

Old Comrades



Association

GAZETTE.

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

JULY, 1930.

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EDITORIAL.

Armistice Day.

Members wishing to take part in the celebrations in London on Armistice Day, November 11th, 1930, are requested to notify their Branch Secretaries **not later than September 30th.**

Greetings from Overseas.

In the June issue of the Gazette we printed extracts from a letter from Miss Le Templier and now she sends us the following message which she was particularly asked to do. "From the Returned Army Nurses Club, Anzac House, Melbourne, Australia, to Q.M.A.A.C., Old Comrades' Association and the Ex-Service Women's Club, London. Greetings from your sisters in far away Melbourne and we hope to visit you some day."

We are very pleased to receive this greeting and hope that "some day" is not too far off. Meanwhile Coo-ee!

THE OFFICE OF THE O.C.A.

It has been suggested that some details with regard to the work which is carried on at the office of the O.C.A. would be of interest to members. In this article, therefore, an endeavour is made to state briefly the chief activities.

The principal item is still, as always, the benevolent work in connection with the Service Women's Benevolent Fund, the Committee of which is a sub-Committee of the United Services' Fund.

Every application for assistance for women who served in the Corps is considered at the Office and arrangements are made to have particulars investigated in the locality in which the applicant resides. Branch Secretaries or other members undertake this investigation when available; if no member of our Corps lives in the district concerned, we utilise the machinery of the British Legion and United Services' Fund Committees, of which there now exists a very complete network throughout the British Isles and abroad. If the report received as a result of the investigation is satisfactory, the application is submitted to the Service Women's Benevolent Fund. The Committee which next considers the case is composed of members of all the women's services and on it the O.C.A. has four representatives. When the case is approved by this Committee the grant is forwarded to the office of our O.C.A. and administered according to the individual needs of the case.

It will be realised that this entails a very considerable amount of correspondence in each case in addition to a quantity of "donkey work" such as completing various forms, writing cheques and receipts, keeping cash books, filing, etc. The number of Benevolent cases assisted last

year was 324, the help given was of every imaginable kind, while a sum of approximately £2,500 passed through the General Secretary's hands. This number does not include cases, in which, for various reasons, help could not be given, but which necessitated even more correspondence than those we were able to assist.

The work of the Association has been greatly lightened by the co-operation of many voluntary helpers:— For instance, the Hon Treasurer now undertakes all financial work, and the Editor and the Gazette Committee do everything in connection with the Gazette. The Clothing cupboard is another item which takes up a great deal of time and sorting and despatching of parcels is entirely undertaken by a member of the O.C.A. Help is received, too, in connection with Benevolent cases and with much of the routine work of the office.

All this has made possible the very great economy affected three and a half years ago, when a full-time secretary and a full-time clerk were replaced by one part-time secretary, and it was agreed to keep the office open only in the mornings instead of all day. Many of us feared that members might suffer by this change, but, so far, no difficulties have arisen. Names and addresses to be used in case of emergency are always in the possession of the porter at the Duke of York's Headquarters.

Unfortunately the O.C.A., in these hard times, has to consider economy and the difference in £ s. d. is summarised below:—

1925-6.	Expenses, £594 2s. 7d.	Receipts, £207 5s. 3d.
	Loss on the year £386 17s. 4d.	
1928-9	Expenses, £287 0s. 1d.	Receipts, £279 12s. 3d.
	Loss on the year £7 7s. 10d.	

WOMEN HOUSEHOLD WORKERS FOR DOMINIONS.

It is now possible to give some indication of the probable demand this year from Australia for women household workers. Requisitions so far received at Australia House total 800, of which Queensland and New South Wales are expected to take 25 and 40 respectively each month. It is possible that further requisitions may come in later on so as to increase the total for the year.

The above totals will include those young women who, lacking sufficient experience of household management to qualify them immediately for free passages, have received training at one or other of the residential training hostels established in this country.

In the case of Canada, the demand for women household workers is likely to be high during the summer months. The present requisitions amount to just over 500 a month, of which 46 a month will be drawn from training centres.

It should be emphasised that in the case of both

Canada and Australia suitable domestic employment is assured for every applicant accepted by the respective Governments.

It would appear that for the present at any rate the Governments of Canada and Australia will be in a position to accept for placement in household employment as many trainees as the different centres are able to deal with. In addition there is a steady demand from New Zealand for experienced household workers.

It is to be hoped, therefore, that Local Migration Committees and other recruiting agencies will maintain their efforts towards recruiting young women for positions in overseas households, both experienced workers for immediate sailing, and inexperienced, for free training in this country. The residential training hostels at present available, at which free training in domestic work is given, are as follows:—Cardiff (Church Army's Hostel); Millersneuk, Lenzie, near Glasgow (Scottish Committee on Women's Training and Employment); St. Mary's Hostel, Portobello Road, N. Kensington (Sisters of the Dominican Order); The Elms, Market Harborough, Leicestershire (Society for the Oversea Settlement of British Women); and Harden, Benton, Newcastle-on-Tyne (Newcastle-on-Tyne Migration Committee).

Applications should be made to the offices of the respective Dominion Governments, to the Society for the Oversea Settlement of British Women, Caxton House, Tothill Street, Westminster, London, S.W.1., to any Employment Exchange of the Ministry of Labour or (for training only) to the Management of the respective Hostels.

