

Walthamstow High School Magazine

Committee: MISS GOLDWIN, M.E. GRIGGS, K. REEVE.

Walthamstow High School Old Girls' Association.

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MRS. G. FOXON. MISS G. FOXON. MISS A.
GILLARD. MISS D. GOODCHILD. MISS B.
HOWLETT

MISS L. PEARSON MISS M. WHITFIELD.

There will be no Bazaar at the School this summer. It is hoped that the usual subscription to the Hospital will be realised by a concert to be held in the autumn term.

To the Girls of the High School, Walthamstow.

As the time is approaching when we must decide what form the Coming of Age Memorial shall take, would it not be as well to remind those who have not contributed that it will be necessary to close this fund shortly?

We have up to the present received £37 16s. 6d., and I think with the donations yet to come in we should hope to reach £50, which would enable us to make a worthy memorial.

MAY E MAUD, *Hon. Treasurer.*

In a certain old house in Church Hill on January 13th "there was a sound of revelry by night," but it was nothing more alarming than a Whist Drive, and nothing drastic followed. The political battle had been fought a fortnight before, and though owing to this the Old Girls Annual Whist Drive had to be postponed it was as successful as ever when it was finally held.

The Schoolroom was decorated to such an extent as to be almost unrecognisable to such of us who had known it under a less festive garb, but a few desks and inkstains proved it to be the same dear old room. So many attended the reunion that there had to be some tables in Miss Hewett's room.

One old girl was heard to ask the way there; we think she must have been an exceptionally naughty girl at school as such ignorance was obviously assumed.

If noise is a sign of enjoyment, everyone must have been happy, as there was even more than in recreation times, though of course the presence the men accounted for that.

The ladies' prizes were won by Ella Lewis and Dollie Wildash, and Mr. P. G Knappett (1st) and Mr. E. W. Marchant (2nd) won the gentlemen's prizes.

After a very happy evening the party broke up amid much talk and laughter; perhaps there was a sigh or two as well, in the remembrance of the good old times at school and the thought that we may not be quite at home in the new school. We feel glad that the draughts and discomforts were ours alone and that the "ideal" school was not in our time.

The Literary Section of the O.G.A. held their meeting on March 4th. About twenty girls assembled to read "Twelfth Night," most of them taking parts.

Mrs. G. Foxon as Viola, Miss Litchfield as Sir Andrew, Bessie Howlett as Maria were all very good and Florrie Gower caused a great deal of laughter by her amusing reading of Malvolio. The evening was a great success and we only wished more girls had he been able to come and enjoy it with us. On March 31st the Annual General Meeting took place. The proceedings were opened with a business meeting which was held in Form II, and to which a great many Old Girls other than those on the Committee were present. When this was over we all went downstairs to witness a performance given by Form IV of selections from "A Midsummer Night's Dream." This was in aid of the Games' Club and the girls all acted splendidly. They owed much to Miss Litchfield who had taken a great deal of trouble in coaching them and to Madeline Whitfield and Kathleen Griggs who played pianoforte duets during the intervals. The room was full to

overflowing and the applause most enthusiastic – one and all enjoying themselves to the utmost.

A. G. E. C.

Record for Winter and Spring Terms.

The Christmas was not an eventful one. The parties at the end were a great success as usual. We all appreciate the kindness of the mistresses who spend so much time in decorating the rooms which always look very gay and attractive. We all enjoyed ourselves very much, and wished that the hands on the clock did not move so fast.

We are very proud of our 1st seven. It won its three district matches, and covered itself with glory by gaining such a large number of goals. After the last match our score was eighty, while our opponents had only scored twenty between them. Disappointment and consternation reigned in our ranks on the day of the semi-finals, for it *would* snow in spite of the fact that our 1st seven was going to play a match! However, after it had succeeded in soaking the court, it stopped, and the match was played, resulting in an easy victory for us. Although the weather frowned upon us the whole time on our way to Chelsea for the finals, we clung desperately to the last shred of hope, and looked carefully for the patch of blue in the leaden sky. Everyone was overjoyed to find that the match was to be played, and just as we decided that we should have to wait until the rain appeared, the game began.

