

Old Comrades



Association

GAZETTE.

Duke of York's Headquarters, London, S.W.3.

MAY, 1930.

Vol. XI., No. 10.

3/6 per annum, post free.

HEADQUARTERS REPORT.

Dame Helen Gwynne-Vaughan presided at the meeting of the Council held on Tuesday, April 29th, 1930, at 5 Buckingham Gate, S.W.1.

Clothing.

We are asked to thank the following members for the parcels they have so kindly sent for the clothing cupboard: Miss E. Hodgkinson, Mrs. Locke, Miss D. B. Brown, Anon., Mrs. Pratt-Barlow, and the Bournemouth Branch (two parcels). We are greatly in need of more supplies of clothing of all sorts—particularly for boys. The cupboards, at the moment, are distressingly empty, but the demands are still very great.

AUGMENTATION OF FUNDS.

Many Old Comrades have made an immediate response to the appeal for funds made in the April number of the Gazette, and many more are wanted. Among the contributions received is one from General Sir George Macdonogh, G.B.E., K.C.B., K.C.M.G., who, with his cheque sent the following letter which we are sure all our members will be proud to read:

Dear Madam,

April 17th, 1930.

I see in the April number of the Gazette a letter from you in regard to the funds of the O.C.A., and I am sorry to learn that the expenses still exceed the income, and trust that your appeal will meet with a satisfactory reply. I am venturing to enclose a small contribution, with my best wishes for the Old Comrades' Association of a Corps for which I have always had the highest admiration and respect.

Yours very truly,

G. M. W. MACDONOGH.

The Hon. Treasurer, Q.M.A.A.C., O.C.A.

A member writes: "I have decided to put away a penny per week for the O.C.A. My husband also intends to do the same, both of us starting from this week. That will produce a little addition to the fund, and if all members did the same (and they would never miss a penny a week) a lot of your troubles would be over."

Here is a good idea; will any Old Comrade follow such an excellent example?

NEWS OF OLD COMRADES.

Miss Edith Thompson asks us to say that although she is very much interested in the Training Centre at Market Harborough for women wishing to settle in the Dominions, and has, in fact, been Chairman of the sub-Committee which is responsible for its management, she has not been appointed Superintendent, as was stated in the "Morning Post" recently. Miss Horniblow and Miss

Jacobs have both also been interested in this Centre, and Miss Lewis-Davies has been on the staff for a time.

Miss Thompson is off to South Africa on May 29th with the English hockey team, which is to take part in the Empire Tournament, and will land at Port Elizabeth on June 22nd. The team will be in Durban, East London, Grahamstown, Maritzburg, Kimberley, Johannesburg, Bloemfontein, Pretoria, Benoni, Bulawayo, Salisbury and Gwelo, and Miss Thompson is hoping to see Old Comrades all along the route.

A correspondent says that she unexpectedly dropped in at Overstone School one day recently, and found Mrs. Esslemont there with her flock of jolly girls and a cheery staff around her.

The staff were having tea together in the hall round a blazing log fire and the whole atmosphere of the place was homey and welcoming. It is a huge "family mansion standing in park-like grounds," as the house-agents would say, and has been well adapted to the requirements of a modern school. There are about 40 children there now, and it is hoped that the numbers will soon be doubled. Mrs. Esslemont makes a splendid Principal and looks the part to perfection. Miss Chapman is installed as secretary. Now then, married Old Comrades, this is the place for your daughters.

Mrs. May Bigg, Sett Hotel, Hollinwood, near Oldham, would be glad to have news of Winnie Huggins, Mabel Moody, and V. K. Barnes, who were at Queen Mary Camp, Calais, and Vendroux.

From Ireland comes some items of news of members of Unit II. Wimeroux: Drury Watson is married and has a son. Gillie is living in Canada with her husband and daughter. Olive Connick is also married. Edith Goosens died recently after a short illness. Mrs. Colby (D. J. Newman, Signals, Abbeville, St. Omer, etc.) is living in Austin, Mass., U.S.A., and sends greetings and best wishes for continued success of the O.C.A.

LOCAL BRANCH REPORTS FOR MAY.

London.

Our trip to Oxford was filled with interest and ever so thrilling. The charabanc was billed to leave Victoria Street at 9 a.m. on Sunday morning, April 6th, and despite the many protests on the Thursday evening previous at having to get up at an unearthly hour, long before the time, the party of seventeen assembled in twos and threes. Prompt to the hour, the car left with our party complete and all feeling very clever at arriving to time. Lucky with the weather, as usual, we were in the highest spirits, and the various discussions that took place en route must have amused our five fellow travellers. Half way we stopped at a quaint country inn, and, of course, ordered tea and coffee, just to pass the time away, and by way of

