

**Walthamstow High School Old Girls'  
Association.**

*Committee:* MISS GOLDWIN, M. E. GRIGGS, K. REEVE, M. BERNARD, W. ALLEN.

*President:* MISS HEWETT.

*Vice-Presidents:* MISS RICHARDSON AND MISS GOLDWIN.

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*Committee:* E. BELL, B. GILLARD, K. REEVE, M. BERNARD, A. GILLARD, H. GRIGGS, MRS. W. E. CALVER, D GOODCHILD, A. WISE, G. FOXON, G. BARROW, MRS. W.A. WORKMAN.

We much regret to announce that the Association has lost the services of two of its most valued helpers. Carrie Whittingham, who has so ably edited the W.H.S. MAGAZINE from its beginning, and Mabel Gillett, who has earned the gratitude of the Association by the energetic and capable way in which she has performed the duties of Secretary. We wish Carrie every happiness in her new life; we hope she will continue to take an interest in our magazine, and that she will soon send us some account of her experiences in S. Africa.

We have been fortunate enough to secure the promise of Florrie Gower to edit the next number of IRIS, and all who know her will feel quite confident of its continued success.

Isabel Hodson has kindly undertaken to carry on the work of Secretary.

The Bazaar will be held either July 3rd or July 10th. Working parties will be held at the School on Wednesdays, at 4-p.m. It is hoped that everyone who can do so will attend these meetings as regularly as possible.

**Our Editor's Wedding.**

"Great is the art of beginning, but greater the art of ending," sings Longfellow. And there is always

a certain satisfaction to be obtained when the cause of a worker's retirement from his or her office is not lack of ability to carry on the work, not mere desire for a rest from one's labours, nor failure of physical strength, but some pleasant occurrence - removal to a wider sphere or an opportunity to do higher and better work. So we cannot help being glad that our recent Editor, Carrie Whittingham, has had to resign her post only for that most delightful of reasons - to find new work in a home of her own, and to carry her many talents into a new and more extensive sphere. It was also delightful to have a pleasant ending to her connection with us here, as her wedding proved to be, and to feel that while sorry to leave all her old friends and surroundings she was yet perfectly happy in the thought of the life to which she was going.

Many of the Old Girls were present at the wedding and at the reception afterwards. The wedding took place in the Wood Street Union Church, on March 30th, and was favoured by the weather clerk with a dense overhead fog and torrents of rain, sufficient to damp anyone's spirits -but it did not succeed in doing so, for from beginning to end everyone seemed bright and as merry as the proverbial wedding bell. The ceremony was quite exceptional, for the bride was not late! On the very stroke of two she entered the church and the ceremony began.

She was dressed in a graceful and delicate gown of Brussels lace, draped over cream chiffon, over ivory satin, and wore real orange blossoms and a veil of Brussels net which had belonged to her mother. The bridegroom's gift to her was an opal pendant, which she wore beneath a miniature of her mother.

The bridesmaids, Margery, Muriel and Beatrice Whittingham and Irene Hetherington, were daintily dressed in Saxe blue voile, trimmed with lace. Their white hats were covered with wistaria, and bouquets of carnations and orchids made a pretty finish to their very charming costumes.

The bridegroom, Mr. Frank Lucas, of Johannesburg, like the majority of men in his position on "the great occasion," must be passed over without description -even on his, wedding-day an Englishman's attire is unnoticeable and uninteresting, unless he happens to be one of our more picturesquely-clad military men! Everyone, however, must have admired the firm and definite way in which Mr. Lucas made the responses necessary during the ceremony, and the clear voices of both bride and groom added much more to the

impressiveness of the service, which was conducted by the Rev. Wm. Hetherington, a life-long friend of the bride's family, assisted by the Rev. Donald Macintosh, in whose church the ceremony took place.

The reception at Comely Bank gave the guests the pleasure of seeing all the presents, which were laid out very conveniently for inspection and admiration. Many of them were valuable, and all chosen with taste and care. Among the most desirable – though most of us found all rather tempting! – were a really beautiful tea-service, which formed part of Miss Whittingham's gift to her sister; a leather dressing-case, silver mounted, and a canteen of plate, which were part of the presents given by Muriel and Beatrice. A silver coffee-service, a silver tray, cruets, tea-services, spoons, carvers, buckles, hooks, needlework, clocks, and many other pretty and useful things made one think that a bride is not so much to be pitied as some folk pretend to think, though a large sewing-machine reminded one of the fact that the future would not be a time of idleness!

