

THE PILGRIM.



The Magazine of Reigate Grammar School



Pilgrim's Way

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Editorial.

In the last issue of the *Pilgrim* we discussed some of the characteristics of the Mediæval Grammar Schools. Before the Protestant Reformation rich men used to endow chantries and make provision for the priests to teach in them, but in the XVI. century there arose a great merchant class who founded or further endowed Grammar Schools in their birth-places. A very long list of these might be made, but we will only mention a few—for example, Sir William Laxton, grocer, at Oundle, 1545; Sir John Gresham, mercer, at Holt in Norfolk, 1548; Sir Andrew Judd, skinner, at Tonbridge, 1551; William Harper, at Bedford, 1562; Richard Platt, brewer, at Aldenham in 1597; and, better known still, Lawrence Sheriff, grocer, at Rugby in 1567, and Peter Blundell, kersey woollen manufacturer, at Tiverton in 1599. Yeomen are an interesting class who also played their part in this educational movement, but it is not so easy to find biographies of them: the best known was John Lyon of Harrow, who died in 1592.

A very interesting reference to the foundation of Grammar Schools, albeit referring to an earlier period when the authorities were attempting to put down Lollardry, occurs in Shakespeare's *King Henry VI., Part II., Act IV., Scene 7*, where Jack Cade says to Lord Saye and Sele: "Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the Realm in erecting a Grammar School; and, whereas, before, our forefathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be used, and contrary to the King, his crown and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill. It will be proved to thy face that thou hast men about thee that usually talk of a noun and a verb, and such abominable words as no Christian can endure to hear."

No doubt Grammar Schools appealed then to the more cultured classes, although no institution did so much to aid the humbler classes to rise if they had the ability.

Just as, in pre-Reformation times and during the short period of Queen Mary's reign, the Roman Church was quite aware of what potent instruments the Schools could be in forming public opinion through education, the Protestants also in Elizabethan times by no means neglected this means of gaining influence. Both Churches in their respective periods of power kept a watchful eye on the appointment of the teachers. Statutes were even passed in Henry VIII.'s reign to authorise a Latin Grammar Book to be used and schoolmasters were required to take the oath of Supremacy; in 1581, under Queen Elizabeth, no body was allowed to employ a schoolmaster who did not "repair to church." First Catholics, and, later on, even Nonconformists,

were relentlessly driven off. Religion, including the Catechism, had to be strictly learnt.

Great influence was exercised in these matters by Archbishops, Bishops and other Clergy who had fled from England during Queen Mary's reign. Some founded schools and, with many more, the lessons they had learnt in Holland, Strassburg, Frankfort, Zurich and Geneva were put into practice in arranging for education in England. Geneva had been transformed under Calvin's system, and its example has been followed more thoroughly in the Scotch schools under the system devised by the powerful mind of John Knox.

Even the text books for learning Latin emphasized the religious side of life. No book of Colloquies (the favourite method of teaching Latin speaking) was so popular for young boys as that of Corderius, the schoolmaster of Calvin. Dialogues are there given between little boys discussing the sermon, confessing that they deserved stripes if they had not committed at least part of it to memory. "They learn scripture texts, they pray four or five times a day in school openly; when they take walks with a master, he practises each boy in 'capping' sentences from the New Testament; in summer they take psalm books out 'to sing in the shade.'"

On the other hand the Catholics were compelled to seek freedom abroad, and schools were provided for them at Douai, St. Omer, Louvain, Liège and Ghent, as well as further afield.

In post Reformation times Grammar Schools began to be associated more closely with local interests, and the custom was adopted of placing them under the control or direction of Town Corporations. This was the case at Louth, Lincoln, Boston, and Grantham, but happened also in other counties than Lincolnshire, and municipal interest was thus aroused in what the inhabitants regarded as "their" school.

The entrance age was usually seven years, though sometimes six and sometimes eight were prescribed. Boys went to the University early, commonly in their sixteenth year, though they sometimes went, in the time of the early Tudors, at 12 years. A boy, therefore, stayed six or seven years at school, and spent an enormous part of his time in work which must have been very thorough, although the range and number of subjects were nothing like what they are now-a-days.

From the end of the Commonwealth, or about 1660, we begin to trace the decay of the Grammar Schools. Just before that time it had been a common maxim "better unborn than untaught"; and we see, by the anxiety of the New England colonists to establish Grammar Schools in America, that even these men who might be expected to be very busy with agriculture, Indians and generally working their way in a new country, were eager to study there the classical studies or humanities, *i.e.*, the best that has been said and done in past ages. As a

matter of fact, the essence of humanism is democratic, although the modern parent with his demand for shorthand, typewriting, engineering and many other such subjects does not always appear aware of this. No less a man than the philosopher, Thomas Hobbes, paid the old Grammar Schools the compliment of protesting against them, on the ground that the boys became so impressed by the studies of the civil conflicts that had taken place in pursuit of liberty in ancient Greece and Rome, that, when they became men, they sought to emulate the ancients by a civil war against their king. It was, therefore, felt by the Royalists and later Stuart kings that there was no need to go out of their way to encourage the old Schools. No doubt it was true that the Grammar Schools had helped to produce such doughty champions of the Parliamentarians as John Hampden (Thame Grammar School), John Milton (St. Paul's), and the redoubtable Oliver Cromwell himself (Huntingdon Grammar School.)

The growth of English literature and the growing importance of French learned works made it clear also that these modern works were better adapted to the new generation growing up, and the increasing population of the country caused attention to be concentrated on elementary education which the old Grammar Schools had determinedly refused to admit as part of their work. By their statutes it was even held so late as 1805 that an Endowed "Grammar School" could not legally be allowed to introduce other subjects—modern languages or even mathematics—and this decision was only over-ruled by Act of Parliament in 1840. There thus arose in the 18th century serious competition from "private" schools for the secondary type of education and from the "charity" schools for elementary education.

The S.P.C.K. was founded in 1698, and by 1729 it had helped to establish over 1,600 schools with 34,000 children. Addison describes the latter as "the glory of the age." To these were added other avowedly elementary schools, "commercial" schools, schools for foreign languages, and, which were probably the most efficient of all, the dissenting schools and academies. Parents who thought, rightly or wrongly, that they were "practical," sent their children to schools which claimed to move with the times. Dissenters wished their children to be taught by their own ministers or teachers who were sympathetic. Some people thought an elementary education sufficient, and the sooner the child went to apprenticeship the better. When the nation was united in religion the Grammar School on the whole had attracted the best of the "wits" among the boys. In the 18th century the Grammar School got only the leavings. Many parents, for one reason or another, preferred to send their children to the private schools where they paid fees, rather than to the old Grammar Schools, even when they were free.

Added to all these causes there was a decay in standing, in force, and in qualifications of the schoolmaster. In 1795, the Lord Chief Justice spoke of the lamentable state of the Grammar Schools' "empty walls, without scholars, and everything neglected but the receipt of salaries and emoluments."

In passing, we may call to mind that the greatest literary figure of the 18th century, Samuel Johnson, was a pupil of Lichfield Grammar School, helped to teach younger boys at Stourbridge Grammar School, and was also an usher at Market Bosworth Grammar School. Moreover he was an unsuccessful candidate for the mastership of Appleby Grammar School, declaring "that it would make him happy for life" if he were appointed.

Despite the general decay at the end of the 18th century some isolated trees rose in conspicuous splendour. Under the rule of some great headmasters, Eton, Shrewsbury, Winchester, Harrow, and Rugby, as well as three great London Schools, St. Paul's, Merchant Taylors, and Charterhouse, won their distinctive position; with the increase of wealth due to England's prosperity and industrial supremacy after the Napoleonic wars, many which now rank as great Public Schools were founded in the Victorian Period beginning with Cheltenham (1841), Marlborough, Clifton, Wellington, Haileybury, and many others.

In 1864 the Government took a hand and appointed a Commission to enquire into the condition of the Endowed Schools. The Report was to the effect that "The number of scholars who were obtaining the sort of education in Latin and Greek contemplated by the founders was very small, and was constantly diminishing; the general instruction in other subjects was found to be very worthless, the very existence of statutes prescribing the ancient learning often serving as a reason for the absence of all teaching of modern subjects; and with a few honourable exceptions the Endowed Schools were found to be characterised by inefficient supervision on the part of governing bodies and by languor and feebleness on the part of teachers and taught."

The Endowed Schools Act of 1869 and the taking over of control by the Board of Education in 1899 broadened the outlook, and new confidence was inspired in the future possibilities of the old Grammar Schools. Mathematics, foreign languages, and science were made a part of every Grammar School scheme. Reigate was founded in 1675, which was, as we have seen, the beginning of the period of decadence. The education given here was more or less elementary, and it was not until 1862 that an attempt was made for some 20 years to carry on the School on classical lines. This, however, only appealed to a select class of the local community, and it has only been with changed and modern methods in the last 20 years that the School has shown a substantial increase in numbers and position. The

nearness of Reigate to London and its popularity as a beautiful place of residence, the establishment and growth of the east end of the Borough (Redhill), due to the construction of the intersecting lines of two railways, have caused a small secluded country town to blossom into a populous and busy place, and the School has developed *pari passu* from a small parochial institution to be the leading school in this corner of the county.

We have seen that the Grammar Schools have noble traditions behind them, and it is essential that they should endeavour to preserve their nobility of aim while adapting themselves to modern conditions. Every boy who enters such a school as this should feel a loftiness of inspiration that he is given a chance of getting that instruction and contact with other minds which should fit him to be a worthy citizen and, if necessary, a leader among his fellows. "To learn what is true in order to do what is right," as Huxley said, is the aim of all true education.

It must be remembered, however, by boys and parents that education is a gradual process; its growth cannot be forced in a year or two, and no boy can be said to be "educated" unless he has gone through a complete course such as is covered by us from the IIIrd to the VIth Form. For the good of the nation, of the boy, and of the School it is essential that the majority of the boys should spend at least four years here. Then only, and not until then, can the system be said to have had a fair trial.



School Notes.

We were all sorry to hear last term that Mr. Abbey was wounded—at first it was said severely. It turned out in the end that the actual wound was not very serious, and healed rapidly. The worst part of the experience was that he had to spend some days in a shell-hole, with only dirty rain water to drink and biscuits found on dead Germans to eat.

