

Old Comrades



Association

GAZETTE.

Duke of York's Headquarters, London, S.W.3. FEBRUARY, 1930. Vol. XI., No. 7. 3/6 per annum, post free.

EDITORIAL.

"The Day I Remember Best in the Corps."

As a result of the votes received for the best article of the series "The Day I Remember Best in the Corps," the prize of £1 1s., given by Miss E. Litheby, M.B.E., goes to the writer of No. 10—**Miss C. F. Murdin** (Henriville Camp), who describes her adventures on Peace Night.

The runners-up were: Miss A. Bartlett, M.B.E., Miss Swan, Mrs. Santiford, and Miss Lush.

TENTH ANNUAL DINNER FOR Q.M.A.A.C. OFFICERS OF THE B.E.F.

On Saturday, January 11th, 51 of us gathered together in the Hotel Belgravia, London. One's first thought was "How astonishingly well we've worn!" After all, we must all have been out of the schoolroom in 1917, but there was a kind of vigorous under-middle-age look on nearly all the cheery countenances. The dresses were not quite so elaborate as in the first days of mufti when we naturally wanted to show what we could do in that line.

The dinner was excellent—a feather in Mrs. Johnston's cap—and the conversation absolutely of the first vintage.

Dame Katharine Furse was to have been the guest of the evening, but, most disappointing for us, was laid low by a cold. Thus we were two speeches down, there being no guest to propose and none to return thanks. Did a trifle like this disturb the serenity of our Chief Controller? Never! She utilised the spare time to draw from each one of us, beginning with Miss Davy, our present profession or avocation. Miss Davy with her 32 Scouts to discipline and prepare for manhood is giving to the nation the best that we learnt in the Army. It was striking as each one described her job in the fewest words how the note of "Service" sounded through the lines. Doctors Robertson and Proctor are saving and strengthening the men and women of to-morrow. One is maintaining the business life of the Empire through her Telephone Exchange, one or two are teaching, some are making homes. Haythorne, with two sons under two years, must have hand and heart full. One is massaging the limbs of children and Cabinet Ministers, others adding to the beauty of the world by sculpture and painting. Mrs. Pratt-Barlow "unemployed but serving on eleven committees." Barr keeps us all in touch by editing our Gazette, and Mrs. Johnston and Mrs. Robinson work in our office. There were social workers in the East End, and tales of welfare work in the country. Some give cookery lessons to school children; how many more happy homes there might be if only more English-women could cook!

Dame Helen Gwynne-Vaughan gave us "The Corps" as delightfully as usual, filling us once again with the pride of service and a sense of gratitude for opportunities

that were unique in the world's history. We drank, of course, to His Majesty and to Queen Mary, our Controller-in-Chief.

In the next room after dinner the noise of tongues was even greater in volume than at the tables. Every one took down everyone else's telephone number and madly promised to spend a few days with them all "soon." Everything seems possible on a night like this! But for the most part we shall lose those addresses and telephone numbers before we get home, and shall not see the owners until next year when we shall exclaim again, "How awfully jolly to see you! Where are you living now?"

I hope these dinners will *never* be dropped while there are two or three of us left to meet together and recall the comradeship and the pride in one another that are surely the flowers that spring from war.

M.E.R.

Many were the messages received during the course of the evening from those who were unfortunately unable to be present at this very excellent gathering, among the senders being: Mrs. Ogilvie Graham (Harford), Mrs. Senn (Harcourt-Brown), Miss Abbey, Miss Narracott, Mrs. Balfour Meville (Carey), Mrs. Graham (Watson), Mrs. Speakman (Coombes), Mrs. Copson-Peake (Gilliatt), Miss Lang-Milligan, Mrs. Webb (Grundy), Mrs. Skelton, Mrs. Clough (Lightfoot), Miss G. B. Hardy, Miss Sutton, Mrs. Gibbons (Reid), Miss Pratt, Mrs. Starkey and Miss Simpson and Miss Laird. Mrs. Eldred, writing from Nyasaland, wants the dinner broadcast!

Among those present were:—

Dame Helen Gwynne-Vaughan, Miss Davy, Mrs. Parsons (Haythorne), Mrs. Pratt-Barlow, Miss de Putron, Miss Frood, Miss Welsford, Miss D. M. Johnson, Mrs. King (Jordan), Miss Lithiby, Miss Allan, Miss I. A. Turner, Mrs. Mack, (O'Neill), Miss D. E. Brocklehurst, Miss Creighton, Miss Roach, Miss E. Grundy, Miss Izant, Miss Barker, Mrs. Murray, Miss Bright, Mrs. Grundy (Saunders), Miss Hannam, Miss A. Robertson, Mrs. Hudson (Deighton), Miss Osborne, Miss G. E. Watkins, Miss E. M. Thring, Miss V. Munby, Miss M. D. Peel, Mrs. Samuel (Elkin), Mrs. Coplestone (Francis), Dr. R. Proctor, Dr. M. Robertson, Mrs. Aburrow (Cable), Mrs. Throssell (Russell), Miss Hingston, Miss O. Mainland, Miss Bertrand, Miss Gammon, Miss Hunnibun, Mrs. Garrard (Barr), Miss Ottman, Miss Logan, Miss Wotzel, Mrs. H. M. Robinson, Miss Douche, Mrs. Johnston, and Mrs. Newton (Betts).

FINANCIAL REPORT.

Owing to the printer's error the Treasurer's Report was omitted from the last issue. It will be found together with the re-printed financial statement in this issue.

NEWS OF OLD COMRADES.

Mrs. W. Wilkinson (Emily Fitzackerley) has written to **Mrs. Rix** from Montreal, where she is now living with her husband and two children, Marjorie and Joan.

Can anyone tell **Mrs. E. A. Hammond**, 2 Lynton Road, Heaton Moor, near Stockport, if it is possible to obtain copies of the photographs mentioned by Miss Dipple in "April—May—June, 1917," published in our December issue?

Sarah J. R. Edwards ("Old Bob," Catterick Camp), writing from 747 Oak Avenue, Westfield, New Jersey, U.S.A., says that "in Westfield lives the mother of the first boy that went from America to Canada to join our Army and who lost his life with our boys."

Mrs. J. W. Duchesne (F/w Tompkins, D.2757) read in the papers of our Annual Dinner and had written for particulars of the O.C.A., in order to re-join. We are glad to have her back again. She recently heard from **May** and **Connie Hassell**, of Wellington, N.Z., and they send good wishes to all Old Comrades. Connie is now married and has a son.

Miss Margaret M. Reid is now matron of the Training College, Stockwell Road, London, S.W.9, and would like to hear from old friends of 1918-1920.

