

Old Comrades



Association

GAZETTE.

Duke of York's Headquarters, London, S.W.3. AUGUST, 1930. Vol. XIII., No. 1. 3/6 per annum, post free.

EDITORIAL.

New Members.

Every now and again one hears that "of course our number must drop off as time goes on," "that as it's now twelve years since the Armistice, we are not likely to gain new members," and so forth. It may interest those who feel that way or say so, to know that this year we have gained **Sixty-six New Members**, sixteen of these having joined up in June. A goodly number who for one reason or another had allowed their membership to lapse have also re-joined. Why not get every member of our O.C.A. to set about finding at least one who served with us at home or overseas and getting them thoroughly interested in their old corps again—if it is possible that anyone *can* lose interest.

Most officers could get in touch with some members of their old units, surely.

Perhaps some, like myself, have a duplicate register of their units. This private register of my own (probably highly irregular!) has been most useful finding members even after thirteen years. Anyway, can we not all try and collect new members? There must be thousands of our women who know nothing about the O.C.A.

The Clothing Cupboard.

For a long time now nothing has been said about this very well patronised institution of ours, but like all institutions it evidently cannot exist without advertising! We are therefore going to start advertising our needs again, for the cupboard has rarely—if ever—been so depleted. *We want everything* in the way of women's and children's things—boys especially. It is always a problem to make up a good parcel if boys' things are asked for. Boots and shoes also, if the uppers are still good we can get these repaired, though of course we prefer to have solid soles as well! Our layettes are needing many items. In short, *we want everything of every kind*. "Thanking you in anticipation," etc.

HEADQUARTERS REPORT.

A meeting of the Council was held at 5 Buckingham Gate, S.W.1, on Thursday, July 24th. Dame Helen Gwynne-Vaughan, G.B.E., presided. There will be no meeting of the Council during the month of August. The next meeting will be held on September 24th.

CLOTHING.—Our thanks for parcels received are sent to Mrs. Kennedy, A. L. Brown, V. D. Wilson, the Norfolk Branch and Mrs. Crouch (non-W.A.A.C.) and Miss Andrews.

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**.

AUGUST 4th, 1914.

Centuries ago—or so it seems there was an August 4th which has left many vivid memories and some strangely blurred. It is difficult to re-construct those days leading up to that day in 1914—one has a somewhat unreal feeling of the time before the war began for us. I remember standing on the edge of a large crowd that day in Trafalgar Square. The meeting was being harangued by a man who was trying to persuade the crowd to follow his anti-war propaganda, while on the outskirts of the crowd were mobs of young men chanting at intervals, "We want war," "We want war." A man came up and stood by me for a little while listening to the speaker, but presently he turned and said "He is too late, they" (indicating the chanting youths) "will get all they want." I often wonder who that sad-faced man was. He knew the true state of affairs before even the very rapid press. Later in the day there gathered a huge crowd outside Buckingham Palace, singing, shouting, cheering. Any soldier or sailor was cheered to the echo, until—somewhere in the distance came a sound—an ominous rumble which grew louder and louder. People forgot to cheer quite so much and became almost silent as with much clatter there swept along battery after battery of the R.F.A. No bright polish on the guns or on limbers, khaki-clad drivers, the muzzles of the guns covered over. Along the Mall and into Charing Cross they went. It was our first sight of what was to become a terribly common procession. This procession had a very sobering effect, and I think brought to many of us a realisation that it was *our* war—not just a war for the professional soldier. Many I know wept when Armistice was declared. That night on the Mall was the more emotional to me. A Guardsman stood watching these guns pass and remarked of Jerry, with that splendid British confidence (I hope he pulled through!) "Well! they arst for it, now they're going to git it!"

August 4th, 1930.

Sixteen years after there have been unveiled four war memorials on the Western Front—at Vis-en-Artois, "Dud Corner" Loos, Pozieres, and Louverval, near Cambrai—making, so far, a total of eight such memorials completed, including the splendid Menin Gate. These memorials are to commemorate the men who went "missing," and who have no known graves. Yet another two years of diligent work must pass before all the memorials to our dead are completed. The four memorials unveiled to-day are to the memory of more than 50,000 officers and men. That at Dud Corner, Loos, carries the greatest number of names of these four, having no less than 20,714, the Battle of Loos, 1915, being responsible for most of these. General Sir Nevil Macready performed the unveiling.