LOCAL BRANCH REPORTS FOR JULY.

Manchester.

As our Mrs. Stear is exceedingly busy helping to organise the Salford Historical Pageant, she has again asked me to report our little "doings." The holiday season being with us fewer members attend the club, but we had a little excitement last evening (Friday, June 27th). "Our Stephie" (the mainspring of the Manchester Branch) is off to America for a holiday, so we gathered together to wish her God-speed and a pleasant time, and, of course, there was the usual little supper.

The hut is very well patronised, all our new members being very keen to visit the country residence, and very few dates are left for the summer. We should very much like to see the members of the Staffordshire Branch again, so if this should catch the eye of Mrs. Stretton, no doubt she will be able to bring some of the members along.

I was delighted to receive a letter from V. K. Barnes in reply to my request in the Gazette for news of her. She is in New York and enjoying life as much as ever.

I am just off to Liverpool to wish "Stephie" "bon voyage." She is sailing on the "Britannic," our newest ocean liner, and no doubt most members will hear the broadcasting of the sailing.

Will the Staffordshire secretary please write stating MAY BIGG. whether a visit to the hut is possible.

Brighton.

Wednesday, July 30th.—7.30 to 10 p.m., Meeting in the garden of 31 Wellington Road.

Sunday, July 27th.—Miss Reed has again kindly asked us over for the afternoon. She would meet members at Buxted Station at 3 p.m. She proposes to take us to a friend living between Buxted and Blackboys. The address is Blacksmith Cottage, Shepherd's Hill, Blackboys. Will members who hope to go let Miss Reed know at "Annes," Hadlow Down, near Uckfield. She would not expect us if it is raining hard.

Sunday, July 20th.—The Tunbridge Wells Branch have just sent an invitation for us to join them in a ramble in Ashdown Forest. Meet at Forest Row Memorial at 2.30. Bring own food, but tea provided. It is very lovely up there. Will any members able to go send a card to the Secretary, Mrs. Boylett, 114 Queen's Road, East Grinstead, Sussex.
H. A. BARON.

Norfolk.

Once again our small branch has been favoured with warm sunny weather for our visit to Great Yarmouth,

which took place on June 29th. "Holly Lodge" looked such a cool haven of rest after our hot journey by train and tram, as we were welcomed by our joint hostesses, Mrs. Rumbold and Miss McDermott. All members but one were able to turn up, and we spent a lazy afternoon in the hammocks on the lawn. Members contrasted the glorious sunny day with the corresponding date last year, when we had Miss Ireland with us for a few hours, and were glad to huddle round a fire! A strawberry tea was served on the lawn under the shade of the trees, Master Hugh Rumbold making a most efficient waiter for our little party, and tempting us with many delicacies. Tea over, we inspected the flower, fruit and vegetable garden, and then amused ourselves by taking snaps of the branch and our little Waaclets. I'm sure little Barbara Rumbold deserved a prize for standing so long and so still, with a chair topsyturvy on her head! I'm only hoping that Master Hugh's first attempt at photography will be a success for her sake! Bed-time followed for the Waaclets, and then the evening air still being delightfully warm, we were able to have supper out in the garden, which was much appreciated by all. As always, time had fled on wings, and with many thanks for our happy time we wended our way to the station.

Parcels of clothing from members this month are much appreciated, and are being forwarded to London for the cupboard.

Our next meeting will be held on Thursday, July 31st, at Fir Cottage, Tasburgh, Mrs. Paston being our hostess. This, too, will be an afternoon and evening meeting, for those members who can get over. Trains to Flordon Station—or 'buses to Newton Flotman.

Tunbridge Wells.

L. W. CHILVERS.

The Tunbridge Wells Branch sends an invitation to all members of the London Branch of Q.M.A.A.C.* to a ramble in Ashdown Forest on July 20th. Meet at Forest Row War Memorial at 2.30. Please bring your own packages of food. Tea to drink provided.
E. BOYLETT.

Montreal.

As you know we were supposed to have closed as a club group in May, 1929, but, of course, that is neither here nor there when ex-Service women get together. We have stuck together and intend doing so while we remain above ground! Therefore I am sending you a report of our doings, hoping you will find room for them in the Gazette:—

January 21st, 1930.—The ex-Service members met at 13 Milton Street, Montreal, to discuss things generally, and I got a few more subscriptions in. We discussed how to raise money to enable us to help those needing assistance. It was unanimously decided to hold a bridge drive or play "500" once a month. We are pretty sure of getting four tables at any time.

Feb. 18th.—We assembled at the Red Rooms, 1232 University Street, and had 14 tables for "500." A cushion was raffled as well, and after paying for the room we had the sum of 14 dollars 95 cents.

March 25th.—Again at 1232 University Street, making eight dollars, this time after paying the rent.

April 15th.—A bridge drive was held at 13 Milton Street to enable us to keep up our promise to send our usual Easter remembrance to a few of the "shut in" cases at St. Anne's Hospital. The following letter was received from the matron of the hospital in acknowledgment of our gifts:—

Dear Madam,—I wish to extend to the ladies of the Ex-Service Women's United Services Club of Montreal the sincere thanks and appreciation of the men of Ste Anne's Hospital, for the donation of Easter gifts received a few days ago.

