

THE WHITECHAPEL MISSION FOUNDED 1896**General Office, 279 Whitechapel Road, E.1.**

Tel. : 01 - 247 - 8280

ALL GIFTS GRATEFULLY RECEIVED AND ACKNOWLEDGED*Ministers:* Rev. William Parkes (*Superintendent*).

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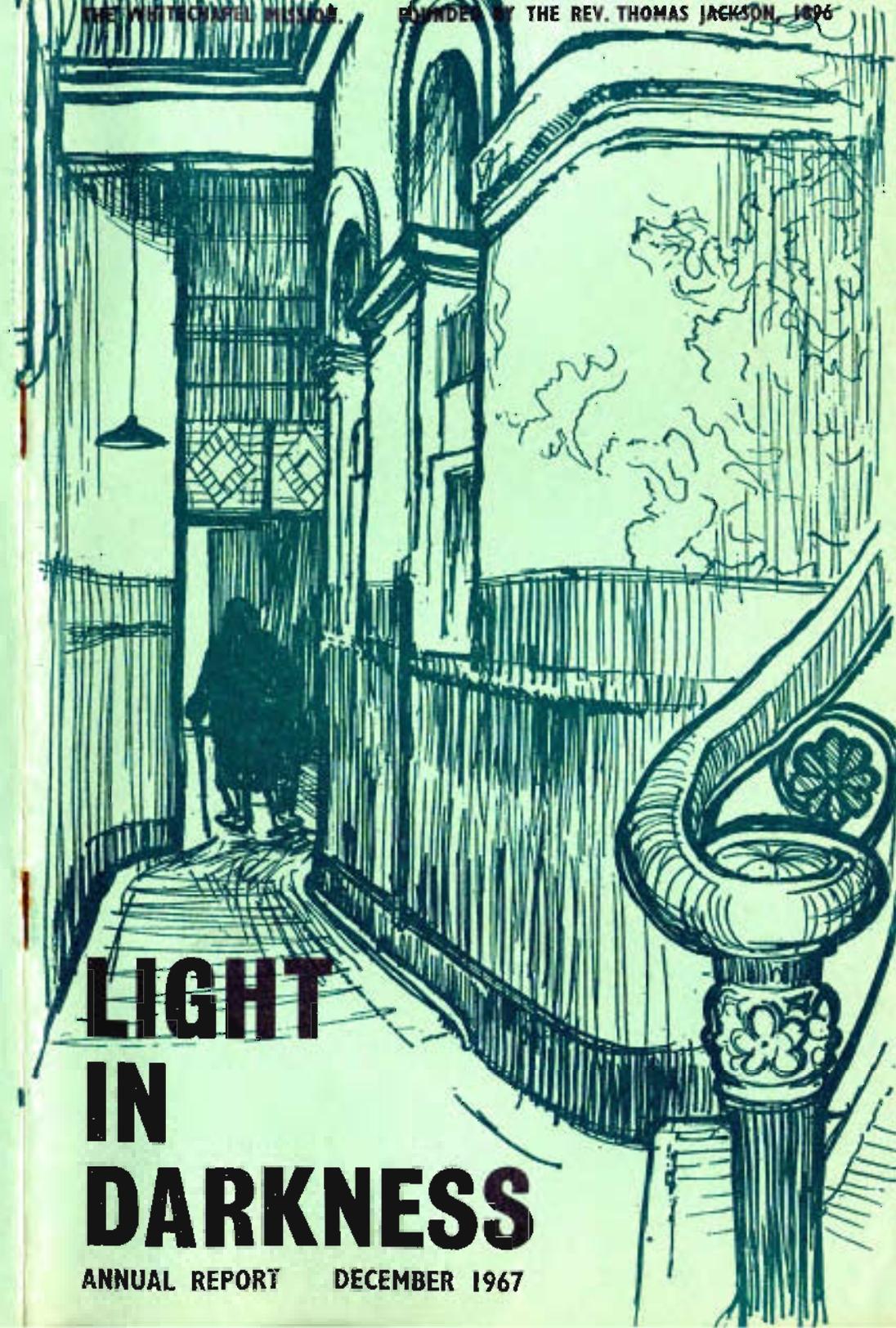
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IN
DARKNESS****ANNUAL REPORT DECEMBER 1967**

FROM DARKNESS TO LIGHT

AS A BOY I lived in the town of Dudley. The Black Country is not all black for not only is it surrounded by lovely country but also has a surprising number of beauty spots within its not very well defined boundaries. One such place is the Wren's Nest, an area of woodland and caves near the site of Dudley Zoo. Cave exploration in an often dangerously amateurish fashion was, (and I suppose still is), the bright summer night pursuit of many local boys. I was no exception.