We understand that Mr. Calistri is acting as interpreter to the Portuguese troops in France, and hope that his genial presence is cheering them in their experiences of *La belle France*.

We are all very glad this term that our good friend Mr. Gallier has taken charge of the Priory Ground. His sympathetic and helpful advice has already had its effect on our cricket, and we are always pleased at his genial and enthusiastic presence.

Our cricket has improved, and especially our style, which used to be rather rustic. There has always been a tendency

among us to let the ball hit the bat, and not to play it. It is most desirable that boys should cultivate forcing strokes. Our bowling is not fast, but, if pitch (or length) and pace are carefully studied it would be much better not to have fast bowlers. There are still too many members of the School who do not play games even regularly once a week.

Some of the more heroic members of the School have suggested challenging one of the Girls' Schools in the neighbourhood for a contest in needlework. The lady members of the Staff suggest bayonet fighting as more appropriate to such ardent spirits.

The French and German Oral Examinations were very early this year, June 15. Two members of the Fifth, considering "Two strings to one's bow" an antiquated adage, preferred tea at home to German conversation, and thus lost the chance of putting German at all in their certificate.

The following dates have been fixed (subject to revision if necessary) :—

Sports..	July 12.
Corps Inspection	July 17.
End of Summer Term	July 27.
Beginning of Michaelmas Term	Sept. 14.
Middle	Nov. 5.
End	Dec. 20.



Valete.

Cornell, Robson, Arminson, Raine i., Raine ii., Walter C. C., Cotton, Gallie, Jenkins, Weatherfield.



Salvete.

Burton C., Smith B., Wallis, Burton H. W., Hodge R., Gandy, Roberts, Dark, Taylor R. C., Taylor C. D., Knight C.S., Nulty.

Old Boys' Notes.

The shortage of paper provides an excellent excuse for shortcomings in correspondence, etc. It seems to have been adopted by most of our members, and in consequence we must use it to excuse our lack of material for more interesting notes.

Since the last issue of the Pilgrim we have heard with very deep regret that one or two names have to be added to our list of those who have given their lives in defence of our country.

The death of Lieut. H. M. Headley, who was posted as missing on March 11th last, has been confirmed by the discovery of his grave in a part of the line recently captured from the enemy.

Gunner C. Pakeman succumbed to shell wounds received in France. He was badly hit in both legs, and had both feet amputated.

Lieut. C. M. Smith has been posted as missing. He took part in one of the recent attacks, since when no news of him has been received.

To the relatives of the above we offer our heartfelt sympathy in their loss.

We were very glad to see "Billy" Apted with us once again, he having received his discharge.

H. C. Saunders was home recently, recovering from wounds. We hope he is quite fit again by this time.

Mr. Abbey was wounded recently, but we are glad to hear he is getting on well.

H. L. Marsh has been taking a rest from his strenuous duties in France, in the form of 14 days' leave.

J. Dare once more deserves our congratulations in having received the Croix de Guerre from the King at the recent Investiture, for bravery in the field.

We have heard it rumoured that Mr. Denny has been awarded the Military Cross, but we have not yet received confirmation of this.

The Annual Meeting was held in March, at the School. Business was disposed of in a short time, and a sing-song followed, to which the Senior Boys of the School were invited.

The Football Match played in the afternoon resulted in a win for the Old Boys, largely due to the able assistance given us by our President at full back (to say nothing of the brilliant goalkeeper!—Ed.)

The Cricket Match was played on June 9th, on the Priory Ground. We were only able to raise 9 Old Boys, and were assisted by Messrs. Orme and Bourne. Scores:—Old Boys, 113 and 48 for 7 (declared): School, 69 and 60. Our lead on the first innings was largely due to a splendid inning of 57 by Mr. Bourne.

OLD BOYS' CLUB.

1st innings.		2nd inniugs.	
P. H. Ince, run out.....	0	b James, st Bishop	0
W. D. Malcomson, b James	6	b Overington	12
F. R. Wetherfield, b James, c C. A. Risbridger	19	not out	4
F. S. Orme, b C. A. Risbridger, c R. Risbridger	7	c and b Risbridger	0
E. H. Bourne, c and b Overington ..	57	did not bat	
O. R. Hoyle, b Risbridger	6	b Risbridger	10
V. E. Hammond, lbw, b Overington ..	11	not out	2
J. W. Pooley, b Overington	0	b James	3
C. P. Spearing, b Kerr	1	b Risbridger	13
K. A. Spearing, lbw b Overington ...	0	did not bat	
R. C. Hayllar, not out	0	b Risbridger	0
Extras	6	Extras	4
Total	113	Innings declared closed ...	48

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

1st innings.					
	Runs.	Wkts.	Overs.	Maiden Overs.	Balls bowled.
C. A. Risbridger ...	47	2	11	2	66
V. James ...	36	2	9	—	54
S. Overington ...	17	4	5	1	30
W. Kerr ...	7	1	34	1	22
2nd innings.					
C. A. Risbridger ...	15	4	7	2	42
V. James ...	23	2	6	—	36
S. Overington ...	6	1	2	—	12

REIGATE GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

1st innings.		2nd innings.	
C. W. R. Bishop, b Ince.....	5	b Ince, c C. Spearing.....	9
H. S. Verrells, b Ince	3	lbw b Hammond	0
C. A. Risbridger, lbw b Hoyle	16	c Ince, b Hammond	29
S. Overington, b Hoyle	7	did not bat	0
E. W. Farrington, lbw b Hoyle ...	16	b Hammond.....	0
J. T. Spence, b Hammond, c Mal-			
comson	0	b Ince, st Malcomson.....	14
V. James, c and b Hoyle	2	b Ince	0
R. W. Risbridger, b Hammond ...	0	b Ince	1
Carpenter, b Hammond	2	b Hammond, C. Pooley.....	2
W. Kerr, not out.....	0	not out	0
E. A. Wakefield, b Hammond, c			
Orme	1	b Ince	0
Extras	17	Extras	5
Total		Total	
69		60	

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

1st innings.					Maiden	
	Runs.	Wkts.	Overs.		Overs.	
Hoyle ...	15	4	14		6	
Ince ...	28	2	8		2	
Hammond ...	9	4	5.1		1	
2nd innings.						
Hoyle ...	7	—	3		—	
Ince ...	28	5	7		—	
Hammond ...	20	4	4		—	

A considerable number of members have joined up recently, and we would remind those who remain that it is up to them to keep things going until we return to the days of peace. We give a note of the dates fixed for the Sports, Football Matches, and the Annual Meeting, and trust that all those who can will turn up to these functions :—

July 12th—School Sports.

Oct. 20th—Football Match.

1918.

March 16th—Football Match and Annual Meeting.

A little reminder also for those boys who will be leaving School this term. Make sure you join the Old Boys' Club. If the Secretary does not get on your track, see that you get on the track of the Secretary.

W. D. MALCOMSON,

Joint Hon. Sec.

Reigate Grammar School Old Boys' Club.

REPORT OF COMMITTEE

FOR THE YEAR ENDING MARCH 31ST, 1917.

We are glad to report that our numbers are still increasing. During the year 18 Members have been elected. The list of Old Boys serving has lengthened considerably during the year, and Members are asked to let the Secretary know as far as possible the units to which they belong and their addresses.

The Committee records with deep regret the deaths in action of the following Members:—H. W. Budden, E. G. Francis, D. Figg, C. H. Rayner, W. Ward, and S. F. Weeks. C. H. Rayner, as secretary of the Dramatic Club and a Member of Committee, rendered valuable services to the Club, and his loss will be very keenly felt.

During the year the only fixtures were the Football and Cricket matches. In spite of the absence of so many members on Active Service the Club were able to put a good side in the field on each occasion, the results all being in our favour.

We are glad to note a slight increase in the cash balance, due mainly to the novelty of a Life Subscription. Strict economy is observed in running the Club affairs, and Members will greatly facilitate this by the prompt payments of their subscriptions.

The Committee regret that our able Secretary, Dr. P. H. Mitchiner, has had to relinquish temporarily his secretarial duties on being sent to the Salonika front. They wish to place on record an appreciation of his valuable services to the Club during the past three years.

W. D. MALCOMSON,

Joint Hon. Sec.

REIGATE GRAMMAR SCHOOL OLD BOYS' CLUB.—ACCOUNT OF RECEIPTS AND PAYMENTS FOR THE
YEAR ENDING FEBRUARY 28TH, 1917.

RECEIPTS.				PAYMENTS.			
	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
To Balance in hand	15	4	8	By Secretarial expenses	1	6	2
To Subscriptions:—				„ Printing	10	6	
1 Life at ..	2	2	0	„ Pilgrims	1	11	6
17 Annuals at 5/-	4	5	0	„ Teas, Football and Cricket	1	10	0
6 Annuals at 2/6	15	0		„ Balance in hand	19	7	6
14 Annuals at 1/-	14	0					
			7 16 0				
To Donations:—							
E. P. Cleather, Esq.			10 6				
Pilgrims' Fund			14 6				
			£24 5 8				£24 5 8

(Signed) J. E. HALL.

I have examined the above Accounts with the Books and Vouchers, and found same to be correct.

(Signed) E. W. STEDMAN, Hon. Auditor. 27/2/17.

SCHOLARSHIP SCHEME ACCOUNT FOR THE YEAR ENDING FEB. 28TH, 1917.

RECEIPTS.				PAYMENTS.			
			£ s. d.				£ s. d.
To Balance in hand	14 7 7	By Balance in hand	14 7 7
			14 7 7				14 7 7

(Signed) J. E. HALL.

I have examined the above Account with the Books and Vouchers, and found same to be correct,

(Signed) **E. W. STEDMAN**, Hon. Auditor. 27/2/17.

From Macedonia.

18/5/17.

DEAR MR. ORME,

This is the second letter I have written you, but as I have just heard that the first, written some months ago, is at the bottom of the Mediterranean, I hasten to correct the opinion I fear you may have formed—that I had forgotten all about you.

I am with the 33rd Stationary Hospital, Salonika Forces, to which unit I am surgeon specialist; there are several other medical officers and men, and we are attached to the Royal Serbian Army, where we act as a Casualty Clearing Station. I am not allowed to divulge our exact numbers or our whereabouts. We arrived out here last October, having travelled in great comfort on the ill-fated *Britannic*, which was more like a hotel than a ship. On the way out we were fortunate in getting two days at Naples, where I saw the city, the Museum, and Pompeii, and one day at Mudros, where was much of interest in the wonderful land-locked harbour, and where I saw a sunset such as I have never seen, nor can, I fear, hope to see again.