Five of the parcels were given to bed patients on Ward A, who are quite ill, and I might say they were very pleased to be so kindly remembered.

Mr. Shirley is at present at the Montreal General, and Mr. Laurin is away on leave, so that their parcels have been put aside until their return.

Again thanking you, I remain, Sincerely yours,
Margaret Galbraith, Matron, Ste Anne's Hospital.

May 10th.—Mrs. D. Reid and Miss D. O'Donnell were present at the Annual Review of the Girl Guides.

May 13th.—A meeting was summoned at 13 Milton Street to discuss urgent business, and we were delighted to have a surprise visit from Miss Watson and Miss Gerrie.

I should like to put on record our gratitude to those members who worked so hard in helping me to try and establish a little family, who have only been out here two years and who have had a very rough time, the husband having been out of work a great deal. The wife has been sewing to try and keep things going. When I saw them first they had been turned out of their home, and it was winter. Thank goodness, now we have been able to do them a good turn, and if trade will only get brighter, I have no doubt we will not regret having done what we have for this Waac.

We are very grateful to **Mrs. T. R. Ridgeway**, Westmount, for a sewing machine and clothing; **Mrs. K. McPhee**, Lachins, P.Q., for donations collected and food; and to **Mrs. R. Smilie** for loaning her home for a bridge party and for supplying the prizes and refreshments that evening.

But the whole crowd are good sports and never yet let me down. All we want is to "Carry On." You know where I am to be found if you want me. B. REID.

London.

"From ghoulies and ghosties, long-legged beasts and things that go bump in the night, good Lord deliver us!" The card bearing these words which was received by the Honorary Secretary earlier in the week was not enough to deter us from our purpose, nor could the various predictions that were hurled at us put any fear into our hearts as we had made up our minds firmly that nothing would stop us from that moonlight ramble. It is also interesting to note we were neither murdered, eaten by wild beasts, lost in the forest, nor were we locked up, in fact the solitary policeman whom we met rather liked us, and we went out with the determination to investigate "all things that go bump in the night." Except that old man moon was very late in lighting his lamp on high, everything came up to the expectations of the fourteen people who rambled in search of romance in the middle of the night. According to our arrangement, everyone made for camp some time during the afternoon and evening and you may be sure the party was complete to enjoy the hefty supper prepared by A. Day, who, along with F. M. Robinson, had volunteered to look after the moon-struck party during the week end. At eleven o'clock everybody was waiting for the leader to show the way and there was such a shout of laughter when she appeared carrying an extra pair of sandals. She, quite unruffled at the amusement her appearance caused, immediately started to number off the troops and we started off in the good old style of our camping days, feet well picked up and arms swinging freely. Laughter and chatter were well subdued as we marched off the island, because the islanders, good folks, had retired for the night and as we swung over the little bridge up through Old Windsor the only audible sounds that broke the stillness of a perfect night were the steady tramp tramp of fourteen pairs of feet and the furious and peevish barking of the big and little dogs in the vicinity. Out on the main Windsor road we marched and as we had now left the houses behind us tongues were allowed to wag freely. On reaching Windsor Great Park we turned off at the gates that lead to the Copper Horse, intending to take the Rhododendron Walk to Virginia Waters. Before starting that three mile walk the lady with the extra pair of shoes calmly chose a nice green spot under a tree, sat down and changed her shoes—this was only the first change, several more came after that—one or two of the party would fain have done likewise I guess so it wasn't such a daft-like thing to do after all. Our walk to the Copper Horse now started and we walked well but I think all the witches of the forest had conspired against us, the more we walked, the further on they pushed the Copper Horse. All the long-legged beasts and other things must have

been having their first sleep because not a sound broke the stillness of the forest until someone fancied she heard a nightingale; we listened hard and were rewarded by a faint warble that could easily be taken for one. The listeners were quite genuine in their praise of that much over-rated bird until they found out that Eileen Yorke was the culprit. Here, I confess, the plot was hatched and the song was practiced earlier in the evening on the way to camp and orders given to the nightingale to hide behind a bush and put the song stuff across her listeners just for fun. It was quite a good imitation and the few straight words that were meted out to the make-believe nightingale did not disturb her. Exit romance of the nightingale's song! "Sister Anne, Sister Anne, is the Copper Horse in sight?" seemed to be the thought of each walker but the answer came back something like this "I see nothing but the trees swaying, the grass growing and a little bridge in the distance." The little bridge was a great joy and we decided to call a halt for a few moments. We sat seven a side and had a moonlight concert by the reflection of the moon because he was still very shy at appearing. Amongst other items on the impromptu programme, the lady of the two pairs of shoes displayed her friskiness and agility by obliging with a sword dance, taking care to pass round the spare shoe for the coppers, but the only copper she collected was a copper on a bicycle a little later who looked decidedly scared. He confessed he felt very nervous when he heard the tramping of feet and could not see who was coming; I expect he thought the ghostly soldiers or Windsor Knights were out on a route march, but what would he have thought if he had suddenly come across a figure which appeared to be exercising a few wild steps in the moonlight is more than I dare to think, I bet he would have run to the nearest police station and reported that all the ghosts and witches of Windsor were out in the forest, and very substantial ones at that—solitary confinement might have been our fate for the rest of the weekend and our friends who predicted we should be locked up would then have been able to say "I told you so." "Robert" informed us we were quite close to the "Rodiedendrun" walk to Virginia Waters; we thanked "Robert" and said we didn't think we would take the "Rodiedendrun" walk this trip as we were beginning to feel tired, bade him goodnight or whatever time it was and made for the road that leads to Priest Hill and thence to the riverside, then for the first time we saw the moon. There he was shining in all his splendour for our special benefit. Romance! Romance!! Romance!!! Tired though we were we kept an eye on that moon all the way home, first he would peep through the trees at us, then behind a cloud he would hide, finally when we reached the riverside, there he was waiting to perform his last act, smiling broadly at us over the river. A seat for a few of us by the Bells of Oozley to enjoy the beauty of the scene around us and then the last mile and the rest was easy.—BED! By 2.30 a.m. we were back in the camp drinking tea and eating jam tarts which in ordinary circumstances would have filled one with horror at the mere thought. However, I did not hear that anyone suffered from indigestion during the remainder of the morning and I for one slept soundly. The next morning before breakfast one or two ramblers were to be seen trekking to the river for a cooler before dressing and a glorious lazy day followed which put us in nice trim for business on Monday. We must thank Miss Day and Miss Robinson for looking after us so well, I know everyone enjoyed the weekend at camp.