A cave known for some strange reason as the 'Fifth Sister' was looked upon as a special challenge to the intrepid. The sloping slippery entrance presented little difficulty providing the trouser seat could be dried and dusted before returning home. The walls were no steeper than others nor the underground streams more noisy. No, the challenge of the cave consisted of a second large chamber reached only by a rather precarious crawl through a fairly narrow tunnel. To have done the trip and flashed one's torch light around the stalagmites was the immediate passport to high respect among the local boys.

Inevitably the evening came when I just had to seek a place among the select and thus it was, accompanied by a school friend, that I found myself with beating heart and a rapidly dying lamp in the dank and ever so darkly forbidding inner sanctum. The panic of the event still lives with me. There in what seemed a vast sea of all covering darkness were two very frightened boys. My friend it was who had the notion of turning off the lamp entirely, "It will save it", he said. "The tunnel as quickly as we can", I shouted. Then it happened. Without our pathetic little light it revealed itself, when we had relied upon our weak resources it could not. It was a shaft of light. Thin, true, but real natural light. Unknown to many who in bravado had 'won the dare' there was an alternative way out and in to the much dreaded inner chamber. High on one of the cave walls, but far from inaccessible was another way out of fear and darkness. So small was that light so large was that cave but what a difference it made.

The work at Whitechapel has often led me to recall that incident and increasingly it has become more parabolic. Darkness, dirt, and a man-made clutter of wrongs stand as a constant challenge to our work in Whitechapel. Conditions have altered tremendously materially since Thomas Jackson's day, even if some housing and living standards leave a great deal to be desired. For years we have battled with totally inadequate and squalid conditions at our headquarters and church premises. To fight darkness with Christ's light in spite of the miracles of encouragement that still happen in our midst, demands a place of light and warmth as well as the spirit of such. Although our 'cavern' has never entirely engulfed us it has never encouraged us.

We yearn for the Light of the World to be seen through our words and actions and are thankful indeed that the dream of the long years is at last on the horizon of reality. If we are not at the beginning of the end we do believe we are at the end of the beginning.

Very shortly we shall be telling our many friends of the scheme we believe to be God's plan for us. 1968 will be full of tremendous significance for much will have to be done. You will hear (and if you do not, ask us for details please) of the building we have in mind, what we shall do in it, and the financial challenge that is before us. At the same time the daily tasks of the Mission, the teaching and the preaching, the social work and personal contacts, must not only be maintained but strengthened. While we lift our eyes to the larger light of what will be we shall not abandon what is.

Pray for us - we know that you will not fail us. Read the Report and share it with your friends. It is our wish not only to serve here in the East End and in the particular ministry towards delinquent and inadequate youth, but if we can the much wider community. In asking for your help we sincerely offer ourselves to you to serve in any way that we can. God bless you.

William Parkes

INTO HIS MARVELLOUS LIGHT

ONCE AGAIN the time has come to look back over another year of life and work in the Mission. This is very salutary - to remember mistakes and disappointments - sometimes a wrong approach to persons and problems - sometimes even a wrong motivation about it all. To take stock - yes, that is good and then to look forward to all the work that lies ahead with a better sense of judgment, a clearer perception of what our work is doing and a reaching out to those infinite resources without which our work is sterile and vain.

I remember a Ministers' fraternal in which one minister said. "It can be very easy to lose your soul in the East End of London". That is very true because our tasks are many and varied and without losing our sense of being "Specialists in God" which we surely must aim at being, we find ourselves involved in a very complicated social ministry. In the course of a week we may find ourselves concerned with drug addiction, meth drinking, unemployment, psychiatric disturbance and having to take a hand in all these things without really being a specialist in any of them and without forgetting that we have been called out of darkness into His marvellous light.

I find it is fatal for a missionary if he loses his love of people and the good social worker must never give up hope. Some of the people we have to try and help may not be terribly attractive but they are all part of the family of God and we are called upon not just to like them but to love them and to serve them.