At Mudros we transhipped into a smaller vessel, and it was no joke transshipping all our equipment, and proceeded without mishap to Salonika.

As we ran in under Mount Athos, and round Karaburnu into the harbour, the old city made a pretty spectacle with its many white minarets and quaint buildings encircled by the old wall and topped by the frowning citadel, much knocked about by the bombardment in the last Balkan War. On the other side of the harbour, towering majestically above the Vardar Marshes, Mount Olympus showed her snow-clad peaks.

We had a few days in harbour before proceeding up country, and these I used to explore the town. The narrow ill-paved streets, strange smells, and entire lack of sanitation at first struck us with surprise, but we are used to it all now, and indeed regard Salonika as a most sanitary city. I could write for hours on Salonika and what I saw here, for a more cosmopolitan crowd I am sure does not exist than can be found there at present—English, French, Italian, Serbian, Russian, Greek, Cretan, Turkish, Spanish, Jewish, Algerian, Indian, Anamite, and Negro peoples all brush shoulders with one another in the streets.

Well at last we disembarked, and marched to the station to proceed up country. That was on November 5th, a never-to-be-forgotten Guy Fawkes day. The station, of course, had no platform, and the train consisted of a heterogeneous collection of Serbian, Bulgarian, Turkish, French, and Greek wagons, with one English truck, the whole pulled by a very dilapidated old German engine, and pushed by a still more decrepit Austrian one.

We knew we had just over a hundred miles to travel, but

we little realised. even when we saw the train, that it could take us twenty odd hours to traverse that distance, but it did! The first half of the journey was flat, across marshes, the second all up hill through beautiful mountain scenery. (We had to be reinforced for the hills by another engine.)

We arrived at our destination at last, which was a lake in a great treeless, sandy plateau, some two thousand feet above sea level, and surrounded by high mountains, the most striking of which are Kaimachelan (8,000ft.), (which the Serbs stormed last autumn, one of the most wonderful feats of this war), and Kailar dagh (6,500ft.), situated respectively North and South of our camp.

We erected our camp in nine days, and on the tenth were suddenly filled with wounded—hundreds of them. The wards were not fully equipped, and it was a pouring wet day. The patients could speak no English; many had never seen an Englishman before, and only one of our officers could speak Serbian! However, we got on all right by making faces and waving our hands.

The Serbs' faith in the English is touching, and their affection very sincere; why, I do not know, after the way we let them down in the beginning. They are a simple peasant people, and the way they allowed complete strangers after a five minutes' acquaintance to cut off their legs with merely a "Vi zuab" (which I now know means "you know") was touching, and made one realise the pride of being an Englishman, and also that one had a great reputation to live up to—a reputation which, I hope, those at home will keep up, after the war, with the Serbian nation.

We are miles away from all other British units, and our patients comprise Serbians, French, Tunisians, Anamese, Italians, Russians, Bulgars, Germans, Turks, Greeks, and occasionally an Englishman from one of the M.T. companies with the Serbian Army ahead of us.

I now know enough Serbian to be able to get along, and the Russians can mostly understand Serbian too; but in the early days one had to rely on French, German, and Latin, and I only wished I had learned Greek and Italian at school as well.

We have had the Serbian Armies resting with us, and often in our mess for nights no English would be spoken, but a polyglot of Serbian, German, and French. It is a strange thing but a great compliment to the might of the German nation that it is in a hostile tongue that many of the Allies here have to converse.

Twice have we pulled down our hospital to move, and twice have we re-erected it on the same ground, so that we are still where we were, and so far as I can see likely to stop here.

I could write you pages on the flora and fauna of this district,

and yet more on the various peoples that inhabit Macedonia. Within a range of three miles are Turks, Greeks, Rumanians, Tziganes, Bulgars, and Serbs, and Spanish Jews, all in their villages, each with their customs and their friends. Little wonder that Macedonia is a land of unrest, and I think it always will be. Primitive are the people as in the days of St. Paul, both in manners, implements of agriculture, and dwellings.

But I fear I tire you with all this. Should you find it of interest or think it would interest the boys in "The Pilgrim," let me know, and I will try and write you for the Magazine, but I grow lazy and procrastinate, after the habit of the East.

I have not met any Old Boys, though I know there are several out here, but I hear news of many, and I note with sorrow the deaths of so many old friends. Still, War is—War!

I hear you have been having a trying time at the School, with Masters going away and Mr. Hall ill. I met Major Wiltshire when I was in Salonika; he also is on a hospital which cares for the Serbians.

It looks to me as if times will be more trying before we can smash Germany in the way she has got to be smashed, to atoms, and I am sure it will take some years yet.

I see in the last "Pilgrim" Duncan says he has not yet seen me. If he will write to me at the address given above we may be able to meet. I have written to both him and Robertson, but not having their exact addresses I expect the letters have miscarried.

I must say good-bye now, and go and water our gardens, of which I am O.C.

Hoping all at Reigate Grammar School flourishes and will be well,

I am, yours truly,

PHILIP H. MITCHINER.



O. T. C.

It is with the greatest regret we have to report further losses among our Old Boys. 2nd Lieuts. H. M. Headley, R.F.C., C. M. Smith, Essex Regiment, and Trooper W. Streeter, 17th Lancers, have been killed in action. Our deepest sympathy is extended to their relations and friends.

2nd Lieut. B. Abbey has been wounded, but we are glad to say is making an excellent recovery and returning to duty. We miss him greatly, and wish him all the good fortune in the future.

We heartily congratulate Major N. H. Wade, Essex Regt.,

on his promotion, and appointment to second in command of his Battalion, and also 2nd Lieuts. C. Rayner, K.R.R.C., W. R. Charlwood, Queen's, H. A. R. Lambert, Hussars, R. A. Brown, M.G. Corps, R. A. J. Porter, R.G.A., on their Commissions. We are also proud that the Corps was represented at the King's Investiture at Hyde Park, where Bombardier J. F. Dare, R.F.A., was decorated with the D.C.M. and the "Croix de Guerre."

A note may be added here as to our connection with the Queen's Royal West Surrey Regiment. In peace time we were fortunate enough to receive great assistance from the officers at the Depot at Guildford in the shape of lectures, etc., and on several occasions this famous Regiment provided the officers to examine our A certificate candidates, and to carry out our annual inspection. About 14 Old Boys now hold commissions in the Regiment and 20 others are serving in the ranks. This is a record we are proud of, and we hope the numbers will increase. Colonel A. G. Shaw, Commanding 3rd Queen's, has signified his willingness to take suitable candidates into his battalion if they are recommended by the C.O. It is not out of place again to impress on all ranks what this Regiment has done for the Corps, and the honour it is for us to wear its badges. Critics may say that a School Magazine is not the right place in which to preach sermons, but if all ranks will try to realise more fully their responsibility and the value the O.T.C. is to them, they cannot have a better incentive than remembering these points. It is only recently, since the war, that the general public has become acquainted with the O.T.C., its work, organisation, and value to the nation. When one states that it has supplied fifty thousand officers, certainly more than partially trained, its efforts can be appreciated. It is the duty of all to see that the O.T.C. takes its proper position among the nation's Military Forces.

Our strength this term on the Roll is 3 officers and 122 other ranks. This is a record which we must try to maintain. Our N.C.O.'s this term are:—

Sergt.-Major C. A. Risbridger
 Pn.-Sergt. and Q.M.S. C. W. S. Bishop
 Pn.-Sergt. E. W. Farrington
 Sergt. W. A. Wiltshire
 Sergt. J. T. Spence
 Corpl. G. F. Chapple
 Corpl. H. S. Verrells
 Lce.-Corpl. A. B. Maynard
 Lce.-Corpl. E. Mockett
 Lce.-Corpl. S. Overington
 Lce.-Corpl. Alderton
 Lce.-Corpl. W. H. Spearing.

Our recruits are Privates C. S. Knight, C. D. Taylor, R. C. Taylor, H. A. Watson, D. W. Moore, C. J. Walter, E. A.

Metcalf, R. B. Dark, C. L. Shaw, P. J. Woods, S. J. Chambers, W. J. Roberts, E. G. Hieatt, L. B. Nulty.

This term is always the most strenuous of the year. We are endeavouring to put on the finishing touches in preparation for the Annual Inspection—the most serious event in the Corps year. Our grant depends on our efficiency. It is hoped that each and all will do their very best to make this the most successful inspection we have yet had. The training this term has followed, as far as possible, the lines dictated by the change in modern warfare. We have had several successful field days, and hope all have benefited by them. The musketry has greatly improved, and in this connection we heartily congratulate Mr. Lamb on obtaining a "D" at Hythe—the highest qualification granted. Lieut. L. E. Adams, 4th S.V.R., has been indefatigable in his training of the Signallers, and he ought to be thoroughly satisfied with their progress.

The cost of uniforms and equipment is continually rising, and it is difficult to make the grant and the fees cover this increased expenditure. There is a treat in store towards the end of the term, for once again the Corps has been invited by Sir B. V. S. Brodie to Brockham Warren. His assistance is invaluable in so many ways to the School and Corps that it needs no mention here, beyond an expression of our great appreciation. Several Old Boys have visited us this term, and we are always delighted to see them. The only complaint we have is that they don't come often enough, or let us know what they are doing, and their various attainments or successes. Old Boys please note this and make amends.

Those who are leaving take with them our best wishes for their success and welfare. Any help that can be given them will be most gladly undertaken. In conclusion (sighs of relief!) we cannot omit a short reference to the excellent work done by our Sergeant-Major. He has been ideal for the post, and filled it with great credit. Quartermaster-Sergeant C. W. E. Bishop has also rendered most valuable services in the Field, and among the Students, Army Forms, Vouchers, etc., etc., which ever seem to multiply! They leave, and those appointed have a high standard to live up to. The C.O. sincerely thanks the Officers, N.C.O.'s, and all ranks for their loyal help in every way.

S. G. E.

ROLL OF HONOUR.

"Pro Rege et Patria."