Our next item of interest during the month was the Tattoo, another all-night stunt just a week later. As usual two cars left the club with their full number and the show was decidedly enjoyed. As this has become an annual event there is really nothing new to report about the trip except that we are all very thankful we got there and back again without either treading upon or kicking the smaller cars on the road, or being pitched out ourselves. The drivers who informed us that their cars were all named after birds saw to it that they lived up to their names. I shall never believe these cars were christened other than "Swift" and "Mercury" and I am duly

thankful that I am here writing this article. The night was certainly perfect and the roads looked lovely as we sped along, and we reached our homes in really good time. Judging from the many notes of appreciation which have been received the whole party must have enjoyed the outing. It is a pity that so many members had to be disappointed at the last minute but it is always best to take no risks; just book your seat when the notice appears in the Gazette quite early in the year and if anything should happen that you cannot use the seat it can be sold again to someone else. In this way only can the number be gauged. The tickets are purchased and the cars hired about January or February and it is difficult to make any last minute arrangements with regard to these large affairs. Several members asked me if I could not have got a third car. I say yes: I could get a fleet of cars if necessary; but if only those who are keen will send along their deposit and definitely book their seats.

The Children's outing to Shanghai Camp is the next important event and we are all looking forward to the 12th of July.

I am afraid this reminder about the sale in aid of Branch Funds will be too late in appearing to enable members to send gifts for sale but it will not be too late to send small donations in cash, so if any member cares to send a Postal Order to the Honorary Secretary it will be very much appreciated.

There will be no reunion meeting at the club on Thursday, 7th August, as the club is closed on that date, but there is no reason why we should not meet out in the open if the weather is fine. I have in mind at the moment a reunion meeting at the Zoo if the authorities decide to extend the time for keeping open on Thursday evenings to the whole summer. I know members would enjoy a visit to the Zoo as it is very interesting and gay at night and it would be quite a change. If the Zoo fails us I will think out something else so come along and find out what we are doing or send a stamped addressed envelope for information and instructions.

An invitation from Tunbridge Wells Branch to meet them and ramble in Ashdown Forest on Sunday, July 20th, has been received. The invitation appears in this number of the Gazette and the Honorary Secretary has decided to cancel the trip to Worthing in favour of this invitation. Members can make their own arrangements about getting to East Grinstead or come along to the Reunion meeting on the 17th and find out what arrangements are being made.

The Honorary Secretary will not be on duty during August and only urgent letters will be dealt with. Please forget her!

R. S. ANDREWS.

THE EX-SERVICE WOMEN'S CLUB, SYDNEY.

REUNIONS.—On Thursday, February 13th, we had a most successful picnic at Nielsen Park. The new shark-proof net has rendered this always delightful spot one of the most popular swimming beaches around Sydney. The beach shelves rapidly to deep water, which is always clean, crisp and buoyant owing to its proximity to the Heads, and rafts and a diving tower provide the amenities of a harbour swimming bath, but with a greater sense of space and freshness. The greater number of members who rolled up availed themselves of the opportunity for a good swim, and we had tea in a corner of the Park near enough to keep an eye on the wharf for late-comers by the ferry.