It was pleasing to note the many sources from which the presents had come-including not only friends of the bride's own class, but also gifts from the "Mothers' Meeting" and other societies of the poorer members of Carrie's church. Of course the Old Girls present at the reception made a point of looking for the books sent by the O.G.A. Committee-three of Thackeray's works.

After everyone had had a word with the bride, and the sun had obligingly shone out for a moment or two to allow a photo to be taken, the "happy pair" drove off for London Bridge, en route for East Grinstead, where they spent three days before setting out for their distant home. Perhaps, in spite of the gay and cheerful atmosphere which prevailed during the afternoon, very few of us were unaware of the long parting which was so near-long, not only in time but in space, but the good-byes were said less sadly since we have the hope of seeing our first editor back in England before very many months are past-only we shall have to greet her then, not as a bride, but as Mrs. Frank Lucas.

E. L. BLOOD

### **Winter Meetings of the O.G.A**

DURING the winter months several meetings were held, and at the first one, when papers were read on "Women of History," the attendance was very good.

At the second meeting, at which members were requested to appear representing Dickens' characters, great was the falling off thereof and members were chiefly conspicuous by their absence. Those who were remarkable in their way, whether lovers of Dickens or not, missed a great treat, for Mrs. Gummidge, Mrs. Gamp, Mrs Wilfur, and Mr. Chadband were there, and a very enjoyable evening was spent. In the last meeting we read Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer," and there was a much better attendance. Besides these, we also had a very successful Whist Drive in November, and in March, at the general meeting of the Association, a Progressive Games Social.

M. GRIGGS.

### **The Christmas and Spring Terms.**

LAST Christmas Term was not such a busy one as usual owing to the fact that the school year ended with the Summer Term, consequently there were no Public or school examinations. Nevertheless we finished the term in a pleasant manner, for through the kindness of Miss Hewett and the governors, the Lower School were invited to a party at school on the Monday and the Upper School on the Tuesday before the end of term. No pains were spared to make these the distinct successes that they were; the business-like school-rooms were unrecognisable in the tastefully decorated rooms where such thoroughly enjoyable evenings were spent.

We started the Easter Term with the school filled to overflowing, and among the new people we welcomed two grandchildren of the school, Joan Calver and Dudley Gower, and another, Dorry Hotine, has joined us this term, while in Christine Cuthbertson we have the seventh member of that family who has been among us. Several girls, with Miss Ellis, have been attending a series of Bizeray's French Lectures, and as Miss Ellis left us last term a French Soiree was held. The third forms gave a good account of themselves in a French play, "Cendrillon," and a piece entitled "Ces British sont Insupportables" was amusingly performed by the fifth form, as were also some scenes from "Le Voyage de Monsieur Perrichon," by the fourth form.

As in the previous year a number of the girls went to the Stratford Musical Festival and were awarded the certificate for singing by choirs of equal voices.

We must congratulate Kathleen Griggs upon

her success in the Local Centre Intermediate Examination.

The Gymnastic Display took place at the Baths on March 11th, one of the chief features of the evening being a Net Ball Match between the Club and St. John's Gymnastic Society. The school Net Ball Team was more successful than ever last term, the first VII. being particularly strong. The results of the Net Ball Matches are as follows:

<i>School</i>	<i>Ground</i>	<i>For</i>	<i>Against</i>
West Ham	West Ham	15	4
Municipal School	Home	2 <sup>nd</sup> VII 5	2 <sup>nd</sup> VII 5
*Skinners' School	Home	11	7
*Coborn Road	Home	15	14
West Ham High School	Home	30	4
Kentish Town	Home	18	7
*Central Foundation	Home	11	16
Chelsea P.T.C.	Chelsea	12	15
*West Ham Municipal	Home	13	10
Kentish Town	Kentish Town	11	20
*Cup Tie			

W. ALLEN

### The Annual Prize Distribution.

ON November 10th, the annual prize distribution was held, as usual, in the Public Hall, High Street. There was a large number of people present, mostly, of course, the pupils' relatives and friends. The audience was well kept in order by a band of stewards, consisting, for the first time, of Old Girls. The Prize Giving opened with a hymn, which was surprisingly well sung-in fact, as the stewards put it, much better than *they* had ever sung.