2nd Lieut. D. Ive, 2nd Queens
 " H. W. Budden, Lanc. Fusiliers
 " E. G. Francis, 1st City of London Regiment
 " C. H. Rayner, Lanc. Fusiliers
 " H. C. K. Bidlake, Worcesters
 Lieut. H. M. Headley, R.F.C.
 2nd Lieut. C. M. Smith, Essex Regiment
 Lce.-Corpl. G. E. Garton, The Buffs
 Pte. H. McN. Fraser, London Scottish
 " A. Hood, 16th County of London
 " B. Bilcliff, 15th County of London
 " W. Hewett, 5th R. W. Kents
 " H. C. Barker, 16th County of London. Missing
 " W. Streeter, 17th Lancers
 " P. Pym, A. and S. Hdrs.
 Pte. A. Reynolds, A.S.C.
 Corpl. W. P. Farrington, M.G.C.

The following had no service with the Corps :—

Capt. F. M. Gill, County of London
 Lieut. W. Morrison, County of London
 2nd Lieut. C. R. Holder, S.L.I.
 2nd Lieut. W. Kenyon, Norfolk Regiment
 Lieut. B. B. Gough, R.A.M.C.
 Sergt. G. E. Cragg, 5th Queens. Died
 Corpl. E. A. Vowell, 48th Canadians
 Pte. A. N. Lewis
 Pte. A. C. Ballard
 Lieut.-Col. D. W. Figg, D.S.O., Legion of Honour. Died
 of wounds
 Corpl. W. P. Farrington, M.G.C.

OLD BOYS AND MASTERS SERVING WITH H.M. FORCES.

Major N. H. Wade, Essex Regiment
 Capt. E. W. Dann, M.G. Corps
 " A. M. Dawson, 5th Hants
 " P. H. Mitchener, R.A.M.C., M.E.F.
 " J. Figg, 2/24th County of London
 " E. W. Taylerson, A.O.C.
 Lieut. A. J. Malcomson, M.T.A.S.C.
 " R. St. G. Atchley, R.F.A.
 " J. H. G. Lillywhite, 1st Drake Bn., R.N.D.
 " D. Motion, R.F.A.
 2nd Lieut. G. T. Mackay, 2/7th Liverpool
 2nd Lieut. H. Willoughby, 1st South Staffs
 Capt. H. G. Davies, 2nd R.W.F.

Lieut. H. C. Saunders, M.C., 8th Queens. Wounded
 2nd Lieut. B. Abbey, 2nd Essex Regiment. Wounded.
 2nd Lieut. H. Molyneux, 3rd Hants Regiment
 2nd Lieut. C. G. Silcock, R.F.C.
 Capt. C. M. Duncan, R.F.A.
 Capt. H. Thrower, 12th A. and S. Hdrs.
 Capt. W. R. D. Robertson, R.F.A.
 Capt. E. L. Higgins, M.C., 1st Royal Fusiliers
 Lieut. G. M. Mew, 1st Royal I.R.
 „ A. L. Pash, 9th Queens
 2nd Lieut. B. L. Mott, 9th Essex
 „ R. G. Thompson, 8th Wilts
 „ J. O. Whiting, R.F.C.
 „ G. E. Scollick, 9th Queens. Wounded
 „ C. E. Ashdown, M.C., 19th County of London
 „ F. H. Pratt, 13th Royal Warwicks
 Capt. R. C. M. Smith, R.F.C.
 2nd Lieut. F. J. Martin, R.F.C.
 „ W. E. Keasley, 9th Queens
 „ L. Green, 3/5th Queens
 „ J. Apperly, 5th Middlesex
 „ R. J. Martin, 10th County of London
 Lieut. F. N. Halsted, R.N.A.S.
 2nd Lieut. F. Pepper, Yeomanry
 „ E. N. Penfold, 10th Leicesters
 „ J. N. Chapple, Oxford and Bucks L.I.
 „ O. Blackler, R.F.A.
 „ C. Rayner, K.R.R.C.
 „ R. A. Brown, M.G.C.
 „ W. R. Charlwood, Queens
 „ H.A.R. Lambert, Hussars
 „ R. A. J. Porter, R.G.A.

RANK AND FILE.

Sergt. N. Rayner, R.F.A.
 Corpl. W. D. Malcomson, London Scottish
 Corpl. E. W. Hedges, 1/5th Queens
 Pte. M. H. Hood, 1/5th Queens
 Trooper C. Ward, Essex Yeomanry
 Pte. G. S. Bartlett, 1/5th Queens
 Pte. G. H. James, 1/5th Queens
 Pte. G. S. Faulkner, 1/6th Queens
 Pte. O. H. Apted, 10th Royal Fusiliers. Wounded
 Sergt. L. P. Cleather, 6th Queens. Wounded
 Pte. W. Boswell, 7th Queens
 Lce.-Corpl. J. Knapman, Middlesex Yeomanry
 Pte. L. Ware, 6th Royal Sussex
 Pte. M. H. Briggs, London Rifle Brigade
 Lce.-Corpl. S. C. Charlwood, Infantry

- Pte. C. E. Cripps, O.C. Battalion
 Pte. T. Brace, 18th County of London
 Corpl. O. Hoyle, 16th County of London
 Bombardier J. Dare, D.C.M., Croix de Guerre, R.F.A.
 Pte. J. F. Bargman, R.F.C.
 „ J. W. Pooley, London O.T.C.
 „ R. Lee, 9th County of London
 „ H. M. Jones, 9th County of London
 „ H. J. Hayes, 19th County of London
 „ N. Nightingale, Middlesex Yeomanry
 „ J. Jones, Royal Fusiliers
 „ W. Woolett, Sussex Yeomanry
 „ H. J. Hunter, Officer Cadet Battalion
 „ A. E. Macloghin, 3rd South Lancashires. Mentioned
 in dispatches
 Sergt. S. Gibbs, 23rd County of London
 Pte. G. H. M. Thompson, R.N.D.
 „ F. E. Faulkner, 20th County of London
 „ W. J. Miles, R.N.
 „ E. J. Savage, R.N.
 „ J. N. Walker, 6th Essex
 „ C. J. Ryall, 3/5th Queens
 „ C. J. Newman, 1/15th County of London
 „ F. Holt, North Lancashires
 „ A. G. Smith, R.A.M.C.
 „ L. Kendrick, 21st County of London. Wounded
 „ F. M. Panzetta, No. 17 O.C. Battalion
 Trooper J. Shapland, Surrey Yeomanry
 Sergt. D. L. Davies, R.E.
 Sergt. F. M. Steane, Canadian Division. Wounded
 Sergt. V. M. Colton, D.C.M., 7th Northants, M.G. Section
 Pte. G. Gilbert, Queens
 „ G. Duncan, R.E.
 „ C. W. Abell, R.E.
 „ C. H. Bates, 5th Queens
 „ R. W. Hood, 3rd London Scots
 „ C. J. Merris, L.R.B.
 „ N. Lovell, R.N.A.S.
 „ R. J. Dempster, H.A.C.
 „ C. Pakeman, R.F.A.
 „ B. H. Morrison, Inns of Court O.T.C.
 „ G. Cuffe, R.A.M.C.
 „ R. A. Pooley, Civil Service Rifles
 „ W. A. Bennett, Civil Service Rifles
 „ C. C. H. Wade, Queen's Westminsters
 „ R. W. Smith, Devonshire Regiment
 „ J. H. Mitchener, Coldstream Guards
 „ E. S. Ames, Queen's Westminsters
 „ S. Tennant, R.A.M.C.

Rifleman E. F. James, 9th London Regiment

Pte. R. H. Bonwick, London Scots

„ F. C. Burtenshaw, R.E.

„ S. King, R.A.M.C.

„ L. D. Martin, 5th Queens

„ G. W. Edis, R.F.A.

„ P. T. Penfold, 5th Queens

„ L. V. Hall, 5th Queens

„ H. Tulford, 4th Queens

„ G. B. Webber, Hants Yeomanry

„ A. Reynolds, A.S.C.

„ G. Finch, Grenadier Guards

Rifleman H. L. Mitchiner, Queen's Westminsters

Pte. Pope, Royal Fusiliers

„ R. E. Skinner, R.G.A.

„ A. Gilbert, R.G.A.

„ N. W. Osborne, L.R.B.

„ M. Meeten, Royal Sussex

„ T. H. Challis, C.S.R.

„ T. B. Lees, R.E.

Corpl. W. L. Jordan, Royal Sussex

Pte. N. U. Harvey, London O.T.C.

Pte. R. H. Holman, D.C.M., 5th Machine Gun Company,
A.I.F.

Pte. W. A. Perry, New Zealand Division

Lce.-Corpl. R. A. Brown, C.S.R. (commission)

Pte. F. S. Barnard, R.N.V.R.

„ G. H. Marsh, Buffs

„ C. Arnold, Training Reserve

„ T. Spence, H.A.C.

„ J. H. Learner, Queens

Cadet W. N. Libby, O.C.B.

„ Pte. A. Matthews, Infantry

„ R. P. Turner, West Kents

„ F. E. Potter, C.S.R.

„ W. S. Sutton, C.S.R.

„ G. Mattock, Infantry

„ E. C. Hayllar, Infantry

„ H. V. Simmons, Infantry

„ A. H. Croucher, R.E.

J. S. Bell, Naval Transport

Ben Wells, Mercantile Marine

Pte. C. R. Outen, R.F.C.

„ J. S. Teasdale, Training Reserve

„ R. H. Burrage, Training Reserve

„ J. H. Clayton, Infantry

Rifleman Williams, Queen's Westminsters

„ E. F. George, London Regiment

Pte. R. H. Reeves, Grenadier Guards

Pte. R. Turner, R.N.A.S.
 Pte. W. B. Dare, M.G.C.
 Pte. P. Alexander, K.R.R.C.