On Thursday, March 13th, members assembled to welcome Dr. Little, who had lately returned from nearly a year's foreign travel. It was characteristic of her tireless energy and good nature that, after a strenuous day's work, she should come, not to be entertained, but to entertain us with the most vivid and detailed account of her wanderings with her sister, from the time they left Sydney, via New Zealand and the Panama Canal, in a cargo vessel, through highways and byways in Great Britain by car, to remote villages in the Swiss Alps on foot, to some of the romantic old towns of Southern Germany (where they discovered that one need not be German born to appreciate German beer), back to a London which

she found different but no less wonderful and fascinating than during and immediately after the War, and eventually back to Australia by another route. Her description throughout was characteristically vivid and individual. There are travellers and travellers—so many dash at break-neck speed from place to place in their anxiety to "do" everything and see everything about which they have ever heard or read; the result is often a muddle of impressions, dominated by a series of hotels, good, bad and indifferent, and a mental outlook devoid of any clear and pleasant memories. Then there are those who take their heads with them and dutifully and mechanically stuff them with knowledge, all beautifully pigeon-holed for future reference, but leave their hearts and souls at home, and so miss all the emotional thrills which make us human beings something better than tireless and well-informed robots. But even among those who really see with their eyes and hear with their ears and understand with their hearts it is only a few who have the gift of eloquent description which enables them to share their good fortune and their wealth of memories with others—and of such is our friend Dr. Little. I am sure that by the end of that evening the "wanderlust" was strong upon us all.

April brought us back to earth and the business of the Annual Meeting on the 10th.

ANNUAL MEETING.—At the Annual Meeting, held on April 10th at the Lyceum Club, twenty-two members were present, also a new prospective member.

The minutes of the last Annual Meeting were read by the Secretary, who then presented her Report.

SECRETARY'S REPORT.

YEAR ENDING MARCH 31st, 1930.

Amidst so much that is depressing, it seems hardly right to offer an optimistic Report. Perhaps when figures have been quoted you yourselves may think there is not much cause for optimism. Yet, when we think that other clubs have had to close for lack of united support, the mere fact of our existence at the end of another year is satisfactory.

At the same time, the Committee feel that they would like the active support of more of our Sydney members. During the past year only about thirty per cent. of our town members have attended reunions. Even our Annual Dinner did not reach fifty per cent. Would each member give a little thought to the matter?

We have had several guest evenings, the dance and games evenings proving very successful. The first and last evenings of the year were set aside for anecdotes. The last, particularly, will remain a pleasant memory, as we had the pleasure of listening to Dr. Little, on her recent visit to England and the Continent.

Despite many difficulties, our President arranged a theatre party for us in August.

Unfortunately the musical evening arranged by Mrs. Graham had to be postponed owing to the duplication in the letting of the room.

A new departure for the Club Reunion was a picnic held at Nielsen Park in February, which was well attended and much enjoyed.

Our "second generation" gathering in December was, as usual, a great success. We were pleased to see three new members.

Our Armistice dinner was most successful, except in numbers. The speeches were interesting and amusing, and the community singing proved a great feature of the evening.

MEMBERSHIP.—We have 58 financial members, 23 owing one and 11 owing two years' subscriptions. We have ceased sending notices and *Bulletins* to all members not financial since 1926. Probably there are a number who overlooked the payment of their subscription, to whom this may serve as a reminder. Four new members joined after our Annual Dinner, and three have rejoined the Club.

"BULLETIN."—There have been two very interesting issues of the *Bulletin*. As this paper is the medium of news between Club members here and the O.C.A.'s at home, it would fulfil its functions better if members would send any interesting items of news to Mrs. Graham. It would also make her task much easier.

On November 11th I had the honour of representing the Club at the ceremony at the Cenotaph in Martin Place.

It is with deep regret that we have to report the passing to higher service of a great worker and committee member, Mrs. Mort; also the continued illness of Miss D. Harnett.

C. E. PEACHEY, Hon. Secretary.

NEWS OF OLD COMRADES.

Miss Gladwin is still in hospital but is going on all right.

We learn that **Miss Druitt**, Ilford Branch, has recently undergone an operation, and we would like to send her best wishes for a speedy recovery.

A few Extracts from the London Branch Post Bag.

Miss T. T. Parkinson writes from 25 Longview, Wallasey, Cheshire, saying she wishes to join the O.C.A.

Mrs. D. Wickham, (nee D. Sherrin) writes from 35 Denmark Street, Wokingham, Berkshire, asking for particulars of the O.C.A.

Miss Nellie Davis, of 23 Jocelyn Road, Richmond, Surrey, also asks for particulars and says that she and another W.A.A.C. would like to get in touch with their pals.

Miss Fanny West writes saying she is beginning to like Canada and the surrounding districts are beautiful. She sends greetings to Old Comrades and hopes the O.C.A. is still going strong.

THE ROAMERS' CONCERT PARTY.

The concert held on Tuesday, June 24th, was greatly appreciated by the audience, which, although not large, made up for this deficiency by clapping harder than usual.

Miss Taylor and Miss Yorke sang exceptionally well, and Miss Longman amused us with her two favourite songs, "The Belle of the Ball" and "Husbins," sung with disdain. Miss Smart entertained us with two of her old songs, "Ogo Pogo" and "Walla Walloo." Miss Garnham in the quintette uniform courtship was her usual droll self. We were sorry not to have heard more of Miss Williams. Thanks are due to Miss Pagel, who replaced Miss Winter, the pianist, at the eleventh hour. Her "Banjo Song" earned much applause, and it is hoped that this is the first of many songs with which she will delight us.

Due to the "Roamers" Concert Party, the evening was a great success, although more patrons would have been welcome. The object for which the entertainment was given, viz., to swell the camp funds, was gained with the help of the Concert party, who gave their services voluntarily, and a hearty vote of thanks was given to its members for the splendid way in which they worked to achieve the end so much desired by the promoters of this venture.