We are a happy team in Whitechapel Mission and as last year I find that my work is largely case work. Shall I try and tell you a few stories to illustrate this - stories that are honest and true and not fictitious and imaginative, or even successful? Situated as we are on the busy Whitechapel Road men and women will come in at any time to unburden themselves - 'that's the Mission' they say, 'and they're supposed to be able to help'. Well they do come and we do try.

I am never likely to forget Archie as long as I live. Here was a man with many talents - when sober he was a sign writer with gifts of real artistry. He knew a great deal about hospital work and male nursing - he could have gone so far, but Archie was an alcoholic and after tremendous efforts to overcome his weakness he was found dead one day, and the Simon community to whom he owed so much phoned me up and told me he had gone - poisoned with more alcohol than his system could stand. Yes we had all tried and failed ultimately, but alcoholism is a disease and here is no place merely for the moraliser or the contemptuous.

Such a story must make one reflect again upon treatment aspects of alcoholism.

A few of those
who gather
for tea on Sunday



A man with an erudite mind plus some schizophrenic tendencies is one of our most regular visitors. He can talk to you about prophecy and revelation and sometimes seems to have much learning. But he cannot bear community life in a Hostel and is too old for successful psychiatric treatment. He has held some very good positions in days gone by. He leans very heavily upon us and often tries our patience - but he is one of the family and we bear with him and hope that eventually he will find more mental peace.

On a Sunday afternoon 20-30 men and a few women come and have tea with us at 5 p.m. We charge them 6d. and the ladies give them a splendid tea. Many of them join us for the evening service - I am sure they very much appreciate the minister going round the room and having a chat with them each one. The fellowship is growing, the numbers are increasing - they begin to look upon the Mission as their home. Some make good, find jobs and seem steady. Others are frustrated, can't find work and are emotionally disturbed. It is a mixed bag of men, but these are the sort we try and minister to in this area. Then there is the men's group on a Wednesday evening - after two years I am getting to know them better - after a cup of tea how they do love to sing one hymn after another and express their opinions often very thoughtfully. I am sure this fellowship is very worth while but it is nothing spectacular and we have our disappointments. One could go on and tell many more stories - I have tried not to paint too rosy a picture.

The point is that folk do come not only for beds and food but simply because they must talk to somebody. Perhaps the best hours of one's ministry are in the study when men tell you of their struggles and problems. John, a man treated for many months in a mental hospital but bravely doing a job as a builder's labourer, and trying very hard, constantly rings up on the telephone - "Can I come and have another chat?"

We do receive every help from the Ministry of Social Security, and the Family Service Unit Organisation. They will ring up a dozen firms to try and find a man a place or do all in their power to get a man who is disabled a pension if he is entitled to one. In fact the missionary in the East End is constantly indebted to Almoners in the Hospital, to Probation Officers, to psychiatric Social workers and the advice and help of the Council of Social Service.

The ministers in this Mission do find solace and consolation in their chaplaincy at the London Hospital. Here we are not carrying all the load

— the many services of this great London Hospital do all that and we can go from bed to bed and minister to those who are sick and ill and often facing major surgery. We know that this ministry is appreciated and from the House Governor down to the youngest nurse one receives courtesy and respect and help. We might go 'round the bend' sometimes without this additional ministry across the way at the 'London'.

Finally will you continue to pray for us — we are not likely to be swollen headed with too much success — the problems are too hard and we know that our work is a tiny little bit towards East London's vast needs but we believe that it counts and increasingly so, and Jesus did not call us into a work that would always be successful in the material sense — it may be that — but He did call us out of darkness into His marvellous light. It is hard but it is worth it and I think that we know where we are going.

J. RODNEY McNEAL.

My Small Corner

ONE OF THE jobs I enjoy doing most in the Mission, is looking after the Thrift Club on a Wednesday afternoon. This was started in the time of Thomas Jackson, to safeguard the housekeeping money.

Over the table I get to know the women, their friends and relations, problems and worries and various illnesses. A friendly smile and a kind word opens the door to many homes. The money often helps to pay a bill or buy new clothes, but often it is kept in until Christmas, when it is handed back with a little extra bonus. During the annual turkey dinner, gifts of clothing and food are handed out to the women, and on this occasion we are joined by the members of our Monday Women's Meeting.