Mrs. Elsie Shulver sends greetings to all from Pleasantdale, Saskatchewan, Canada, and particularly to those she served at Weedon and Moor Lane Camp. She has three children who at the time of writing were anxiously waiting for Santa Claus.

Maud L. Jerrett sends "very sincere thanks to all those responsible for the Annual Dinner."

Miss Gertrude Slee is now jobmaster for the League of Women Helpers to Toc H., and finds it's a busy life. While in a train recently talking over the Annual Re-union a lady asked for particulars and turned out to be an ex-Waac.

We learn that **Mrs. A. W. Webb** (M. Grundy, U.A., Calais, etc.) has recently undergone an operation in Carlisle and is making good progress. We send her best wishes for a speedy recovery.

Mrs. Rebett (K. Haskell, 8262, gardener, Rouen and Etaples) wants to get in touch with Old Comrades, especially **F/w Rhodes**. She has married an engineer and has two sons who spend all their time playing trains. Mrs. Rebett's address is "Sweetbriar," 77 Strouden Road, N. Bournemouth.

Miss Edith M. Wren was able to attend the Dinner and thoroughly enjoyed the re-union. She joined her ship on December 20th and sailed on the 21st for Australia. She hopes to return at the end of March.

It was good to see **Dr. McMullen** (now Mrs. Westby) at the Annual Dinner and to hear news from her of **Dr. Nash**. Both doctors are living near Portsmouth. What news of our other M.O.'s? Has anyone any news of **Miss Giles**, whom so many will remember as Commandant at "Woodside"?

Can anyone give Mrs. Rix (Ashton, 12947), 30 Springdale Road, N.16, the address of **Dora Rolfe**, 8058, who was with her in France, and whose home was in Fleet, Hants? She would also like news of **Emily Gibson**, who served with Mrs. Rix at Lee in 1917, and whose home was in Manchester.

Miss F. Sutton is living in Liverpool, and sends greetings to all, especially Old Comrades of Princess Patricia Camp, Perplinkes, Calais.

Audric W.A.A.C.s will be interested to hear news of the M.O. there. **Captain Sells**, R.A.M.C., has, till recently, been in practice at Horndean since returning from India, but is coming to Surrey shortly.

Captain Akehurst, No. 2 A.S.D., Motaur, is living in Wimbledon, and is a very active member of the British Legion. He claims that the Waac typists he had in his office were the best ever!—and wishes to be remembered to them, and to their officer.

Captain D. C. Medley, M.V.O., Adjutant of G.H.Q. Machine Gun School, and after the Armistice Education Officer at Etaples, is living in London, but goes frequently over to Le Touquet, where he and his wife have a villa. The Paris-Plage beloved of the Waacs seems to have

undergone vast changes and to be grown out of all recognition. It prefers to be known as Le Touquet now!

Sergt. Redpath (late R.E.), who superintended so many repairs and alterations to our hostels and camps in the Paris-Plage district, has remained there, and is now running a pension near the Rue St. Jean.

"**Padre**" **Williams** (late C.F.), who was at Etaples and Rawlinson House, Amiens, among other places, is now Vicar of a church at Eastbourne, and is married and has two daughters.

Madge Benton (Signals, Etaples) has returned to Los Angeles after a long stay in Florida, U.S.A.

Hettie Sagar (Etaples), writing from Christchurch, New Zealand, is enjoying the warm weather, and says people are practically living in their bathing suits. (Lucky Sagar!—Ed.).

LOCAL BRANCH REPORTS FOR FEBRUARY.

London.

Here are a few New Year Resolutions which will be very easy to keep:—

I will pay my subscription early in the year.

I will send a crossed postal order and keep the counter foil until I receive my receipt.

I will try to remember to send a stamped addressed envelope when applying for tickets or information regarding coming events.

I will dig out at least one pal of my W.A.A.C. days who I know is not a member, and see that she joins the O.C.A.

We have indeed started the year with a bang. Our children's party was held on Saturday, January 4th, and a very jolly affair it was, too. Forty-five children and 25 mothers were entertained by some 30 odd members of the branch. Tea for 90 people was laid in the Central Mess at the Duke of York's Headquarters, and the ever-fascinating bon-bons with their pretty colourings simply delighted the eyes of the kiddies when they entered the room. The games were played in our own re-union room, and, of course, there had to be a Christmas tree, and the getting of that tree was real exciting. Has any member ever tried to buy a tree after Christmas? Well, if you have not, I can thoroughly recommend this form of stirring up your energies after a lazy time during the Christmas holidays. Shopkeepers are not interested in trees after December 25th, and nowhere could we find a tree large enough to hold all our presents and all the beautifully dressed dolls which Lewis had dressed and which had been promised should hang from it. In several shops trees were reputed to be as scarce as gold, and in others the shopkeeper had just the very tree we were looking for, and from the Christmas debris in the cellar, or from behind some little board a small apologetic bush would be dragged and displayed as "the only tree to be had in town" and "dirt cheap" at three times its original price—trees certainly were as scarce as gold. We murmured, "No, no, not large enough as each dejected little bush was presented to us; they looked thoroughly tired of being presented and rejected so many times, and only wanted to be left alone to sleep in their cellars or gaze at the passers-by from their little corners by the vegetable counter until such time as the shop assistant thought fit to have a clear up. Wattie and I had trudged to "World's End" by this time in quest of our tree, and a bright idea struck me; why not board a passing 'bus and go further afield? If the Chelsea children had used up all the trees, perhaps the Fulham folks may have left a few. We hailed a 'bus and booked to Walham Green. Through the market we went, feverishly trying to spot greengrocers' shops where a spare tree may be found. At last a sharp dig from friend Wattie made me look up quickly, and there, hanging over the top of a flat roof, something green dangled which looked like the tips of a tree. We marched into the shop and enquired if we were seeing aright. The shopman reflected a moment and consulted the lady with the money-bag round her waist and they both decided it might be a tree. We waited, trembling with excitement while he climbed on to the top of a very high stack of sacks of potatoes and were rewarded by the headlong and downward flight of the man and a pretty substantial looking tree. The shopkeepers were just as

indifferent about the price of the tree and we carried it away with us, grinning broadly and scratching people as we walked towards the 'bus. On the top of the 'bus we had to lug it, and jolly glad we were to join the others at the Duke of York's where they were waiting to decorate the room, and likewise the tree.