It was a very hard fight, but we were in front by four goals at half-time. Instead of discouraging them, our success only spurred our opponents to fresh efforts, and they played an excellent game in the second half. Our girls were tired and did not play so well, and Peckham was four goals ahead when time was called. Of course we were disappointed, but we are none the less proud of our team.

Towards the end of last term the Fourth Form performed several scenes from "A Midsummer Night's Dream." All the characters were excellent, thus paying a tribute to Miss Litchfield's training. The costumes were very good, and added a finish to the actors that made the play delightful to watch. In spite of the lack of space on the stage, the simple scenery gave a surprising effect, and the fairy scene in the woods was very pretty. After the expenses were paid, there was over £4 left for the Games'

Club, which was in great need of a helping hand.

E. HYDE.

BIRTHS

FORTESCUE.- On February 22nd, 1911, at "Ivydene", Prospect Hill, Walthamstow, to Mr and Mrs. James Fortescue (*nee* Nellie Wildash) - a daughter.

HOPLEY. - On February 17th, at The Chestnuts, 41, The Avenue, Higham's Park, Chingford, to Mr. and Mrs. George I. Hopley (*nee* Mildred Sinden) - a son -Ian.

MARRIAGES

GIBSON - DAVIES. - On September 3rd, 1910, at St. Mary's Church, Walthamstow, Archibald Gibson to Maggie Davies.

RICKETT- COTCHING. - On March 10th, 1911, at St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate, Herbert Thomas Rickett to Gladys Cotching.

The Life and Work of a Domestic Science Student.

The teaching of domestic science is every year becoming a more important branch of education-and the number of students in training is rapidly increasing. In this article it is my intention to give a short outline of the life and work of such a student.

Domestic science includes several branches of study, namely cookery, laundry, housewifery, needlework, dressmaking and science. The course of training covers a period of two or three years, according to the subjects taken. The first year is devoted to cookery, the second to laundry and third to dressmaking or science.

I am at present in the cookery school. Here, the mornings are devoted to practical work. The students work as a rule in couples, and have from two to six dishes to make during the morning, the number of dishes increasing as the final examination draws near. At this examination each student is presented with a list of six dishes, to be prepared in three hours without the aid of any cookery books or notes of any sort, and since the syllabus includes some 300 or more recipes, it will

be seen that this is no light task, and a good memory is most essential.

The afternoons are devoted mainly to theoretical work such as, chemistry, hygiene, physiology, theory of education, etc., all of which have to be passed before a diploma can be gained. This is not all, however, as there is a deal of teaching to be done, also, before diplomas are gained. The teaching is of two kinds, namely adults' and children's lessons, the latter including practice classes as well as demonstrations. At the end of a year, a student enters the laundry, and devotes her practical work to that subject, although she still has to teach cookery. Then housewifery is taken; this is perhaps the most busy part of the student's life (if it is possible to exceed that of the cookery school!) as the three subjects have all to be taught, and this means that a student has classes to take every day.

The third year is comparatively peaceful and is devoted solely to needlework and dressmaking or to science.

It seems to be a very general idea that a Domestic Science Student has a very easy time while at college, but from my own experience, if all such colleges are carried on in the same way as the Battersea Polytechnic, this is most certainly not correct. The work is difficult and very tiring, and there is a great deal of it, both at the college and as homework, but for any girl who is physically fit and who cares for such work it is an excellent course of training, and as I before mentioned, Domestic Science is becoming more and more important every year.

I should strongly urge any girl who is desirous of taking up such a course of training to visit the Battersea Polytechnic and to see for herself the work to be undertaken. She will probably be rather alarmed at first, by the army of students, some 150 at the present time, all arrayed in blue linen blouses, white aprons and cuffs, but this alarm may soon pass off, and she will long to become a member of the Domestic Science School.

“An Old VI Former”

A Holiday Course at Grenoble.