The following Old Boys and Masters did not serve in the
 O.T.C. :—

Major F. G. Gill, 2/24th County of London. Wounded
 Lieut. S. Malcomson, R.F.C.
 Capt. J. Harley, 1/24th County of London
 Lieut. W. R. Green, A.O.C.
 „ S. Steane, R.F.A.
 „ H. W. Hardy, R.N.
 „ F. E. Apted, R.E.
 „ G. L. Davies
 „ E. J. E. Turner, Shropshire L.I.
 „ H. L. Marsh, Brigade Transport Officer, R.W.F.
 2nd Lieut. J. Willoughby, 3rd South Staffs
 2nd Lieut. H. W. Beckhuson, 1st Queens
 2nd Lieut. W. A. Bell, 5th Queens
 Lieut. L. Kennard, R.E.
 2nd Lieut. O.P. Quinton
 Lieut. S. F. Weeks, R.E.
 2nd Lieut. O. Kennard, R.E.
 „ A. E. Scothern, 9th Sherwood Foresters
 „ H. H. Richardson, 9th Queens
 „ Wilfrid Kenyon, 1st Garrison Battalion Norfolk
 Regiment
 „ H. L. Dawson, M.G.C.
 Q.M. and Hon. Lieut. P. Farrington, Queens
 2nd Lieut. H. H. White, Infantry
 2nd Lieut. D. R. Grantham, R.E.
 2nd Lieut. G. H. Ince, R.F.A. (T.)

RANK AND FILE.

S. W. Saunders, 11th Royal Fusiliers
 H. Willoughby, R.E.
 E. Budgen, Australian Division
 H. Dawson, 1/5th Queens
 T. Hammond, 1/5th Queens
 F. E. Apted, R.E.
 A. L. Jones, 9th County of London
 J. Hammond, Herts Yeomanry
 C. S. Peerless, H.A.C.
 G. Keeler, 1/6th County of London.
 P. F. Drew, R.F.
 A. Mollison, London Scottish
 J. Nash, Canadian Division
 A. Farrington, M.G.C.
 T. Jenkins, R.E.
 D. Green

J. C. Holm, New Zealand Infantry
 P. M. Hasluck, 17th R.F.
 W. C. Kendrick, R.A.M.C.
 H. Leslie, H.A.C.
 P. Connett
 L. J. Newton
 V. Gardener
 G. H. Lyle
 J. Nightingale, A.O.C.
 A. E. Jones, A.O.C.
 L.-Corpl. P. F. Calistri, A.O.C.
 L. Edwards
 K. Lucas, 2/9th County of London
 — Rippingdale, London Regiment
 J. W. Woods, A.S.C.
 S. H. Cooling, H.M. Transport "Shropshire"
 Corpl. C. W. Saunders, R.F.
 Corpl. C. W. Chattin, Leicester Yeomanry
 Lc.-Corpl. G. N. Lampard, Motor Ambulance
 Staff-Sergeant C. S. Bangay, A.S.C.
 Pte. W. H. McClellan, London Regiment
 Pte. F. J. Farrington, Suffolks



Football.

As foreshadowed in our last notes, there was but little football last year. In addition to the Old Boys' match, which we lost as usual (we hope that this state of affairs is now to be altered), we had two fixtures with Purley. The latter have the makings of a useful side, but were not strong enough for us, though next season, since they may presumably hope to retain all their team and we shall lose most of ours, the boot may very well be on the other leg. In the first game, at home, we ran out easy winners by thirteen goals to love. In the second game, in which we had not quite a full team, the play was much more even, and we secured a 5—2 victory. Although somewhat one-sided, these games were very enjoyable, and we are looking forward to a continuance of fixtures with these new-found opponents.



Cricket.

At the time of writing the season is well under way, and it really seems as if we are now beginning to reap the fruits of our good fortune in having had the use of the Priory Ground for the past few seasons. The all-round form displayed (and in this connection we refer to House matches as well as those of the 1st XI.) has shown a great improvement over anything we have seen in the past five years. The batting and bowling have been of a less elementary character, and the fielding, which we personally always regard as *the* criterion of the efficiency of a school's cricket, while not above reproach, has been distinctly good. If only the keenness shown by some boys were emulated by all, in a very short time the increase in efficiency would be such that we shouldn't know ourselves. It is not a great deal of use, we know, preaching in these notes, for those we would preach at—the slack people—never read them, but if each keen member of the School would call the attention of one who is otherwise to his duty, which is also his privilege and should be his pleasure, the improvement on which we can congratulate ourselves to-day would be more than maintained.

Reversing our usual practice, we will first make a few comments on the matches, three in number, which have been played up to date. Of these, as will appear, we have won two and lost one, but for that one there is more than ample excuse.

We opened our season, as usual, with a match against Caterham School, and secured a victory which should be regarded as historic, unless we hope we can cap it in the future. For we have not beaten Caterham, certainly, for five seasons, and we believe not for seven at least. The match was played on a wet wicket, and our opponents by enterprising cricket did quite well to get 49, Risbridger's bowling being extraordinarily deadly even for him, his bag, 5 for eleven, being well deserved. We made only 37, being thus 12 behind on the first innings. Caterham batting again, set us 70 to get in rather less than an hour. Risbridger and Bishop went cheaply, but Overington (24), Farrington, and Spence hit lustily, and the runs were hit off in the last over with four wickets to spare.

Purley were our next opponents. They brought a couple of good steady bowlers, and with the exception of Farrington and Overington our batsmen did little. We got 70 runs: our opponents, however, were not strong with the bat, and we had no difficulty in dismissing them cheaply.

The next match was with the Old Boys, who had a strong team out, including Mr. E. H. Bourne. Batting first, they got 113, Mr. Bourne making 56 in vigorous style, and Wetherfield being responsible for an excellent 10. We did well to get 69. In a second innings the Old Boys declared early, and set us an impossible number of runs to make. However, Risbridger

chose to attempt the impossible, and set the example by making a splendid 29 before he was dismissed by the best catch of the season. The time was extended to allow our innings to be completed, and we finally lost by 31.

We proceed to our usual notes on

CHARACTERS OF THE TEAM.

*RISBRIDGER, C. A. (captain). A safe, strong bat, with good all-round strokes, especially on the leg side. A fine bowler and a brilliant field. Above all, he has improved greatly as a leader, and captains the side with excellent judgment. It is a long time since we have had such a fine all-rounder.

*BISHOP, C. W. E., is pre-eminently a batsman. He is the daintiest bat we recollect in school cricket, though he makes some fine forcing strokes. If he has a fault, it is that he will just "nibble" at that dangerous rising off ball, but this is rare. He has so far had poor luck in First Eleven matches, but those who saw it will not soon forget his recent century in a house match. He fields splendidly anywhere, though he seems likely at the time of writing to settle down as stumper; he is also a useful bowler.

*FARRINGTON, E. W., a great contrast to the last player, is nevertheless almost equally useful. He should serve as a model for all aspirants, for it is his painstaking practice which has made him what he is. A fine forcing batsman, who takes risks, but is nevertheless very safe, a wily slow bowler, and a reliable cover-point, the team would be poorer without him.

OVERINGTON, S., is another greatly improved batsman. Last season his batting was distinctly of the "agricultural" order, but he now plays a thoroughly sound if unlovely game, and at the time of writing both his aggregate and average are better than those of anyone else. His bowling and fielding are as good as ever.

RISBRIDGER, R. W., is still on the small side. He bids fair, however, to become one of our best bats. His style is dainty, his defence sound, and with increased inches and strength should make some good scores. His fielding is good, and he can bowl if necessary.

SPENCE, J. T., is a hard hitter, with scant respect for any bowling, good or bad. He has improved greatly with the bat. His fielding is magnificent, and he can send down an over or two of very "fast stuff" in time of need.

JAMES, V. A., bids fair to rank as our best bowler, after the "skipper." His bowling reminds one of S. C. Charlwood's, with the addition of a swerve, and with the difference that he is left-handed. He bowls continually with his head, and altogether may be said to show great promise. He is a good steady bat, and with practice should get a lot of runs.

VERRELLS, H. S., is a good batsman out of luck. We are

sure, however, that before these lines are in print he will have some good scores to his credit. His fielding is so good that he would be worth a place for that alone: and he is a useful wicket-keeper. He can bowl a little.

KERR, W., is a bowler with a delightfully easy action which enables him to bowl at quite a good pace with very little effort. He is a stylish bat, and a good field, though in the latter department he must display more energy. He will be very useful next season.

CARPENTER, W., another young player, also bats very well, and with refreshing vigour. He is also very good in the field, being most energetic, and throwing in well. His energy is such that he prefers a gruelling time at square leg to a more showy one in a less busy position. He is a Junior of whom we have very great hopes.

The eleventh place is open. Deane would undoubtedly fill it, but he suffers from the great disability of not being always available. Pearce is a strong candidate, and may well come in; but unfortunately he is just now not at school (in quarantine). Both are good bats, and very good in the field, while either, especially the latter, might be employed as a change bowler.

We have had some difficulty with our fixtures, owing to curtailed railway facilities, but present arrangements leave us with a pretty full list for the First Eleven. We have to thank Dr. Caldecott for giving us two fixtures with the Asylum, for we always enjoy their matches. We have also got matches with St. Anne's School, so that the First Eleven will have their usual nine. The Second Eleven have six, and we are not without hope that they may have a more successful season than usual, though the one match played so far has resulted in a loss.



Rio.

The four-masted barque "Iverna" glided in past the Sugar-loaf at the entrance to the wonderful harbour of Rio de Janeiro, and the wind being favourable she sailed right up to her allotted anchorage amongst the numerous other ships lying in the harbour discharging their cargo. The anchor was dropped and the sails stowed, and the first part of our voyage was over. The passage out from Barry with a cargo of Welsh coal had been uneventful, and had taken 45 days, which was longer than expected; but we had been "hung up" north of the Line by the S.W. monsoons.

As soon as our arrival was reported the ship's agents came out and took the captain ashore. Whilst he was ashore the apprentices were ordered to launch the captain's boat, which

we were *very* anxious to do, because it meant that we should spend most of our time in the boat taking the captain ashore and returning, instead of helping to dig out the coal, which is a job not to be sought after at any time, but less so in the tropical heat of Rio. So the next morning at 9 a.m. the three apprentices were waiting in the boat at the foot of the gangway, and in a few minutes the captain came down and we pushed off.

Pulling a boat for two miles in a tropical sun and not a breath of wind was not the pleasure we expected, and we were soon perspiring freely.

When we arrived at the landing place and the captain went ashore, and told us to return for him at 5 p.m., and as we had no orders to return to the ship immediately, we stretched our legs ashore once again. Rio is a beautiful city, but one needs plenty of money there, as everything is so dear.