E. M. N.

MISS O. GRACE HAWK.

Sometimes editing the Gazette has its compensations! One gets delightful surprises in the shape of letters and visits. In June came a letter from a member of the Women's Overseas Service League of the United States of America,—Miss O. Grace Hawk of Indianapolis who is the editor of "Carry On," the quarterly issued by the League. She was only in England for a few days and could we two editors meet? We could and did. It was a very real pleasure to see her and it was a great pity that her time was too short to allow of a visit to the London Branch of the O.C.A. In the few hours she could spare us we crowded in as much as possible. Captain Garrard fetching her from her hotel and bringing her out to Wimbledon via Chelsea Embankment, showed her points of interest en route. After dinner we got into the car again and set off for Hampton Court Palace. Arriving there a trifle late we had to cajole the guardian of the gates—late Petty Officer of the Royal Navy—to look the other way—or rather, chat with Mrs. Johnston and this editor—while Capt. Garrard piloted Miss Hawk in a sort of rapid Cook's Tour, from there we went to Kingston and saw the famous Coronation Stone—and so we proceeded—trying to show her all the things she wanted to see and ended by a visit to the Duke of York's

Headquarters. It was getting dark so we did not visit the office—but just the exterior. A parade was just ending when we arrived and the old place looked quite imposing. Miss Hawk had come over to Paris in April in order to attend the congress held by the W.O.S.I. there and after had toured through Germany, France and Spain, leaving all too short a time to have little more than a glimpse at England. She has promised to rectify this mistake next time. The few hours Miss Hawk could spare us was much appreciated and on her next visit we hope to see much more of her, and to be able to take longer time in our sightseeing!

ABBEVILLE

Here is a message from Montreal to the members who hail from Abbeville, Camp 1.

"Tell the Abbeville members that those of their number who did not answer Roll Call on that fateful night in 1918 have always been remembered on May 24th here in Montreal and a wreath placed on our Cenotaph—this year I was unable to place it myself, but it was done for me by a representative of the Last Post Fund—I always remember, though I was not a W.A.A.C."

(Signed) BARBARA REID, W.R.A.F., 986.

THE MIDNIGHT RAMBLE.

No doubt most of the London Old Comrades knew about the midnight ramble on Saturday, June 14th, at Shanghai Camp, but only seventeen members turned up to venture on same, beds probably being more attractive at midnight than the moon.

The weather was all in our favour, and after an excellent supper we set off from camp on our adventure.

The leader of the party, Bobbie Andrews, fortified herself with an extra pair of shoes, which she slung over her shoulders, and changed now and then en route.

We met very few people on the way to Windsor, and after we once entered Windsor Great Park we did not see a soul. Everything was very still, and the only sounds were the barking of dogs, which we disturbed as we walked past the houses. Seventeen pairs of feet in the dead of night on the hard road made quite an echo, despite the fact that we were as quiet as possible while passing houses.

At last in the dim light (for the moon was very late in rising) we saw in the distance the statue of the Copper Horse, and we were soon once more out on the high road. Fortunately not very far on the road we came across a small bridge which made a very nice seat for the tired wanderers. Here several of the more energetic ones entertained us with a few dances, such as the Highland fling, etc.

After a little rest we resumed our journey and suddenly we met a policeman on a bicycle. It was fortunate for him he had not come along before and seen our entertainers doing their dances in the middle of the road, at one o'clock in the morning, or he would have had quite a shock. As it was he could not quite understand being suddenly confronted by a band of women. Who would be a policeman? From 10 p.m. to 6 a.m. he had to patrol those lonely roads.

At about two o'clock the moon began to rise. It was wonderfully bright and a lovely sight as it rose higher and higher over the water.

We finished our walk back to camp along the river bank, and arrived home at about 2.30, all very tired.

We were very soon in bed, and one of our hostesses—Norden—(who had hurried on) suddenly appeared with cups of tea and jam tarts. Fancy this luxury at 2.30 in the morning. Soon, despite the sea, we were all asleep, having had a delightful ramble.

DOROTHY HAYWARD.

CORRESPONDENCE.

July 4th.

Forebrae, Butterstone, by Dunkeld.

Dear Editor,—I am so glad that my most inadequate letter served as a peg on which to hang your delightful story of the Waacs in the air raids. I remember them in a night raid at A.P.O., calmly working their telephones

all through a nasty air raid. It was before the days of sand-bagged shelters at that particular base so they sat in a tin hut on the docks, perfectly conscious of the fact that there was ammunition close by which might blow them to bits at any moment.

When my letter was originally published part of it, referring to the V.A.D. drivers, was omitted by the Editor. I have not kept a copy, but my impression is that the omission altered the sense of the lines you refer to. I certainly did *not* mean to imply that "the most sordid and terrible part of the war" was behind the lines, I was referring to the appalling description of the gassed and wounded officers and men in "Not So Quiet." As you know a few lines omitted from a letter may alter its sense.

Do not publish this unless you think it worth while, but if you have space you might correct the impression that I meant anything so untrue with regard to the horrors of war.

I am, Yours, etc.,

ALICE LOW.

From Miss Blanche Neave, c/o Lieut.-Col. O. H. Radford, 38 Bungalow, Abbattabad, N.W.F.P., India.