Readers of this Magazine may be interested in a short account of last year's Holiday Course at Grenoble, a town which seems to offer almost unrivalled claims to consideration as a holiday

centre. These claims are:-firstly, its situation in the midst of exquisitely varied and continually changing scenery, rising from the fertile plains of the Rhone valley step by step to the savage desolation and rugged grandeur of the Alps, in a part of France where one can be transported in a few hours, and with a maximum of comfort, from the snows of Mont Blanc to the blue waves of the Mediterranean; secondly, the exceptionally attractive nature of the programme of studies and excursions, so admirably arranged year by year by the university authorities, and which make the town a cosmopolitan centre second only to Paris.

From a student's point of view, the educational aspect of the course left nothing to be desired. The morning hours were devoted to Phonetics, Grammar, Vocabulary and Translation. Phonetics, in the able hands of Monsieur Rosset, became clear and interesting, M. Varenne, in a particularly interesting and helpful way, gave us exhaustive lists of words derived from a given root, and considerable assistance in word-formation.

The afternoon lectures, devoted to French Literature and History, were invariably well attended, and the spontaneous round of applause which greeted each lecturer was ample evidence of the interest aroused and the satisfaction given, no small achievement with an audience of over 600 people, drawn from various countries of the world. M. Michaut, from the Sorbonne, lectured on the "Poetes Romantiques"; M. Weil took the "Roman en France de 1800 a 1850"; M. Morillot lectured on "Mistral et le Felibrige"; M. Chabrol dealt with French institutions.

The week end excursions were delightful but the "week-ends," alas too few, for it must be confessed that some of us were quite as keen on the "Holiday" as on the "Course," and were there partly for a rest after a hard year's work, of which rest not the least valuable element was the complete change of "milieu" and the absorbing of ourselves in foreign sights and sounds, with the result of getting, without too much exertion, considerable insight and practice in French.

The excursions were exceedingly well arranged and wonderfully inexpensive. We went to the Convent of the Grande Chartreuse and made several trips in the Dauphine, such as

the Foret de Lente, Le Grands Goulets, etc. The most pleasant trip of all was a three days excursion to the Midi, in the course of which we visited Orange, Avignon Nimes, Arles and Marseilles, towns rich in antiquarian interest and evoking memories of a bygone age. At Orange we saw a magnificent representation of "Le Cid" in the classical setting of the Roman amphitheatre by the leading artists of the "Comedie Francaise." No small part of the pleasure of these excursions was due to the geniality of the various professors who accompanied us, and to their untiring courtesy in placing at our disposal their immense erudition in matters of art.

For my part, I have gained much in pleasant memories and kindly acquaintanceships, and these, together with a sense of having done a little real "travelling," than which there exists no better form of education, have combined to make my visit to Grenoble one to be looked back upon as one of the happiest experiences of my life.

E L MACLEAN

Dorothy Shadwell's Recital.

On April 27th, Dorothy Shadwell gave her second recital in the Conway Hall, assisted by Mr. Frank Griggs and Mr. Reginald Groome. This recital was a success in every way, and gave proof of the reciter's dramatic ability to a crowded and enthusiastic audience.

The first item on the programme was "The Story of Mag," by Kipling. This was followed by three of Robert Louis Stevenson's, charming little child-poems, -The Lamplighter, The Little Land, Foreign Lands. Dorothy's impersonation of a child is most delightful and most sympathetic. We were children again with her, and eagerly looked out for the lamplighter, we saw the little pools stretching out into the mighty seas, and we enjoyed the delightful novelty of looking into other people's gardens.

The next recitation, which was in our opinion the most delightful piece that Dorothy recited, was "The Roman Road," by Kenneth Graham. It must be difficult for a "grown up" to talk with an air of reality, of wandering through deserted cities, and to build castles in the air, but when Dorothy recited

we fully understood how desirable it was to have a house each, and not to have any relations unless they "promised to be pleasant."

The "Trumpeter's Betrothed," was a much more ambitious piece, and must have tested Dorothy's skill to the utmost.

The second part of the programme began with two scenes from Shakespeare, namely, the "Tomb Scene from Romeo and Juliet," and the "Unveiling Scenes from Twelfth Night." To the ordinary listener, these perhaps, were not as interesting as most of the other recitations, for it is impossible when several characters are represented to keep pace with the constant change of personality.

It is indeed difficult to express sufficient admiration for the three little poems by Riley, which were recited to music.