After tea the children were entertained by several members of the Concert Party; Miss Yorke and Miss Smart as Dutch boy and girl sang their Dutch songs; Miss Garnham, assisted by "Rupert" the chick, gave a funny turn; Lulu and Pat, our little entertainer friends, also came and kept the children amused for quite half-an-hour with their dancing and other turns; and last, but by no means least, Tiger, Mrs. Pratt-Barlow's dog, did his party tricks. He jumped over a stick, and when his fancy cap was stuck on his head he looked so funny that everybody laughed, and he felt his position so much that he turned to his mistress with a pathetic "how long has this entertainment to last" expression on his face. He is a real "Peter Pan" dog, and the children loved him.

We were ever so pleased to see Dame Helen Gwynne-Vaughan, Mrs. Pratt-Barlow, Miss Davy and Mrs. Johnston, and regretted very much that Captain and Mrs. Garrard were unable to be present. We should have liked Captain Garrard to have had a peep at the party he had so generously helped towards success.

Father Christmas arrived quite early in the afternoon with a plentiful supply of new pennies; I think he must have called at the Mint on his way, at any rate, he would have to call again if he wants any more because these pennies changed hands quickly. The entertainment over, Father Christmas stepped briskly to the tree which, by this time, had been well inspected by the children, who, I have no doubt, had made a mental note of the present they wanted. The important business of cutting down and presenting the toys was now well under way, and the noise and excitement is left to the imagination of the readers of this report. Through the kindness of many of our members and friends we were able to send each child away very happy with more toys than they could well manage. The fairy doll and about two dozen others were all dressed and presented by Miss Lewis, all the little fluffy animals and birds sent in by Mrs. Parsons to Headquarters were distributed to children to take home to their babies and a special little note to Margaret Ann Newton for going through her toy cupboard and finding such a lot of really good toys. Little Rupert, the chick, whose name is coupled with that of Miss Garnham, came with this collection and round his neck hung a little note, "Be kind to Rupert." Margaret Ann, I could not give him away! Rupert is now a honorary member of the branch, and as he has talent he has joined the Concert Party. Each year the expense of the children's party on the branch funds grows less because the children have such good friends amongst the members. I am constantly being told that Old Comrades do not wish or require thanks, but a little word of thanks whispered softly surely could not reach the ears of the powers that be. Miss A. G. Brown, of Upper Helmsley, near York, must have worked for months to get that beautiful parcel made up; all the little garments have found homes.

A Fancy Dress Carnival Dance was held on Saturday, January 11th, in the Lower Hall, Chelsea Town Hall, and as threatened it was a good old-fashioned one with as many of the old dances as we could remember and could dance without appearing clumsy. It was a great social success and the branch funds have benefited by a donation of approximately £4 10s. One hundred and two people rolled up in fancy and evening dress and thoroughly enjoyed themselves. The fancy dresses were all worthy of note, and I only wish I had time and space to describe them all. However, readers will have to be content with a run through description. The arrival of a wedding group consisting of bride, groom, best man and two bridesmaids caused a sensation and made quite a cabaret turn. Miss Annie Day as the bride looked charming, etc., etc., in her robe of white, wreath of orange blossom, and veil of old lace; in her hand she carried a beautiful cabbage of a deep mysterious green, freshly picked that morning, and no doubt it died a very natural death by steam the next day. Her train, also of old lace—lace curtain—was carried by

her two dainty little bridesmaids, to wit, E. Norden and Mrs. Phillips. The bridesmaids were attired in short frocks, tied with sashes, large bows of ribbon on their hair and an old-fashioned smile, and what if they did show their knees as one of them seemed very worried about. In her spare hand one carried a large savoy with lovely curly edges, while the other sported an attractive basket of what looked like white flowers set in green foliage and which, on a close-up view, proved to be nothing more exciting than three baby cauliflowers. Fluister, the bridegroom, was in her element. With hair well brushed back, well pressed suit, light gloves, patent shoes, tall hat, and to complete the toilet for this festive occasion, in her lapel sat a rakish looking scarlet feather flower which looked as if it had been out all night. Nobody could have said she did not look the part, only much too happy looking for a real bridegroom. The best man, Paddy Bell, also looked excellent, and like all best men at weddings, looked as if the wedding was entirely her fault. The wedding march was struck up by the orchestra for the entry, and for a cabaret turn nothing better could have been desired. The dresses were judged by the gentlemen present and right seriously they seemed to shoulder their responsibility. The prizes were won by the following:—

Prettiest dress (Rainbow), Miss Bartlett, junior; most original dress (Talkie), Miss Bartlett's friend; cheapest dress (Correspondence), Miss Bushell; best character (Balloon Woman), Miss Watson (Wattie).

Everyone decided that the dresses had been judged very wisely and well, and any member who would like to see a photo of the dance, there is a group on sale now, and a print will be forwarded on receipt of 1s. 6d. to cover cost and postage. Also for those members who attended the dance, the photos will be on view any Thursday evening for a month or two, and copies can be ordered at any time.

The dances were kept strictly to programme, Maxina, La Rinka, and other old dances were danced as if we had never left them off, but not so with the lancers; they were really the fun of the evening; many had forgotten the figures, and it seemed to be the order of the dance when in doubt to shout "Chain," and we all "chained" and thought we were doing fine. Refreshments were served at a very cheap price so that the cost of the hiring of crockery etc., should be covered, and we have to thank Miss Rogers, Miss Bushell and Mr. Paget for their splendid help while the dance was proceeding. Ices, coffee, tea and sandwiches go down well when one is hot with dancing, and to have everything in readiness at refreshment time was a great boon to those who were ready for them. About ten o'clock Dame Helen Gwynne-Vaughan and a party of members who had attended the Overseas Officers' Dinner came along. The company was so pleased to see them, and I am sure they enjoyed our old-fashioned dance to finish their own cheery evening. Dame Helen presented the prizes to the lucky winners and, oh, I nearly forgot to mention Master Rupert Paget, a small Waaclet in fancy dress who attended the dance and also received a prize. There was no trace of shyness in Rupert as he marched up the hall to receive his prize, and Rupert's beautiful bow was most entertaining. Our revels closed with an old-fashioned polka and the usual last waltz, and we are still talking about our lovely evening and wondering how soon we can have another.

COMING EVENTS.—Arrangements are being made for a party of members to visit the Time and Talents Settlement on Saturday, February 15th. Members wishing to join the party should write in for particulars.

The members' social and dance will be held on Thursday, February 22nd, at the ex-Service Women's Club, dancing and games from 7.30 till 11 p.m. Invitation circulars will be forwarded to all members of the branch.

A theatre party will be arranged for Saturday, February 22nd, particulars of which can be had at any of the re-union meetings.