Many of those who were on the British Legion pilgrimage went through Vis-en-Artois and may remember it.

This memorial carries the names of 9,903 men—some just boys, for according to records some of the fallen were still in their 'teens—they died in the Last Hundred Days, 1918. A few of the South Africans are commemorated here.

At Pozieres nearly all the 14,690 men recorded were of the Fifth Army who fell in those terrible months of March and April, 1918.

Louverval lies between Cambrai and Bapaume, and here the memorial has some panels by C. S. Jagger—the sculptor of the famous gunner memorial in London. This memorial is to the 7,048 officers and men who were "missing believed killed" in the Battle of Cambrai.

Evidence of the care with which the Imperial War Graves Commission is still continuing its work—twelve years after the Armistice—is shown by the fact that the Rolls of several of the memorials to the "missing" already need amending. Graves previously unlocated have been found and identified. Great credit is due to the Graves Commission for their splendid work—as anyone who has visited our cemeteries overseas can testify.

GOLF.

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales entered his name to play in the Lewis Gun School Competition at Le Touquet. This cup was presented in 1918 by the officers of the Lewis Gun School at Le Touquet and is open to anyone who was in the war zone during the war.

Who is the best representative we can produce to carry off this trophy on behalf of Q.M.A.A.C. next year??

BRANCH REPORTS FOR AUGUST.

London.

Saturday, July 12th, the date of our annual outing arranged for the children, was a very cheerless outlook regarding the weather. Many thoughts were turned our way as the hour drew near for our departure. It certainly was a cheerless start off, but as we drove out of London we left the grey skies behind, and a cheery blue sky greeted and escorted us all the way to the camp. Thirty-one children, several grown-ups and two doggie friends were of the party. Tiger is known to the children because he came to the party and performed his tricks and also known to many members who have had occasion to visit headquarters office. When his mistress is working, there he is sure to be about, either sitting down quietly like a good boy, or trying to do a spot of work as a voluntary worker. The other doggie was Pixie Ann, a little peke friend who was invited for the first time, and she did enjoy the fussing and petting which she got. We were very sorry that one family of little girls did not turn up. We waited some time to give them a good chance and we were obliged to move off without them, much to our regret. All the parcels were packed on the 'bus, the children placed inside, or on top, according to instructions from parents, and we moved off to the music of the parents' instructions to their children to behave themselves, and the cheery good-byes from the children themselves, who, I have no doubt, were well beyond listening to instructions on how to behave. To behave nicely is always their aim, but in the face of so many temptations who can blame them if they fail, especially at the camp where there is such a lot to tempt them. For instance, some bright coloured flowers growing in a field, on the other side of a locked gate—just daring little legs to climb over and little hands to gather them. A gate closed against intruders and flowers beyond! What was more natural than the vaulting of the gate by the bigger boys! The river, which the children are now realising lies beyond the camp lawn, another attraction which has always been forbidden. With its landing-stage and two boats, it was a great source of temptation to the youngsters; there seemed to be a constant procession of agitated helpers running up and down the banks and bringing back small girls and boys from their fascinating sport of playing who can "lean furthest" over the landing-stage. Horrible game! One usually wins! Besides trying to get a nice clear photo for the Gazette the camera served its double duty of giving us the opportunity of calling the roll so that no adventurous child should win in the "lean furthest" game without us

