

WALTHAMSTOW HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE

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Walthamstow High School Old Girls' Association.

WE are very pleased indeed to welcome Miss Southerden as a member of the O.G.A. many of us remember very well the days when she taught us Botany, etc., in the Old High School. We hope to have the pleasure of meeting her shortly at one of the Meetings.

We are also very pleased to welcome the following new Members: D. Bosworth, V. and W. Clarke, W. Gowen, K. Hayes, B. Jones, E. and M. Needham, W. Rayner and K. Whitfield.

Many girls have joined the O.G.A. lately with whom the Secretary has no personal acquaintance, and she would be very grateful if any who can sing, play or recite, or do anything that might be acceptable at Socials would let her know. If they are too shy themselves to write or call with reference to their own attainments, perhaps other Old Girls who are friends of theirs and who know of these talents will do so for them.

The Secretary has had a great deal of difficulty lately in getting the requisite number of performers for Socials, and she threatens that if she has such difficulty again, she will sing herself and the Assistant Secretary will recite, and then everyone will be sorry!

SOCIAL, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 12TH.

A Social was held at the Walthamstow High School on Friday, November 12th, when in spite of a very bad night and fear of Zeppelins between fifty

and sixty Old Girls turned up.

It was not possible to have the Hall, so the Art Room was used and everyone was surprised to find how cosy and convenient it was.

The proceedings started with a Competition. Names of celebrities were pinned on everyone's back and each had to find out who her particular celebrity was. When the time allowed for this Competition had come to an end, it was found that three Old Girls, namely, M. Griggs, and M. Reeve had guessed the same number. All the others present were told to sit down and these three had one more name pinned on which they had to guess, and the winner proved to be Bessie Jones.

After the refreshments another Competition took place. The names of all present were put in one bag and in a second were put strips of paper on which were written the following historical scenes: "King Canute and the Waves." "King John signing the Magna Carta." "Queen Philippa and the Citizens of Calais." "Drake hearing the News of the Coming of the Armada." "Queen Elizabeth and Raleigh."

Miss Hewett drew the names of eight girls and one Historical scene, and the girls whose names had been drawn were told to go to the Cookery Room where they would find clothes in which to dress up and they were told to come back and act the scene in dumb show.

During the intervals while the scenes were being prepared the audience was entertained by recitations by Dorothy Shadwell, Florrie Gower, Muriel Dale and Louise Reeve.

All the scenes were acted splendidly and it was marvellous what wonderful costumes were produced from the dressing up clothes which had been so kindly lent.

The prize was awarded by general vote to "King John signing the Magna Carta," and each of the actors of the scene, namely V. Chappell, Miss Damon, Miss Litchfield, J. Manley, V. Norwood, L. Reeve, D. Shadwell, and D. Windle received a prize. These actors really distinguished themselves. Louise Reeve was King John with a grey rather unsafe looking beard, and her regal mantle was held aloft by Dorothy Shadwell, a most striking page with one leg swathed in bright yellow and the other in black, Violet Chappell followed making a very imposing Stephen Langton, then came Miss Litchfield, who having fallen in love with a hooded dressing gown in the Cookery Room insisted on wearing it and taking the modest part of a monk. Miss Damon, Violet Norwood and Dorothy Windle represented the stalwart barons, Miss Damon bearing a large coal

**26 GENERAL HOSPITAL, B.E.F.,
FRANCE. *November 1st, 1915.***

DEAR MISS HEWETT,

I hear from mother that you want extracts from our letters. I am afraid I only write home more or less on family matters and hardly ever mention anything interesting, as it happens, as all current news is forbidden. If you would care to have a few general impressions for the Magazine I will try and give you some. I hope meanwhile you are very well and that the new School is flourishing. Daisy writes to me from Malta, she seems to be having a very tame time, hardly any wounded, nearly all medical cases, and not at all busy yet. I dare say they will be later on, although it's hardly human to want to be busy under the circumstances.