Well, we had a look round, and decided it was time to get back to the ship. As we were pushing off from the jetty a large Brazilian steam launch came rushing up to the jetty. The stern of our boat was against the jetty and the bow pointing out to sea. The captain of the launch would not wait for us to get clear, but tried to push us out of the way, with the result that our boat began to be squeezed between the launch and the wall, and began to crumple. We asked him in sailors' language what he meant by it, and asked him to let us out, but he took no notice, so as our boat looked like becoming a wreck we decided to take the law into our own hands. One apprentice took an oar, another a boat-hook, and I took the tiller head, and we boarded the launch with the proper "Nelson touch," and laid about us quite merrily, and had a glorious time for a few minutes, and soon cleared the deck of the Dagoes. But the launch called out their reserves in the form of the engine-room staff, who came up armed with very dirty and oily mops, and as they were now about 8 to 3 of us, we retired on the boat, but just as I was getting into the boat (which was now clear) a big Dago with a very large stomach gave me a crack across my knuckles, but I managed to get home a hefty punch right on his breakfast, which crumpled him up beautifully, and we retired in good order.

Every day in Rio, at about 11 a.m., a steady breeze would blow in from the sea and across the harbour, and as it was a fair wind for us back to the ship we always waited for it and sailed off, and going across the harbour we used to strip, jump overboard, and tow behind the boat, and it was glorious. Then at other times there would be other ships' boats not so fortunate as we were in having a sail, and we would take three or four of them in tow and take them back to their ships, much to their delight.

Our cargo of coal was in the meantime being steadily dug

out until we had the centre of the hold clear, and about 2,900 tons in the fore part of the ship and 200 tons in the after part. One day the chief officer was looking down the fore hatch when he saw a thin column of smoke rising from the coal. He guessed at once that the coal farther down in the ship must be on fire. He immediately sent me ashore to find the captain, and after hunting over most of the city I found him. He rushed off to the harbour authorities for their fire-boat, which came out to us in the evening. The crew of the fire-boat were all dressed in white ducks and fancy helmets, and were not very keen to come aboard a ship with coal. But they had no choice, and they lowered several hoses down into the hold and in the usual Dago "slap-dash-and-hang-the-consequences" fashion, began pumping streams of water into the hold. The ship had a slight list to port before they started, and as they pumped the water in, so the list got worse until the ship was lying over at an alarming angle, and thinking we were going to capsize the other ships near us put out their boats ready to pick us up. By this time there was about 8 feet of water in the hold, and the Dagoes having once got dirty they gloried in the mess, and I saw some of them swimming about in the coal-black water. Apparently they were in their element.

By this time the coal had burst into flames, and had commenced to burn the woodwork in the hold. The firemen would not pump any more water into the ship, as they thought a little more would capsize her. So the fire burned merrily, and heated the plates on the ship's side so much that they opened up and clouds of smoke came pouring out of the holes. Next morning they decided to beach us and fill the ship with water. We had two anchors down. One of these we slipped and buoyed it, and the other we proceeded to heave up. It was hard work, as the ship was at such an angle that we could hardly walk up the deck when our part of the capstan was down on the low side. We got the anchor up at last, and were towed right across the harbour, which is about 10 miles across, and when the pilot thought we were on the bottom the anchor was dropped again, and the fire-boat began pumping more water into the ship. But the ship could not have been on the bottom, as she heeled over until she was lying flat on her port side, and it has always been a puzzle to us why she did not capsize. We could not heave up the anchor again, so we were in a nice fix. The fire-boat put their pumping hose aboard to try to pump some of the water out, but could not pump any water, as their hose was bad. So as they thought the ship would turn over on to them they decided it was time they gave up the job, so they wished us luck and went home. This is a good example of how much one can trust a Dago.

Our crew, which was mostly foreigners, now complained

that the ship was unsafe, and asked to go ashore. So the captain gave them permission, and with the exception of a few British sailors they all, including the cook and steward, put their kit in a lifeboat and went ashore.



House Notes.

DOODS HOUSE.

As nobody ever reads House Notes, ours this term will comprise only a record of events passed, viz., two cricket matches. The first was against Wray, who, contrary to our expectations, whacked us rather badly. They went in first, and were quite easily dismissed for a half century. We followed with a poor score of about 30, chiefly due to Greenfield and James. Unfortunately we do not meet them again this year. Our next was with Priory, a weak team on paper, but a strong one in the field. We had fears concerning the result of this match, owing to the phenomenal performance of the skipper in the match Priory v. Redstone. These fears were groundless, for we whacked them by 63 (James 22 not out) to 49 (Bishop 23).

Our prospects for bagging the Sports Cup are quite rosy, providing that everyone does his best to get fit between now and the 12th of July. Entries are fairly good, and even Tubby Shaw has volunteered to pull in the tug!!! Doods have won the tug ipso facto.

C. A. R.

PRIORY HOUSE.

This term I suppose it is my duty to give a record of the cricket matches we have played.

After winning our first match—against Redstone—by an easy margin of about 148—54, our hopes of “bagging” the Cup were quite high, especially as our 2nd XI. performed a miracle in winning a match, also against Redstone. We naturally looked forward to our next match—against Doods, our old rivals—to see if luck would still be with us. The game was very even and our score was quite respectable, considering that Doods have the strongest team, which team only succeeded in beating us by about 15 runs. At the time of writing we are looking forward to our match against Wray, which has proved itself a formidable antagonist.

Leaving cricket, I would like to draw the attention of the “Priorityties” to the fact that the Sports are coming off soon and that our only hope of getting the Cup rests on every member doing his best. I will end this epistle by saying that we

have never had the Work Cup yet but that if everyone in Priory does his best in the exams there is no doubt that we shall get it this year.

C.W.E.B.

REDSTONE HOUSE.

The results of this term are not exactly what they might have been, but we did not have grounds to expect much. It is rather difficult for us to get practice as most of us come from some distance, but an effort must be made to turn up, as cricket depends so largely upon practice, without which there is little chance of success. Our first match, against Priory, resulted in a defeat, largely due to Bishop who made a very fine century. Wray beat us quite easily both in the first and second eleven matches, so that at present we have exactly no points. We have two more matches—one second and one first eleven—and a great effort must be made to win something as we do not wish to finish up with a duck. The attendance at practice has been poor and next time I hope to see more representatives of Redstone. The 2nd XI have been very unsuccessful, losing both their matches by a heavy margin. The entries for the Sports are fairly good and every boy must do his best to get some points and make up for the cricket. Next term we must win both Cups and also it is about time the “Work” Cup came our way.

J. T. S.

WRAY HOUSE.

The result of the 1st XI football was chronicled in our last notes, but the 2nd XI had then two matches to play, and of these one was won and the other lost; the loss putting an end to our hopes of retaining the Cup. This season we have been very successful at cricket. The 1st XI has won both matches. In the first against Doods, Wray went in first and scored 49, Doods scoring 20 runs less. Against Redstone we won quite easily. Wray batted first and scored over 70 largely owing to some good batting by Verrells, while Redstone scored 49.

The 2nd XI has also won both matches. The first against Doods was won after being down on the first innings, while the second against Redstone was won by an innings and 56 runs.

The results are very satisfactory and we are in a very strong position, but we must not forget that there are other things besides cricket. The sports will shortly be on us and every one must train hard and do his best to win the events for which he has entered.

E. W. F.



R.G.S. War Savings Branch.

At the end of last term at the suggestion of Miss Nicholson a War Savings Branch was started at the School. It has been quite successful, there now being 13 members and the money invested has amounted to £6 10s.

Although the number of members is quite satisfactory, we feel that more boys might join. They should remember that they are investing their money, not giving it, and that they receive a good interest, and what ought to be a still greater inducement to join, that they are helping their country. Some may think that the little they are able to invest will not help, but if every one thought like that the country would be pretty badly off at the present time.



Form Notes.

UPPER SIXTH.

This term our numbers are still further diminished and we number six. Wetherfield, to whom we offer our heartiest congratulations, having passed into Woolwich, preparatory to killing Germans, which seems to be his great ambition. This promising general has promised 5s. to our Relief Fund but whether we shall get it or not is open to grave doubt. The outdoor lessons seem to provide quite a diversion, allowing much scope for the study of birds, bugs and beetles, not to mention aeroplanes. This also appears to cause much fluttering on the part of passers by especially when the dear little boys are in uniform—as they often are, or when perchance some unfortunate individual is posted on duty against the wall obviously with the intention of studying geology.

We are glad to see that Professor Shaw, managing director of the War Savings Committee, has managed to wrench quite a lot of money from the junior members of the School.

We are sure that the Oral Examiner was quite pleased to perform his duties in the Prefects' Cave—for it is always so cool, clean and tidy.

Heard on the pavement in High Street on Wednesday, the 13th June: "Poor fellows, fancy making them drill to-day!"

Things we want to know:

Who were the two ruffians, armed with spades and hoes, who were almost arrested for riding without lights "early one morning," by Mr. Orme?

What time does Overington's train arrive in the morning?

When is our second Prefect going to be present at prayers?

Who started the rumour that Mr. Orme had given consent for our 2nd XI. to play a girls' school at cricket?

Where did Rissi get it? In the neck!

What is the liquid provided at the school cricket teas? Tea, coffee, or cocoa, or a mixture of all three?

Who weighs the rations?

Who eats the foolscap?

The answers to these conundrums will be gladly received in Room 10, but there is no reward.

C. W. E. BISHOP.

S. OVERINGTON.

LOWER SIXTH.

Motto: *We are Seven.*

We are now arrived at that season of the year when Examinations loom big on the horizon, and the reader must ascribe any wobbliness to our quaky state of mind and to superabundance of work. "Hast du die Prüfungen gern?" asks our German book. What a question to ask!

H - It has put up a record in French translation; he actually did 12 lines in 40 minutes!

Orders of the day: "On to-morrow's parade all N.C.O.'s will carry note-books, and also those of the rank and file who have them." Poor N.C.O.'s! Also, "Put your hand on the seam of your trousers, if you've got any."

R - - ves has taken up natural history, and he has already discovered that there is a species of braying sheep, and that the hartebeest has a tail like a cow.

H - rm - n has been trying to prove all sorts of strange things about a square three sides of which are in the ratio of 1 : 2 : 3.

QUERIES:

How long will R - - ves take to get over his alarming experiences on the backwater at Brighton?

Can anyone lend H - It a French Pronunciation Dictionary?