After we had persuaded the women that the front coach seats would only hold 2 people, we finally set off for our Annual Outing to Ramsgate! A happy day was spent by all, and God blessed us with perfect weather. Nearly 70 folk sat down to a delicious meal, after which we made our way home, happy in laughter and song.

Coming from the north to London, I miss the "chats over the garden wall", but this happy duty with the women brings much satisfaction and pleasure.

"In duties small be Thou our Inspiration —
So may we serve, Thy will our chief delight".

MARGARET R. PARKES.

COVER DESIGN: We are grateful to Mr. Michael C. Clipson for our cover design which shows the passage-way into the Institute and depicts the contrast of light and darkness we seek to express in this report.

BRIC-A-BRAC—You may recall a note in the last report about bric-a-brac, odds and ends, and what notes from bygone days that would help us to swell the Re-Building Fund. Those that responded will be interested to know that we were most happy with the result when we made visits to the Portobello Market. It is surprising what apparently useless and forgotten things will sell for sometimes.

NO PLACE LIKE HOME ?

"COR! D'yer 'ave all this ter yourself?" This exclamation of delight came from the lips of one of sixteen Whitechapel children (all members of our Sunday School and Clubs) for whom a 'holiday in a home' was arranged this summer.

Other exclamations and observations were equally as telling, for in their 'home' was a bathroom "just like on telly" and two taps to each sink and out of one came *hot* water! For all of them there was a bed of their own and for some a whole room to themselves, but that was a bit "scarin'" because they'd never slept in a bed that held less than three before, let alone had a room of their own. Then there was a garden — and chickens, and . . .!



A few of our children outside their 'home'

Thus, the exclamation of delight was in itself a reproach to those of us who take the comforts of our home life so much for granted. To these children (with a few exceptions) the word 'home' normally means two small rooms in a dirty, dark tenement building that should have been pulled down years ago. (These two rooms are shared between 7-9 people and are without water or toilet facilities). 'Home' means screaming babies and crawling infants and a mother constantly at her wits end because there are

too many to care for and she cannot meet their individual demands for attention. 'Home' is a place to get out of except for meal and bedtimes.

Thanks to a number of families in Chelmsford and Guildford and a family as far away as Shropshire, these few children have a new conception of what home life can really be like. For a short time, not only did they enjoy the benefit of freedom and space and good clean fresh air, but found a love and patience to which they responded in a remarkable way. They were treated as individuals and one of the treasured memories of the holiday for most of them was a goodnight kiss!

Perhaps the most important thing of all is that they went to people who made Christ the Head of the home. This is something that the children did not fail to realise. "At Aunty and Uncle's we pray to Jesus every day", said one child who suddenly looked too good to be true!

There is no doubt whatsoever that the holiday venture was a great success and has made a lasting impression upon each child. What is more wonderful is that the contacts between the children and their 'Aunts and Uncles' have been for the most part maintained. There have been letters, birthday cards and visits that have brought joy to the whole family.

My deepest thanks are extended to all who helped in this venture. It has made my work all the easier for I have an access into the heart of these families that was never there before. It may be that this is only the beginning of a vital work that will indeed be a means to bring our children "from darkness to light".

SISTER JACQUELINE.

GOINGS . . .

DURING the year since the last Report we have had to say farewell to several who have faithfully served the Whitechapel Mission. Mrs. Brown for long our tower of strength around 279 as caretaker, general guide and help finally had to retire because of increasing ill-health. We miss her but thankfully see her as often as she can manage. Ruth Akers, our young American visiting social worker, returned to the States during the summer but certainly did so with a great piece of Whitechapel in her heart. I am quite sure we have not seen the last of Ruth. Mr. R. Pitt joined the Tulse Hill staff as Assistant Warden earlier in the year and proved a tower of strength to the Warden. We wish him well on his important appointment in the Social Work Department of the Borough of Lambeth. Mr. R. Tyler was a most effective Assistant Warden at Windyridge and we were sorry when he left us to return nearer to his Oxford home. We are glad, however, that he is continuing to work in the same field. Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Burt for long our Tulse Hill Warden and Matron also said their goodbyes but are mentioned elsewhere.

. . . and COMINGS

If it is sad to say farewell to friends and workers we still have the satisfaction of happily welcoming their successors. Since the last Report Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Southen have taken over the mantle at Tulse Hill in a fine way, having come to us from other work associated with the care of youths. At Windyridge, Mr. F. Elwood has come on to the staff as an Assistant Warden and is proving his worth. At the "home base" we wish Mr. and Mrs. Bennett a happy stay with us as caretakers.