knowing it. The lock-keeper is always warned to keep a good look out for objects floating down stream, and this year I should think he needed eyes all round his head. We should have felt happier had we been so fitted before leaving London. Another temptation! Beautiful flowers growing on shrubs along the banks of the river, apparently nobody's, until a small hand is laid on the bush. A lecture on the 'bus prevented the carrying away of the island foliage this year, but who could tell what was going on in the young minds! They would hate Miss Andrews to be put in prison; on the other hand they had promised mummy to take home some flowers. Besides, people don't believe you have been in the country if you don't bring back flowers. Next year perhaps a few friends will provide flowers. Who knows! One little boy fell foul of the nettles whilst scouting, and the "First Aid" outfit had to be used. Yes! It is very difficult being a good boy or girl with so many attractions, and it is so easy for parents to say "Behave yourself or you won't go again." On the whole the kiddies were very good and they thoroughly enjoyed themselves. Last year's two-year-olds came for the first time, and those of nine years old went about the place with the air of veteran visitors, showing the little ones the sights and everything worth seeing, also knowing everything about the camp and helpers worth knowing. The children fared well, as they always do, owing to our numerous friends. Amongst other donations received were 48 sticks of rock, each large stick packed neatly in a cardboard box, especially printed in honour of the occasion, "Q.M.A.A.C. O.C.A. Children's Outing." This gave much pleasure to the children and also served as a very good advert for the association. The impatient ones took the rock from its neat box, sent the box to the winds and solemnly sucked as if their very lives depended upon finishing that rock before the end of the journey. It was "Rock versus Journey" in the end, and we wondered if some of them would do it. There were lots of games and variety in the races this year as the children are getting older. Tiger was very patient and tried hard not to look too bored when little Mary Evans insisted on trotting him around the lawn as if he were a toy dog instead of a dog of great size and still greater dignity. The time passed all too quickly and with a jolly scramble we got away in quite good time. On returning to Victoria at 9.15 we handed the children over to their waiting parents, and the helpers one by one said good-night, all declaring what a very nice afternoon and evening they had spent.

About half-a-dozen were left standing on the kerb hoping one of the party would mention coffee. We trotted along to the club to try the new sandwich bar. There, hot coffee and real nice sandwiches and some bright chatter with the few members who were also "snacking it" cheered us on our way home.

Again I thank members for their generosity, also Captain Garrard for sending along a cheque to settle the bill for teas supplied to the children at the camp. Also many thanks to those who gave us their sympathy with regard to the weather. I am glad to say we did not need any sympathy in that way; in fact we felt awful frauds when we thought of the nasty cold weather we had left in London and how nice it was at Old Windsor. We were sorry for the folks in town who did not know how nice it was where we were.

Our sale of odds and ends realised £3 10s. 6d. At 7.30 in the drawing-room of the club a few members of the committee were seated chatting, not a sign of a sale of any kind and no goods waiting to be sold. At 8 p.m. a table was drawn up ready to receive anything that might come our way, and the members came in, bringing with them their gifts, then trade became brisk. The eats as usual had a very quick sale and disappeared even quicker. Home-made candies, cakes, jams and 8 lbs. of black currants, picked by a member that day from her own garden, were amongst the gifts received in aid of the funds. The Gipsy Queen sat in state behind a curtain spinning as many yarns as time would allow, thereby adding five shillings to the takings. Considering there was only a handful of members present and the goods were priced really below their value, we were all surprised

at the amount of money taken in those two hours. In November we are arranging another sale in aid of funds, and it would be nice if members would make a note of the date and try to make some little thing, or if there is anything you don't want, just send it along at any time. We can always raffle it if the price is beyond the pockets of those present.

There is nothing special doing during August, only that the Re-union Meeting on Thursday, August 7th, takes place at the Zoo. We meet at the gate and count our people before we start in case any should be missing when we leave for home.

A London Branch week-end will be arranged for the 20th September at Shanghai Camp. Will members who wish to book please do so as early as possible. Another moonlight walk is suggested. We shall see!

A concert will be arranged for Thursday, September 18th, at the club. We should like a request concert from the Roamers, but if this cannot be arranged a programme will be drawn up which will take its place. Programmes twopence each, to defray expenses.

If the afternoon is fine a ramble to Chislehurst will be arranged for Saturday, September 27th. Arrangements later.

To save time and disappointment will members please address all enquiries, etc., to the club. The telephone number, Victoria 6345, is no longer available as the office will be closed from September onwards.

R. S. ANDREWS.

Tunbridge Wells.