Mrs. Hollerhead is home now. I wonder if she has called to see you and brought her little boy of the wonderful curls. I have not heard from her lately. I have not heard anything of Chidley either—hope she is well. I thank you very much for sending me the agenda, it would have been nice if I could have flown over, but alas! I have no desire to fly and should be awfully sick. All being well, I hope to return to England next spring, for good this time, unless India calls me again too much! The home papers seem to have had more news about the trouble out here than we get, although it's bad it is not so bad as some of the home papers say. We are about 50 to 60 miles from Peshawar and 40 from Rawalpindi, and have had a little trouble here but we are safe enough. It's warming up here now and we leave for Murree to-morrow until October. Last year we went to Kashmir and may go in September on a houseboat for three weeks. How I long for 1932, when I shall, I hope be able to come to the Dinner once more and meet everybody. My remembrances to everyone and with all good wishes and kindest thoughts.

From Mrs. G. H. Killin (Lloyd 1189), Tranby Croft, Darlington, Umtali, S. Rhodesia.

The arrival of the Gazette has reminded me that I intended writing to announce the birth of my little daughter on April 15th. This makes four infants, two boys and two girls, enough to keep the flag flying, I think. They keep me well occupied, although, thanks to cheap native labour, that is about all I have to do.

We have been in Umtali nearly a year now, and its beauty is still something to marvel about. There are wonderful drives (over the hills and far away) but one's nerves need to be good for driving in some directions, as the roads wind in and out and over the hills. The town itself boasts of three decent stores and umpteen coolie stores and one Picture Palace, though not palatial by any means.

It is nearly four years since we returned from England and time for next leave, which we hope to spend there next year. It's a pity one can't put the little ones in cold storage on the boat, then it wouldn't be such an undertaking.

Are any Henriville camp-ites still alive and kicking?

Aren't we getting old now, 12 years since the Armistice, but the Old Comrades still going strong, and may we do so for many a year to come.

Good luck and best wishes.

SHANGHAI CAMP.

A number of reasons—including fine weather—has resulted in several extremely jolly week-ends being spent at the above camp during the past few weeks. Judging from the letters of thanks received everyone was well satisfied, and remembering this those who contemplate a visit to this rural and charming spot by the river, can be quite sure that they will be amply compensated for any small expense incurred.

Now for Camp bookings—will anyone wishing to book the camp during the month of August, please send their

booking along as soon as possible as I shall be on holiday the first two weeks in August, or to Miss Leech, 5 Shafton Road, South Hackney.

E. Norden, Camp Secretary, 79 Alderney Street, South Belgravia, S.W.1.

"THE CLASS OFFICERS' MESS."

"Saint-Cecile Plage, Grand Hotel, near Boulogne, Harelot, and Touquet; Open now; pension from 5s. 8d. per day; modern sanitation; very comfortable and excellent food.—Postal address, Camiers, Pas-de-C.

In the "Morning Post" recently there appeared the above advertisement which must have brought back memories to any of the "Cecile-Plage" unit who read it and visions of those days in March, 1918 when the Waacs set about the hotel and gave it the first (and probably the last) real cleaning it ever had! This hotel had been used as an officers' mess for a long time before the chance came to us to make it thoroughly clean, and what a scouring took place. How well I remember the utter disgust of Forewoman Brown, A.M. now alas, dead, at the condition of the place and with what a will each member of the officers' mess staff went to work. Cooks, waitresses, "Gen. Doms."—all armed themselves with pails, scrubbing brushes, brooms and all the implements of spring cleaning and made that place look as spick and span—to say nothing of sweet smelling—as any place could possibly be. Our corps had not long been there and anyway they worked in the cook-houses and mess-rooms only—all the rest of the place being "kept clean and in order" by the class officers batmen—and as each class only stayed with us three weeks—those batmen apparently always left the cleaning up to the incoming batmen—and so on. Our chance came in that March when we had "our backs to the wall" and no class came to us for some time, then it was that the Class Officers' mess got its historic cleaning, which I feel safe in saying will never be so thoroughly repeated. It was the women's own suggestion that they should do this job of work and I think it is to the Domestic Section's great credit that they were always ready to do any work—whether it was their "category" or not.

ETAPLES TO PARIS PLAGE.

The 2 o'clock car was usually a sight to behold. Sundry members of our illustrious Corps would arrive at the eleventh hour and occupy the footboard. As the car swung away from the terminus into the village, Subs and other pip-wearers would spring up from nowhere and make a wild grab at anything they could lay hands on. Always the crowd was a gay one and ready to suffer any inconvenience to gain the desired goal.

Sometimes, however, we would elect to walk and followed the car tracks through the village, and for several hundred yards after crossing the river, then turned to the left and entered the woods. Woods glorious, whatever the season. The path led us through an ever-fascinating mysterious pine forest, or we might wander where the slender, graceful silver birch abounded. If it were Spring the cuckoo's note haunted us, or, near some entanglement of undergrowth hearing the cries of young birds we would vainly endeavour to locate the wee atoms. Were it summer, flowers of luxuriant growth watched our passing. Innumerable butterflies had their day and ceased to be. In autumn gorgeous colours met our gaze at every turn. And in winter time, when all these had vanished and the timber stood alone, the same charm was there. We were held and fascinated, and dreamed dreams as we wandered.