celebration of a glorious morning. About twelve o'clock we arrived at Oxford, and, according to instructions received from Mrs. Grundy, the Honorary Secretary of Oxford Branch, we saw to it that the driver dropped us at the Cattle Market, and there our friends picked us up. Mrs. Grundy and Miss Payne motored over to meet us, and after lots of greetings, etc., we were introduced to flasks of coffee, a tin of biscuits and lots of cups and mugs and a tin of variegated sugar which the Oxford members told us was grown in Oxford—I hae ma doots, although I appeared to swallow the tale at the time along with the sugar and, true to my nationality, carried away a few grains to find out a little more about this strange sugar. From the Cattle Market we were taken to one of the colleges, and there we were refreshed with the aforementioned coffee: we did enjoy the kind thought which prompted our friends to bring along hot drinks, because it was just a wee bit chilly after the long journey. After everything was packed up again and no crumbs left on the lawn, we started a tour of the town and the various colleges and we were lucky in having special permission to visit Magdalen College, a college most of the party were specially keen on seeing. That was one of the many treats Mrs. Grundy had in store for us. Lunch had been arranged beforehand at a cafe called "The Town and Gown"—it certainly had a lot of town about it because it was set in the heart of it, but it had very little gown as the walls were decorated with little black people clad in beads and fringes only. However, I was assured by my friend and old comrade Miles, who used to be at Vendroux, that the beads and fringes were made to stay on, and one never saw them without, so I suppose that the name "Gown" added to "Town" is quite in order. Anyway, it was a charming cafe, and we had a ripping lunch at a very moderate price which everyone enjoyed, and we began to expand still more—our conversation I mean, in case any member of the party should read this and misconstrue my meaning. Various members of the Oxford Branch began to turn up at the cafe by this time, some with families and some without, and amongst those without was Miss Miles, who I know will be well remembered as Miles, of Queen Elizabeth Camp, Vendroux, one of the No. 6 Base Supply Depot, R.A.S.C., and of El Dorado Hut which the Hon. Secretary of London Branch shared with her. Mrs. Pugh, another Vendrouxite, also turned up to greet us, and it was nice to see them both after so many years. Miles took the party over for the afternoon, and what she does not know about Oxford is not worth knowing; first she took us to the Painted Room—a room over a shop, the beauty and value of which was only discovered a couple of years ago by the present owner. This particular room, along with others in the building, was taken over as a workshop, and it was while complying with certain regulations applying to workshops that the real beauty of the room was discovered. After twelve papers had been stripped from the walls, a canvas wall was found, and behind that canvas wall was discovered some beautiful oak panelling, and behind that panelling a painted wall, rich in design and colouring and very well preserved. Space will not allow me to give many details of this most interesting room, but I should like to tell our readers who are lovers of Shakespeare's works that this room is also famous on account of its close connection with that great writer. History tells us that Shakespeare "was wont to go into Warwickshire once a year, and did in his journey lve at this house in Oxen, where he was exceedingly respected." I think I am right in saying that this property was once the Crown Inn, hence the explanation of the hospitality shown to Shakespeare, who was a personal friend of the proprietor, one John Devenant, who owned this property from 1592—1614. Any member paying a visit to Oxford should make a point of visiting this most interesting room. It is open to visitors on payment of sixpence—that was another surprise and treat for our party, as it is not open on Sunday. The owner of the property gave permission for us to visit the room, and the lady who tells its history came along specially to show its beauties to us.

There was a special request that we should sign our names in the book, and we were delighted to be allowed to do so.

After a good round of sightseeing, we were met again

at 3.30 by Mrs. Grundy and Miss Payne, and motored to Mrs. Grundy's house, where about thirty members sat down to tea. After tea the London visitors were turned into the daffodil garden and allowed to pick as many daffodils as they liked; it was indeed a true test of good comradeship, and we picked to our hearts' content. We thoroughly appreciated the flowers, and we were careful not to pick one bud, and I hope that many more blooms took the place of those we carried away to decorate our rooms and offices in town. At 6.30 we were due to leave Oxford, so we began to think of making a move. A little local 'bus was hailed at the gate of the house, and much to the indignation of the occupants, some twenty people climbed in, all carrying bunches of flowers and branches of pussy-willow, which must have given us the appearance of a moving garden as we made a dash at the 'bus. At 6.30 prompt the charabanc hooted its way out of the Cattle Market, looking like a flower shop on wheels, and amid the cheers and good-byes of those who waited to see us off, we left Oxford behind us—a beautiful city and a glorious day to be remembered. Many, many thanks, Oxford Branch.

On Saturday afternoon, April 26th, fifteen members, two small children and one small dog rambled through Ken Wood and ended up with tea in the old kitchen of the house. It was an ideal day for rambling, and there was a nip in the air, enough to make us thoroughly enjoy a romp with the children and dog if we felt inclined to. A challenge from one member to another brought us to the duelling ground to see fair play, and on going up the steps, we wondered how many men had traversed these same steps in the days gone by, cursing the ill-luck which had brought them there, and very likely still arguing with their seconds as to which of the two were in the right. The party, however, did nothing more serious than pose for photographs there, and rambled on again through the wood and over the heath to the station and home.

The concert given by the Roamers Concert Party was a huge success, and a very pretty show indeed, the financial result being a profit of over £11 and a donation to London Branch Funds of £8. Three jolly good cheers for the Concert Party and one extra cheer for Miss Taylor, the organiser of the show.

COMING EVENTS.

There are a few seats available on the second car which had to be booked for the Tattoo on Friday evening, June 20th. The price of each ticket is 10s., which includes the journey to and from the club, a 2s. 6d. seat in the arena in the reserved enclosure, and also pays all sundry expenses entailed. Please write at once and send a stamped addressed envelope for reply for information required, and *please cross all postal orders before parting with them.*

I regret we must give up the idea of a holiday at Oversea, as no bookings have so far been received, and as these party holidays have to be arranged some time beforehand, this one must be cancelled. Perhaps later on in the summer a week-end at Hastings may materialise.

A moonlight ramble is being arranged for Saturday, June 14th. We hope to ramble through Windsor Great Forest, Virginia Water and back to Shanghai Camp in the early hours of the morning, have breakfast and spend the rest of the day at camp. The week-end fare is 3s. 9d. from Waterloo, and it will be best to take a week-end ticket and book up at the camp for meals on Sunday; this will cost about 3s. 6d. extra. Take sandwiches to eat during the ramble, and it has been suggested that a member should bring her ukelele so that we can sit in the moonlight and sing—those of us who can. Going from town we intend to catch the last train somewhere about ten o'clock to Windsor, and if members wish to join the ramble who are staying at the camp, then they should meet us at the station about 11.30 or somewhere near. All arrangements will be published in the June number, but members should write for information because the Gazette may not be out in time.

Will members please note that they should send Gazette subscriptions to the Honorary Treasurer, O.M.A.A.C., O.C.A., Duke of York's Headquarters, King's Road, Chelsea, S.W.3. If these are forwarded to the Hon. Secretary of the Branch, it means that there is always some delay

as they have to be forwarded to the right quarter before they can be dealt with.

There are several members of the Toronto Branch visiting London this summer; London Branch will be very pleased to see them on Thursday evenings at their re-union meetings.

I am still asking for subscriptions!

R. S. ANDREWS.

Glasgow and West of Scotland.

Hut inspection at Gourrock took place on Saturday, 12th April. This is one of the most delightful events of the O.C. year. Everybody knows, of course, that the only thing inspected is the sumptuous tea prepared by Mrs. Holmes, the champion baker.

