matador in particular was very daring and, having drawn the bull on himself, would worry it until it came to a standstill, and he would then kneel a yard, or perhaps a little more in front of the animal, who appeared to take no notice of the matador whatever. Should the bull rush at any one matador, the others immediately get into position to draw the bull off in case things are made too hot for him. For about ten minutes the matador worries the bull, after which the picador comes into the fray. It is now that the actual cruelty begins, and the ghastly and terrible injuries which are inflicted on both horse and bull cannot be expressed in words, but must be left to be imagined. The picador who is mounted on a horse, has his legs coated in thick armour and is armed with a long pike on which a sharp spike is attached. Now for a word as to the horse. That animal beloved of all human beings, is without any chance whatever. It is my firm belief that the horses used are those unfit for further work and scarcely able to walk, let alone run, so that their loss is not much felt. The poor horse is blindfolded and as it was when I witnessed the fight, pushed to within two or three yards of the bull, who is then worried until he bellows deeply, lowers his head and charges wildly at the horse. Like a shot the picador brings his crude spear to bear on the bull's back, and deeply embeds it into its flesh; but the rush of the infuriated bull is more than a match for a man's strength, and the spear is perhaps broken or falls to the ground. The next moment the bull's horns are deeply imbedded in the horse's body, as when I saw it, man and horse were lifted into the air to drop with a loud thud. Eager hands rush to the picador's aid and pull him clear of the horse, but it sometimes happens that the picador is also injured. Whilst the rider is being released the poor horse is still being badly gored by the bull. Should the horse be killed outright it is a merciful end, but should life still be in the animal, the bull is drawn off to some other part of the ring, and men then endeavour to get the horse to its feet. Should they be unable to get him up he is killed by a knife being slashed into the neck directly behind

the head. On the other hand, if they are able to make the horse rise it is taken out of the ring to have its injuries sewn up, after which it is taken back to the ring ready for the next bull to charge. What terrible agony is inflicted on these poor beasts cannot be over-estimated, especially when they are treated as stated immediately before this sentence.

During each fight three horses are used and invariably the total fights are six in number, so that anything up to nine may be the number of horses used. One horse in particular was terribly injured, the sight of which made me feel sick, and when you remember that women also attend these murderous fights, it makes one think and wonder, are they human beings at all? The injuries to this one horse were such that my mind revolts at the thought of describing them. The sand was a crimson red where the horse's blood had dropped, but blood to a miserable and heartless Spaniard is as water; but I say, meet a Spaniard with his own weapons, and you would find no bigger coward on this earth: witness Morocco—enough said. This above-mentioned horse, after having its wounds sewn up, re-entered the ring, but death was more merciful than the Spaniard, who wished to see more injuries inflicted on the poor beast, and after a few minutes it dropped down dead. As for the bull, it is by now tiring and mad with pain, so that its rushes are lessening and its bellowing increasing. The next part of the Spanish national sport (and remember the King and Queen often attend these bull fights), involves further cruelty to the bull, this time by having eight darts with hooked ends thrust into its back, so that once in the flesh it is seldom they fall out, and no matter how much the bull may endeavour to shake them out, he only makes them tear his flesh more. Two matadors in turn drive home the spears, and one false step or wrong judgment may mean death to them. First of all the bull is drawn into the middle of the ring, and standing some thirty paces ahead is the matador, armed with two of these torture-dealing spears. Having attracted the bull's attention, the matador rushes straight at the bull. A second before meeting the bull head on, he side-steps and, as quick as lightning, thrusts the spears well and truly home into the bull's back; bellowing madly, the bull stops, and his attention is then attracted by the second matador, who goes through the same performance as the first, and each then repeats the same performance. The last and final act is the actual killing of the bull, but as the bull has very little life left in him, it cannot be a very hard task to effect a kill. A toreador performs the last task, armed with a sword and cape he faces the bull and, after much waving of the cape, holds the sword in line with a point just between the shoulder bones of the bull, and as the bull comes forward to tackle the toreador, he lunges forward and thrusts the sword into the shoulders of the bull, whose forward movement causes the sword to penetrate its flesh up to the hilt, the point of the sword showing from beneath the animal's body. The bull immediately falls to the ground and by a knife-thrust just behind the head, is quickly put out of its pain and misery. A team of horses then enter the ring and, after a chain has been put round the bull's neck, the horses drag the bull out of the ring and any dead horses that may be lying about. Having covered over the blood left on the sand, the ring is then ready for the next bull to enter, and so

the ghastly fights go on until all the bulls are disposed of by the same cruel methods. On the occasion of my visit six bulls and six horses were killed amidst great applause from the Spanish audience.