Once again our small branch met for a ramble, which unfortunately was not properly carried out owing to the weather which seemed fated for us. Seven members and one little Waaclet met at Forest Row on Sunday, July 20th at 2.30. We then made our way for Ashdown Forest to view the lovely surroundings, when it started to rain. As there did not seem any sign of clearing, tracks were made for the tea rooms in the hope of it being fine afterwards. So by kind permission of Miss Heath we were allowed to stop and enjoy ourselves here until the time came for the break, and the Tunbridge Wells members caught their 'bus home. Tunbridge Wells Branch must wake up and do something with a swing so members send in suggestions, please.

E. BOYLETT.

Golders Green.

Arrangements were made at last meeting for a meeting to be held on Tuesday, September 2nd, at Mrs. James, 46 Woodville Road, Golders Green, N.W.11, as Mrs. Newton will be away on that date. Mrs. James kindly offered to have the meeting there, and it would be a great help to her if members intending to be present would send her a card to that effect. I hope by that time that everybody will have had an enjoyable holiday and will roll up in big numbers. Remember, we only meet once a month now, and the attendance of late has been rather discouraging. Try and keep one Tuesday a month free for the branch meeting. Cheerio everybody.

M. SETTERFIELD, Secretary.

Edinburgh and East of Scotland.

Since last sending up a report from this Branch the members have had two very enjoyable outings, the first being in April, when we were the guests of our kind friends, the Misses Turnbull and Finlay, during a week-end at their private hotel in North Berwick. We spent a very happy time there, and can thoroughly recommend "Bon Accord" to anyone looking for a comfortable place to spend a holiday.

In June we had our annual outing to visit our Chairman, Miss Alice Low, at her home at Butterstone, near Dunkeld.

After a lovely motor run through Crieff where we stopped for lunch, and the Sma' Glen, we reached Butterstone where we were the guests of our good friends the Misses Low, Crabbie and Lambert. We were fortunate in having with us on this occasion our Branch Representative Miss Lila Davy. We were favoured with ideal weather, and everyone present agreed that it was one of the finest outings we have had, and all looked forward to the same

trip next year when we hope to find Miss Low looking as happy and as well as we found her on this occasion.

During our visit to Butterstone, Miss Alice Low, on behalf of the Old Comrades, presented a clock and two silver toast racks to Miss Dorothy Robertson (a member of committee), on the occasion of her marriage. Miss Robertson was married in Colinton Parish Church on July 24th to Mr. William Bell, who has been appointed principal of the Blind College in Madras. Mr. and Mrs. Bell sail for India on September 6th, and we wish them both God-speed and every happiness and success in their new life together.

The Club is at present closed for holidays, but after the holidays we hope to have a good turn-out of Old Comrades on Saturday evening, September 6th, as it is some considerable time since we had a gathering.

MARY INNES, Hon. Secretary.

Bristol and West of England.

On July 12th 14 of the Bristol Branch spent a most enjoyable Saturday as the guests of an ex-Service Comrade May Montstephens. It was a lovely afternoon when we left Bristol for Tockington, and arrived at the quaint old village at 4 o'clock. A splendid tea was served by Miss Montstephens, her two sisters and her mother under the apple trees. After tea we walked through the orchard and the gardens. There was a tennis tournament. Mrs. Scott and May Montstephens won the first prize for tennis, and Miss Clarke and Miss Edis came second. There were prizes for quoits won by Mrs. Whitley, Miss Emery and Mrs. Wright. We were all so happy that we did not want to leave at all.

Six of us were in a dreadful plight when we lost our way to the Tockington 'bus. Thanks to Scottie running ahead and keeping us all on the trot we just caught the only 'bus.

Scottie is our new member, known by everyone in Rouen. She was greeted enthusiastically by Fisher and Edis. Miss Chapman, the other new member, was in camp at Bedford.

NATIONAL COUNCIL OF GIRLS' CLUB RALLY.

This article, I feel sure, will interest members who are interested in the Girls' Clubs movement, and may incite those who do not know about such things, to interest themselves in, and find out something about the work that is being carried on under the administration of the National Council of Girls' Clubs.

I collected amongst many other letters one morning, one that proved most interesting, an invitation from the organising secretary of the National Girls' Clubs Appeal Fund to attend the Rally at the Albert Hall, one Saturday afternoon. On arriving at the Albert Hall there was such a buzz of excitement, hundreds of bright young club members and friends waiting to get in and the more important members, or delegates, I should say, unfurling their banners and getting ready for the Grand March Past was to open the Rally.

