

He retired from the *Daily Telegraph* a few years before the second World War, when he was 67, and in reply to a letter enquiring how he got on in his retirement, he wrote "I find life quite good. You, too, will, after the first change, like retirement, so long as you have things to occupy you. The miserable people I know are the fairly well-off 'do-nothings'." He certainly lived up to his advice, and was busy up to the last with research. A second version of his *Tower of London* story is about his latest contribution to London's tale, and in it he abandons some position which he had previously maintained.

As Chairman of Council of our Society he was assiduous in attendance when health permitted, and he gave the Society an admirable address on John Stow at one of the annual celebrations a few years before the War.

MISS E. J. DAVIS

MISS ELIZA JEFFRIES DAVIS, M.A., F.S.A., Fellow of University College, London, and formerly Reader in London History in the University of London, and one of our Vice-Presidents, died at Droitwich on 30th October, 1943, at the age of 68. After holding several teaching posts in London schools and colleges, she joined the history staff of University College, London, under Professor A. F. Pollard in 1914, and seven years later she was appointed the first University Reader in London History.

Her earliest published work was contained in the London volumes of the *Victoria Counties History*, and the results of her later researches are mainly to be found in historical journals and learned transactions. She was from 1922 to 1934 Editor of *History*, the journal of the Historical Association. The library of London History at University College is largely due to her enthusiasm; and she put in a great deal of hard work in the founding and organisation of the Institute of Historical Research. One of her war-time activities was to act as Secretary of the Institute, but in 1940 she found it necessary to retire from all her London occupations, and then devoted the remainder of her life to the prisoners' of war branch of the Red Cross libraries organisation at Oxford.

JOHN STOW COMMEMORATION SERVICE

THE annual service in commemoration of John Stow was held at the Church of St. Andrew Undershaft, on Wednesday, 2nd June, 1943, at 12 o'clock noon, and was conducted by the Rt. Rev. Henry Montgomery-Campbell, M.C., M.A., Lord Bishop of Kensington (Rector), assisted by the Rev. S. A. Eley and the Rev. Claud Gliddon. The Lesson was read by Major N. G. Brett-James, M.A., B.Litt., F.S.A., Chairman of Council of the Society, and the Address was given by the Rev. S. A. Eley, Secretary of the London Diocesan Fund. The Lord Mayor and Sheriffs attended in State, and were received by the Alderman of the Ward, the Clergy and the Churchwardens. In the course of the service the usual procession was made to Stow's Tomb and the Lord Mayor performed the customary ceremony of placing a new quill pen in the hand of John Stow's effigy.

After the service the Lord Bishop of Kensington, the Rev. S. A. Eley and the Chairman of Council lunched with the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress at the Mansion House.

THE ADDRESS

BY THE REV. S. A. ELEY,
Secretary of London Diocesan Fund
2nd June, 1943

In the three hundred and fifty years since John Stow's *Survey* was published by the Printer to the Honourable City of London, such changes have taken place as would cause our learned author to rub his eyes in amazement.

This city of ours, for, having been educated at the City's own school I claim with pride a share in it, has had to face two major disasters in that three hundred and fifty years. In 1666 the Great Fire swept away much of what Stow so minutely describes, and but a few of those 100 odd churches still stood intact when the smoke finally died down. Fortunately, however, some precious treasures remained, scarcely any, however, within the ancient walls of the City proper, for only one-sixth of the buildings were spared.

From those ruins another City of London arose, a city which we, two hundred and fifty years later, had grown to love and in which we had a tremendous pride. True, it lacked that coherence and orderliness which Christopher Wren's masterly