There are days when the Firth is white with driving mist and spray, and days when it lies all blue and purple among the mountains, but on this day everything glowed pale gold among the softest green—the willow-buds, the primroses and daffodils, the deeper “whins,” and the sun sparkling through the showers from a white-puff sky—a dream of spring fulfilled. If you have not yet seen the Firth of Clyde, see it from the Hut. You are sure of comfort and delight.

I. M. McJELLAND.

Plymouth.

Last year was not a very good one for this Branch, as owing to so much sickness we were unable to run any whist drives or anything else that would make profits for our fund. This year, however, we have started better, having had two whist drives so far. The first made no profit, being quite small, but at the second we made some money. At this last a charge was made for refreshments. Mr. Foster ran a guessing competition as well and made a further profit for us; the prize was a box of 50 cigarettes. We hold all our meetings at my home and it's good fun, we are like one big family.

We have arranged to hold a whist drive every month and hope to do well.

O. FOSTER.

Manchester.

Those who attended the ball on April 11th will know that as far as making any profit goes it was a failure. We had the great honour of having six V.C.'s with us, i.e., J. Readitt, C. H. Coverdale, J. E. Woodall, J. Hogan, J. Thomas, and W. Wood. We hope to meet them again. The Press were very good, but I'm afraid the “Dogs” and Pictures are more important than our heroes. Unfortunately there was a strike on and that helped to let us down.

A few W.A.A.C.'s and friends (ten in number) went to a Guards' dance on April 25th, and had a most wonderful time. There was a blind ex-Guardsman there and he had a smile on his face almost all the time, and dance! I don't think he missed more than two all the evening. In the Paul Jones, Aldred had him for a partner (I envied her). It was grand to see how the men cared for him. I thought the place would fall down when they asked for three cheers for Scottie (the blind man) after he presented a prize. We hope to attend the next Guards' dance.

Our meetings are going on as usual but subscriptions are coming in slowly. Pearce has decided to become a life member. We are looking forward to having Dame Florence with us again soon.

May 17th and 19th.—The picnic spot is not decided upon yet. The London Dinner Fund is flourishing. I feel I must return to the O.C.A. ball. Nell Savage met a very old family friend there, C. H. Coverdale, V.C., M.M., so she was happy. I have just received a letter from an ex-Waac., she saw the report of the ball and wants to know about our meetings.

The Hut.—I went out to Poynton on Easter Monday. Mr. and Mrs. Barnes and Mr. and Mrs. Bigg were there. A party went out on the Sunday, I believe. The Hut looks splendid, everything so nice and clean. Barnes was surprised that more did not go out, perhaps Whitsun will see a big party there.

Mr. Barnes has had to go into hospital again. Let's hope they will find that spare piece of needle and that he will soon be quite well again. I've just heard that Bigg

is ill and hope she will soon be well again. It's the sunshine we want. Cheers for Dame Helen for her defence of the Waac's. We all felt boiling about these horrible articles, and now this awful book. However, the more we say the more publicity the book gets. We did our bit and we honour our men who saved our country.

V. STEAR.

Liverpool.

A lecture was held on February 28th, given by Mrs. E. Christain, entitled “Women of the Modern Era.” It was attended by a large gathering of members and friends who thoroughly enjoyed it. We are fortunate in having as a member of the club such a charming lecturer as Mrs. Christain who does lecture in public places on occasions.

On March 7th Miss F. M. Bragg ran a small club whist drive, and the following week our Chairman, Miss Christain, ran a Whist Drive called Klondyke.

The Tennis Club gave their annual Whist Drive on the 21st. Mr. McNamee was M.C. of the evening, and the refreshments were under the charge of Mrs. McNamee. The following members and visitors won prizes: Mr. Yates, Barometer; Miss M. Christain, Inkwell Stand; Mrs. Witter, Table Cloth and Serviettes; Mrs. Houston, Rose Bowl; Mrs. Beatty, Chocolates; and Mr. McNamee, booby prize of a Lemon Squeezer. During the interval the United Services Grand National Sweep Draw took place.

The United Services Club held a Supper Party on Grand National Night to celebrate the popular local event of the season. The chair was taken by Mrs. Riley, and table decorations and general assistance were given by the following members of the Club: Miss E. Howard, Miss F. M. Bragg, Miss E. Lampard, Miss Christain and, as usual, Mrs. McNamee. The winners of the United Services Mutual Subscription Sweepstake were Miss B. Sorski, 1st on Shaun Goulin; 2nd, Miss M. Morris on Mellerays Belle; and 3rd, Mrs. MacNamee on Sir Lindsay. Mrs. Riley presented the lucky winners with their respective prizes.

During the evening a series of one-minute speeches were given by the members which caused a great deal of amusement to those who had to listen to them. The evening passed too quickly for us, and we ended the affair by a little dance, for which we have to thank Mrs. Rowe for playing. Some of the members obliged with a song.

We note that the Manchester Club were in Liverpool on the occasion of the President's visit, and fail to understand why they never informed us of the forthcoming excursion.

On April 4th the Club had a surprise visit by Lord Allenby. He was received by our Chairman, Miss Christain, who made a speech of welcome to him on behalf of the Club, and introduced us personally to Lord Allenby.

On the 25th, last night of the season, an American Supper Party took place. Many were the regrets that the season has closed, but, however, all good things must come to an end. The Committee are pleased that most of our members attend the Club throughout the season most regularly, considering that we all have varied interests.

The Tennis Club commences on May 3rd at the Club grounds at Greenbank. All members please note that they are welcome on Wednesday and Saturdays, and we hope that members will keep in touch with the Club during the season, for they find such jolly afternoons spent at the Club during the summer are worth while.

Mrs. MacNamee is the Tennis Hostess for the season, and all enquiries must be made to her in writing at 45 Granville Road, Sefton Park, Liverpool.

B. SORSKI.

Tunbridge Wells.