I am at E__s with No. 26, composed chiefly of nursing sisters trained at Guy's. This, however, has its disadvantages, though it's hardly loyal to one's training school to admit it, so I'll refrain. We have over 1,000 beds in our hospital, and during a rush we take in convoys of varying numbers, mostly between one and two hundred, and evacuate them for Hospital Ship and Belati, which the men always call "Blighty." During the last attack by us we seemed to take in and evacuate every day, and all this trying business was accomplished by the night staff. As I was on night duty then I can assure you it was very hard work, -and I had over 100 quite badly wounded men under my care-however the rush did not last very long, and then we had quiet times again, though there always seems enough to do, it was quite nice to come one day and live a normal life again. The men are delightful people to do things for, specially the wounded; the medical people are naturally more or less in a depressed state. I have seen some very plucky men out here, absolute heroes some of them are over their wounds, and certainly it is quite right to call them "irrepressibles."

Life is a queer happening in France-one does not feel in France sometimes, there are so many English people, so few Frenchmen, although we get the full benefit of the French child, who is really an amusing pest who persists in asking for "penny, Miss," and follows one for miles with or without encouragement. The women here seem to work harder than men, and the fishing women I admire very much, they trudge along with no shoes or stockings, very short petticoat shirt and indescribable bodice and a tight-fitting head-dress. They look so sturdy and silent and some of them are very good-looking.

cauldron to represent the ink pot. This stately procession came in at one door and passed across the Art Room to the other end where they acted the Scene. Judy Manley brought up the rear as a character of her own invention, we couldn't quite make out who she was intended to be, but it was very well done and caused great amusement.

Among others who distinguished themselves in other scenes were, Bessie Howlett, who made a most artistic Queen Philippa, Kathleen Griggs, who was the chief citizen in the same scene and presented the wrathful King with a very minute key on the end of a long piece of tape, Florrie Gower was delightful as an old woman with a basket of apples waiting to see Queen Elizabeth pass, and Muriel Dale was a dashing Sir Walter Raleigh in the same scene. Kathleen Hayes was most amusing as the frantic messenger in the Drake scene, and Hilda Griggs made an excellent King Canute. Altogether it was great fun and did the actors great credit. What a talented crowd the Old Girls are!

**AFTERNOON SOCIAL, SATURDAY,
FEBRUARY 12TH, 1916.**

After some little discussion the Committee of the O.G.A. decided that at any rate for the present it would be as well not to hold evening meetings, and therefore a social was arranged to take place February 12th, 1916.

As it was the afternoon, it was possible on this occasion to use the Hall, which looked very nice indeed with small tables dotted about it all ready for tea, each table decorated with a vase of spring flowers.

Tea was the first item on the programme, and then a concert followed, and our best thanks are due to the three singers who so kindly sang for us, namely, Winnie Bean, Hilda Griggs, and Winifred Robbins, and to Kathleen Griggs, who was a most able and sympathetic accompanist.

We had some humorous recitations from Florrie Gower and had the great pleasure of hearing Bertha Longmore play most delightfully on the violin.

After the concert the Sixth Form acted a scene from "Mr. Boffin's Secretary," which was much enjoyed by everyone. D. Windle and D. Warren acted splendidly as Mr. and Mrs. Wilfer, while Cora Bayne made a charming Bella, and Kitty Koller was excellent as the sharp Lavinia. The Social ended with the singing of Auld Lang Syne.

We go about from village to village in any old conveyance which will take pity on us or occasionally we intimidate the drivers into picking us up. At one time we even rode on lorries but this has been deemed too undignified for Queen Alexandra's Nurses so we have to wait for ambulances. We have the greatest difficulty in getting into the nearest town and have to have a sufficient reason before we can get official leave to go, what is rather hard to think of, when all one wants is a change of scene and a good tea on a half-day! There are various units nursing our wounded in France, the Canadians have two or three hospitals here, the Americans also and the Red Cross Society still have one or two out here, though I believe they are chiefly for officers only. In the English hospitals there are numbers of V.A.Ds. who have come out to help-they are the best type, I suppose, of the modern English girl and would no doubt make excellent nurses in time, but unfortunately they come without the vestige of knowledge, so that they are practically useless to us at first - however time remedies most things, and they are of use after a few weeks and lots of them have given up their professions of peacetimes and are thus "doing their bit."