The flexible voice of the reciter was so enriched and supported by the music that whether the music told the tale with a voice accompaniment, or the voice brought out the charming melody, was difficult to say. The music was composed and most exquisitely rendered by Mr. Frank Griggs.

"Sandy McGlashan's Courtship" was very amusing. The peculiar Scotch humour, and severely practical ideas about marriage possessed by a Scottish citizen were well brought out. We sympathised with the lady for feeling obliged to say "yes" after such a very short courtship, but we had hopes from the rendering of Sandy's character, Dorothy was able to convey, that much to his own surprise and perhaps hers, the courtship would not end at marriage, but would endure all the days of his life.

I need only add that Dorothy presented a most charming appearance being dressed in a white satin dress draped with chiffon with touches of gold embroidery. Two beautiful bouquets were presented to her during the evening, one being from the members of her class.

K REEVE

Miss Mary Reed's Concert.

MISS MARY REED has during the last few years done so much for Charitable and Parochial objects by always most gracefully consenting to sing at Concerts that it was arranged that a Concert should be given on her behalf, on Monday, November 7th, 1910 at the Conway Hall.

Miss Reed was received on her appearance on the platform with great applause and the Hall was well filled with friends and supporters; she looked graceful and charming in a dress of white satin, veiled with chiffon and trimmed with pearl embroidery.

Her first song was "Knowest thou that dear Land" from "Mignon" Thomas, which brought forth as an encore "It was a Lover and his Lass." Her next song "Batti Batti" from Mozart's Opera "Don Giovanni" met with great approval and applause, and was followed by "Il Baccio" as another encore. Then came the celebrated Tosti's "Goodbye," the rendering of which was nearly sufficient to bring the roof off the Hall; the audience was only quieted by "The Fairy's Lullaby." This was followed by a duet "A Night in Venice," Lucantoni by Miss Reed and Mr. Victor Chilly. The last item was three little songs from Coningsby Clarke's "Sheaf of Little Songs"; needless to say, these were enthusiastically received. Her master, Mr. Albert Visetti acted as accompanist and admirable assistance was given by Mr. David Pugh as Vocalist and Mr. Robert Crawford as violinist, the latter having a most sympathetic accompanist in Miss Evelyn Thornton.

Miss Reed is to be congratulated on having a voice able to stand the strain of a trying ordeal, such as the evening must have been.

"By ONE OF THE AUDIENCE."

The Treasure.

THE woman walked alone in life's garden.

Around her there bloomed many lovely flowers, and as she went she gathered them, and yet beautiful as they were she still sought with strange unrest for another and yet more perfect blossom.

And those she met cried, saying: "What seek ye?"

The woman replied, "The unknown."

Then they laughed or sneered, or comforted, according to their natures but all asked the same question.

"How wilt thou know this flower that you name The Unknown?"

And the woman answered, "My soul will teach me."

And she wandered on seeking, seeking, always seeking.

At length when even her courageous heart began to fail and the brave eyes to fill with long-suppressed tears, then came upon her, one clothed in wonderful raiment, emanating light, and his great luminous eyes burned beneath the shadow of enshrouding wings.

One folded bud he held toward her and as much as she drank it's beauty, she stretched out her eager hands, crying, "Ah! give to me this flower, this, the unknown for which I have long been seeking."

But he bade her pause. "Many have prayed ere now, for the flower I bear; to some it has brought lasting happiness, to others misery and Sin, and to some both joy and sorrow, if thou dost cherish it, this last shall be thy portion; thou shalt taste of Heaven and Hell, without this, thou wilt not attain great happiness, but neither wilt thou drink deep of sorrow's cup. Choose this hour how it shall be with thee."

And the woman stretched forth her hands, once more she clasped and kissed the fragrant petals, and hid the flower in her breast, and even as she did so, joy and pain trembled together into life, and she knew that henceforth all things should be changed. One by one she let fall the other flowers about life's pathway, but this one she hid yet deeper against her heart.

And those whom she met, marvelled at the beauty and gladness shining in her face, and when they questioned her, she had one answer for them all. "That which I sought I have found."