Whilst the fighting is taking place, one is able to see how the smallest detail causes the Spaniard to become excited, who with much shouting and waving of arms gives vent to his feelings—in fact I am inclined to think that should you cut off the arms of a Spaniard he would also lose his speech. If he is speaking over the telephone you still see his arms moving and describing weird figures. Having witnessed a bull fight, it is quite plain to me that the desire for cruelty and bloodshed has a strong hold on the younger generation in Spain. Both rich and poor flock to these bull fights, and when I went the political Egyptian prisoner, Zaghlul Pasha was present, also his wife and two servants. On several occasions hot-headed youths endeavoured to enter the ring whilst fighting was in progress, presumably with the idea of showing the matadors how to perform their tasks; but they were soon chased back over the ring side. However, one youth succeeded in getting near the bull unobserved, his coat being used as a cape and a walking stick for a sword. The bull saw him and like a gunshot charged; luckily that youth was not too near or my curiosity as to how far a bull can toss a man into the air would have been satisfied. Running at right angles to the way the bull was bearing down on him, the youth was able to get clear of the bull's horns, but its body grazed the boy's back. Recovering from their bewilderment, two matadors pounced on the youth, and rushing him to the ringside, threw him over, where a policeman immediately took him into custody. Fees paid to the matadors, picadors and toreadors, run at times to a very high figure in Spanish money, the equivalent to fifty pounds being paid at a second-class fight. Some Spaniards to whom I have conversed seem to think that in time to come bull fighting will cease to be the national sport, as since the war football has gained a hold in Spain. Perhaps football will eventually cause the abolition of bull fighting, but those days are yet a long way off. I have seen several matches played between Spanish teams and invariably a free fight has taken place. Of this I will give an account at a later date.

NORMAN WHITWORTH.

SOME JAPANESE LEGENDS AND BELIEFS.

ASK NOT FOR EGGS IN MIONOSEKI.

You cannot buy a hen's egg in Mionoseki, no, not for all the gold in the world, for the god of Mionoseki hates eggs. Moreover, he hates hens and chickens, and of all living creatures he abhors most the cock. There are no cocks or hens or chickens in Mionoseki. And no boat or sampan would convey even the feather of a hen there. Should you wish to visit Mionoseki and breakfast on eggs, you must defer your visit to the following day.

There is a story that one day, the little steamer which runs between Matsue and Mionoseki encountered a terrible storm. The crew protested to the captain and insisted that something must have been brought on board which was displeasing to the god. Search was made and passengers questioned in vain.

Again the passengers were examined, when the Captain suddenly saw, on the pipe which one of the passengers was smoking, the figure of a crowing cock. At once the offending pipe was thrown overboard and the storm abated.

Many legends are told concerning the reason of the god's hatred of eggs and they all amount to this: The god of Mionoseki always left home at night, presumably to catch birds and fish, but had to return before dawn. Now the cock was charged with the duty of crowing when it was time for the god to return. But one morning this trusted servant failed in his duty; and the god, in hurrying home, lost his oars and had to paddle with his hands. And the wicked fishes bit his fingers!

THE SADDLE-SHAPED MOUNTAIN.

Near Kandogori there rises a mighty mountain, almost saddle-shaped, about which a curious story is told. It is related that one day, the god of Izumo, surveying the country said, "This new land of Izumo is a land of but small extent, so I will make it larger by adding unto it." Then he looked about him over to Korea and saw there goodly land suited to his purpose. And with a great rope he dragged from Korea four islands, and added them to Izumo. But in drawing these islands across the sea into their places, the god had to loop his rope over the mountain; and the marks made by the rope show unto this day. Even the rope itself was changed into a long island, and now forms part of the mainland.