THANKS

UNLESS one works within the framework of a great Mission it is quite impossible to know the value placed upon collegialship in such a situation. If I filed this Report with thanks it would not effectively convey the debt of gratitude. In Mr. and Mrs. McNeal with their solid background of wide ministerial experience I have extra hands and voices who are prepared to spend and be spent in the Master's service. Sister Jacqueline tries endlessly in a variety of ways to bring home the truths of Christ's caring love to young and old alike. In Miss Nellie Jones I have a right hand in the affairs of the office and wider afield who cares and acts abundantly above the call of duty. My wife, too, brings loving care upon various tasks that fall her way.

Mr. Leonard's work (and work it is because of the state of the instrument) on the organ Sunday by Sunday is greatly appreciated as well as his labours in the Men's Meeting. Twice a week Mrs. E. Reynolds travels no short distance to play in the Women's Meetings and we are grateful to her. Our Society and Door Stewards serve us faithfully and are not infrequently faced with delicate situations the kind of which never occur in ordinary Churches.

To these I add the names of all the workers in all our centres. Windyridge and Tulse Hill only function as places of light and help because of the dedication of the staff. For the loyalty, faith, and just plain hard work put in by Mr. T. I. Bilton and Miss C. Craig, the Warden and Matron at Windyridge, and all their staff, and Mr. and Mrs. Southen and the workers at Tulse Hill. I say "Thank you".

A word of deep appreciation for the labours of our Treasurer, Mr. F. C. Yelland. This is a tremendous task as all too few of us know only too well.

For the guidance and gracious help of our Steward, Mr. H. J. Bolton and indeed all the members of our various Management Committees and Executive, deepest thanks.

And to you, all of you who lift us up and place into our hands the resources to sustain the work, a heartfelt thanksgiving.

Sister Jacqueline rightly stresses the difference that the Holiday Scheme has made to many children. May I thank the good friends of Broomfield, Chelmsford and Guildford for their real ministry here. Also the ladies of Brentwood who so readily give of their time at Christmas to assist with our catering and festivities.



Spare Clothing?

ONCE again I should like to thank all those friends who have so kindly sent us parcels for our cupboard, and the many letters enclosed assuring us of your interest and concern for our work. We are glad to acknowledge these. We also take this opportunity to thank most heartily those friends who send but do not enclose an address.

There is no doubt about the need for good clean warm clothing in this area. People living on O.A.P. and Social Security benefits find it very difficult to manage. We are able to help them with the things they really need and encourage them to make a small contribution which helps to swell our rebuilding fund. There are those who are unable to do so none the less their need is met if at all possible.

If you were to see from day to day the numbers who come, who really need clothing, you would know there is still a vital need here in East London in spite of the Welfare State. The winter is approaching; in severe cold and wet weather the need is great. Will you continue to help us?

Our immediate requirements are for men's clothing, suits, underwear and especially footwear, in fact anything you can send. May I stress this appeal? Men arrive at the Mission footsore and weary, unkempt and ragged (sometimes due to their own folly) but we do try to help them, in your name, back to self respect.

We are also delighted to receive parcels of O.S. garments for the ladies, and as we unpack we remark, this is just the size for Mrs. - - - who has asked for the past week or so for an overcoat or warm dress. How pleased they are when the garment fits!

We must not forget the children. Sister Jacqueline has written elsewhere about their holidays. We were able to send each of them away with a full wardrobe. That dress your Mary has outgrown just fitted our Judith and the jeans discarded by Jim were just the thing for John. Once again we thank you all. I am sure we shall not ask in vain for a ministry that is so abundantly necessary in this Whitechapel area of East London.

VIOLET McNEAL.

Our picture (above) shows not "old" clothes, but Mrs. Morris - a member of one of our women's meetings - in her finery as Pearly Queen of Bethnal Green.

(Photo by courtesy of "Women's Realm")



Mrs. Reynolds has a happy time selling to the ladies

Windyridge - place of new beginnings



Work in progress on the extension of farm buildings

WHEN asked to give a report on a year at "Windyridge" there is always the temptation to give line upon line of statistical data; the areas from which the boys have come, types of offences, previous offences, Courts of origin, etc., etc. Apart from helping to cover the page in type or amusing strange folk who gain some peculiar satisfaction by using these figures to erect props in support of their own pre-conceived theories, I doubt the value of such information. When speaking of people we may categorise them as adults or children or (if you will pardon the phrase) "Senior Citizens" but this does not make them any the less human beings and neither to call them adolescent, delinquent, inadequate or maladjusted does it make one individual any the less a Child of God.