This place is a very quiet little fishing village, very different from Rouen which was so "towny" and full of Cathedrals and shops. I expect you know it quite well and have seen all its beauties, our camp was on the Race-course just outside the town the other side of the river. There are some beautiful straight roads that Napoleon made. This place has no attraction of that sort, the sea is very nice and there are some green pretty woods fairly near and one or two excellent walks, but otherwise it is absolute business-Hospital and a few other camps-with simply no particular attraction for the idle or distraction for the "busy" off duty - personally time simply flies, there does not seem a dull minute in the day, the business of the wards is engrossing and when we are off duty there are all sorts of interesting people to talk to, and we quite often have parties in our canvas huts after dinner and make a noise rather like all Old Girls Meetings at Church Hill!

I am afraid this is rather a feeble effort and dreadful writing, I am in bed just now, the only warm spot, the rain is endeavouring to come in on me also, so please forgive all its shortcomings. I wish I could think of all the interesting things the Tommies have said, for they are humorists, but unfortunately these things always vanish when you want them.

Yours affectionately, JESSIE.

N.B. - Jessie Foxon is now at Salonika. She was selected for one of the general hospitals. The hospital is situated about six miles from the town and just above the harbour, surrounded by lovely hills.

In spite of poisonous mosquitos and shells bursting 200 yards off her she is in good health and says the shells are a most interesting sight to watch in the afternoon.

OUR GIRLS.

We have in our ranks Army Nurses, Red Cross Nurses, V.A.D. Nurses and Nurses of other Societies. Then there are Canteen Workers, War-Office workers, Concert workers, and Worsted workers. Some are giving all their time and others any time that is at their disposal.

One can safely say that the (very) "Bad Form" posters that have been displayed about the town have no connection with us.

OUR BOYS.

W. HOUGHTON-W. Houghton was in Buenos Ayres when the war broke out and he left there for England in October, 1914. In January, 1915, he was gazetted to the Royal Engineers. In October, 1915, he was sent to France.

G. MONTIER REEVE.-G.M. Reeve joined the Inns of Court Officers' Training Corps in September, 1914. In November, he was gazetted to the 11th Essex. In August, 1915, he joined the Reserve Battalion the 12th Essex. On October 8th, he was sent to France to the 9th Essex. On October 18th, he was wounded by a bomb bursting between his feet. He was first in a hospital in France and was sent from there to Brighton. He has now quite recovered and is out at the Front again.

FRANK SHURMUR.-2nd Lt. in E.F.A., now out in France.

CHARLES HODSON.-2nd Lt. in 7th Essex at Wendover.

STANLEY SHURMUR-was with Dr. Hector Monroe's Volunteer Ambulance Corps, working for Belgian Red Cross before thorough organisation. Went on English Red Cross at Ypres where the place was blown up, now in Inns of Court O.T.C.

BARRY SIMEON - Naval Officer.

JACK CHAPPELL.-2nd Lt. in 17th London. A machine gun Officer.

BURTON PRITCHARD joined the Essex Yeomanry, 1908.

After mobilisation stationed for a time at Melton, Suffolk, as Sergeant. Went to France, December 3rd

or 4th, 1914. Had charge of six men and twenty horses, and crossed in a different vessel to the rest of the regiment; disembarked at Harve a day sooner than the regiment.

In February, leaving the horses some miles back; they had a turn in the trenches.

Again in May, they were in reserve behind the trenches, in the neighbourhood of Ypres, and were then ordered to go forward to regain a portion of the British front line of trenches, which they did, and also took the first line of the German trenches.

Although considerably more than half the regiment were killed or badly wounded, they did what was required, and saved the side of a Division which had been left exposed. Burton was shot through the left wrist, as he went into the German trench, and still has to have massage and electric treatment for his fingers on that hand-although he is now back at camp-to go out as soon as fit again. ("The Huts," Reed Hall Camp, Colchester.)