The Tunbridge Wells Branch held their first Ramble on Wednesday, April 30th, at Westerham. Eight members met at Edenbridge Station at 2.30. Miss R. Renny Tailyour joined the party, leading the way to her house, “The Tents of Gillham,” Westerham, where a meeting was held. Afterwards we were all taken for a delightful ramble round wooded dells, and back to her house to sit down to a delightful tea. The Secretary snapped the members on the lawn and goodbyes were said, thus ending a beautiful afternoon. May we have many like that, only more members. Our grateful thanks to Miss R. Renny Tailyour for her kindness.

E. BOYLETT.

Oxford.

On Sunday, April 6th, a party of Old Comrades from the London Branch visited Oxford. They arrived at mid-day, and we kept them busy sightseeing, with a short interval for lunch, until 3.30. Oxford looks its best on Sunday, there being less traffic to mar the beauty of High Street. On the other hand, there is less open on Sunday, especially in vacation, but there was plenty to see in the short time at our disposal. It gave us great pleasure to show the beauties of this lovely city to such an enthusiastic party of sightseers. Somewhat footsore, but with spirits by no means damped, we made our way to Westwood House for tea, where our numbers were added to by some members of our own branch. We sat down (31), including children, the largest and easily the cheeriest tea party ever held in my house! After taking photos and picking daffodils and primroses, the party returned to Oxford for their homeward journey. We all hope they will come again some day.

M. GRUNDY.

Norfolk.

A jolly evening was spent on April 10th at 84 Thorpe Road, Norwich, Miss Howson and her sister making us most welcome. A good number of members turned up, and much appreciated the "picnic supper" prepared for our benefit. We were all sorry to learn it was Miss Gore Brown's last evening with us, as she is taking up new work in Somersetshire. The branch presented her with "book-ends" of the Norwich Coat of Arms, and wished her every happiness in her new surroundings.

Miss E. Thompson has kindly invited Norfolk members over to Aldeburgh for lunch and tea on May 18th, prior to her visit to South Africa. A charabanc will be arranged for to take the party over, starting from Norwich. Time and other particulars will be notified to members individually.

Other meetings are arranged for Great Yarmouth in June, and Tasburgh in July.

L. W. CHILVERS.

Toronto.

Since I have had several letters from Comrades at home asking for news, I feel, perhaps, a report from the Toronto Branch might get into the Gazette, so will try and make it as interesting as possible.

Our meetings are fairly well attended and always very lively. We have now a membership of 35, a little smaller than last year, owing to some leaving for home and four going into the United States. Miss Buchanan and Miss Maitland, two of our earliest members, are home in Scotland; Miss Stevenson is back in Ireland; Miss Wilson is back in London somewhere, but where we do not know. We should be glad of news of her. The others we are in touch with.

Since last writing to the Gazette, we have held two Re-union Dinners—one at the Ford Hotel, which was very successful, with Miss Burnham as one of our Guests of Honour, Capt. Sulvey Lambert, Padre of Chester Street Hospital, Dr. Dahls, of the Government Employment Bureau.

We are always pleased to have Miss Burnham, of Ottawa, with us. She is most kind with her help and advice, and always ready to help me in cases of sickness, etc., with a grant to the needy ones. This is very urgent this winter, as unemployment and distress have been very acute.

Then this year for our dinner, we had only a very small affair for the same reason, but, nevertheless, it was not lacking for any excitement. Our speaker on this occasion was Mrs. Arthur Van Koughnet, a hard worker for the returned men and women, and we held it in the Salad Bowl Tea Rooms, where our reception to Miss Thompson was held. No need for me to enlarge on this as you will have already heard from Miss Thompson about this, and then we have had another visitor from England, Miss Franklin, of Overseas League. And now there is one more reception that we should be delighted to hold, and that is to our President, Dame Florence Simpson. Someone suggested that I write to her and say that she should visit Toronto and see what a nice lot of women we are and

how we can welcome visitors here in Toronto. Why not visit us, Dame Florence?

I am wondering if it is possible to have a supply of Gazettes sent out every month, say about a dozen. There has always been some delay in getting them individually, and, of course, we are always anxious to have them, but will await the decision of those responsible. I would undertake to see that the money was sent in.

I see by this week's weekly paper we have Miss Edith Thompson's photograph as President of Women's Hockey Teams. I wonder if they are visiting here; we should be delighted.

Now I expect I shall have to draw to an end or else this will go to the waste paper basket instead of at least some of it reaching the Gazette, but we should certainly be very glad to hear of any Old Comrades who would like to visit or write to us. In conclusion, I would like to wish all Old Comrades a Prosperous Year and trust that the London Branch (also Golders Green Branch) will still go on increasing their numbers. The London Branch cannot fail with Bobbie Andrews, and I would like to hear something of Nora Mitchell.

F. A. NEIS (née Trickey).

(We should be very glad to receive more regular reports from Overseas Branches. No branch report ever finds its way into the waste-paper basket.—Ed.).

Brighton.

Wednesday, May 28th.—7.30—10.30: Meeting to be held at Jay's Cafe, 5 St. James's Street, Brighton. Among other things we want to have a debate on the Unemployment Problem, so everybody please come along with their solution!

H. A. BARON.

Dr. M. ELLEN DOUGLASS.

In reply to a query re the locations of our M.O.s of active service days, Mrs. McPhail (McQuade, V.A.D.) sends this note on Dr. M. Ellen Douglass, M.O., Calais area.

Dr. M. Ellen Douglass resumed her medical work in Winnipeg, Man., immediately upon her return to Canada. She has travelled the province in the interests of baby clinics for several years. Three years ago, accompanied by her friend of college days, Dr. Jessie McBean, a medical missionary of China, she attended some special clinics in London, England. Before leaving England she motored through the principal cathedral cities. In France she visited her old haunts and even dined at Madame Andrews. Italy and India helped to make a wonderful holiday and unforgettable memory. As Dr. McBean was only on furlough, she had to be left in China when Dr. Douglass crossed to Japan and travelled homewards via Vancouver. Only lack of time prevented the Doctor renewing many friendships of active service days. All W.A.A.C.s find a real friend in her as Kath. Goulay and her friend May—could testify. Dr. Douglass is at present going through dark days. Her aged mother recently lost her sight and then suffered a stroke from which she is not likely to recover. The Doctor's home address is 136 Sherbrooke Street, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

SHANGHAI CAMP.