At 3 p.m. the Lady Patricia Ramsay who, with the Lady Eleanor Keane, Chairman of the Rally, arrived on the platform. The Grand March Past began in real earnest, and I don't think anyone in the hall could have been other than impressed with physical fitness of the marchers. I should think over a hundred clubs were represented, judging by the number of banners that were carried by the representatives, and it certainly gave one food for reflection as they marched past, keeping time to the music played by the Band of the Royal Artillery. Amongst the many banners carried, I picked out the banners of church clubs, the Girls' Friendly Society, Girl Guides, Rangers, Factory Clubs, Young Crusaders, Y.W.C.A., Young Unionists and many more, far too numerous to mention here. I was delighted to see how well the towns and districts were represented.

The programme contained many interesting events which included a display of Folk Dancing, judged by the English Folk Dance Society, Gymnastic Team Games, a Net Ball Exhibition Match between London Clubs, resulting in a win for Stepney against North Acton by 5-2.

Scottish dances by the Scotch Clubs and a very rousing speech by Mrs. Phillip Snowden, followed by the presentation of some 50 purses to the Lady Patricia Ramsay, in reply to the appeal for funds. Community singing, conducted by Mr. Eric Godley, and a most delightful musical programme followed, generously given by Bratza, Harriet Cohen and Carrie Tubb. It was a most instructive and interesting entertainment, and I thought many members would be interested to read a little about such good work being carried on and may perhaps feel interested in and generously disposed towards this most appealing and necessary work. The National Council of Girls' Clubs is out to collect 100,000.

I am sure, Miss Adeline Bourne, Organising Secretary of the Appeal Fund, will give any further particulars. The address is: The National Council of Girls' Clubs, 3 Bloomsbury Place, W.C.1.

"The Wipers Times"

After so many books of war stories, for the most part libellous on the Army in general, it is good to turn to the "Wipers Times" and read the real thing. The sort of thing the Army wrote round themselves, collected and set up under almost impossible conditions in Ypres during some of the worst periods of fighting. It is first hand evidence of the spirit and courage of the British soldier in the very face of death and worse. Some of us need no telling of this supreme courage, but to those who rather like to believe all those loathsome books that have recently seen the light of day, it may come as a shock. Let us hope they will read this "Wipers Times"—but perhaps they will never understand! The "Wipers Times" was edited by Lt.-Col. F. J. Roberts, M.C., at that time commanding three companies of the 12th Batt. Sherwood Foresters, and the paper came about owing to the scrounging efforts of one of his men who pre-war had been a compositor, and on this particular day located a somewhat the worse for wear printing press, together with a drum of ink and a lot of paper, in an even more damaged house. He reported his find to the sergeant, who also had been a printer in more peaceful days. The sergeant reported the find to Col. Roberts, who, in turn, went along to inspect the outfit and gave permission for the press to be put into working order. The progress of the "Wipers Times" was not doomed to be very peaceful, and before the first issue was ready orders were received by the Sherwood Foresters to stand up in support. Nevertheless, Colonel Roberts got a few copies of a single leaf paper run off. Unfortunately none of these exist to-day. Jerry managed to drop a 5.9 in the middle of the "printing works" when only two complete numbers had been run off.

Private Johnson then proceeded on another scrounge and this time "won" a smaller press in a school up the Menin Road, and with the aid of a barrow Sgt. Turner and Private Johnson brought this press into Ypres and installed it in the Ramparts, Jerry being far from friendly while this transport job was taking place. There was no peace for that press either. Yet number after number was issued, Field Marshal Earl Haig being one of its most regular readers.

It is a great temptation to make copious extracts from this extraordinary paper. There are so many touches that bring back crowds of memories. Our corps is mentioned, and I, for one, feel it a great distinction. From an editorial, the following is taken:—

"The whole B.E.F. will welcome with open arms the latest recruits to its rank in the shape of the W.A.A.C. The designers are to be congratulated on the attractive uniforms and the morale of the troops has gone up 100 per cent. (So also has the candidature for a spell at the base)."