The number of road casualties seen in bold clear type does little to reveal the pain, the suffering and the heartache caused by this cruel 20th century juggernaut, but to speak of a young wife with two small children suddenly bereft of husband and father or a middle aged couple forced to spend their remaining years each with spinal injuries in separate hospitals -- this helps to bring home in some measure the stark reality behind those bold clear figures.

If I in this brief report am asked to assess the function and value of the work at "Windyridge" I must do it not in terms of facts and figures, but in the human drama played out each day within the Home. I must measure success in terms of loving and caring and understanding, in the close ties of friendship, in just being there at the right time and not condemning or even giving advice.

David travels up from London regularly every 3 months just to spend 2 hours and have tea before travelling back. Tommy phones up regularly from Liverpool just to say "Hello". There is the apparently "tough little guy" whose home life had been one continual conflict over the past eight years. Having been taken to task for some minor misdemeanour and fearing to be rejected again, suddenly and without warning bursts into tears and gives one a rare and glorious opportunity to show what unconditional Christian Love really means. The young happily married man seen most Saturday afternoons shopping in Colchester with his wife and two small children. The four weddings we have had so far in

Colchester this year of ex-Windyridge boys who have married local girls after a courtship of 2 to 4 years.

Philip had been with us 9 months, in another 3 months he would be leaving us to return to Birmingham, and then on a sudden impulse one Saturday afternoon he committed another offence and was sentenced to Borstal. The statistician would say "a failure" and so might we -- but wait some five years.

It was a warm summer afternoon and a new Ford Anglia drew up to the door of Windyridge and out stepped a smartly dressed figure of a young man in his early 20's. Yes, it was Philip with his wife and baby son. He had come home. "I suppose you had written me off Guv, well I thought I would drop in and let you see that you hadn't been wasting your time. Borstal really made me think about what you had tried to do at 'The Ridge'".

So you see, when people talk about success or failure and ask "is it really worth while" or what percentage this or how much that, my mind goes back to that homecoming and that bundle of pink and white nestling in his mother's arms. I think of how much more secure his future will be now because we had dared to care. Let others talk of "cases" and success ratios, "as for me and my house", we will talk of Philip and Keith or Tony and Peter, of Henry and Richard, of John and many others long since forgotten and "we will serve the Lord".

T. I. BILTON.



For the first time in many years we were honoured this year with a visit from the President of the Conference, The Rev. Dr. Irvonwy Morgan, M.A., B.D., spent an afternoon in and around the Home. We were encouraged by his presence and the keen interest that he obviously has in the work. He is seen here chatting with Mr. T. I. Bilton, Warden, and the Management Committee.

IN SHORT . . . A recent unofficial, but none-the-less welcome associate of the Mission is Pastor Claus Stremmel, a German Lutheran. Claus "found us" one Sunday morning and has been a great help as his studies at London Bible College and other duties have permitted . . . We again welcomed during the year a group of young workers from Operation Mobilization. They made themselves at home in the old Church basement, and made useful contacts . . . "The Word of Life" Reading Room, a venture sponsored by the London City Mission to encourage overseas workers to take, read, and talk about, Christian literature, continues to witness from our premises. Occasional services for the Bengali community have been held . . . For the past few months West Indian friends have been meeting on a Sunday evening under the leadership of Mr. C. F. Williams. On a Saturday in November the Church was full for a Rally organised by Mr. Williams and friends came from miles around . . . In the Autumn of last year the Superintendent spent a hectic six weeks on a preaching tour of North Alabama, Kentucky, Ohio and Wisconsin. It was a tremendous experience and friends in North Alabama have asked him again in March of 1968 for a series of Missions in Churches and Colleges.

WHITECHAPEL HOUSE — COMING HOME

IF AND WHEN you read this report you will probably do so from the depths of a comfortable armchair within your own household, surrounded by the many luxuries which you have long since taken for granted. I do not confine the word "luxury" to the numerous material possessions which surround you, but extend it even to the normality of your conversation, the love you share with those close to you, and the terms of endearment with which you address them. These are indeed luxuries, or, more accurately, necessities.