The pupils of Miss Robinson and Miss Kingsford played very creditably, especially Hilda Pritchard, who rendered a Serenade of Chaminade with great taste and feeling. The recitations always a pleasing feature, were this year exceedingly good; Muriel Dale, putting her whole heart into "Is Life Worth Living," by Alfred Austin, receive storms of applause.

The speeches, happily, were not long. The Head Mistress in her report mentioned the successes of the Old Girls, especially of one, Gertie Wren, who had won the Pereira Medal of the Pharmaceutical College which, since it was given forty-five years ago, has never before been won by a woman; she went on to say that one of the aims of the School was

to try to give the girls who leave a power of learning what they want to learn in the best way and of wanting to learn more. This aim especially necessary in a girls' school, as one has to think of two distinct careers, the home life and the life in the world outside the home.

Following this address the singing mistress, Miss Kingsford, sang two charming songs, "The Yellow Hammer," and "The Owl," by Liz Lehmann, which were received with great applause.

The Prizes were distributed by Canon Papillon, who, in his address to the girls, said that in looking back over the forty years of educational progress there was nothing more striking in that period than the progress in Higher Education of Women. He thought the education of girls was now on a sound basis and all it had to do was to go on and prosper. He would ask the girls to get all the good they could out of their lessons, to store their minds with all the knowledge they could and to remember that at the end they would be women still.

After the usual votes of thanks the girls sang some rounds and finished the programme by singing "Rule Britannia."

W. M. W

AT the Eisteddfod held in Walthamstow on October 31st last, the following "Old Girls" won prizes:

*Pianoforte Solo*-1st prize, E. Lewis; 2nd prize, M. Whitfield.

*Pianoforte Duet*.-1st prize, I. Hodson; 2nd prize, A. Wise and E Lewis.

*Sight-Reading*. - 1st prize, A. Wise.

*Accompanying at Sight*.-2nd prize, A Wise.

*Mezzo-soprano Solo*.-2nd prize, M. Foxon.

*Vocal Duet*.-2nd prize, H. Gould.

*Vocal Quartette*.-1st prize, M. and H. Griggs.

*Humorous Recitation*.-1st prize, H. Gould.

*Needlework under 12*.-1st prize, T. Gower.

*Dressed Doll*.-1st prize, E. Gower; 2nd prize, Mrs. Leonard Clarke

*Linen Worked in White*.-1st prize, F. Clarke.

*Longcloth Article*.-2nd prize D. Shurmur.

*Pincushion*.- 2nd prize, W. Clarke.

*Blouse*.-2nd prize, Mrs. E. Gillett.

*Poem*.-1st prize, C. Whittingham.

*Parody*.-1st prize, E. Allen.

*Table decoration*.-1st prize, Mrs. F. Maud; 2nd prize, D. Shurmur

*Painting of Flowers*.-:2nd prize, B. Lewis.

*Plain Cake*.-1st prize, Margie Whittingham.

*Dish of Cakes.* -2nd prize, D. Chappell.  
*Dish of Scones.* -:-2nd prize, A. Kelsey.  
*Cold Supper Dish.* -1st prize, Margie Whittingham.  
*Dish of Sweets.* - 2nd prize, G. Wildash.  
Miss Hewett won the 1st prize for the best article for 2s. 6d.

### Prize Parody on "To Anthea."

*To the Adjudicators, who will award me everything.*

BID me to play, and I will play  
A Polonaise in E;  
Or bid me sing, and I will sing  
My sweetest song to thee.

A song so clear, a song so true,  
A song more bright and free  
Than any other thou shalt hear  
That song I'll sing to thee.

Bid my song stay, and it shall stay  
Among the final three.  
And bid that stop and go away,  
It must do so for thee.

Bid me to paint, and I will paint  
While I have eyes to see,  
And having none, so cannot hope  
A prize for that to see.

Bid me recite, and I'll recite  
"In the usual way" to thee,  
Or bid me cook, and all will risk  
E'en Death, who eat with me.

Thou art my hope - I've done my best,  
So here I let it be.  
Thou canst decide on any verse,  
Then give the prize to me.