Under the heading of "A Few More Military Terms Defined," we find:—

R.T.O. Rude to officers. A pleasing brusqueness marks their manner when dealing with officers who have the impertinence to come away from the line for a spot of leave. This is affected to emphasise the strain of their profession.

E.F.C. Every franc counts. Derived from the thrifty methods of those A. men employed therein, who evidently think that miss not, want not—after the war.

The definition of R.T.O. is distinctly neat, but they might have made it also "other ranks." I have in mind a certain R.T.O. located between Etaples and Boulogne who seemed to think leave for Q.M.A.A.C. "other ranks" quite as unnecessary as for officers from the line. But he was terribly important

And here is what is called—

A STORY WITHOUT A MORAL.

AND it came to pass that upon a certain day the General Officer Commanding a Division said unto his A.A. and Q.M.G., "O A.A. and Q.M.G., tender unto me by the first day of next month a Return showing the names of the number of men of this Division who have even refused to undergo the hardships of **inoculation** in order that I may send forward this Return unto Corps, in accordance with C.R.O., 758.

AND it came to pass that A.A. and Q.M.G. said certain things unto his D.A.A. and Q.M.G., and unto his D.A.Q.M.G., the result of which was a Return of names to the number of fifty men of the Division who had refused to be **inoculated**.

AND it came to pass that the Return aforementioned was in due course sent forward unto Corps, in which place it became labelled with the mystic sign "P.A.," which, being interpreted, means "Put Aside."

AND it came to pass that upon a much later date this same General Officer Commanding a Division said unto his A.A. and Q.M.G., "O A.A. and Q.M.G. render unto me by the first day of next month a Return showing the names of the number of men of this Division who have done deeds such as are worthy of reward in the form of the Military Medal, in order that I may send forward this return unto Corps, in accordance with C.R.O., 869.

AND it came to pass that this return also was duly obtained, and in due course sent forward unto Corps, in which place it became labelled with the mystic sign "P.A.," which, being interpreted, means "Put Aside."

AND it came to pass that in due course those men who had refused to be **inoculated** were duly awarded with the **Military Medal**.

Oh! great is the Corps.

This needs no comment!

STOP PRESS NEWS.

3.30 HOOGE.

Whizzbang 1

H.E. 2

Others fell. 8 runners.

The crack is widening in the Cathedral spire. Steps must be taken.

Mr. Krump has arrived in Town.

The "Wipers Times" is published in book form by Eveleigh, Nash and Grayson, and priced at 8s. 6d. This edition gives not only the paper itself but its history, and is certainly one to be added to one's list of war relics.

NEWS OF OLD COMRADES.

Miss I. A. Turner (U.A., Unit II., Wimereux and Rouen) has been appointed Warden of both St. George's Hall and Ashdown Hall, at the University of Reading.

Miss G. Howard, Dolmeny, Alma Road, Southampton, recently spent a holiday in Boulogne and re-visited many old haunts. For several years she was in touch with Mrs. Gardner (D.R.O.), but has not heard from her for some time. Miss Howard is very interested in church work

and hopes to sit for the Lambeth Diploma in theology.

Miss A. T. E. Harrison (U.A., Deptford and Gordon Square) gave a very successful pupils' concert at her Studio at 59 Finchley Road, on the 19th July, and was fortunate enough to secure Dame Florence to give away the prizes. (We thought the "Encouragement Prize" given to a laddie who "found music hard and dull" a splendid idea!) Miss Harrison is one of the few exponents in this country of the Fletcher Method of piano teaching, so popular in America, and has twice visited the States to study the system which, from the keenness and intelligent musical appreciation shown by her small pupils, is an excellent one. There were several ex-Waacs in the audience who not only thoroughly enjoyed the concert but welcomed the all too rare opportunity of hearing Dame Florence make one of her charming little speeches. A tiny fellow, whose father is well-known in the musical and educational world, presented her with a lovely bouquet of carnations and sweet peas.