I have no "rose-tinted spectacles" through which I am able to gloss over the harsh reality of the problems confronting us at Whitechapel House. Neither do I wish to dwell upon the often nauseating circumstances which have led many of our residents to seek sanctuary within these four walls. If you could read some of the case histories of those for whom we care perhaps you would pause before uttering such slick generalisations as 'adolescent' or 'delinquent' and your armchair may become less comfortable and safe.

Broken homes, drunken and brutal fathers, histories of brushes with the law, sexual perversions, all take their toll and result in a rebellion against society or an exhibitionism that leads to the need for hostels such as Whitechapel House where the 'luxuries' of a Christian family atmosphere play their part in bringing normality and peace to twisted minds. And we thank God there are rewards and we can point to those who have come from diabolical circumstances who are now on the way to a well-balanced and happy life.

My wife and I took up our respective duties as Warden and House Mother in February. The first task was to build up the number of residents to the then maximum number of eighteen. Now with the opening of another room we are able to accommodate twenty homeless young men.

Yet we have seen more than a building up of numbers within this aged Victorian structure within the last nine months. More, too, than an increase in the type of facilities that we have to offer, such as the much improved wash-rooms, TV and rest room, and the installation of a full sized billiard table. We have witnessed the building up of a communal spirit - indeed a family atmosphere.

With the remainder of the Mission family we look forward to our new premises in the "old home" of Whitechapel where the first lads were taken off the streets and from the Police Courts by Thomas Jackson. In a very real sense we are going home and value your thoughts and encouragement in the great venture. Meanwhile until that



"Bedtime"

great day comes we want our friends, and especially those in London, to know that we would delight in seeing them at the hostel any time (although a previous phone call is helpful) - not only for youths who have run into real problems but for all our friends our doors are open.

ALAN M. SOUTHEN.

We said farewell to Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Burt, the former Warden and Matron in February and we and all their many friends in the Mission wish them Godspeed in their new work at Swarthmore, Gerrards Cross, Bucks.

There were days when we seriously wondered how we would see our way through in the staffing and supporting of the Hostel. God has blessed us in a wonderful way and under the fine leadership of Mr. and Mrs. Southen we have reached saturation point so far as the number of boys we can take is concerned. Oh for elastic walls! During the course of the year we have again taken into our care a number of boys on Probation orders. Tulse Hill, (or Whitechapel House, or Thomas Jackson Memorial Hostel, all seem to be accepted names!) is not a Probation Hostel, however, in the same sense as Windyridge is a Probation Home, but a general care Hostel and home for youths in need, no matter what has brought them to their state or where they come from. We thank Tulse Hill staff for all their tremendous labours. W.P.



We Get Together

In March the first Staff Day Conference was held at Windyridge. From the scattered three corners of our work we gathered under the leadership of the Rev. Arthur Hoyles and considered our tasks as Christians working very particularly with young offenders. It was a lively day and apart from sharing our concerns, provided an opportunity for family fellowship that rarely comes our way. As many as could possibly be relieved from their duties attended part or whole of the sessions. Here we are in happy mood.



CHRISTMAS COMES BUT ONCE . . .

. . . but it does come every year and already preparations are well in hand to bring into the lives of our people the true spirit of the season of goodwill. Tuesday, December 19th will be a busy day, for then we shall provide a real Christmas Dinner for those who look to us for cheer in the bleak dark days of winter. As usual the menu will include full Christmas fare - turkey, with all its trimmings, Christmas pudding, mince pies, and the inevitable 'cuppa'.

The children and young folk will not be forgotten and on Thursday the 21st there will be great excitement as Father Christmas pays his customary visit.

YOUR gifts will help OUR efforts. In the joy of your own Christmas Festivities will you remember those who lack so much. May you have a Joyous Christmas and a new year full of blessing.

Anniversary Celebrations

THE STREETS of Whitechapel were cold with frequent squally showers but our hearts were warmed by the love and friendship of many who had come, some of them long distances, to share our Anniversary gladness.

Sunday services, particularly the evening, were well attended, and it was good to welcome those who had braved the elements to worship under the leadership of the Rev. J. R. McNeal in the morning and the Superintendent, the Rev. Wm. Parkes, in the evening.