He had a shot through the side of his face from a sniper unfortunately, this sniper managed to kill the others who were also trying to get back to the British lines, six others were trying to return with Burton and were all killed; they had all been wounded and were crawling on the ground. When he was the only one left, and knowing if he crawled he would be: shot, he got up and ran a very wobbly run, and having gone about thirty yards before the bullet got him. And he kept still then, and waiting until it was dark enough to move again. This shot saved his life, and the place does not show now. He was mentioned in dispatches for "especially good work," in connection with the Yeomanry on May 13th. He was for some time in hospital in Devon (over three months), at Teignmouth.

Allies' Day in Sydney, November 19th, 1915.

ARRIVING by ferry or tram in any part of Sydney on November 19th one was immediately aware that Sydney was out for business, quite as ardently as she had been either on Belgium or Australia Days. At every wharf at Circular Quay, at every tram terminus or street corner the city through were gaily decorated stands symbolical of the Allied armies, with host or willing helpers both old and young collecting money or selling articles for the one cause-dressed to represent the various nationalities, Red Cross nurses, and Australia's industries, the women and children helpers made a gay throng and the colour we all most admire at present was thrown up in relief when our khaki boys were seen assisting our joining in the general good fellowship of the day.

The streets-well if Kaiser Bill had seen them he would have had nightmares and thought we were all making merry over the Allies' arrival in Berlin! Flags and garlands stretched across streets and practically clothed the walls of buildings which in everyday life look most business like, collectors running against one another in their eagerness for the pennies, auctioneers selling cushions, etc., to the highest bidders and raffling everything under the sun, from a timber house to a wounded soldier doll or iced cake!

The procession, starting from the Domain, came down Macquarie Street where the State Governor, Sir Gerald Strickland, waited to salute it, the police band made really fine music for the crowd, which waited to see the sight from the best vantage, and though we from Old England still think there is no "Bobby" like the big London policeman, still they are a fine set of men, and while the band entertained us, the police in general kept excellent order and seemed in high good humour with the world and his wife, of course always excepting Germany!

The procession, headed by mounted police, one of several bands and outriders, was followed by the Queen of the Day in an open landau, she had been elected by the people from several candidates, and looked very regal as she bowed from side to side at the acclamations raised in her honour, the a long line of decorated cars, motors, with here and there a comic to make the people laugh, and we needed it, for one motor carried a widow with her little son bearing the inscription "My Daddy gave his life for King and Country, who will take his place," another was the Red Cross ambulance with the sides rolled up, and the wounded boys leaning out catching the money in their caps, then a contingent of boys returned wounded from the Dardanelles, and it made one's throat swell, and eyes fill, so that to laugh at some clownish tricks from a made-up suffragette or a group of "Waybacks" relieved the tension of one's nerves. Some of the soldier boss carried enormous boxes like stretchers with "Throw your pennies here" inscribed on the side, but it was by no means only pennies, from some of the fine buildings in Macquarie Street, showers of silver came down like a nut scramble at a school treat, and collectors of every description rushed to fill their boxes with the treasure. The cars were too numerous for any adequate description in this short essay, Britannia, Canada, Australia, India, the Islands, the Allies, every nationality almost, was represented, to say nothing of Waybacks, Red Cross Knights, Mrs. Hayseed, and family, and sundry kangaroos, emus, and native bears, they flowed past in a continuous gay stream and on to other parts of the city, stopping

all ordinary traffic, even the Government trams having to crawl along at a snail's pace behind the sightseers.

After seeing the procession, our own party went to lunch at one of the fashionable restaurants of the city; the dining hall was decorated with flags and bunting, the band played patriotic airs, and at the end of lunch, everyone stood to sing the National Anthem and give three cheers for the Allies, then still stood to honour the "Marseillaise," it was a stirring scene, and one felt that the Mother Country may depend confidently on the love and loyalty of her big son-colonies whenever and wherever she may need them, The keynote of the day was the cheerfulness with which collectors and givers met each other; "just one more penny please," over and over again made one's stock of small coin melt like water, and when in Martin Place a real Japanese lady, doubtless a beauty in her own country, was seen collecting in native costume, there were very few who refused to give.