E. ALLEN

### A Winter in Sweden.

My arrival in Stockholm took place on December 19th, the day of King Oscar's funeral. Although I was prepared to find the town very wintry, for twice on the journey from Malmo the train had been snowed lip, the actual state was beyond my expectations. Everywhere there was snow; heaps of it lay in the streets to the height of a man's waist, and the vivid white contrasted very strongly with the black-clad sober Swedes walking along in the

dim light. Over everything there was a quiet excitement, and having partaken of a hasty breakfast my friends took me to the neighbourhood of the palace, where I saw the procession plainly. By this time it was quite light and the ceremony was very impressive: the magnificent golden casket, the troops, the foreign representatives and everywhere the dazzling snow and blue sky. One small incident struck me whilst waiting there. Two ladies and a gentleman were standing by me, when suddenly the gentleman began banging one of the ladies on her back and the other one took her hands and patted them. Naturally I enquired what it was and was told that they were massaging her for cold. My friend said: "Look at her face, see that pale blue colour, she has evidently been badly frozen some time and is very susceptible now to cold."

Then followed very busy days preparing for Yule; Christmas Eve is *the* day of all days in Sweden, when families meet from all parts of the country. Most English people do not realise how big Sweden is; when I say that one son of the house where I was came a thirty-six hours' journey it may give them some nearer idea. Of course, we had a Christmas tree and everyone had a present. First of all we breakfasted in the kitchen, burnished and cleaned for the occasion. The proper fare was very different from ours. There was the "Christmas ham," specially prepared and eaten in this way only at Christmas time; and then there was an important ceremony, each person going in order of precedence and dipping bread in the liquor that the ham had been boiled in and eating it. Then followed several other small courses and I tried to avoid dipping the bread but was laughingly forced to do it. However, I only ate a very small piece and gave the rest to the dog, who appreciated his native fare. After this we brewed a spiced drink called Glogg, always drunk in winter in cases of chill, and my friends, seeing that I disliked it, insisted upon drinking numerous toasts with me to see the grimaces I made.

In the evening the tree was lit up and my host gave out all the presents, reading the original verses on them, and then we had an extraordinary meal. It consisted of fish, which smelt very peculiar but which fortunately tasted better than it smelt, then rice porridge, the Swedish equivalent to our plum pudding, containing buttons, etc., much as we put in our pudding. One of the most peculiar features of this meal was that no tables were laid: the food, plates and knives were put on a large table, you helped yourself, took your plate, glass, and bread,

to any little ledge you could find (such as the broad window sill, edge of the sideboard, card-table) and ate your meal there.

Over the whole town, however, there could be felt the people's sorrow at the king's death. It was arranged that we should attend a wedding in Lapland, when my friend and I were to be bridesmaids, and when we were invited by friends in the north to go earlier and break our journey at different houses, we gladly left Stockholm. Here the people had recovered their natural gaiety and light-heartedness and we spent a most enjoyable time. We were in all cases met at the station by a sleigh and would then drive through miles of snow-covered land to our destination.

At our first stopping place they had had roast-beef sent up from Stockholm especially for my benefit. I had heard whispers of this, as people constantly forgot that I could understand them, but when it came on the table it was so undercooked that it was nearly blue. My host and hostess were delighted with it, it was a triumph to have "English roast beef" in such a place at such a time, and their evident pride in its having come in time made me eat as much as possible and assure them that "it was quite English," and to thank them heartily for getting it.

We had arranged to go to church on New Year's Day, and as it was a twelve miles' drive we had to get up early to be there in time. I was very anxious to attend a service in the North as it is said to be a very pretty sight to see the sleighs with the drivers carrying torches, and the candles put in the windows of the cottages to guide the church-goers, so that I was dressed and ready by the time the servant came in to light the fire in my room. When she saw me up she was most upset and looked at me closely to see if the "English Froken" showed signs of inflammation of the lungs caught by dressing in the cold atmosphere. My hostess then came in and said that it was impossible to go to church that day as the temperature had dropped to 35° below *zero* in the night and that it would be very dangerous to drive so many miles and then sit in the church. However, I begged so hard that we were allowed to go for a little drive. My hostess herself superintended my preparations. First came woollen lined boots, then Lap-boots made of reindeer skin and reaching to the knees; then a woollen jersey, a fur coat, a quilted evening coat, a long tweed travelling coat and a golf cape; then my face, neck, and ears were covered with grease, and I had a fur cap, a woollen motor scarf wound round my head and finally my big fur boa,

muff, and two pairs of gloves. Of course I could hardly move, so my host and his son, dressed in huge coats of wolf-skin with hoods, and looking just like huge Teddy bears, half carried me to the sleigh. Directly we got into it I noticed that our hair-what portion there was of it exposed-became covered with grime, and I tried to push it under my cap, but my friend stopped me instantly, saying it would break if I touched it. We had a lovely drive through the most magnificent scenery I have ever seen. The sun, setting over the frozen lake behind the pine-clad hills, tinted the snow and ice into glorious colours, and it was with great regret we turned homewards. However, it was getting dark and our driver found that his ear was frozen, so that we drove back as quickly as possible. Our hostess, very anxious about us, met in the porch and gave us all "glogg," and then we took hands and danced directly to restore the circulation, and massaged one another in any particularly cold spot.