What will the Oral French Examiner do to H - It, and who will collect the pieces?

What are the factors of $x^2 + y^2$ other than $(x + y)(X + y)$? (Apply J - hn).

What is the masculine of "broody hen?" (Apply M - yn - rd).

R. W. POTTER.

H. B. SHAW.

REMOVE.

Motto: "*Otium cum dignitate.*"

This term we are pleased to welcome Professor Nulty, of Dublin, to school to our distinguished company. We were

sorry to lose Jimmy O'Goblin at the end of last term, but feel sure that the aforesaid professor will ably fill his place. Having been shifted from Room 10 to Room 9 (beginning of last term) we now have no form room whatever. $\left(\frac{dy}{dx} (10 - 8) = 0\right)$.

Congratulations to Susie on obtaining his second stripe, and Chapple, Susie, and Skimp on qualifying first class shots; also to "Baby Titch," on passing the recruit's course!

Willie Wadham says that if two triangles are equiangular, they are congruent!

Solly says that Abyssinia is in N.W. India!

"Baby Titch" says that kind of Latin nouns ending in *a* which are not feminine are masculine or neuter! (rather obvious, this!)

Another wonderful thing is that he has only been late twice this term, and one of these occasions he was absent, so it does not count!

We fear that his increased violence at school will necessitate the importation of furniture in large quantities in place of valuable food products. We also hear that he is unable to study diligently the newspaper, since it arrives after he has gone, and is passed on to friends before he gets home again. The result is an astonishing absence of wild "first hand" rumours!

We hope in the next issue to publish some sketches by Professor Nulty, with witty (?) criticisms by Taylor.

The O.C. of the O.T.C. will no doubt be pleased to hear that martial terms are being introduced in Latin periods. (Chapple—"Cæsar, his ships having, . . . , no, having been scattered the winds . . . , no! AS YOU WERE!")

We should like to know what the Food Controller would say if he saw the quantity of margarine wasted when Chapple, Titch, Nulty, and Skimp perform their toilet. (Is this to gain time in which to study French phonetics? Miss Brown please note!)

C. K. B.
S. M. S.

FORM V.

Motto: "*Labor omnia vincit.*"

Owing to the near proximity of our ordeal by paper, every person in the Form is too worried to commit such an atrocity as a howler. Some members of our community, however, in moments of nervousness, have erred enough to make slight slips, for instance, $\sqrt{4} = 2.484$ (by a well-known theorem in mathematics), also our wise man, of gas-bag fame, declared in an elaborate composition, composed in the playground, "the moon was turning the clods with bayonets." This not only proves

the theory of the man in the moon, but opens a new channel of speculation as to the number of arms he has.

W - k - f - l d says an ocean abyss is also called a Continental shelf.

We know Parliament does a fair amount of talking, but we are informed by reliable authority that they are *always* debating about cinemas.

M - ck - tt is getting worse and worse; he doesn't even know when not to put "loving" at the end of a letter.

The latest:—"Diseases are dead people!"

G - g - l - s declares Perkin Warbeck discovered Newfoundland. The same worthy was adjusting the rear wheel of his bike the other day, the brake seemed to touch; he went on unscrewing, and it only touched worse, and it was not until the wheel came out that he found he had his foot on the brake.

Our Form is growing so robust, on account of our English periods in the open air, that we are thinking of challenging the "Sixth Form swats" to mortal combat. However, it will not take place until the ORDEAL is over, and then all sorts of queer things are going to happen.

We were sorry to lose Mr. Gough, but the delight caused by the return of the venerable J. E. H. has quite assuaged our grief.

C. H. C.
W. M. K.

FORM IV.

"Venimus, Vidimus, Vicimus."

We have had one more "wretched youth" added to our number, and also one has left us.

As for our defunct member, namely Cotton, we wish him the best of luck in his new work.

Mr. H - w - r - h described Cotton's work as "the drawing of trains through tunnels," and expressed his intention of not travelling by the Underground for fear of Cotton getting a bit of his own back for treatment received.

We have not yet fully realised the marvellous store of knowledge which T - bt possesses, for at times he imparts to us wonderful facts previously unknown, such as "Copenhagen is a town on the Danube and is the capital of Norway," and when he coins a new word such as sweetfulness.

A certain person has recently informed us that all his senses are in good order, and we take it upon ourselves to inform the world to the same effect. (Is it an assumption?)

We had a very pleasant tea party a little while back, but under war conditions—no tea and Geometry props to write out—but owing to quiet songs and amusements the time passed cheerfully away.

Two new theorems have been discovered—one due to M-t-e-s, who says that $2 \times 0 = 2$, and the other to Mr. L--b, who says that $2 \times 0 \times 2 = 12$. We understand that they do not belong to Euclid.

The whole Form is contributing to "the Hair-Ribbon Fund" for Deane. We ask for your generous contributions.

Will somebody kindly forward a bottle of hair-oil for Restful Reggie?

Our friend G-l-i- has left us, and we hope he will not increase in size.

We all enjoy our open-air class with Mr. Hall, but, however, it has an effect on certain members of the Form, including Grandpa, to make them very lazy.

Hieatt and Watson have at last condescended to join the Corps, after having ranked as "C.O.'s" for the last year and a half. A certain member of the Form handed in the following verse:—

Now Poet Hieatt's joined the Corps,
How happy we shall be
To think that our poetic man
Has joined the O.T.C.

We beg to give notice that T-b-t's sitting of eggs is due to be hatched out next week, and that nothing can induce him to leave the nest—not even French.

W. H. H.
W. E. J. H.
J. D. D.



Southern Portugal.

The good ship Britannia arrived at Huelva on a Sunday, and with much energetic work our cargo had been taken out—chiefly machinery, girders, and steel rails. There was not much to load, but we were beginning to be anxious whether the job would be finished in time, as it was high water about 6.30, and we must not miss the tide. The town is built on the edge of large marshes or salternes at the confluence of two rivers, one of which, the Rio Tinto, runs down from the famous copper mines, which have been worked since Roman times. These marshes are the breeding place of numerous mosquitos, which discovered us with joy, in fact with musical honours, as the sun began to set, and we therefore dreaded the possibility of having to lie there through the night, our bunks not being provided with nets.

Fortunately the stevedores were stirred up to extra exertions, no doubt helped by the fact that there was gaiety going on ashore; our siren was blown for the pilot, who soon arrived, the anchor was hove short, and, the hatches still open, we began to

get under way. The river was very crowded, it would seem as if Huelva were one of the busiest ports in Spain. Quite twenty steamers were moored very close up and down the river, and a dingy lot they looked, but I suppose copper ore is not a very clean cargo. It was a ticklish matter turning even a 2,000-ton steamer in such a block, vessels swinging in every direction at the turn of the tide, and we got so close to the boat ahead of us that the mate on the forecastle had to get the fenders over, and even then our stern was only a few yards from the next ship. However it was done at last, her nose turned gradually down stream, and she headed for the sea. Rapidly we slid down the river, which was beautifully lighted, red gas lamps to port and green to starboard. Night fell quickly, as it does so far south, and when we dropped the pilot off the bar at about 10 o'clock we were all on deck enjoying the cool breezes blowing over the ship. Before turning in, however, it was necessary vigorously to assault the cabin with a wet towel and exterminate the mosquitos, who were fortunately nearly all visible on the white paint-work, and in any case not too lively when the cool winds swept round from the port-hole. In the next three days we were to pick up cargo on the coast of the Algarve (from the Mussulman Al Gharb—to the West), the southern province of Portugal. Early in the morning we were off the first port, Faro, which seemed rather suitably named from our point of view, because we lay out in the rolling Atlantic some five miles from a series of yellow sandbanks or islets fringing the coast, and over one of these were just to be seen the tops of some trees and a white church-tower. But the unloading and loading were very interesting operations. The boats which came out to us were large crescent moon-shaped boats, some fifty feet long, built with fine lines for sailing in the open sea, and with huge lateen sails. The crews were most picturesque and piratical-looking ruffians, with their dark bearded faces, earrings, red stocking-caps, yellow or green shirts, and blue trousers. Our vessel had brought large hogsheads of olive oil, and we took on board tins of sardines, packed in boxes of 100 each, almonds and corks. The process of hoisting the huge casks out from our rolling ship and stowing them in these lighters was interesting to watch, and one wondered what would happen if a case were stove in. Such an accident frequently happened to the boxes of sardine tins, and it is to be feared that many tins arrived without the keys so necessary for convenient opening. We noticed that many of the cases were consigned to so far off as New York. Towards 10.30 we finished working that cargo, got our anchor, and steamed along for some four hours to the next port, whose full title was Villa Nova de Portimao, but generally known by the last word. The wind, which had been stiffening for some little time, being S.E. and on our port quarter, we had not noticed it much; when, however, we dropped anchor a mile

from the coast, which here runs E. and W., the vessel started to roll and pitch most uncomfortably. From outside all we could see of Portimao were two rather prominent headlands, on one of which there was a white signal station and a lighthouse, and between these was a narrow channel with a somewhat forbidding bar, and judging by the appearance of the broken water it must have been nearly low tide. In the background there seemed to be a sort of lagoon or estuary backed by rather bare desolate country, a number of sheds, and some boats drawn up on a beach. A lengthy flag conversation ensued between the ship and the signal station ashore, from which the captain gathered that the combination of strong on-shore wind and low tide prevented the sailing lighters from coming out to us until the weather moderated.

Instructions were added from the Agent to "proceed Lagos and return next day." Stowage of cargo apparently made this plan out of the question, we had therefore to remain anchored there for the night. This was not pleasant, as a vessel at anchor in a sea-way seems so much more lively than one with way on her. An uneasy night and a tendency to mal-de-mer contributed to make us a bit tired of Portimao, and as the view also was not attractive we were glad to find that at daylight next day the lighters were alongside and the transfer of cargo was in full swing. Just after lunch we got away after an awkward piece of manœuvring due to a slight change of wind which caused a large ketch anchored near us to ride down nearly over our anchor. By hoisting a sail on the ketch to cant her sideways and our vessel going ahead, we got the anchor off the ground, but as both boats were pitching heavily they nearly came into collision two or three times.