ROBES FOR THE AUGUST KOKUZO.

Many years ago the Kokuzo (the Emperor's deputy to Kitzuki), had not only temporal power but religious duties attaching to the office of deputy. And because of this the Kokuzo was held in great reverence by the people. It is said that there was a man who, having become very rich, desired to express his gratitude by presenting to the Kokuzo some beautiful robes. But his gift was courteously declined. Nevertheless, the rich man persisted in his purpose, and gave an order to a tailor to make the robes. When these were ready the tailor demanded payment of an enormous sum of money which fairly took his patron's breath away. Remonstrances were useless, for the tailor remained firm in his demand. On being asked to give his reason for demanding such a price the tailor answered: "Having made robes for the Kokuzo, I cannot hereafter make garments for any other person. Therefore I must have money enough to support me for the rest of my life."

THE LIVING DOLL.

Japanese dolls are more interesting than our Western ones. They are so wonderfully made and well dressed, and look so life-like that even the keenest eye may be deceived. Indeed there is a belief that some dolls do actually become alive. At first a new doll is only a doll and it is given plenty of beautiful clothes and a name. But after it has been carefully preserved for a great many years in one family, and has been loved and played with by many generations of children, it gradually acquires a place in the family as a son or daughter. A little Japanese girl on being asked, "How can a doll live?" answered, "Why, if you love it enough, it will live!"

PUT NOT YOUR TRUST IN FOXES.

There are many stone images of foxes to be found everywhere in Japan. Formerly, belief in the fox as a supernatural being was common, but it is now dying out. There are, however, districts especially in Izumo where the superstition is still very strong. Foxes were feared and therefore looked up to with awe. Should a fox be met, it were better to make peace with it by obeying its commands or by gifts. Now of all eatable things foxes are most fond of tofu, a curd made from beans, and toba, a preparation of buckwheat. And here is a story concerning what befel the owner of a tofuya shop.

Several years ago in Matsue there lived a man who kept a tofuya shop. And every evening there used to come a man, wretchedly attired, to buy tofu, which he hastily ate on the spot. This went on for some weeks, but the man never spoke and the proprietor became uneasy. But one evening the shop-keeper suddenly saw protruding from beneath the strange man's coat the tip of a white bushy tail. This unusual sight aroused his fears and he immediately became respectful towards the mysterious visitor. Another month passed, however, before the stranger spoke. He began thus: "Though I seem to you a man, I am not a man; and I took upon myself human form only for the purpose of visiting you. I come from Taka-machi, where my temple is, at which you often visit. And being desirous to reward your piety and goodness of heart, I have come to-night to save you from a great danger. For by the power which I possess I know that to-morrow this street will burn, and all the houses in it shall be utterly destroyed except yours. To save it I am going to make a charm. But in order that I may do this, you must open your go-down (the place where all the valuables are kept) that I may enter, and allow no one to watch me; for should living eye look upon me there, the charm will not avail. With many words of gratitude the landlord opened his precious storehouse and reverently admitted the stranger, and gave strict orders that none of his household should keep watch. These orders were so faithfully obeyed that the whole of the contents of the go-down were removed in the night without hindrance. In the morning the store-house was found to be empty, every valuable article had disappeared!

And there was no fire.

THE LOTUS.

The Courts of Japanese Temples are as interesting as the Temples themselves. Majestic avenues of grand old trees, broad walks with images on either side, stone lanterns and beautiful gardens are to be seen around the Temple. And in some courts are ponds full of tame fish which put up their heads and beg for food when the visitor's shadow falls across the water. These ponds are not clear and wholesome always, and many have a covering of green, stagnant slime. But it is in these very ponds that the holy lotus is cultivated, wherein may be found a beautiful idea, for is it not written:

"Though growing in the foulest of slime, the flower remains pure and undefiled. And the soul of him who remains ever pure in the midst of temptation is likened unto the lotus."

A. F. JARVIS.