Time passed on, and the beauty and fragrance of the bud, filled her soul with an exquisite content, and yet, at length across her radiant eyes, sometimes a shadow flitted, very faint and transitory it was, but the days wore on and the shadow deepened and when it crept across her pathway, chasing the sunlight from life's garden, she shivered and clasped her hands above where lay her flower, fearing lest the shadow should strike and blight the petals.

And even while she feared one came upon her, tall and stern and terrible, and she realised with sickening dread, that the shadow had presaged his coming.

He gazed on her, saying: What is the greatest treasure thou hast? "

And she answered him; "The flower that long

since I sought and found; the bud has scarce unfolded now."

Then he looked sorrowfully upon her, and held forth his hand saying: "Then must I require of thee thy treasure, for so it is ordained of the most high."

At that, the woman flung out her arms with an exceeding bitter cry. "Ah! no, Ah! no," she prayed "Anything, O terrible one but this, my dearest treasure. All, all else I have but this."

And he said: "Dost thou not remember that he who came to thee, with thy treasure bade thee listen, warning thee that that which thou so desirest should bring unto thee both joy and sorrow; thou hast known thy joy, henceforth sorrow must be thine."

Then she knelt weeping. "Ah! no," she entreated again, "see, all else that I have is thine, perchance thou dost not understand what my treasure is to me, it has lain at my heart so long, it has become a part of my very being, at night it has lulled me to sleep and brought me the consummation of my desire, Ah! those dear heaven-sent dreams, wherein a stronger life enfolded mine own, and love found its fulfilment; wherein dear helpless limbs and baby lips clung in their divine innocence at my breast and brought me rapture verging into pain; not yet has my treasure achieved its promise of perfection, but the petals are gradually unfolding, perchance when my flower has ripened to its fullest beauty, my dreams shall find their consummation."

Thereafter fell a great silence, and still the inexorable figure waited, at last "It is ordained of the most High," he commanded gently, "into my hands commit thy treasure." Then the woman pressed her hands against her breast staining its whiteness with great crimson drops, where she crushed the flower in her agony, and as she wrestled with her sorrow, the Angel of Renunciation drew the blossom from beneath her nerveless fingers and lo! it lay perfect and pure in his palm, a radiant, lovely thing of maturing beauty.

And a very beautiful compassion dawned in the stern eyes of Renunciation and he said,

"Not here shall thy desire attain its consummation, yet in the hereafter this flower men call Love, shall be thine for all Eternity, because thou hast not soiled its whiteness in the wearing."

Then the woman rose and went upon her way

through life's garden, the years to come were many, and at times she scarce knew how to bear their loneliness, but her lips smiled bravely and she learned at last to wait.

And one glorious evening she passed through the gateway that leads from life's garden into the vaster world beyond and those that watched her going, marvelled at the light that transfigured her weary face.

"It is as the look of one, who has found a long lost happiness," they whispered to each other. And I think they were nearer to the truth than they knew.

E. J. BARBER.

Johannesburg.

PROBABLY no place is more unlike peoples' preconceived ideas of it than Johannesburg.

It is depicted as a town of aggressive ugliness, mines everywhere, surrounded by corrugated iron buildings, dust over all. The inhabitants are represented as beings intent solely upon money-making, constantly ill-treating natives - an unlovely picture - the old story of the dog with a bad name.

Most of these ideas are false, or at best but the proverbial half-truth. Certainly Johannesburg, as a whole, is not ugly. The mines are far from beautiful, and parts of the town are squalid, but most of the suburbs are situated on hills, well planted with trees, and commanding magnificent views of the surrounding country.

Johannesburg has grown probably more rapidly than any other town in the world. She came of age only four years ago. It gives one an extraordinarily vivid sense of rapid growth if one stands on any height commanding an extensive view of the Rand and realises that twenty-five years ago this was bare veldt.

It is ridiculous to compare Johannesburg with ancient cities and then to point out her defects. Naturally she has the faults of youth lived at a very high pace, one may add she has also some of the virtues of youth. There is practically no art here, but for that as for most other things in South Africa there is a historical reason. When men and women first settle in a new country, for years there is no time for art, all their energy is of a necessity concentrated on fighting the forces of nature, and wresting a livelihood from them. Even

yet we have no leisured class, which, though probably a good state of affairs from many points of view, is bad from an artistic standpoint. The artistic side of Johannesburg is at least awakening. She can boast of one architect, Mr. Herbert Baker, of whom any country would be proud, of Mr van Uuw, a sculptor of no mean merit. Some of her new buildings are fine pieces of work, and an art gallery is now to be erected.