A ramble through Hertfordshire will be arranged for Sunday, March 9th, providing the weather is fine. It is suggested to make for Great Amwell, near Ware, and have tea at the George IV Inn which is kept by two members of the branch. Members should meet at Liverpool Street Station at 11 " " "

On the new membership cards you will see that the last Thursday in every month has been set aside for dance practice classes, and, of course, general conversation. Many members wish to revive the old dances and learn the new ones as well. Will those who wish to make up the class please get to the Duke of York's Headquarters early as the class will start at 7.30 and finish at 9 p.m.

R. S. ANDREWS.

North Staffs.

Our New Year's Party on January 14th was very much enjoyed by all who attended. We missed our Chairman and Mrs. Burton, who were both "off-side." Mrs. Clough sent a beautifully decorated cake with two candles on it, as it was our second birthday. Her kind thought was greatly appreciated by all. The tales of one of the two new members (née Alice Winstanley) were greatly amusing. The other new member arrived from a considerable distance on a terrible night; I was about to introduce her to some members when she dashed across the room and embraced several local members she hadn't seen since the old days. A flashlight picture was promised, but as we only numbered 12 and 14, we postponed it, especially as our Chairman was missing. To those who were concerned at my sudden blindness that night, I must thank for their kind enquiries. I can see better now, thanks, but I need two years' medical treatment before I shall be really well. However, I am better and quite as happy as before. I thank Mrs. Grundy for her letter and for passing on my address to Miss Miles. On February 11th we indulge in dancing instruction from Mrs. Barrett who kindly invited us to her dance hall instead of at the club. On Tuesday, March 11th, whist drive—each member to bring a friend; April 8th, Ping-Pong Tourney; May 13th, Ramble. If wet, meet at club as usual; June 10th, no definite arrangement; July 8th, Garden Party at Miss Myatt's with her kind permission once again.

M. E. STRETTON.

Newcastle.

Our first gathering for the New Year took place on January 15th when, along with the members of her "Bun Club," we were the guests of Miss C. W. Maunder, and a very jolly evening we spent. We played whist, and guessed advertisements, and drew animals (!), and did full justice to a scrumptious supper, and talked, laughed and received numerous prizes for what we did or did not do, and well, what more could one wish? But, best of all, from the Treasurer's point of view, the Branch funds benefited to the extent of £1 as a result of the evening's entertainment. We are ever so grateful to Miss Maunder and her mother for their hospitality.

M. MOYES.

Hastings and St. Leonards.

Hastings and St. Leonards Branch is still going strong. Though only a small party, we have spent very jolly evenings at overseas with Miss Taylor as a very excellent hostess. What have we done?—a good deal of talk—the usual Waac chat—Oh, do you know so and so—Oh, where did you meet her.

We've made garments for small children. In December we met at Miss Ling's house to sort out the clothes. One parcel was sent to an ex-W.R.A.F., who is a widow with four children. Another was sent to a British Legion family, who was personally recommended by a member.

We are hoping to start again and do big things.

A. WOODWARD.

Norfolk.

Our first meeting of the year was held on January 23rd at 122a Thorpe Road, Norwich. Members turned up in goodly numbers, prepared to enjoy the evening. Everyone was eager for news of the Annual Dinner from those who were fortunate to attend. Little events were minutely remembered, as we gathered round the fire. After a while, we sat down to a jolly supper, appetisingly prepared for us by our hostesses, the Misses Newberry and Prothero, and, needless to say, we did full justice to the dainty dishes.

The surprise event of the evening following immediately after supper was a presentation by members of a

lovely silver powder box to their secretary. It came as such a surprise, that it was quite impossible to thank everyone adequately then for the gift, but it was very, very much appreciated, and will always be treasured, for the kind thoughts which prompted it.

Afterwards we returned to the cosy fireside and more chatter! This was followed by a little New Year's gift to all members and our three Waaclets. These were picked by members in turn, by means of numbered cards, and caused much fun! With all the excitement, time sped on wings, but trains and 'buses will not wait, and with many good-byes, and thanks to our hostesses for a happy evening, we had the usual rush for conveyances home.

A date was not fixed for February meeting, but members will be notified by post, when arrangements have been made. New members are cordially invited to our meetings.

S. W. CHILVERS.

Liverpool.

A Supper Party was held at the British Legion Rooms on Friday, January 31st, organised by Miss E. Howard, the assistant secretary. A large number of members attended and all voted the evening a great success. Miss M. Christian took the chair and proposed the Toast of the King, seconded by Miss Bragg.

Miss Howard proposed absent friends, who were, unfortunately, a few of our very regular members. However, we trust that they will be with us on our next occasion.

PROGRAMME FOR THE NEXT THREE MONTHS.

Friday, January 24th.	Miss Sorski.	Whist.
" " 31st.	Club Supper.	
" February 7th.	Mrs. Parry.	Whist.
" " 14th.	Open Night.	Whist Drive.
	Tickets 1/6 each.	
" " 21st.	Mrs. McNamee.	Competitions.
" " 28th.	Mrs. Christian.	Lecture.
" March 7th.	Miss Bragg.	Sporting Whist.
" " 14th.	Mrs. Cohen.	Games.
" " 21st.	Miss Christian.	Whist.
" " 28th.	Tennis Whist Drive.	Open Night.
	Tickets 1/6.	
" April 4th.	Mrs. Roley and Miss Howard.	
" " 11th.	Mrs. Roe and Miss Kearon.	
" " 18th.	Miss Calverly.	Whist.

It is hoped that all members will make a special effort to attend.

B. SORSKI.

Brighton.

First, would members kindly note that our club room will not be at Compton Avenue after all, owing to quite unforeseen happenings.

The dance and social arranged for January 29th was transferred to Clark's tea rooms, North Street, and really was a great success. There were nearly forty of us, members and friends, and we had a very good orchestra of three and excellent refreshments, and plenty of fun, and cards for those who didn't want to dance, though I didn't notice much demand for them.

Our next meeting will be on Wednesday, February 26th, 7.30 to 10.15 p.m., at Jay's tea rooms, St. James' Street. It is quite near the Old Steine, not more than a hundred yards up on the left, and is above Elliott and Morris' shoe shops, side entrance. It is a nice cosy room with a coal fire. The meeting will probably take the form of a whist drive.

H. H. BARON

Oxford.