The whole of Martin Place was turned into a tremendous bazaar, garlands of greenery festooned the street across and along, while on either side were built booths to represent each separate Ally. England was a redroofed, rose-covered, lattice-windowed cottage; Australia a real wayback log house with a kangaroo on its roof, and the helpers dressed to represent the States, Queensland for instance having pineapples and bananas on her hat and dress, Western Australia decorated with gold nuggets! Russia, Servia, Japan, Montenegro, France, Belgium each had its own little house or shop representative of its country, and each selling anything possible to sell, fruit, flowers, vegetables, nicknacks, provisions, fancy goods, and a thousand other things which escape one's memory after such a satiety of sights, beautiful, comic, sad or cheerful. Our soldiers were out on very real service, bands of them scoured the streets recruiting. "Come on with us," they'd shout, and the recruits for the day were more than usual by this very human invitation.

And so another of Australia's generosity days is over, no doubt they'll have another before we've had time to forget this one, and then, well who begrudges all they can afford to help those who have helped us so loyally? The proceeds of the day amount to about fifty thousand pounds, fifteen thousand of which were actually collected in the streets.

"Home," Vancluse, Sydney, N.S.W.

KITTY FOSTER.

Extracts from a Diary in the Pyrenees.

On the evening of Thursday, July 30th, 1914, I started on a long anticipated visit to the Pyrenees, although rumours of war between Austria and Serbia had been heard and discussed for some days previously. But I remained obstinately deaf to any suggestions from well-intentioned friends, who spoke of possible inconveniences during my journey through France, due to the unsettled state of Eastern Europe.

July 31st.- I arrived at Bordeaux where I was to meet a French friend, Madame A-, and her son Jean, a boy of eighteen, and found that they had telegraphed to postpone their visit. A state of excitement prevailed, groups of people talking and gesticulating and the telegraph office was besieged. A telephone call from Jean at Nantes revived my now drooping spirits, and I gathered that events were so grave that they had practically decided not to leave home, but I would receive a letter with the final decision in the morning.

August 1st.-The promised letter arrived with the welcome news that my friend was coming to meet me, and also included directions of what to see in the town during the morning.

At 1 o'clock I met Jean at the station and was told that we were to leave Bordeaux immediately as the impending mobilisation would disorganise all passenger traffic. We caught the train for Pau, Madame A- being already in the train, and on arriving there we went to the Hotel Continental.

During the night there was a riot, a crowd collected and battered at both front and back doors of the hotel, crying *a bas les allemands! ou est le proprietaire?* Several revolver shots were fired but I was too tired and sleepy to pay much attention to it all, and the noise had little effect on my slumbers.

August 3rd.-At Cadeac-a little village in the heart of the Pyrenees. Mountains all around, one with snow in its crevices: quite close to the house the river Neste, a babbling mountain torrent. There are about eighteen people in the hotel, two are curés and the rest mostly women whose relations have been called out, so no one is very gay.

Two ladies next to me are without luggage so mine is not an isolated case. No exact news is to be had, and no passenger trains are running.

August 4th.-After dejeuner I hurried off to the Town Hall to get a permit or else a passport from the Mayor. It was a dirty-looking building surrounded by a filthy courtyard, to enter which we had to take a long jump across a veritable lake. We managed to see the Mayor's Secretary and a permit was ready by

the afternoon.

Madame A- and I had a long walk in the valley, all kinds of flowers were growing wild, canterbury bells, cornflowers, mallows, and lots of others which I have never seen before. We picked some lovely red cherries and only regretted the many others that grew too high for us to reach.

We spent most of our time with a French lady, whose husband is judge at Pau, and her daughter, a pretty girl of 16, and three other ladies. One is an immensely fat woman who has no false modesty; she told us she dare not run down hills because if she fell she would roll to the bottom like a barrel.

The other, terribly near-sighted, gazing about like a frightened owl, and wears a very badly arranged wig; she speaks very slowly and begins every sentence with "*Dites-moi.*" The third is her daughter, a girl of 20, who has come here to get fat. She lies down after the mid-day meal, has bread and jam and sugared wine for her "*goûter,*" and an extra cutlet at other meals. She is neither fat nor thin, however, and looks in quite good health. Her father is now writing a book on the Gauls and is a member of the Institute of France.