In spite of the wretched weather which prevailed at Easter, I think the working party who came to Camp to whitewash, paint, and generally put the camp in order for the summer, worked splendidly.

Miss Bickell and Miss Williams tackled their favourite job of whitewashing the ceilings, the Misses Bell, Smith, Vince, Willis and Graham, when they were not washing up, made themselves very useful with the paint brush. Miss Gay came down for two odd days to clean and paint the skiff and dinghy. Miss Thusher joined us for lunch on Sunday, and incidentally caused a great deal of unseemly laughter.

I allotted myself the duties of "cook," so there is nothing more to be said, but was very relieved to see the working party on the following Thursday.

We all missed Watty (Miss Watson) and wished she

was with us, but Banks took over her job of creosoting, and made quite a success of it.

The Camp Committee also went down on Palm Sunday to whitewash the kitchen.

For the benefit of those wishing to book the Camp for week-ends, the following private bookings have been accepted:—

May 24th: Twickenham Guides.

June 21st: Q.M.A.A.C. Hockey Team.

July 26th: Mrs. Laughton Matthews' Sea Guides.

August 23rd: Miss Nixey, re-union.

September 7th: Mrs. Jackson's Guides.

Please send applications for bookings to E. M. Norden, 79 Alderney Street, S. Belgravia, S.W.

THE ROAMERS ROAM AGAIN.

Roaming is quite a habit with the Roamers now, but once a year they seem to make a point of doing a little more than roam, they travel some distance, and many members took advantage of the opportunity to meet them in the Q.V.R. Hall, Davies Street, on Wednesday, April 2nd. They so thoroughly enjoyed their meeting that I can foretell many invitations to roam further afield still.

An Ensemble, entitled "Tip Toe," showed the audience that the Roamers improve in their travels and are as light-footed as ever, but when they all sat down and moaned with toothache, showing their faces—or hiding them—all wrapped up in flannel wraps, did it mean that time had dealt so kindly with their molars, or have they been eating too many sweets lately? Their moans and screams when the assembled teeth ached in unison completely overwhelmed me, and I felt myself wanting to scream out in sympathy or dash up with a pair of dentist's forceps and yank each aching tooth from its bed of pain. However, Miss Taylor was soon well enough to entertain us with a very pretty song called "Sometimes in Summer," and Miss Smart, got up as a soldier singing "A Martial Song," gave the audience the impression that the groans and toothache were all "Bunky-doodle-I-doh." Yes, and "Who Would have Thought It" of them. We did not know they could have deceived us so. "Give me Kent." I should say so! I have willed over all my hop-fields to them—if I ever possess any—and they can roam there whenever they like. Eileen Yorke spread quite a lot of happiness just to look at her when she sang "Spread a Little Happiness," and I'm sure she would like to know it. Miss Garnham and her farmyard, beg pardon Rupert, I forgot you were in partnership with Garnie. Well, Garnie and Rupert raised the roof nearly when they introduced to us "Jollity Farm." Miss Longman, oh! won't you tell us where you buy your clothes? That ravishing fur coat you wore in one of your songs was the envy of the audience. You "Packed up Your Trunk and You 'Opped It," and we don't blame you either, with a wardrobe like yours work should be a luxury. "Seeing London"—"Oh, would the gods the gift they give us to see ourselves as others see us" (wrote Robby Burns in broad Scotch, which very few would understand if quoted correctly here). It was a real clever take-off, and two questions would I ask of the performers—where did Sadie and Silus park their spearmint afterwards? and did 'Arriet ever get on the moving stairway without the help of Joe? "Mucking About the Garden" seemed appropriate as it is what everybody is doing at present with their few square feet of gravel or soil. The results will come later, I suppose. "Uniform Courtship" in the full glare of the footlights and in full view of the audience is a bit embarrassing, but as usual the Roamers were equal to the occasion, but at the same time Taylor and Yorke would rather have had the moon, as we found out later on. Longman, there's no need to tell us you were the belle of the ball, no other girl could have stood beside you, and after your opinion of "Usbands" no man would have dared. I noticed that "Piccolo Pete" put the moon which Taylor and Yorke sighed for between you and himself.

About 10.30 p.m. the audience, still singing, or I should say humming, snatches of the melodies and carrying away memories of a very pleasant evening, did button up their overcoats, and we all say the Roamers deserve

a real large pat on the back, and we hope they all gave themselves a jolly good one after they finished the show. If not, if they come along some Thursday evening to the re-union meeting, we will give them such hearty pats I guarantee they will feel the tingle for days. And what would the Roamers do without Winter, who plays for them; and Suggate, who is O/ic props, heroines both, as the members of the party all say.

LETTERS TO THE PRESS.

War books recently published have brought many and diverse letters to the Press of the country, and the following three letters have been sent to us by members.

The letter from Capt. J. J. Scanlan, R.A.M.C., obviously does not refer to Q.M.A.A.C. as he thinks, since we did not drive ambulances, but nevertheless it does refer to British women, who, having a job of work to do, did it. Perhaps the Ex-M.A.C. driver who wrote for the April issue of the Gazette could tell us something of the incident referred to by Capt. Scanlan?

W.A.A.C.

Sir,—The latest war book under the above title, by a woman writer, recalls an incident in France in 1918 which might be worthy of recording.

I was a member of the medical staff of the Newcastle Clearing Station, which was "loaned" to the French Army for a sudden attack.

We were sent by train to the town of Sezanne, many miles south of Paris. Suitable accommodation was provided for the fitting up of the hospital, and everything was in readiness except that no nurses had arrived on the scene.

In the meantime hundreds of casualties began to pour in on top of us, and without a nursing staff, especially in the operating theatre, the position looked hopeless.

Then a wonderful thing happened. The ladies of the W.A.A.C. jumped off their awaiting and empty motor-ambulances, pulled off their motor-coats, turned up their sleeves, and, to the best of their ability, undertook nursing duties of every kind.