Some months ago an Art and Crafts Exhibition was given here and much of the handiwork, which, was executed locally, would compare favourably with that of any country.

Probably a Johannesburg visitor misses intensely the ancient beauties of Europe, for Johannesburg is all new and can boast of no old treasures, such as the Cape can display. But if lacking these glories of more ancient towns, she is also free from much ancient enthrallment, and there is something inspiring about a country where one does not have to stand almost helpless before evils of centuries, now deeply rooted in the social system, but can see to it that such ills obtain no real grip. If there is fascination in an old country, there is inspiration in a new, the feeling that in a comparatively small community so much depends on the individual, combined with the longing that the growth of the country may be straight and strong.

I believe Johannesburg is often reputed as a town of much drunkenness. Probably a great deal of drinking takes place on the mines, but a stranger would be struck by the noticeable sobriety of the town itself, and in most of the suburbs there are no public houses; probably far more evil is wrought by horse-racing on the Rand than by drink.

Johannesburg is one of the least racialistic places in South Africa. Truly an election can raise gusts of ill feeling, but it will probably be short lived. There is springing up among English and Dutch a very real wish for the good of the country, beside which racialism appears a petty thing of puny, unhealthy growth. Both races have behind them a history of much glory, and the Huguenot element, strong in South Africa, has also a fine history; three such races should yield a great nation.

The time to accentuate differences and deepen divisions between the Dutch is past. Union has given a glorious opportunity to the country, the call is for South Africans to seize it. **C. E. LUCAS**

A Holiday in South Africa

April 9th, 1910, is a date which will be long remembered by my sister Margie and myself, for on it we started for our much talked of visit to South Africa. We sailed from Southampton by the "Briton," one of Union Castle Mail Steamers. As neither of us had ever been a long sea voyage before, we looked forward to that part of our journey, with keen interest expecting to enjoy it thoroughly. We were not disappointed in in that expectation, the reason being that during the whole of the seventeen days at sea we had very good weather - a very essential thing to most people's enjoyment of a voyage. Also we had very pleasant company - a second thing equally essential if one is thoroughly to enjoy the trip.

It is wonderful how soon one gets acquainted with one's fellow passengers and how many friendships are made before the journey's end. Some people imagine that a long voyage must also be very tedious but I don't think we ever found it so. Our first and only stopping place before we reached Cape Town was Madeira where we hoped to go ashore. Unfortunately we arrived two hours late, so, as the time we were allowed on land was correspondingly shortened, we decided not to leave the boat. It was most amusing to watch the divers who came out to us in numerous small boats clamouring for money to be thrown into the water so that they could dive for it, and down they went even for as small a sum as a penny. Numbers of Portuguese came on board bringing all sorts and conditions of things to sell. They spread all their wares out on the deck chairs till the whole place was transformed into a kind of fair. Some of the needlework was most beautiful but we had been well warned not to offer more than about half the price asked as these Portuguese sellers are notorious cheats and are only too glad when they can find a poor innocent purchaser who cheerfully pays three times the real value of the goods.

From Madeira we had a run of thirteen days without a break reaching Cape Town just seventeen days after leaving Southampton.

During those thirteen days all sorts of Sports, Dances, Concerts and Whist Drives took place and the time passed quickly and pleasantly enough. We also had the usual Deck games,

Rubber and Bucket Quoits. These games are by no means as easy to play as they appear at first sight. In fact it was not till we were nearing Cape Town that I became in any way proficient at the art and even than on the return voyage I found I was just as bad at it as I had been at first. Music was provided for us by the Stewards' Band which played every morning and evening and kept us all lively.