August 5th.-Looked over the church and a ruined castle, from which there is a lovely view all over the valley. I went on to Arreau, which is very quaint and old-fashioned. In the evening-as a storm threatened - I sat on the verandah and had an insight into the recesses of a managing French mother's heart. It was unanimously agreed that if, in France, a girl were allowed too much freedom she would never marry, and one mother said for that reason alone she had never permitted her daughter to even learn to play tennis. Another counselled that a girl should not be encouraged to dance. If she danced well she wasted valuable time with "*Jeunes gens de rien,*" who could dance well, instead of making hay with something rather more mature and less light-footed.

August 6th.- We walked to the village of Ancizan and on to a lovely gorge in the mountains just behind a village called Guchen (2455 ft.) very picturesque but very dirty. It is remarkable that in these villages where water flows at every point so little should be used for cleansing purposes. A Frenchman remarked at table, he had often said to the villagers "*Vous lavez bien vos cochons mais vous ne lavez pas vos enfants!*" And this is quite true, the pigs are delightfully clean and roam about in the fields, while the children are repulsively dirty, and spend all their time playing in the gutters and about the mud heaps in which every village abounds.

August 7th.-This morning the judge from Pau arrived in his motor car to fetch his wife and daughter; we shall miss both of them very much.

They had to make their return journey before 6 p.m. as after that hour neither vehicle nor foot-passenger is allowed on the roads. This stringent regulation applies to all frontier towns.

We heard to-day of a car containing three ladies being driven on, when commanded to stop by the authorities near Lourdes. The tyres were fired at and burst and the car came to a standstill. On nearer inspection the ladies turned out to be three men (Germans) in disguise.

August 8th.-A perfect morning so we made an early start to walk over the mountains to a village called Lancon. The climb was rather hard at first, but we soon came to a forest road whose ascent was very gradual. The road wound round the mountain and led through a thick forest. All kinds of flowers were growing in profusion, and we picked strawberries and wild raspberries. Arrived nearly at the top we left the forest and came on to a kind of plain. Even at this height we found fields of corn and not far off was the village of Lancon tucked away in the fold of a mountain. The life in such a little out-of-the-world place must be very strange. A fairly good mule track connects it with the outer world, however, and heavy are carried by rough bullock carts. The view over the mountains was glorious and one wondered if the peasants really appreciated the beauty by which they were surrounded. At every moment fresh peaks were revealed, some with pine forests almost to their summits, others bare and rocky with snow in the crevices. We descended by a path on the other side of the mountain; the Neste blue and also white with foam hurrying along to join the Saronne in the valley below. Towards the foot of the mountain we came upon the village of Gonanx and there we saw quite the dirtiest children I have ever met.

August 9th.-We had a carriage and drove to Tramesaygues, a village just at the end of the valley and about 16 kilometres from here. It was a delightful drive beside the Neste. Tramesaygues itself has nothing remarkable about it and we started to walk up the gorge of the Riou Majou. The ascent at first was steep but in a very few minutes we entered a forest with an undergrowth of strawberries and moss. Here and there were huge blocks of stone, apparently hurled from above by giant hands. Time had covered them thickly with moss and ferns, and the result was exquisite. This forest climbed right up the mountain side on our left hand, and on our right, far below in the gorge, we could hear the Riou Majou rushing down to the Neste. After walking for some time we heard the roar of a huge cascade, but it was only by descending a winding path that we could see anything of this immense fall. The river rushes

down in three stages from a tremendous height and the effect is marvellous. As one looks on this rushing water it seems impossible to believe that it has flowed like that for centuries.

August 10th. – Questioned the stationmaster about my trunk. He seemed to think it would not be likely to arrive for at least two months.

After déjeuner someone was foolish enough to suggest a game of croquet. We played on the path with hoops about fifteen inches wide which had to be held up before each stroke, and with balls that persistently rolled downhill.