So we went from one family to another, receiving the greatest hospitality, dancing always, and always because I was English receiving the greatest kindness.

Up in Lapland at a dance given in honour of the wedding, I noticed a funny little wizened man watching me for some time. At last he asked me for a dance, but after a few turns he led me to a seat and said, to "Don't let's dance." "Very well," I replied in Swedish, "we'll talk." "Ah! talk," he said, "please talk English, I have not heard it for forty years, I was a midshipman then on a British ship, and I want to hear English, real English again, I can understand you but I can't talk it myself." He had come forty miles by sleigh in that awful cold to the wedding principally to hear English once more.

Each of the bridesmaids has a marshal in attendance on her and she gives him a small myrtle wreath and he gives her a bouquet of flowers. Mine came from Stockholm, and I foolishly exposed them to the cold and froze them. A pretty custom is the dinner given the night before the wedding to introduce the bridesmaids and marshals to each other, after which they bind the wreaths and make a little crown for the bride, and a wreath for the bridegroom.

After the wedding the bride is blindfolded and the bridesmaids dance round her, and she crowns the one she can catch, then the bridegroom and the marshals dance for the wreath. The lucky bridesmaid and marshal lead the next dance, and are supposed to be married within the Year. This, however, is evidently not always true, as I who had

the crown are here in England and the gentleman who had the wreath is miles up in the forest in Lapland.

Nearly everywhere I went I found the gentlemen had a very fair knowledge of English, especially the officers, both the Army and the Navy.

The Swedes all dance beautifully, and it is undoubtedly their greatest pleasure. I am afraid they have a great contempt for English people's dancing, and incidentally, our education and gymnastics.

On April 30th they have a grand ceremony of seeing out the winter and welcoming the spring. The students have a procession round the town, throwing flowers all along the route, and everyone wears his "student's cap" of white velvet for the first time that year. We followed the procession up into the park on a towering hill, and there five hundred of them sang the famous student's songs, songs which are sung on every occasion on which Swedes meet together.

We knew most of the singers, and so when they had lit all the bonfires we went down with them to a historic restaurant always opened on April 30th, and obtained a table near them. They and the band gave us music alternately, and one item was "God save the King," as this was just after King Edward's visit, and everyone rose and stood bareheaded during its performance.

I will recount just one more little incident which took place at Easter, when we were in the country. We were looking over an old castle, and the guide said that its history and contents attracted many travellers, especially Englishmen, to see it in the summer. My friends laughed and said, "Well, you have one English person here now, in the winter." Directly the guide heard this he said, "Is Fraken English really?" and when I answered "Yes," he said, "Then I must show you the dark cell. All English people like the dark cell. The gentlemen shut the ladies in, they scream and the gentlemen laugh, it is very funny." On our way there he told us horrible tales of people murdered there, and the human bones discovered there fairly recently, so that when we arrived I absolutely refused to go in alone. However, a friend went in with me and we were shut in. When the guide let us out he seemed very disappointed. "But Froken did not scream, she is not like the other English." Then he brightened up a little, "But of course Froken had the lieutenant with her and would not be afraid." I feel quite sure that that old man would have felt that he had not done his duty had he let an English Froken visit Grippsholm and not be, shut in the dark cell. He

seemed very pleased now; had he not done his duty, and besides that, vindicated the strength and courage of a Swedish officer?

E. M.

### **Bermondsey Medical Mission.**

AN observant person passing down the salubrious neighbourhood of Grange Road, Bermondsey, must notice one house which stands a little way back from the road. It is a very ordinary-looking, three-storeyed, London house, but presents a striking contrast to its neighbours by having its windows absolutely brilliant with flowers all the year round, and that in Bermondsey is a very rare sight. No. 44, Grange Road is the headquarters of the Bermondsey Medical Mission, where it was my privilege to spend July, and it may interest some of the readers of the IRIS to know how a day is spent there. Before beginning on this I must explain that this Mission is conducted entirely by women among the surrounding women and children. The workers, with the exception of a very small permanent staff, give their services voluntarily, paying for their board and lodging. The number of helpers, or nurses as they are called, varies from one or two up to seven or eight. In addition to the nurses, there are three resident doctors, a Sister who is a fully qualified hospital nurse, and a visiting surgeon.