They averted what looked like being one of the tragedies of the war. When the nursing staff eventually arrived the rush was over, and the position had been saved by the gallant members of the W.A.A.C.

J. J. SCANLAN,

Captain, R.A.M.C. (T.), B.E.F.

From a Newcastle Paper.

The War-Book Writer's "Handicaps." Trifles That Cramp the Style.

To the Editor of the Morning Post.

Sir,—The worst is about to happen. As one of the few members of the British Army who have not yet written a war book, I propose to remedy this defect and set about one at once.

Unfortunately, I am at a great disadvantage, for three reasons:

1. Our Mess, and others that I visited in the Division, seemed, on reflection, to be inhabited by gentlemen. Also this term applies, to my mind, very fully, to those splendid fellows, "the other ranks." This is a hindrance.

2. I was too busy doing my job of work to realise that at a later date money could be made out of it, this being the penalty of serving under sober and efficient Colonels.

3. I can remember, fatal error, Staff Officers who were helpful and Chaplains who were appreciated.

But, after all, these disadvantages are trifles!

To avoid publishers camping on my lawn for rights, I must sign myself

5 YEARS 62ND DIVISION.

A Thing Not to Regret.

To the Editor of "The Daily Telegraph."

Sir,—As an ex-infantryman who has the fortune to possess two sisters who served in the W.A.A.C. during the war, may I protest against the nauseating and misleading narratives now gaining publicity?

The author of "The Undertones of War"—a splendid book—was an infantryman, yet out of the mire he has created something that is not besmirched. Others seem to

strive to pollute that which is clean. The recipe for a 1930 war book must be as follows: Take a war, ghastly but respectable, surround it with an atmosphere of Hollywood, and introduce a bedroom scene.

My own idea of the war is that the friendships made compensated one for a lot of the hardships, and that having survived the experience one should not regret it.—Yours, &c.,

ROYAL SUSSEX REGT.

Worthing, March 31st.

CORRESPONDENCE.

From Mrs. Daisy Buckingham (nee Towner), Claresholm, Alberta, Canada.

I think I should address this to you all as I feel very guilty when I remember several kind members of the Brighton Branch who wrote to me at Christmas. I did appreciate it very much, but it just seems as though it is impossible to answer each one individually.

I thought I would write and tell you a little about my recent holiday. This was another camping trip, but in quite another direction. My husband and I went all through the Okanagan Valley, of which I am sure you all know. It was certainly a lovely trip and I enjoyed every minute. I think the only drawback was the fact that there were so many forest fires raging that it spoiled the view in places. We were very near the border line between Canada and the States most of the trip, in fact, in one place we climbed a couple of barbed wire fences and walked a mile or so into a United States village (in the hope of buying some cheap cigarettes!) It was Sunday and we could not find any place open. At the commencement of our trip we went south from Calgary and travelled through the mountains of the Crows Nest Pass. We passed through Frank, where there was a terrible rock slide one year and the whole town was buried with about 80 people. One can realise when one sees the huge boulders why there has never been any attempt to dig the place up. They built another town instead. We visited Trail, where there is a huge smelter, and it was a very interesting experience to go through the various buildings. They only let us look through the window where they had the silver, so maybe they did not like the look of us! I went to visit a lady whom I met on the boat last year, she lives just outside Trail, about three miles. They have a nice little fruit ranch, but the fumes from the smelter is gradually killing all the fruit off. From Trail we went on a long mountain range climb. I'm sure we went over the summits of some of them; anyway it was forty miles, near enough, and our car badly wanted a drink when we were about two-thirds of the way so my husband had to climb nearly down to the bottom of the mountain to find a spring and he had to climb up at such a sharp angle. He said his legs felt like breaking. I was telling this story to a friend, and he asked me if I had ever heard about the traveller who went down the hill-side with two little pails to find water, and when he returned there was a huge bear in front of his car. The traveller thought the bear looked at him rather longfully, as it were, so he made for the nearest tree. When he reached the top he found that in his excitement he had carried up his little pails of water—one in each hand, we presume; I wish I could pass that off as my own, but I'm afraid you know me too well.

I have run a little ahead of my story, as I meant to tell you about shipping our car on to the steamer at a place called Kaskanook, and sailing for four hours up the beautiful Okanagan Lake to Nelson. There are some nice names of places in B.C. like Skookumchuk, Osoyoos, Chilliwack, Similkameen, Kalamalka, Shuswap, and Craigellachie. I thought you might all like to try them over on a sleepless night.

At Nelson we were in the midst of great excitement as the Doukhobors were then on trial, and a great crowd of their sympathisers (who were only allowed to camp outside the city limits) used to march from the courthouse through the town singing and apparently in the best of spirits. I expect you have read of their "goings-on" in the papers so I need not go into particulars. Some distance away from Nelson we saw Peter Verigin's tomb. He was the leader of these Doukhobors and they regard his tomb with such reverence that they have a notice up

requesting people not to smoke even while looking at it. It is kept in splendid condition and is built out from the hillside so as to overlook the town of Brilliant, where these people have a large settlement. They have a big jam factory and the labels on the tins are inscribed "The Christian Community of Universal Brotherhood." Quite a title, isn't it?

On our way to Penticton we went through Oliver, a thriving place which is known as "The home of the cantaloupe." Are you all well acquainted with the cantaloupe? It is rather like a small melon, but quite a different flavour. My husband ate so many I was afraid he would come back looking like one. Of course I was rather partial to the peaches, but—that's enough, I guess. I certainly enjoyed myself at the camp at Penticton, where we stayed a couple of days. The camp was right by the lake and I was able to indulge in several bathes. The weather was so lovely that I got quite sunburnt.

From Penticton we went on to Kelowna and Vernon, where there are most lovely orchards. There is said to be quite a few "rattlers" around Kelowna, and we did actually see one dead in the road as we were climbing a hill. My husband promised to try and find me a live one (not to make a pet of, you know, but just to be able to say I had seen one) and we stopped the car on the hillside, tramped around and threw stones into the ravines, but not a rattle did we hear, so we had to give it up. I hope this does not sound a very "fishy" story. I had met some people the day previously and they were talking of snakes and were telling me that they were in a deserted orchard picking plums when they heard a rattler, so, of course, they did not stay any longer. The husband remarked to me that he had seen lots of snakes and was not a bit afraid of them, so his wife remarked drily, "Well, it did not seem to make much difference to you because you stepped about 6ft high and was out of that orchard as quick as the rest of us." The poor man did not say any more!