Monday was a busy day, especially for the ladies, as preparations were put in hand to care for the physical hunger of those who were to seek the spiritual food of afternoon and evening rallies. We were specially grateful for the many helping hands which made it possible to give a really "super" tea to over 80 of our own people and visitors and while there were not 'twelve baskets full' left over, at least there was enough to make sure that those who cared to partake after the evening gathering did not go away unsatisfied.

The afternoon rally, under the chairmanship of the Superintendent was a time of blessing mainly for our own womenfolk and they sang "Blessed Assurance" with an assurance that warmed the heart. The meeting was also the richer for two duets contributed by Mrs. Parkes and Sister Jacqueline, and the thought-provoking address by the Rev. Cyril Wainwright, B.A., B.D., Chairman of the S.W. London District. Mr. Wainwright reminded us that we see and hear in life just what we want, and urged us to see and hear only the best, and to think of "Whatsoever things are lovely . . ."

Tea was a time of happy fellowship when greetings were brought from the Clapton Mission by the Rev. Harold G. Johnson, from the East End Mission by the Rev. Ronald C. Gibbins. The Rev. Claus Stremmel, a student from Germany, and the Rev. Herbert Thompson, a District Superintendent from Wisconsin, U.S.A., also offered good wishes.

Evening saw a well-filled church and it was a special pleasure to have with us many friends from Broomfield Methodist Church, Chelmsford, who help the Mission in many ways.

Sir Frank Medlicott, C.B.E., well-known for his social and philanthropic work in the City, set a happy tone with his friendly chairman's address, stressing the joyousness of Church life, and the Rev. Cyril Wainwright again inspired his hearers with his review of the Church in the first century and present day. Recalling Christ's words, 'Lo, I am with you always' he had no doubt that the day of the Church will come again for the Lord is on our side.

Mr. Roy Greenstade, a good friend of the Mission delighted everyone with his fine solos, and we were glad again to have the services of Mrs. F. G. Card at the organ.



"A good time was had by all"



The Super chats with Rev. Herbert Thompson, a visitor from U.S.A.

THE TREASURER THINKS — in print —

ONCE AGAIN I am glad to have the opportunity of thanking those who have given so generously of their money during the past year. Other pages of this Report will give details of some of the intense and splendid work of staff and friends, without which the work could not possibly be maintained. Today we keep hearing about the "Church going out" but this is what Whitechapel Mission and many other similar Missions have been doing for years. Those who go out must have a base from which to start and one to which they can return to rebuild their exhausted energies and often weary spirits. When one has, day after day to deal with the unfortunate ones, the careless, the feckless, those who just haven't got the ability to help themselves and then go on doing this year after year, it demands a drain on vitality and strength, which is difficult to explain.

Therefore I make no apology for again asking for your prayers and continued gifts, small and large, just to keep this Base going and to carry on "the going out" process in the present ways and to extend into the new ways opening up with the vision of the new buildings and facilities, actually almost in sight.

After all the frustrations of the last few years it seems to me that God has been leading us along His way and the way by which the Mission may best serve the people in which it is situated.

We are very conscious of the debt we owe to donors who thought about the work when they made their Wills and their Legacies are most useful as they come along. Any information or advice will be willingly given, if you will drop me a line. Anyone keenly interested can have financial details regarding our audited accounts also.

FRED C. YELLAND

FORM OF BEQUEST BY WILL

For the guidance of friends who may desire to make bequests for the general work of the Whitechapel Mission, we append the following form of bequest.

I GIVE AND BEQUEATH to the Superintendent for the time being of the Whitechapel Methodist Mission, 270 Whitechapel Road, London, E.C.1, for the use of the said Mission, the legacy or sum of £ (free of duty), and direct the said last mentioned legacy or sum to be paid within twelve months after my decease from the proceeds of my real and personal estate, but primarily out of my personal estate, and the receipt of the Superintendent shall be sufficient discharge to my executors.

NOTE—The Mortmain and Charitable Uses Act, 1891, enables Testators to give by Will for the benefit of any charitable use not only pecuniary Legacies, but also tenements and hereditaments of any tenure. The Will must be signed by the Testator at the foot or end thereof in the presence of two independent witnesses, who must sign their names, and addresses, and occupations, at the same time, in his presence and the presence of each other.

If you have already made your Will, kindly add a Codicil directing a legacy to the Whitechapel Mission.