Our Annual Christmas Party was held rather late this year on Saturday, January 18th. We also had to find a new room, and were exceedingly lucky in this respect, a nice room being lent us by Mrs. Whitmarsh, who was kindness itself and provided innumerable cups and saucers, much hot water and two delightful helpers. We cannot be grateful enough for such lavish hospitality. This year a special effort was made to entertain the Waaclets, and nine turned up, their ages ranging from 15 months to nine years, and after tea and distribution of presents the

fun became fast and furious. This was the best attended meeting we have had for some time. Members gathered from all parts of the country and from Reading. We were delighted to welcome Miss Turner who has just transferred to us from London Branch and who met some old friends from the A.P.D., also another new member who was present with her little boy. Mrs. Jackman (née Shrimpton of Rouen). She discovered us by seeing a notice in the local paper about the dinner and got my address from the office of the paper.

Our next excitement will be a visit to Oxford by the London Branch on April 6th, and we are all looking forward to welcoming them here and showing them the sights.

I shall be abroad until the middle of March, and during my absence Miss Payne, 106 Woodstock Road, will carry on in my place.

M. GRUNDY.

Manchester.

We are having some very nice meetings and, having four members who have been to Australia since the war, we have some interesting experiences related. I have had a letter from Miss Doyle who wishes to be remembered to all old comrades, and she says she will always remember the happy times she has had with Manchester members. Our committee meetings are the third Friday and whist drive last Friday in the month. The savings club is going strong. On January 17th we had a delightful surprise. Capt. and Mrs. Garrard (the editress of the Gazette) paid us a visit; if only we had known in time, they might have had a surprise, too. I do think it's a pity for anyone to miss seeing anyone from Headquarters (I was very disappointed). Now we are trying to get a few W.R.A.F.s together to form a branch, so if you know of any bring them along, please.

V. STEAR.

Golders Green.

Our next meeting of the Branch will be on March 4th, and as we are only meeting once a month, we hope to have a big party. I am sure you will be interested to know that Miss Stevenson is still in Paris, and is comfortable and happy in her post, and hopes to pay us a visit later in the year. I am sure she will receive a good welcome. She sends all best wishes to the Branch for 1930.

M. SETTERFIELD.

Glasgow and West of Scotland.

SOLDIERS' PARTY.—Over thirty soldiers were entertained by the ex-Service Women at the club at Christmas. The girls rise to the occasion every time, and there is no lack of willing helpers. As before, the City Business Club provide the charabanc, and one very sick "boy" who was determined to come was conveyed in a special car. The menu of hare soup (the donation of Mrs. Holms), turkey, fruit salad, tea, cakes, sweets and cigarettes was enormously enjoyed, as also the whist and concert. In writing a letter of thanks the matron mentioned that the men look on the ex-Service Women's Party as the party of the year, which is as it should be, and very gratifying.

LONDON DINNER.—This branch was represented at the London Dinner by the Secretary. Mrs. McFarlane, Miss Jaffrey, Miss Harvey and Miss Bonnar were also present. There would have been many more had there been a cheap fare and the disappointment was keen. However, our Treasurer, Mrs. Pettigrew, distributed the weekly savings to each one in a neat little envelope, and though not spent on the railway fare as intended, it came in handy for Christmas presents. We have now begun to save for January, 1931, and hope for better luck!

OUR CLUB.—Those who are interested in us will be sorry to know that our club and all the surrounding block has been sold and is to be razed to the ground and a skyscraper hotel built on the site. It is a great blow, as much money had been expended to decorate and alter it three years ago.

An American tea is being organised for February 22nd to raise funds, and the St. Andrew's Ambulance Association are kindly lending their hall for the occasion. We are aiming at fifty tables for whist.

So far we have not heard of new premises.

E. M. GILCHRIST, Hon. Sec.

MISS ELSIE HUGHES.

The Irish Branch of the O.C.A. is very proud of one of its members—Miss Elsie Hughes—who is private secretary to Lord Dawson of Penn and on whom the King has bestowed the M.B.E. "for services rendered" during his recent illness.

Miss Hughes joined up as a forewoman clerk; was promoted early in 1918 and ultimately became a recruiting U.A. After demobilisation in 1919 she worked for a time in the Ministry of Labour and then became Lord Dawson's secretary with whom she has been for six years.

"DINNA FORGET."

A little knot of people gathered at the corner of Blythwood Square right opposite the Broadcasting Station the Saturday night before Christmas, curiosity bidding them see whatever had upset the sober calm of that dignified quarter that had once been the habitat of Glasgow's douce merchants.

One motor and one large 'bus stood at the door of the house at the corner, and from the doorway issued men and women, and more men and more women, all chattering cheerfully. Many of the men were supported on crutches, and here and there a peep of bright blue could be discerned where an overcoat gaped or a sleeve emerged a little from the coat that was supposed to cover it.

"Thank ye kindly, lady," says one; "A Merry Christmas," says another; "We've enjoyed ourselves," from a third. A grateful happy word from everyone.

"And how have you enjoyed yourself?" says a lady to one who looked as if he should be anywhere but outside on such a night. "Fine," says he, "but A would hae likit a prize." "Take care now, don't hurry, watch those slippery steps," warns a voice, as a hand is placed guardingly on the arm of a man hopping along riskily on two crutches.

"Goodnight, safe home." "Hurrah! Hurrah!! Hurrah!!!" comes heartily from the men in the 'bus, and echoes waken, when, as heartily, if not so stentoriously, comes the answer from the women on the door steps.

"Let's see if we can make them hear another," and with that out rings "Hurrah!" once more, and the men in their lighted 'bus give another wave of their hands as they disappear into the darkness of the ill-lit street—and the door of the ex-Service Women's Club closes once more on the happiest evening of the year.

And what's it all about, you still ask. Nothing very wonderful to those who don't think, and yet much it is to those who participate.

Few people in Glasgow know of the existence of the little club that belongs to the ex-Service Women who served with the Army, Navy and Air Forces, and yet a very merry crowd gather together and continue friendships made during war time. But they don't keep their doors closed to other women to whom the comfort and utility of their club can be of use. The subscription for those is moderate, and any girl can take in her lunch, make herself anything she wants, all she must do is to put her penny in the box for the use of gas, and a cosy seat by the fire is hers till time comes to return to work, or, in the afternoon she can have it made for her by the worthy caretaker, and even have a "tousy" tea (if you know what that is) if she is waiting for an evening engagement.

But in our enthusiasm for the bright little club we have wandered far from the departure of the 'bus and its freight of human suffering. Perhaps it is scarcely fair to remind them, but sometimes it is necessary to remind ourselves even although their faces are bright and only cheery words come from their lips, at least on that night.