I think I must soon draw my letter to a close or you will all be bored. We went on to Revelstoke, where the motor road ends, and there again shipped our car by train, this time as far as Golden. We drove from Golden to Banff and then on to Calgary.

I must just tell you about going up the mountain at Revelstoke. There is a motor road to the summit, a distance of 20 miles, and there are lots of hairpin curves. The smoke was bad that day but we could imagine how wonderful it would be on a fine day, and it was most interesting anyway. I must mention, too, that we did see one wild animal, and that was a fox, on the road in front of us going out of Golden. We think he was sick and looking for water as he could hardly keep on the run before the car, and even turned once and came towards us as if cornered. I was glad when he got away from the wheels, and we left him gazing after us up the road.

I am staying at Claresholm at present as we have sold our house in Calgary, and are waiting for a little bungalow to be completed for us to go into there. My father-in-law is sick in the hospital here, so I came down with my little girl to visit him. If any of you write please address my letters to General Delivery, Calgary, and they will always be forwarded.

Perhaps you could send this letter on to the Gazette unless there is too much nonsense in it.

I hope the Brighton O.C.A. and all its members are prospering.

From Mrs. R. D. Leach, Farm 790, Yenda, New South Wales, Australia.

Enclosed please find order for 2s. 6d., my annual subscription. I ought to send it by wireless as I find it is really due to-day, so it will be late again. I will try and get it off next year before our busy season begins. We dry apricots through December and part of January—such lovely big ones this year, so please tell Old Comrades when they get an extra fat one to think that perhaps Ray Leach cut this one in half. We have a nice cool airy shed to "fit" the apricots in; they are just halved, stone dropped, and the fruit placed on a tray. Where the stone comes from forms a little cup which is full of juice after going into the sulphur-box for four hours. Each tray holds about eighteen pounds of fresh fruit, which dries

to three pounds. It is dried in the sun, of course. The hardest work is moving the trays when they run in hundreds and even thousands should stormy weather come up. We dried 1,800 trays last year.

From Miss E. Farmer, Marley, Sandygate, Kingsteignton, South Devon.

My Branch is at Exeter, which is rather distant, but I am eager for news of Old Comrades, so hope to find some in the Gazette.

It was only last October I learnt of the O.C.A.'s existence, and feel I have been cheated of a share in it, so now hope to make up for lost time. I am getting in touch with all ex-Waacs that I know and trying to get them to join.

I served in the Rest Camps at Folkestone as forewoman cook, and often wonder when I shall meet any of the girls again; of course, I still correspond with a few, but there are still several I'd like news of. Have you either of our officers on your register—Miss Mitchell (either O.B.E. or M.B.E.?), Miss Blair (who came from Scotland), or Miss Brodie. Miss Morgan, I know, is now Mrs. Beech, but I don't know where she lives.

I shall look forward each month to the Gazette, and shall save up to try to attend the next Annual Dinner!

From Hellen Bruce, Box 65, Humboldt, Sask., Canada.

I hope this will reach you before the January issue goes out. I'd hate to miss even one month's Gazette. I seldom put it down before I've read it from one end to the other, advertisements and all. Our Rector here was overseas. Besides his other medals he has the Service of Merit decoration—I believe that is the one.

I have joined the Auxiliary of the B.E.S.L. in this town. I was asked to join the B.E.S.L., but I am the only ex-Service woman around here. It was rather a thought to be the only one with so many men.

We have been having a week of very spring-like weather for which we will have to suffer later on no doubt. I wonder if there are any ex-Service women around Saskatoon or near Humboldt? We might be able to get together once in a while. If it were only once a year it would help to draw some of us closer. If there are any women in these districts they might care to write, if you will print a notice to that effect.

Now I will close, wishing the O.C.A. and all its members both at home and abroad all success and prosperity in the new year. May it be brighter and happier for all.

From Mrs. Ina Frith (nee Forrestt), c/o Gaffin, Cedar Avenue, Croydon Park, South Australia.

I'm getting in early this year with my subscription. I know you won't be sorry. I enjoy every word of the Gazette, and the doings of the London Branch specially appeal to me. How I'd like to join them in the jaunts! I picture the secretary, R. S. Andrews, as a signaller I knew slightly in Abbeville and Pourville. I wonder if I'm right? She was fair-haired and wore a white collar mostly (whether a forewoman or not I don't know) and she was called Bobbie. Anyway, she is an enthusiastic member.

We are well into summer now, and I long for snow when the thermometer rises over 90deg. Christmas will soon be here, and the children are writing notes to that wonderful man, Santa Claus. My youngest, a boy of four, has ordered a mouth organ and a gun. The next, a girl of six, wants a piano, and the eldest, another girl of nine, is getting a wee bit wise and just grins when asked what Father Christmas is bringing her.

MARRIAGE.

Brown—Wilson.—On April 24th, 1930, at St. John's Church, Paddington, London, Jack Brown, Lance-Sergeant, Grenadier Guards, to Edith Marion (Cherry) Wilson, of Falkland, Bath (late Camp 3, Abbeville).

ADVERTISEMENTS

Cigarettes, Confectionery, and Small Groceries.—V. Warwick, 42 Drummond Street, close to Euston Station.

Photography.—Try us for perfectly finished high-class work. Films, all the best makes and sizes. Postage paid one or more.—Whyman (Betty Gray, 2513, Etaples), 212 Seaside, Eastbourne.

Very Comfortable Furnished Flat (3rd floor), to let for six months or longer period; two rooms and kitchen, bathroom same floor; electric lighting, heating and cooking; plate, linen; good piano; very quiet and airy. Rent 3 guineas, or rather less to careful single tenant. To view by appointment. Miss E. Rust, 55 St. George's Road, S.W.1.