In an hour we got into more sheltered waters in the Bay of Lagos, the nearest town to Cape St. Vincent, said to have been founded by the Phœnicians 350 B.C. Here we anchored about half a mile off, and the captain said that those who wished could go ashore with him. Several of us jumped at the chance, as moreover the place looked interesting from the sea. There was a little harbour, protected by a stone pier, and to the west some cliffs hollowed into caves and arches, which made one want to parody the Ingoldsby Legends.

"It's certainly odd that this part of the coast,
While near Portimao gleams white as a ghost,
Should look like anchovy spread upon toast."

On the hills at the back there were dotted about the usual white windmills so characteristic of Portuguese scenery.

Overlooking the harbour there was a square ugly mud and rubble walled fort, such as the Portuguese used always to build some two or three hundred years ago. Similar ones are found in Madeira and at Macao near Hong Kong, Malacca, and elsewhere. On landing we went up an inclined lane, with some

fishermen's small cottages on one side and a sardine canning factory on the other. In the latter we saw the sardines being packed in the olive oil, and the tins being cut, pressed, soldered, and labelled. A short descent led to a curious double-turn tunnel under the walls of the fort, no doubt a difficult place to enter in ancient times, but now also from the appalling odour of stinking fish and rotten garbage, at its worst perhaps in these hot days of August. However, using our handkerchiefs as gas masks we dashed through. The unusual sight of a small group of English people soon attracted a crowd of the youngsters of Lagos, who followed us about watching our every movement with embarrassing interest. We inspected the walls of the town and the church, strolled about the streets, patronised a wine shop, and saw all there was to see.

There were barracks crowded with soldiers, and we found out that a Royalist attempt to land had been expected and these were the troops of the Republic ready to repel the threatened invasion.

Soon after 6 we returned to the ship, and sailed three hours later. In the night we passed Cape St. Vincent, or, as it is generally called in Lloyd's shipping reports, Sagres. There is a curious legend about this Cape. In the year 336, when Christianity was spreading through Spain in spite of its suppression by the Romans, the Saint was put to death at Valencia by order of the Emperor Diocletian, and the body, attached to a millstone, was flung into the sea. When the boatmen returned to shore it was discovered miraculously on the sands, and buried secretly by the Christians. In the eighth century, when the Christians were flying from the Moors, they carried away with them the Saint's remains. A tempest drove their galley between the Pillars of Hercules, wrecking it on the west coast of Algarve. A raven had protected the body before at the martyrdom, and now ravens guarded it again on the sea shore. The sacred relics were first buried at the Cape, but later transferred to Lisbon, ravens still piloting the ship at bow and stern. St. Vincent thus became the patron Saint of Lisbon and rests in the chapel of the old Cathedral there, where the story is depicted in the tiles surrounding the shrine.

It is curious how one is sometimes mistaken in pre-conceived notions of places, but I had pictured Setubal to myself as an uninteresting place, and it was a pleasant surprise to find that it was one of the tit-bits of the cruise. Hearing the thump of the deck scrubbers and the rush of water above, one leaps out of the bunk as usual to seize a towel and dash on deck, where, throwing off pyjamas, one rotates with sharp cries and gasps before the jet of cool sea water scientifically directed by the bo'sun. This most pleasant rite completed, we are soon clothed and ready to devote our attention to the scenery. We

are approaching a long green mass of hills with majestic outline somewhat like a sphinx in repose. Whereas the hills that we had seen in Spain had been bare and sun-baked, these are clothed in luxuriant vegetation, exquisite spreading pine woods down to the shore, with charming little coves between the tumbled masses of blackened rocks. Myrtles, palms, arbutus, acacias, cactus, broom, and other flowering shrubs clamber along the cliffs. The long white outline of a magnificent convent lodged on the steep hillside, with terraced gardens down the slope, makes one envy the nuns who can retire to so fair a spot. Here there is a famous miraculous image of the Virgin, which, shipwrecked off the Cape, transferred itself to a niche in the rocks, and acted as a beacon of salvation to the drowning mariners.

Facing south, this idyllic *côte d'Azur* is the charming Serra de Arrabida, about whose exquisite woods, chapels, castles, legends, valleys, and flowers a whole book could be written. Though it is seldom seen by the ordinary traveller, it is one of the most beautiful pieces of coast scenery in Portugal, and to our mind superior to the far-famed Cintra. Here it was that Hans Anderson declared, after traversing all Europe, that he had found the Earthly Paradise. Turning parallel to the shore we open up a narrow channel into the estuary of the River Sado; on our right hand is a long sandy peninsula with a few scattered pines among the dunes, which is the site of the ancient Roman city of Cetobriga. Beyond are extensive salterns with shining ridges of salt. As we enter the channel we pass under the striking fortress of Outao, which overhangs the water from the side of a bold projecting cliff. This splendid old castle was built in 1657 near an old Moorish fort and pharos, and has now been turned into a sanatorium for delicate children, whose youthful figures and voices seem strangely out of place within these massive stone walls and battlements.

On the dark rugged heights nearer to the town, which we are now approaching, is a dark barrack-like castle of another of the old Kings of Portugal, and more windmills scattered about the hill tops—no wonder Don Quixote wanted to charge them. We anchor off the town in the estuary, which is here some two or three miles across. Setubal, the "Princess of the Sado," is not a very interesting town; it has suffered from earthquakes, and, lining the shore, the 34 sardine factories are not at all picturesque.

After breakfast our captain took us all ashore and negotiated for a waggonette to drive us to Palmella, for which he got our warmest thanks when we returned. At the eastern end of the ridges of the Arrabida there is a strange bold isolated hill whose rectangular profile is clearly visible in conspicuous relief from Lisbon, some 20 miles to the north. The inhabitants of

the capital apply to south-east storms, which are considered worse than others, the expression of "Palmellao."

On the crest of this hill there is a famous mediæval castle of the Knights of Sant Jago, and, although really quite six miles from Setubal, it looks only a mile away, so clear is this pure southern air. We packed ourselves into our vehicle, drawn by two raw-boned nags, and started off. Our road at this period was rather dusty and glaring, but in spring must be lovely. Cactus hedges on each side, orange trees in the gardens, fields of bronzed vines, grey olive orchards, eucalyptus and cork trees, and ever and anon modest cottages with brown-skinned, bright-eyed pretty children, who stared at us open-mouthed.

At the foot of the hill, from the top of whose ramp the old battlements of the castle frown down on us, the road begins to climb round the base, opening up glorious vistas of the whole country round. Having made nearly a complete circle in our spiral ascent we get to the bottom of the village of Palmella, through which we must walk, as the road is too steep for the horses. The long straggling town is a poor squalid place, and there is a saying that not a house stands in Palmella that has not been built with stones from the ruined castle. A member of our party, with much gesticulating, purchased in a small shop a melon, some cheese, and wine, and this process proved a regular boon to the youthful inhabitants, who assembled in crowds to watch these comic foreigners, and pursued them up to the castle with shrill repetitions of some phrase or other, which we gathered, in our ignorance, to be the Portuguese variety of backsheesh, *pourboire*, or some such expression. This accompaniment, one of the greatest drawbacks of foreign travel, began to get wearisome, and some of us, with shouts and threats, rather exhausting in such hot weather, succeeded in driving off the majority. One or two, however, hung on, probably expecting to be given money to go away, or being genuinely amused at the gestures and rage venting itself in unintelligible shouts to which their gad-fly pertinacity drove us. Finally, it was only by picking up stones and making as if to throw at them that the last were put to flight.

The whole top of the hill, some 300 yards long by 100 yards wide, is surrounded by yellow lichen-covered outer defences and round inner bastions, which are evidently of Moorish origin. The entrance reminded one a little of that to Carisbrooke Castle, in the Isle of Wight. Overlooking the steep ascent there was a curious little round-topped watch-tower, also evidently Moorish. The oldest part appears, however, to be a central square Roman tower, in whose dungeons it is told that a Bishop of Evora, who conspired against King John II. of Portugal, was starved to death (c. 1490). At the east end of the ridge there is a broad open platform with buildings on three sides, which apparently formed part of a palace. Here we found two Portuguese officers

working a heliograph, receiving signals from Lisbon to the N.W., and transmitting them far away over the plain to the E. The view here was very fine, including Lisbon and the silvery Tagus winding far inland, and to the south of it a broad and fertile plain backed by blue hills in the far distance. From the southern battlements, where the rock dropped sheer for some distance, there was an enchanting view over the road by which we had come to the beautiful Bay of Sentubal.

On retracing our steps through the ruins a heated (in more senses than one) argument arose as to an appropriate place to have lunch, and was finally settled by two ladies who sat down in the shadow of a wall, and refused to budge a step further. Lunch therefore having been taken, while some rested, others explored further. The western edge of the ridge contained a beautiful old Romanesque Gothic church (in the style we should call Early English), with pure, in fact rather severe, mouldings, and lined, as Portuguese buildings are, with tiles.

The west door was particularly fine. The western platform of the hill-top consisted of a three-storied ruined quadrangle, with cloisters round the court very much in the style of some of the later College buildings at Cambridge—this being part of the monastery.

Looking westward, another charming view was opened up into the wooded valleys of the Arrabida. Prowling round, one or two of us tried to detach some of the old tiles from the walls, but they were so securely cemented that it was almost impossible without spoiling them.

It would be most interesting to know the whole history of this grand old citadel. It was probably first occupied by Carthaginians from 300 to 100 B.C., and then by the Romans until the 5th century A.D. There followed Alans, Suevi, and Visigoths, at short intervals, and Arabs (called Moors, because coming by way of Morocco). These latter were in possession from about 700, until in 1147 they were ousted from Palmella with the help of the English Crusaders. One would like to believe that our countrymen's influence is seen in the architecture of the church. The next occupants were the religious order of Knights of St. Thiago, succeeded by kings and nobles of Portugal, and at last it was occupied by monks until the dissolution of the monasteries.

Leaving this impressive spot we drove off rapidly down hill back to Setubal, and got on board our vessel just before dinner. Late in the evening we sailed, and rounding Cape Espichel in the night, found ourselves creeping up the Tagus to Lisbon early next morning.

It is remarkable how few people have seen that corner of Portugal as evidenced by the fact that, in seven books of travels in the country, I found Palmella only mentioned in two. However, in these days of motor-cars there is no doubt that more tourists will visit this charming neighbourhood from Lisbon, and we can assure them that time so taken will be well spent.



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