A typical day is spent thus: 7.45 breakfast, followed by prayers, after which the nurses must retire to make their beds and tidy their rooms. Then all adjourn to the dispensary and, having removed cuffs and rolled up sleeves, each nurse makes speedy preparations for the patients, who begin to arrive at 8.45, or even sooner. Here the girl who has not hitherto despised dusting, scrubbing, cleaning brasses, etc., scores.

Only surgical dressings are done in the mornings before 10 a.m. Each nurse has her own cases, and does them each morning, her average being five. Of course, for the first two or three mornings she works under Sister, who initiates the ignorant into the mysteries of bandaging, etc. After morning dressings come visits with the doctors or Sister to the homes of the people; if the cases are convalescent a nurse may go alone and bring back reports to the doctor.

At 1 o'clock comes dinner, and immediately after on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays preparations begin for afternoon dispensary. Now

comes the busy time; the door of the waiting hall is opened at 2 and closed at 2.30. During that time from fifty to 150 women and children come in and take their seats to wait their turn to see the doctors. Each patient has a ticket with a number which is handed in to the nurse at the door, who, in return, gives a form on which is written the particulars of the case. Armed with this the patient passes on to the doctor, and on her return receives her medicine made up by one of the two lady dispensers.

At 2.30 the door is closed, and a short service is conducted, generally by one of the nurses, and during this time two other nurses are engaged in a minute kitchen preparing tea, which is handed round after the service for the small sum of ½ d. per cup. I ought to mention here that nothing is free; each patient pays a trifle (generally 1d. or 2d.) for the medicine, bandages, etc., and 2d. for a visit from one of the doctors.

Generally ally by 4 o'clock the last patient has departed, and doctors and nurses go to tea, which, in summer, is an informal meal in the garden. Except on Thursdays the nurses are now free, but on that day there is evening dispensary instead of afternoon, for factory girls and working women. This goes on until 9 o'clock on busy evenings. But concerning the work of the Mission among Factory Girls, and of numerous other branches of the work, I have not space to write. The best advice I can give to those wishing to know more is that they spend a busy month in Bermondsey as soon as possible.

M. G. W

## Rome.

To write a short paper on a holiday spent in Rome is no easy task, as anyone who has entered the Eternal City can testify. One almost momentarily exclaims "Which Rome?" for there are in reality three, the Historian's Rome, the Ecclesiastic's Rome, and the Artist's Rome. One would require months to know all three, and as I spent barely a week in Rome, I can but record a few impressions. I suppose no city on earth can rival Rome for the number and beauty of her churches, each so unique, yet almost all noted for some special beauty of colouring or architecture. The immensity and grandeur of St. Peter's stagger one. Not that the building appears as large as in reality it is, indeed, so perfectly is it proportioned that one can scarcely believe in the actual size. It is impossible to adequately describe Rome's greatest cathedral, one

is awestruck by the marvellous architecture, and one could spend weeks among the statues and mosaics.

I have no space for descriptions of the other churches. The chief among them is San Giovanni in Laterani, which many people prefer to St. Peter's itself; certainly for the beauty of its onyx pillars it is unsurpassable. One *small* church I should like to mention, Santa Maria sopra Minerva, close to the Pantheon, which is worthy of a visit even if merely to view Michael Angelo's "Christ with the Cross," a wonderful conception of the subject, depicting in a peculiar way the strength and manhood of the Christ in contrast to the almost effeminate character portrayed in so many pictures and statues. We were obliged by lack of time to neglect to a great extent the art treasures of Rome, but one will not soon forget the glories of the Vatican or the statues in the Capitol Museum.

We spent one day at Tivoli, a village in the midst of charming scenery noted for its magnificent cascades. On the way there we visited the Villa D' Este. In the garden of the villa Tasso and Shelley wrote many of their poems. Looking from the terrace at the romantic scene below with its terraces, avenues, grottoes, cascades, and dark cypresses, one felt here if anywhere the poetic muse would dwell.