Board-Residence. Quiet, restful holiday in country cottage. Bus to Basingstoke, Newbury and Reading; bath-room. Also 3-roomed bungalow in garden, with board and partial attendance. Moderate terms.—Lyall Pamber End, Nr. Basingstoke, Hants.

89 Belgrave Road, London, S.W.1—Hostel for business girls. Terms very moderate. Miss H. Pink. (Telephone Victoria 3911).

Eileen Yorke, Ladies' Hairdresser, 9 Seaham Avenue, Southampton Row, W.C. (late Connaught Club). Phone: Hol 1281. First-class attention at moderate prices. Marcel Wave, 1s. 6d.; Shampoo, 1s. 6d.; Permanent Wave, whole head, 25s. Try an Old Comrade and receive satisfaction. Two minutes' walk from Holborn Restaurant.

Le Touquet, Paris Plage—Scotch House, 44 Rue de la Paix. Re-opening April. All rooms fitted hot and cold running water. Excellent cuisine; comfortable and central: near sea, tennis. Casinos. Moderate terms. Alice B. Anderson, proprietress (ex-Wimereux and Le Touquet).

Riverside Bungalow to Let (not overlooked), near Old Windsor Lock. Private landing stage; skiff and punt. Four bedrooms, sitting-room, separate kitchen and dressing-room. Can accommodate four or six persons. Further particulars from Miss Suggate, 75 Seymour Street, W.2.

Stormont House, 43 and 45 Longridge Road, Earls Court, S.W.5. Misses A. Crockford and O. Mainland having extended their premises, are now able to offer additional accommodation. 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.

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,	Cavendish House, 8 Christ Church Road.	Last Monday in each month 8 to 10 p.m. On last Wednesday in the month; 7.15—10.15.
Brighton.	Miss H. A. Baron, 25 Wellington Road, Brighton, Sussex.	No permanent room fixed.	Not fixed.
Bristol and West of England.	Miss Pearce, 1 Pierrepont Place, Bath.	Not fixed.	Not fixed.
Cheltenham.	Mrs. Mann, 84b High Street, Cheltenham, Gloucester.	164 Sidwell Street, Exeter.	First Wednesday of the month at 3 o'clock. Not fixed.
Exeter.	Miss J. Rose, 164 Sidwell Street, Exeter.	Not fixed.	1st Saturday of each month, 6 p.m. to 10 p.m.
Eastbourne.	Miss N. Peters, 5 Spencer Road, Eastbourne.	Women's United Services Club, 12 Drumsheugh Gardens, Edinburgh.	Every Wednesday, 7.30. Not fixed.
Edinburgh and East of Scotland.	Miss M. Innes, 1 Granville Terrace, Edinburgh. Benevolent Sec.: Miss F. M. Lush, 11a Gilmore Place, Edinburgh.	109 Douglas Street, Blythswood Square. Not fixed.	Not fixed.
Glasgow and West of Scotland.	Miss E. M. Gilchrist, M.B.E., 13 Royal Terrace West, Glasgow. Mrs. Pratt Barlow, O.B.E., 85 Chester Square, S.W.1.	Not fixed.	Not fixed.
Headquarters.	Miss E. C. Finny, Erith Lodge, Sandymount, Dublin.	British Legion Club Rooms, Greek Street, Leeds.	First Wednesday in the month, 7.30 p.m.
Ireland.	Miss E. Mair, 29 Victoria Terrace, Belle Vue Rd., Leeds, Yorks Benevolent Sec.: Miss A. Annikin, 2 Hollin Park View, Roundhay, Leeds, Yorks.	79 Lime Street, Liverpool.	Friday, 7.30 p.m.
Leeds.	(Temp.) Mrs. Ryley, 199 Picton Road, Wavertree.	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. (Telephone Ilford 0058).	Thursday evenings. 7.30 to 10 p.m.
Liverpool.	Miss R. S. Andrews, 5 Buckingham Gate, S.W.1.	First Tuesday of each month; 7.30—10 p.m.	Alternate Tuesdays at 8 p.m.
London.	Miss Setterfield, 12 Geary Road, Dollis Hill, N.W.10.	The Kingston Cafe, Spring Gardens, Manchester.	Every Friday, 7—10.30 p.m.
Golders Green.	Miss M. V. Druitt, 74 Belgrave Road, Ilford, Essex.	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.
London Sub-Branch Ilford.	Mrs. Stear, 8 Gainsborough Street, Higher Broughton, Salford.	No permanent room fixed.	Monthly. Members notified individually.
Manchester.	Miss Margaret Moyes, 1A Eslington Terrace, Jesmond, Newcastle. Benevolent Sec., Miss L. M. Floyd, 13 Beacon Street, Low Fell, Gateshead-on-Tyne.	No permanent room fixed	Members notified individually.
Newcastle-on-Tyne.	Mrs. L. W. Chilvers, 32 Grove Road, Norwich.	Meldrum's Cafe, Lister Gate.	First Wednesday in the month, 7-9.30
Norfolk.	Mrs. E. Stretton, 10 Sparrow Terrace, Porthill, Stoke-on-Trent.		
North Staffs.	Mrs. M. Grundy, M.B.E., West Wood House, Hinksey Hill, Oxford		
Oxford.	Miss Burder, 65 Harcourt Road, Forest Fields, Nottingham.		
Notts.	Mrs. O. Foster, 2 Notte Street, Plymouth.		
Plymouth.	Miss Diana V. Viney, 201 Carlisle Street, Cardiff.	Y.M.C.A., Cardiff.	Second and Last Tuesday, at 7.30 p.m.
S. Wales. and Cardiff.	Miss E. Taylor, 58 West Hill, St. Leonards-on-Sea.	58 West Hill, St. Leonard's-on-Sea. Y.W.C.A. Rooms, Burdon Road.	Not fixed.
St. Leonard's.	Miss M. M. Low, 15 Featherstone Street, Roker, Sunderland		Second Wednesday each month, 7 p.m.
Sunderland.	Mrs. Boylett, 114 Queen's Rd., East Grinstead.		July 20th and Nov. 25th.
Tunbridge Wells.			

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