August 11th. -Having heard that the church of St. Exupère was a "*monument historique*" we went inside. The church was dimly lighted with several windows of lovely stained glass well covered with cobwebs. The altar-piece was in carved wood, a figure of Christ in the centre with a saint on either side, all very crudely coloured. St. Exupère -so the Cadeac Curé informed us-was a native of Arreau who began life as a shepherd and finally was made Bishop of Toulouse. He was very hurt at the way in which the Toulousians behaved; they were thoroughly irreligious, so he threw up his work among them and returned to his native village. In the meantime Toulouse was visited by two or three dreadful plagues. The people repented of their wickedness and sent a deputation to find and recall the Bishop. They searched through all the valley and finally arrived at Arreau. An old woman pointed out Exupère at work in the field with a pair of oxen. The deputation went and entreated him to return but he refused saying he would never return until the ox-goad, which he held, budded. Instantly a tuft of leaves sprang forth, and naturally Exupère returned to Toulouse.

August 12th.- A lovely morning, so directly after breakfast I started for Arreau, went through the town and walked up a steep narrow lane into another valley. Overtook an old country woman carrying a packet of Linen on her head and a big pail of milk in her hand. I asked her where the path led to and we walked together for about a quarter of an hour. She was very anxious to know if the American language was easier to learn than the English, as she wished her daughter to travel, and could not decide as to which country she should go as governess in a family where she might learn a language.

In the afternoon we drove into the next valley (Vallee de Luron) which is much narrower than this one. There is a very fine cascade to be seen, but although we left the carriage at Loudon Vielle and walked as fast as possible up a rocky hilly path we had not enough time. As evening came on we saw some glorious cloud effects over the mountains. Dinner was nearly over when we arrived back, but

we were in time to hear a rather good story that the Curé told *à propos* of Voltaire. He was once asked to dinner to meet Piron, whom he particularly disliked. He accepted on condition that Piron should not be allowed to say more than *four words*. His conditions were accepted and Piron was quite silent. After a good helping of lentils Voltaire remarked "J'ai autant mangé de lentilles que Samson a tué de Philistins" and then Piron took the opportunity to say his four words-"Avec la même mâchoire!"

August 14th. -To my delight and surprise my trunk has arrived and it is with great pleasure I have been able to change.

In the afternoon I walked with a lady to the Asile at Guchan, and we met on the way the wife of a very rich lawyer whose country house is at Guchan. We were invited into the garden and there had afternoon tea. But not *in the garden*, -afternoon tea is too great a social effort to be got over with so little ceremony.

We were ushered into the house and into a big dining room, handsomely furnished. There on the usual round dining table was tea laid; thick buttered toast, biscuits, and a large tart made of fresh fruit. Pale tea was served by the daughter, who carried the tea-pot round to each person in the usual French fashion. As this was only the second cup of tea I had tasted since I left London even in its insipidity it had a charm of its own. Of course we talked of nothing but the war.

August 24th.- We got up at 5 o'clock to drive to the Col d'Aspin. The morning was bright but cold; and as we drove through the little town of Arreau it seemed as if the towns-people had been awake for hours. Doorsteps were already being swept! The road up to the Col d'Aspin (5,000ft.) is a gradual ascent in zig-zag up the side of the mountain. At first we were in shadow but could see the sun shining on the higher ground above us; our horses walked the whole way and by 8 o'clock we too were in bright sunshine. Far down below stretched the valleys Aure, Aulon, Luron, and Oueil with their many villages, and winding like a turquoise ribbon through Arreau we could see the Neste. On the rocky sides of the mountain hundreds of lizards were basking, and rushed frantically about the rock to find a safe crevice when our carriage was heard.

Countless flowers, ferns, wild strawberries, and huge yellow thistles grew wherever they could find space, and oak and beech trees clung to the mountain sides, exposing a tangle of gnarled and knotted roots.