We reached Cape Town on April 25th and we were all on deck very early to catch a first glimpse of the place we had heard so much about. Table Bay is exceedingly beautiful, but of Cape Town at first we saw nothing but lights as it was too early to distinguish anything clearly. As soon as possible my Aunt and cousins came on board, and as soon as the Health Inspector and the Emigrant officials had finished their enquiries we were allowed to land. As one of my Uncles lives in Cape Town itself and one in Claremont, one of the suburbs, we had to divide our time equally between the two places, and decided to go first to Claremont. This we found to be one of the most beautiful spots one could ever imagine. The house we stayed in was surrounded on all sides by Pine Woods in which could be heard the cooing of doves nearly all day long.

Behind us was Table Mountain, the glory of Cape Town, so beautiful that it baffles description. I think what struck me most at first was the exceeding brightness of the sunshine-it seemed almost dazzling. Then the roads in that part were mostly red which gave the place quite a foreign looking appearance. The houses most of them were exceedingly pretty, all on one floor with a verandah or "stoep" in front. Strangest of all was to see the dark faces and the queer dresses of so many of the people and to see sweet little black children playing about in the streets. We spent a most enjoyable fortnight in Claremont and many were the lovely walks we had in the woods. We grew quite accustomed to the sight of the squirrels which run about in all directions. Our second fortnight we spent with my Uncle at the South African College which is situated in Cape Town itself. Leading up to the College is a most beautiful Avenue over half a mile in length. Facing on to it are the Houses of Parliament and Government House, the latter at that time being surrounded by a hedge of Plumbago in full flower and looking most

lovely. Adderley Street is the principal street in Cape Town and is always a busy place especially on Saturday mornings when everybody seems to walk abroad and meet their friends for morning tea - quite a South African custom. The flower sellers are busy too on that day and the line of them with their baskets full of bright coloured flowers makes the street look quite gay. Unhappily during part of our stay we saw Adderley Street under a very different aspect, as the King's death taking place while we were there all the shops and public buildings were draped in purple and black and looked very sombre. We attended a Memorial Service held in the City Hall at as nearly as possible the actual time of the funeral. There, coloured and white mingled together to show their sorrow for the loss of their King.

I was very anxious to climb Table Mountain while in Cape Town, but unfortunately though we planned the expedition twice, each time the weather was unfavourable and we could not go. On one of these days we decided to have a short climb instead, so ascended the Lion's Head, a mountain about 2,100ft. high. It rained from the time we started till the time we came back so I cannot say we got much of a view from the top. In fact we were so cold and wet that we hardly stayed for a moment but made the descent as quickly as possible. The climb was very interesting and quite difficult enough for me as it was my first attempt. At three different points there were long chains hanging to which one had to cling and scramble up the rocks as best one could.

One interesting place we visited was Groote Schuur the home of Cecil Rhodes. The grounds are very fine and include a miniature Zoological Gardens.

We left Cape Town on the 1st of June and started on our long train journey up to Johannesburg. Most people find those two days and two nights in the train rather dull and wearisome, but I cannot say we did, as all the country was quite new to us and there were plenty of interesting things to be seen from the windows. Our journey took us through such places as De Aar Modder River, and Kimberley and the graves by the wayside and the crosses on the hill at Magersfontein brought back to one's mind all the horrors of 1899 and 1900. It seemed very strange to be actually seeing for oneself the places, the names of which became so familiar to us during that terrible war. Part of our way lay through the scenery

in the neighbourhood of the Hex River Mountains. Later on this changes to the bare rather uninteresting veldt known as the "Karoo," where in all directions the landscape is bounded by barren looking mountains and the vegetation is very scanty. As Johannesburg lies nearly six thousand feet above sea level the whole of our journey was one upward climb and as we got higher it became colder and colder till by the time we reached our journey's end we felt half frozen.

The late editor of our magazine was waiting on the station to meet us and you may be sure gave us a very hearty welcome. When one is told that twenty five years ago such a place as Johannesburg did not exist it seems almost incredible; now a big city, the busiest, wealthiest, most go ahead in South Africa, it seems impossible that so much could have been brought about in so short a time. We unfortunately did not see Johannesburg at its best as regards appearance for we arrived just in the middle of the very dry season when there is very little green to be seen and all the grass was quite brown. We arrived on the third of June and stayed until the 8th of September and during that time we had sunshine practically all and every day.

(To be continued)

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