The car track was along a high road cut through the woods, an absolutely topping ride.

We are not at all sure where Pip-pip begins and ends. However, you alighted from the car at cross roads in the main street. Any turning on your right took you within a minute to the sea. Promenade—very broad and long; sands—glorious. The sea stretching away into eternity. Away to your right the best land on earth—Blighty.

There were many reasons why we went to Pip-pip. In the summer the object, probably that of bathing, followed by stretching ourselves at full length on the sand and indulging in a sun bath. Glorious summer days!

Or we might be on a shopping expedition. The French folks tempted us to part with our hard-earned francs by displaying dainty silk and lace mouchoirs, or the eye was bewildered by the array of lemon, rose, palest of blue and mauve, to say nothing of pink camisoles. Again, we might desire powder (not of the gun variety!) face cream, perfume and other toilet requisites.

But there was another reason why many of us hied to Pip-pip. We felt that for our brains' sake we must at times have other than Army rations. If it were a matter of having that repast known in Blighty as "tea," we contented ourselves with omelettes (deux oeufs) and chips—or "cheeps," b. and b. and probably drank chocolate—the French being not exactly successful tea makers. Such would cost from 2.50 to 5 francs according to the class of café favoured. If we could not rise to such heights we had chocolate and "des gateaux s'il vous plait," though if we had too many of the latter the bill would soon amount to the 2.50 we had not desired to spend. "Des gateaux" consisted of very small but delicious cakes, and unless we were very level headed we could easily get outside 10 or a dozen of these and be under the impression we had partaken of, say 4. Sometimes we dined; if at our own expense we usually managed to secure a delightful repast for 5 or 6 francs. Though if at the expense of our friend Sgt.-Major so-and-so or ??? the bill might even amount to, shall we say, 40-50 francs pour deux? Dinner parties were frequently arranged, and on our return we were asked for, and expected to give, a minute description of each course. Some took a wicked pleasure in describing the especial charms of certain courses to the more unfortunate who, through no fault of their own, seldom had an opportunity of judging for themselves the culinary powers of the chefs of La belle France. . .

But night creeps up, a mist enwraps the sea, already the fishing boats are shewing their lights, the glow of the sunset is no longer reflected upon the sands. The last car goes in a few minutes. We must hasten if we are to reach camp before Roll Call.

BIRTHS.

Strachan.—On January 9th, 1930, at Delaware Hospital, Waverley, to Mr. and Mrs. Strachan (K. Linford, W.A.A.C., Le Havre), a daughter, Frances Zelma. Present address: "Parso," See Street, Kensington, Sydney.

Morrissey.—On January 10th, 1930, to Mr. and Mrs. Morrissey (J. Kelly, W.A.A.C.), a son, Declan. Present address: 9 Douglas Street, Willoughby, N.S.W.

MARRIAGE.

Mackechnie—Elder.—At the Presbyterian Church, Salisbury, Rhodesia, on the 17th April, 1930, by the Rev. Jas. Andrews, M.C., B.A., William Laidlaw Mackechnie, Croix de Guerre (A. and S. Highlanders and Rifle Brigade) to Louie Ness Elder (No. 769 Base Headquarters, Havre).

ADVERTISEMENTS

Cigarettes, Confectionery, and Small Groceries.—J. 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.

Bournemouth.—Mrs. A. Stocker, "Glencora," 3. Hawkwood Road, Boscombe. Comfortable board residence, good food; separate tables; 4 mins. sea, one minute Arcade, shops, etc. Every consideration for the comfort of visitors; large shady lawn, South aspect; Moderate terms.—Telephone: Bournemouth 962.

Cornwall. Furnished Bungalow to let. July 3 gns., September 2 gns., October to May 15s. per week. Sitting-room, large sunny verandah, 3 bedrooms, kitchen; indoor sanitation; open view moors and sea. Miss Bertrand, 6 Wilmington Avenue, Chiswick, W.4.

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 Sicilian 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.

Bournemouth. "Glen Cora," 3 Hawkwood Road. (Sea Road end) Boscombe. Comfortable and up-to-date boarding establishment. Few minutes pier, shops, amusements, etc. Good food, well cooked; separate Tables. Terms from 2½ gns.; Xmas and Easter 10s. 6d. per day; special terms for long winter bookings. Mrs. A. Stocker (nee Paterson).

Stormont House, 43 and 45 Jongridge 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: Frohisher, 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. "Kilver," 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, 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.		
Bristol and West of England.	Miss D. Mould, 11 The Tynning, 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.	Miss E. M. Gilchrist, M.B.E., 13 Royal Terrace West, Glasgow.	316 Bath Street, Glasgow.	Every Wednesday, 7.30.
Headquarters.	Mrs. Pratt Barlow, O.B.E. 11 Grosvenor Crescent, S.W.1.	Not fixed.	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. (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	No permanent room fixed. Interviews at British Legion, N.E. Area Offices, 10 Leazes Terrace, Newcastle.	Members notified individually.
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.
Tunbridge Wells.	Mrs. Boylett, 114 Queen's Rd., East Grinstead.		July 20th and Nov. 25th.

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