Arrived at the Col we found a bare plain with higher ground on the north hiding the wonderfully fertile plain of Tarbes; with this exception we were

surrounded by a circle of distant mountain peaks. Far away on the south-east was Maladetta, the snow glistening in the sunshine, and with the glasses, the glaciers were plainly visible. Quite near on the south was first the Petit Arbizon, covered nearly to the summit with pine trees, and behind bare and gray with its crevices filled with snow towered the Grand Arbizon, while on the west was the Pic du Midi rising like a brownish sugar-cone; perched on the summit we could plainly distinguish the observatory. At our feet to the south-east lay huge pine forests covering the sides of the mountains and revealing lovely curves of a rich green. All this was enhanced by a brilliantly blue sky.

August 31st - September 5th.- Packed trunks and started for home. The train crawled along, stopping at every station; at one of them I overheard an amusing conversation between a curé and a passenger, he informed him that the English were good soldiers at sea but on land could not even walk straight, as they were accustomed to exercise on deck. At Lourdes and Pau we saw some wounded soldiers, one waved a small Union Jack while he described to the little crowd around him how well the English fought.

We spent some hours at Biarritz and then took the tram back to Bayonne. The news of the siege of Paris we heard at Arreau is not correct, though I begin to be doubtful if I shall be able to pass by Dieppe at the end of this week.

The consul at Nantes informed me it would be quite impossible to cross by Dieppe and assured me if I wished to get home I had better start at once and sail from St. Malo. There are no good news in the paper, only reports of the steady German advance on Paris.

The voyage from St. Malo to Southampton was very slow but the journey to Waterloo easy and quick. In England all appears so peaceful that the turmoil and distress I have witnessed in the French towns seems like an ugly nightmare. And all this owing to a little twenty-one mile strip of water and a glorious naval fleet.

V.L.C.

Weddings.

HOUGHTON - RENDLE.-At St. Mary's Church, William Houghton (of the Royal Engineers) to Miss Muriel de Rouvron Rendle, daughter of the late Captain Ashton W. Rendle, Madras Staff Corps, and Mrs. W. A. T. Cole-Hamilton. The ceremony was conducted by the Rev. E. Ogden. The bride looked very dainty in white crêpe de chine with a white velvet hat and ostrich plumes. She carried a bouquet of white roses, stephanotis and heather, and was given

away by her brother (just arrived from East Africa.

After the reception the happy couple left for a short stay at Richmond. The bridegroom is now a commissioned officer out in France, and the bride is fulfilling the duties of a nurse.

SHURMUR-CROSS.-On December 27th, at St. Saviour's Church, by the Rev. G. H. Siddons, Winnie Cross was married to Frank Shurmur (a Lieut. in the Royal Field Artillery). The bride-who looked beautiful and was greatly admired-was given away by her father. She wore a soft white satin gown embroidered in seed-pearls. Her tulle veil was draped round the head and fastened on either side with clusters of orange blossoms; she carried a sheaf of lilies.

Dora, her sister, made a charming bridesmaid in a dress of palest pink crêpe de chine, with a black velvet hat and white osprey. Instead of a bouquet she held a Service bound in white.

A reception was afterwards held at the bride's home and during the afternoon Lieut. and Mrs. Frank Shurmur left for Matlock, where the honeymoon was to be spent. The bride went away in a smart blue gabardine costume with black velvet hat, and wore some handsome wolf furs,-one of the gifts of the bridegroom. We wish him the best of luck and a safe return from France, where he is now quartered.

LINDSEY - WILDASH. -In Auckland, Mr. Arthur Lindsey to Winnie Wildash. This is another war wedding and we wish them every happiness in the future.

BULL-CUNNINGHAM- Mr. Geoffrey Bull to Charlotte Cunningham. We are glad to hear that Charlotte's marriage will not prevent her making use of her talents in singing and modelling.

Births.

ALLBROOK.-On September 17th, 1915, to Mr. and Mrs, A. Frith Allbrook (Annie Howlett), a son, Robert Lionel.

CONDON. -On September 20th, 1915, to Mr. and Mrs. J. Condon (Edith Thornton), a daughter, Phyllis Craven.

MARCHANT- On January 15th, to Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Marchant (Elsie Cotching), a daughter Jacqueline.

CLARKE. - On March 7th, to Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Clarke (Violet Douglass) a daughter, Mary Ruth.

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