Every autumn for many years now; the women of the club have sent their invitation to the disabled men of either Erskine or Bellahouston to come and hold Christmas with them. As many as the rooms will hold come and sometimes more. Occasionally, sad to realise, a few come back; two, this year, were with us last, and one tells us in the most matter-of-fact way, "I've had ten operations on my leg since I saw you last, and I've another in January." "I don't think there's much bone left; anyway, it wouldn't make you a good pot of soup." And another says, "Yes, Bellahouston is to be kept open another year, it was in the paper two days ago. Funny to think that the finest brains

in the medical profession said at the end of the war that in seven or eight years there would be no need for these war hospitals to be kept open, and some are coming in for the first time even yet. Don't you think they might save some money on something else, and be able to put up a right hospital? It would be terrible if we were sent to Edinburgh or England, and it could always be handed back to the town when we were away."

But that's not really what they talk about, that only slips out when we ask for them.

Half past three sees the 'bus (very kindly provided by the City Business Club every year) at the door and the overcoated blue boys troop out. The worst cases come in the private car. A few minutes and they are seated at the card tables. Progressive Whist begins immediately, with the women of the club as partners, while others prepare supper. At six the dining room doors are opened and the tables, gay with crackers and holly and laden with good things, are seen lined with bright cheery men and women, and a jolly supper it is. Gifts have come in from members and their friends, everyone has plenty.

Well I remember some years ago the reply of one seemingly bashful man whom I was trying to persuade to have another helping.

"No thank ye, lady, A shouldna hae had ony." I tried to comfort him by saying that what you enjoyed seldom disagreed, but since then I have given over insisting.

After supper comes the concert, every item of the best, given by friends who are not hard to persuade, but rather say when you begin haltingly to ask a favour, "Is 't the Tommies? Of course I'll come, when is it?"

I'd like to tell you of them all, but it would soil the bounty of their giving, and we are such a happy lot.

One blue boy offers a song. He has a good voice and off he goes, "Oh, where is my wandering boy to-night?" For two verses we swallow lumps in our throats, then suddenly he bursts into where the wandering boy was spending the night, and it is a jolly good thing h's mother didn't know.

Nine o'clock, and the 'bus came far too soon. "Auld Lang Syne" and "God Save the King," hearty hand shakes and good wishes and the best night of the year is over again. Over it may be, but when you hear them say, "Aye, we talk about it for the next six months, then we think of it coming for the six months after, and who will get." Who would say it isn't worth while?

"Keep it up, lassies, aye, keep it up, but there's nae need tae tell ye that." M.H.L., Glasgow.

Christmas. 1929.

CORRESPONDENCE.

From Miss E. M. Baggs, Viamonte 540, Buenos Aires, Argentine.

Since receiving the last Gazette I have been on a very interesting and beautiful trip, which has revealed an entirely new aspect of the Argentine.

On Sunday, September 1st, just before mid-day we left Buenos Aires by a north bound train on a long journey, the monotony of which was broken at one point when the train, in four sections, was shunted on to a ferry boat and carried bodily up the River Parana for four hours. This was a very pleasant change, as we got down from our coach and climbed a steep companion-way which took us to the deck where we could stretch our legs and get an uninterrupted view of the broad river with its low wooded banks, the home of innumerable heron and wild duck.

Early in the morning of September 3rd we reached Posadas, the capital of Misiones—a scantily populated province of thick semi-tropical forest land. Here the river is about two kilometres wide, and on the opposite shore lies the little Paraguayan town of Encarnacion, from which come daily to the market at Posadas women of Paraguay, bringing fruit and poultry to sell. Both men and women smoked, or chewed, huge cigars, and every woman sorted her oranges or arranged her vegetables with a large cigar hanging out of the corner of her mouth. These people are a mixed race, partly Indian and talk a mongrel Guarani.

After two days in Posadas, awaiting the arrival of the motor launch which was to take us—a party of twelve

—up the great river on a fishing expedition, we at last set out on the adventurous part of our journey. The dark green jungle stretched for miles on either bank, only broken here and there by the brilliant flame of some flowering tree. Palms and feathery bamboos and other tall forest trees were tangled in a smother of undergrowth and lianas hung in festoons or roped themselves round the trunks. Brilliant patches of orange and gold on the edge of the water rose fluttering as the launch neared them, and proved to be swarms of butterflies, and in the clearings we saw many peacock-blue ones. These clearings were few and far between, and are made for the growing of yerba, from which is brewed mate, the beverage beloved of the Argentines far beyond tea or coffee. As the launch went on its way against a mighty current up the gradually narrowing river, it dodged from side to side to avoid the many whirlpools and hidden rocks that make it very dangerous to navigate, and twice we saw crocodiles sunning themselves on the banks. Nothing daunted by their possible proximity, nor that of the South American "tiger," or jaguar, nor by the certain never-failing visitations of multitudinous sandflies (whose bite is worse than that of a mosquito), we landed at chosen spots for bathing and fishing.

The best and most sporting fish of these rivers is the "Dorado," which, as his name suggests, is gold in colour. He has small black spots on his sides and down the middle of his strong tail runs a crimson bar. The biggest caught on this trip weighed 33 lb and a hard fight did he put up before he was gaffed.

After a week's journeying by easy stages up the Alto Parana we reached its junction with the Iguazu, which is also the meeting place of the three countries—the Argentine, Brazil and Paraguay. Here lies a small settlement, from which a rough road leads inland for thirty kilometres to the Falls of Iguazu, which are bigger than either Niagara or the Victoria Falls on the Zambesi. I have seen the latter and was forcibly reminded of them here for both consisted of a series of huge and magnificent cataracts, the spray from which rises in great clouds where gleams of sunshine set rainbows dancing. We scrambled over rocks and slipped on the wet red soil as we made our way down zigzag paths to the different points of view. Pale pink begonias, orange-flowered creepers, dair red cannas, and maiden-hair fern grew in profusion, and we were loath to leave a scene of such marvellous and awe-inspiring beauty.

From Miss May H. Laird, 1 University Gardens, Glasgow, W.2.

I would like to send a word of greeting to all the women with whom I had the pleasure of serving—to those on the way out (short but memorable), at Cauchoise, Rue de la Republic, Cavalry Remounts, Rue Boquet, Papaume, Monchy Cayeux, and St. Fol; in all the little corners where they now are, and to where the Gazette makes its way; and to wish them health and happiness to life them over the "heichs and horres" that they find in their pathway through all the years. They may be interested to hear I am thriving in spite of a family of close on 700! That's what it is to be an old maid!!

From Miss Ethel Guest, c/o Rev. H. B. Hughes, Montpellier, Prospect, Bermuda.