One most fascinating day we spent upon the Appian Way. At the church of San Sebastiano we visited the catacombs below. Any thing more weird than to descend into the inky darkness, lighted only by the wax tapers we carried, it would be difficult to imagine. Nothing is easier than to be lost in these winding labyrinths of passages, hewn out of the rock, and so narrow one can only walk in single file. "Keep your eye on the candle in front" is the watchword, and a much-needed one. Along the sides of the passages are tombs, on some of which inscriptions and drawings can be seen. One of the most interesting sights on that day's journey was the Trappist Monastery "Abbadia delle Tri Fontani," erected on the supposed spot of St. Paul's execution. Here are magnificent groves of eucalyptus trees planted by the monks, who have thus changed a fever-stricken locality to one comparatively healthy. It seems revolting that the inhabitants of so beautiful a spot should be bound by the terrible vow of silence. On the Appian Way, too, is the little church of "Domine Quo Vadis?" In the midst of many grotesque legends it is a relief to hear the beautiful one connected with this church. Tradition states that as St. Peter was fleeing from the persecution in Rome he met Christ upon the Appian Way. "Domine quo vadis?" he exclaimed. "I go to Rome

to be crucified again," answered the Christ, and St. Peter, stricken with shame, turned back to the city.

Of all spots in Rome none is more stupendous in size and grandeur than the Colosseum. This tremendous building had seating accommodation for 40,000 to 50,000 spectators. One is still able to distinguish the seats of the Vestal Virgins, and the Royal Box from which the Emperors watched the combats. The structure is so striking now when but one-third remains, that it is impossible to realise its wonders in the day of its glory. No wonder that the Colosseum was taken as a symbol of Rome's greatness, and gave rise to the saying: "While stands the Colosseum, Rome shall stand; when falls the Colosseum, Rome shall fall; and when Rome falls with it shall fall the world."

One is struck again and again by the inadequacy of language in trying to describe the glories of Rome. What can one say of the Pantheon, of the Forum, of the hundred other spots where Rome's great dead seem to be still speaking? Every stone of the ancient city seems to have a story to tell, and surely no one with a spark of imagination could visit Rome and come away disappointed.

C.W.

### **Cley-next-the-Sea**

IN Norfolk there is a small village near Sheringham called Cley-next-the-Sea. It is not very well visited although many artists have found it out. At one time Cley was a seaside village, but gradually the sea has receded and is now about a mile and a quarter from the village, leaving a stretch of marshy land. A high bank leads from the village to the beach, another bank leads from the other end of Cley to a neighbouring village, Blakeney, and between these two banks a river runs, cutting off Blakeney from the sea shore. The beach stretches for five miles. The end called the Point is quite isolated and for this reason many rare birds rest there on their way from the arctic regions to the warmer climes. This is the only point they have been known to touch in England, and many of them decide to go no further, and make their homes there.

At the new and full moon the river overflows its banks and the marsh is entirely covered. The tide rises so quickly that it is very dangerous. One evening we were anxious to make a sketch on the river bank, and had started happily, heedless of anything but sketching, when suddenly we were awakened to the fact that the river had risen and we

were entirely surrounded by water. There was nothing for it but to collect our things in a terrible hurry and wade through. This was a very difficult matter, as we had many things, and not only was the water deep but there were many dykes to cross. However, at length we landed on the sea bank, very wet, amid the cheers of the villagers.

About eight years ago the sea came right up and flooded Cley and the villages beyond. Fortunately this happened in the daytime, and everyone had time to escape, though much damage was done and many cattle were drowned. There is a very remarkable house in the village, once called Marrow-bone Hall, which is now the Post Office. It was called this because the cornice and a good part of the front of the house is decorated with bones. We were very curious to know what sort of bones, and after enquiring found they were either horses' or cows' bones. Although this sounds rather uncanny it was most decorative. This is the only house in England built in this strange manner.

The latter part of our visit was very wet and the sea was most boisterous, and one day at the water's edge was quite a silver line of small fish which come close to the shore to escape being eaten by mackerel, a case of out of the frying-pan into the fire. If the sea is calm enough the men put out a small boat to catch the mackerel and one afternoon they caught a shoal of 4,000 fish. There is a beautiful old windmill at Cley. Most of the villages round have windmills, but that of Cley is the most picturesque. Cley is a very quiet spot in which to spend a holiday but there is much there to interest one.

R.C.

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