Dear Miss Andrews,—I promised I'd write and let you know all my adventures. Life's been so full of sight-seeing and getting settled down to this climate, also all the insects, I've only had time to write home. First of all please give my kind regards to all London Branch members with the best of wishes to the swimming club. I wish they were here as swimming is great, the sea so warm you can stay in for hours. Cheers for Miss Bushell and Brown who made the money for the the Swimming Club.

Now to begin, the Orcoma was a delightful boat, I felt a little sad as I left Liverpool, but one didn't have long to one's self as we had life belt drill almost at once. We had to get our belts and parade to the boat deck, put our belts on and pass one of the ship's officers to see if all's correct.

Then tea time came; whilst at tea a lady asked me where I was going so I said Bermuda. "Oh, I suppose

your not a Miss Guest, are you? Well, there's a gentleman looking for you, you're supposed to be in his charge. I'll find him." He was the Q.M. in Scots Guards who the Chaplain had told to look out for me, so I need not say how from then on I didn't feel lonely.

I had a cabin to myself until I got to Corunna, when a Spanish lady came to keep me company, not knowing Spanish and she not speaking English we did our best in signs and slow motion, which was very funny and caused us both a little amusement.

We left Liverpool and followed the coast of Wales, which looked very beautiful, on the Friday morning I got on deck, to my surprise, I found we were passing Cornwall, we came quite close into Lands End. Then we all said our farewells to England. Our next stop was La Rochelle Pallice, a quaint little French port. Here we were allowed to land for four hours. We had great fun as a party of 25 college students were on board (English) going on a tour through Spain, so our party was quite a lively one. We had such fun in the market square where they were selling everything imaginable. On our way back to the boat we met a funeral. I've never seen such a sight before, I should think everyone in the town was in the procession. We got back to the boat safely to find quite a number of fresh passengers including four Germans who sat at my table. We followed the coast along, it was nice, the sunset and the fishing boats out. We were due at Santander, in Spain, early next morning but owing to fog we did not get there until mid-day with only one hour to land. Which did not seem worth the effort as the boat took 20 minutes to get in from our ship. At each port people came aboard to sell goods, and here, as you can imagine, we had most gorgeous evening shawls. Crowds of Spanish passengers, from them I got the latest hints to beauty; you had either to have a pale face, jet black hair, scarlet lips with nails to match, or else you had scarlet nails with dinkie little blue birds painted on them. Santander was a beautiful place and the yachts that left Plymouth got in just a few hours in front of us, we saw them in the harbour, also one or two battleships. As soon as we left here we got into sea fog again, which was most tiresome as you could not see a thing, and we went so slowly with the terrible noise of a fog horn going all night. However, we reached Corunna and Vigo, but several hours late and no time to land. But we had great fun with the people, who came to sell their goods.

After we left Vigo we came out into the open sea through the Azores, we also passed the big German Zepp one day. We passed very few ships but we had some delightful sunsets, and the moonlight dances on deck were delightful. Between Vigo and Bermuda we had our deck sports, whist drives, a carnival dance also a fancy dress the night before we reached Bermuda. We got into Bermuda six o'clock in the morning, it was a delightful sight, more so as it was our first land for a week, it looked so green, the water so clear. Those landing had to be packed up and pass the doctor by seven o'clock. The doctor was rowed to our ship by black men, they did look funny. Then we had to get on a sort of tender and taken such a curly trip into Hamilton, where we landed crowds of black people in blue shirts, of course, trousers, too. But it's so funny to see them in bright blue shirts it makes them look much blacker. They had funny little Victorian carriages; it was the taxi stand really only I did not realise it at first. Here we had to pass the customs, but luckily the gentleman who met me knew how to wangle things so I got off quite quickly. Although I felt after I had collected my goods and chatels I only wanted my bath bun and bottle of milk to be a complete "private secretary." I saw very little of Hamilton as I drove up to Prospect in one of those quaint carriages, I almost felt like Queen Victoria. The camp is built on a hill so we get all the breeze that blows, but on hot days you think you are miles away from the town but it's about the same distance as Oxford Street from the Club. In the day time we have beetles squeaking, at night frogs, at first it irritates or gets on your nerves but now I rather like it. Funny thing, as soon as it rains they stop. We drink nothing but rain water, that's why all the houses are painted white. Five minutes from here is the million gallon water tank. The insects are a terrible pest, the

first week we settled in our house we had raids on giant spiders, flying cockroaches and ants. We are scaring them a bit now but it's impossible to keep free from them. Each door and window have fly screens attached and when you sit and write you can hear a ping-pong going on, a cockroach trying to come in, then we fly for that famous flit to shoo them away. We have delightful house, a horse and buggy. I'm glad I brought my bicycle, it's been invaluable. I was in time for the farewell dance of the Argyle's also the welcome to the West Yorks, several of whom I had met in York so I'm not friendless. It's either tennis, swimming or cricket every day, we get pictures in the Gym twice a week. Of course, we have padded chairs (I don't think), you have to take a cushion with you if you want to be comfy, also a fan, which is quite useful for flicking the cockroaches away or little lizards. We have band concerts in the open under quite a lot of trees, not very tall, Bermuda juniper.

BIRTH.

Jones.—On October 30th, 1929, to Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Jones (Court, F/w'n No. 257, D.G.T., France), at Tientsin, China, a son.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Stormont House, 43 and 45 Longridge Road, Earls Court, S.W.5. Misses A. Crockford and O. Mainland having extended their premises, will be able to offer additional accommodation from January 1st, 1930. Bed, bath and breakfast from 5/6 single rooms; from 5/- each double rooms. Lunch, tea and dinner optional; 6d. per night extra for bookings for less than three nights. Gas fires in rooms. Telephone. Frobisher, 0986.

Cannes.—"Scotch House—Pension," Avenue de Madrid; central, near sea and tennis; large sunny garden. Home comforts, good food. Excursions and tours arranged all over the Riviera, Italy, etc. Apply to Alice B. Anderson (ex-Service, Wimereux, Le Touquet, etc.). Terms moderate.

Pure Home-made Chocolates, Bon-Bons, Toffees, Caramels, etc. Fancy boxes of Chocolates and Sweets, suitable for Presents, from 2s. 6d. to £2 2s. 0d. Price list on application.—Miss E. Cocksedge, 2 Bracken Road, West, Brighouse, Yorkshire.

Board-Residence or Apartments. Every convenience. Terms moderate. Apply Miss F. H. Smith, "Kinver," Chesham Road, Weston-Super-Mare. (Opposite Ashcombe Park).

Bon Accord Private Hotel, Marmion Road, North Berwick, convenient for station, golf and tennis.—Misses Turnbull and Finlay, Telephone North Berwick 77.

Numerology.—Your name your guide for life. Full reading 5s., Character only 2s. 6d. Old readings brought up to date 2s. 6d., U.S.A. and Canada \$1.—Send full names (maiden name if married) and date of birth to Blanche, 47 W. 84th Street, New York City, U.S.A.

Any garments "hand knitted," light weight hand embroidered knitted frocks 40/- and 45/-, all shades. Embroidered sleeveless Cardigans 35/- and 40/-.—M. Cowens, 16 Fisherton Street, Salisbury.

George IV Hotel, Gt. Amwell, Ware, Herts. Telephone: Stanstead Abbots 39. A beautiful spot for a quiet country holiday. Saturday to Monday, 15s. Other terms on application. Teas, luncheons. Parties catered for by arrangement. Combine a ramble with your general meeting and come here for tea. Club room accommodates 50.—A. G. Brown and A. Edwards (Camp 1, Etaples).

Self-contained Furnished Flat to let, Hastings, sea-front, close to Pier; gas, electric light; every convenience. Apply Mrs. E. Curzon Villa, 25 White Rock, Hastings.

Branch.	Name and Address of Secretary.	Address of Club or Meeting place.	Day and Time of Meeting.
Birmingham.	Miss E. C. Brinsford, 167 Birchfield Road, Handsworth, Birmingham.	38 John Bright Street, Room 19.	Wednesdays. 7 to 10 p.m.
Bournemouth.	Miss E. Jones, Kirkley, Westhill Road.	Cavendish House, 8 Christ Church Road.	Last Monday in each month 8 to 10 p.m.
Brighton.	Miss H. A. Baron, 25 Wellington Road, Brighton, Sussex.	Y.P.C., 17 Compton Avenue, Brighton.	On last Wednesday in the month; 7.15—10.15.
Bristol and West of England.	Miss Pearce, 1 Pierrepont Place, Bath.	No permanent room fixed.	Not fixed.
Cheltenham.	Mrs. Mann, 84B High Street, Cheltenham, Gloucester.	Not fixed.	Not fixed.
Exeter.	Miss J. Rose, 164 Sidwell Street, Exeter.	164 Sidwell Street, Exeter.	First Wednesday of the month at 3 o'clock.
Eastbourne.	Miss N. Peters, 5 Spencer Road, Eastbourne.	Not fixed.	Not fixed.
Edinburgh and East of Scotland.	Miss M. Innes, 1 Granville Terrace, Edinburgh. Benevolent Sec.: Miss F. M. Lush, 11a Gilmore Place, Edinburgh.	Women's United Services Club, 12 Drumsheugh Gardens, Edinburgh.	1st Saturday of each month, 6 p.m. to 10 p.m.
Glasgow and West of Scotland. Headquarters.	Miss E. M. Gilchrist. M.B.E., 13 Royal Terrace West, Glasgow. Mrs. Pratt Barlow, O.B.E., 85 Chester Square, S.W.1.	109 Douglas Street, Blythswood Square. Not fixed.	Every Wednesday, 7.30. Not fixed.
Ireland.	Miss E. C. Finny, Erith Lodge, Sandymount, Dublin.		Not fixed.
Leeds.	Miss E. Mair, 29 Victoria Terrace, Belle Vue Rd., Leeds, Yorks Benevolent Sec.: Miss A. Annikin, 2 Hollin Park View, Roundhay. Leeds, Yorks.	British Legion Club Rooms, Greek Street, Leeds.	First Wednesday in the month, 7.30 p.m.
Liverpool.	(Temp.) Mrs. Ryley, 199 Picton Road, Wavertree.	79 Lime Street, Liverpool.	Friday, 7.30 p.m.
London.	Miss R. S. Andrews, 5 Buckingham Gate, S.W.1.	1st and 3rd Thursdays in each month at the Ex-Service Women's Club, 5 Buckingham Gate, S.W.1; 2nd, 4th and 5th Thursdays. Mess. Central Canteen, Duke of York's Hdq., King's Rd., Chelsea. Winchfield, Shirehall Lane, Golders Green Road (nearest bus stop Brent Bridge). Telephone: Hendon 1925. 122 Cranbrook Road, Ilford 1925. (Telephone Ilford 0058).	Thursday evenings, 7.30 to 10 p.m.
Golders Green.	Miss Setterfield, 12 Geary Road, Dollis Hill, N.W.10.		First Tuesday of each month; 7.30—10 p.m.
London Sub-Branch Ilford.	Miss M. V. Druitt, 74 Belgrave Road, Ilford, Essex.		Alternate Tuesdays at 8 p.m.
Manchester.	Mrs. Stear, 8 Gainsborough Street, Higher Broughton, Salford.	The Kingston Cafe, Spring Gardens, Manchester.	Every Friday, 7—10.30 p.m.
Newcastle-on-Tyne.	Miss Margaret Moyes, 1A Eslington Terrace, Jesmond, Newcastle. Benevolent Sec., Miss L. M. Floyd, 13 Beacon Street, Low Fell. Gateshead-on-Tyne	The British Legion Club, 6 Leazes Terrace, Newcastle. Interviews at British Legion, N.E. Area Offices, 10 Leazes Terrace, Newcastle.	First Monday and Third Wednesday, 7—10 p.m.
Norfolk.	Mrs. L. W. Chilvers, 32 Grove Road, Norwich.	No permanent room fixed.	Monthly. Members notified individually.
North Staffs.	Mrs. E. Stretton 10 Sparrow Terrace, Porthill, Stoke-on-Trent.		
Oxford.	Mrs. M. Grundy, M.B.E., West Wood House, Hinksey Hill, Oxford	No permanent room fixed	Members notified individually.
Notts.	Miss Burder, 65 Harcourt Road, Forest Fields, Nottingham.	Meldrum's Cafe, Lister Gate.	First Wednesday in the month, 7-9.30
Plymouth.	Mrs. O. Foster, 2 Notte Street, Plymouth.		
S. Wales. and Cardiff.	Miss Diana V. Viney, 201 Carlisle Street, Cardiff.	Y.M.C.A., Cardiff.	Second and Last Tuesday, at 7.30 p.m.
St. Leonard's.	Miss E. Taylor, 58 West Hill, St. Leonards-on-Sea.	58 West Hill, St. Leonard's-on-Sea.	Not fixed.
Sunderland.	Miss M. M. Low, 15 Featherstone Street, Roker, Sunderland	Y.W.C.A. Rooms, Burdon Road.	Second Wednesday each month, 7 p.m.

All Old Comrades are cordially invited to any of the above re-unions. If no definite meetings are fixed, application should be made to the Branch Secretary concerned, who will give the necessary particulars