The Gazette Committee, which has already this year lost valuable members in **Misses Mitchell, Bigg, Aston, and Lyon**, suffered a further blow when **Miss D. V. Williams** sailed for Chile on July 31st. She has served on the committee for many years and has always proved a most reliable and untiring helper. "D.V." is, of course, well-known to the London Branch as a member of the ever-popular Concert Party, and during the British Legion pilgrimage in 1928 served as deputy Company officer in "L" party—the Ex-Service Women's Section—and the good wishes of all Old Comrades will accompany her on her interesting thirty days' voyage and in her new life at Valparaiso.

Mrs. Prochaska, late **McGregor**, of Etaples, called at the office and would like to have news of **Loutit**, and anyone who recalls her. She is living at 28 Forfar Road, Dundee.

"ABOUT NOTHING IN PARTICULAR."

Once we saw a procession. We believed this had something to do with the seven sayings on the Cross. The whole village seemed to take part. Many priests came first, followed by the tiniest atoms of choir boys in red surplices, then the little girls, the women, and last, the men. There was chanting as the Procession wound its way from the shore and through the narrow old streets with such old dilapidated houses, which must have stood long before the Revolution. Even certain of the inhabitants looked 101, not out, though perhaps being mostly fisherfolk, exposure to the weather—not always kind—had made them look older than they were.

On (probably) Feast Days the villagers would dress in native costume, and very interesting they looked, too; black dresses with wide sleeves, their caps of spotlessly clean and very stiff white muslin.

The writer was once in Paris Plage on a Sunday morning (owing to wangling a breakdown), and there saw many little "brides," girls of from 10 to 12 were that morning to take their first Communion (so we were informed), and for this occasion were dressed in white from head to foot. They looked so sweet with their long white veils, and as their dresses were long, too, their white shoes seemed so tiny. It was most interesting, and the young things wore such an air of importance. The boys who were to take their Communion wore black suits, and on one arm a huge white bow, also they wore white ties.

Near the shore at Etaples stands a huge cross. There, at certain seasons, the fisher folks gather and are blessed—perhaps at the time of the fish harvest.

During our wanderings we passed many shrines.

French children are not like British ones. Such youngsters—of both sexes—smoke cigarettes in the streets. They wrap up more, too, in the cold weather—almost strangle themselves with scarves.

E. appeared to be in a somewhat antiquated corner of France, judging by the methods employed by some of the farmers: horse working the treadmill, for example. One village was apparently devoted to the rearing of fowls, you almost trod on them as you passed. A round tower was the feature of any farm house with any pretensions to age. A

common sight on the highway was a huge wagon drawn by bullocks. Once or twice we saw dogs in harness.

One road out of Etaples led to Army Headquarters. We were permitted to wander a certain distance along this road. Such a coming and going of cars and lorries of all descriptions. "Red tabs" or "Brass Hats" seemed to spring up like mushrooms. Despatch riders scared you with the pace at which they passed. Altogether an exciting road to walk along; made you feel nearer things. Some distance along on the left was a wooded height up which we would climb. This commanded a top-hole view of the road, yet you yourself were hidden.

In our regions of France it was the custom for the people to attach bells to their horses so that when walking through the woods, etc., you could hear their tinkle. tinkle. Rather a nice custom—if only on account of the eccentric ways of French drivers.

A favourite way of getting back from Paris Plage of an evening was by Ghari. No matter what the season of the year, this drive was "good," as no one was rash enough to undertake it with other than a top-hole companion.

In "L" there dwelt one, with a very Welsh name, who used to tell our fortunes by cards. She was in constant request and woe betide the individual who upset her equilibrium, the penalty being: "Now I shall not tell you your fortune." Poor girl, unless she told us exactly what we wanted her to we were apt to turn and abuse her. She was a real good sort though—the possessor of some beautiful thoughts.

One day a fever possessed us of "L." A fever caught from adjacent Huts. There was great digging, collecting of white stones from the chalk pit and much duplicating of planting until we were not quite sure whether to expect sweet-peas or sunflowers in certain places! Weeding, watering, etc., were done in spasms. But the results were charming—in due time outside our Hut appeared a gorgeous mass of colour, and at even time the scent of flowers like those you knew were also flourishing in your garden in Blighty.

Away up Tipperary Road stood the Church Army Hut. Some of "L." were members of the Choir. Thus in and out of season voices could be heard—shall we say, to advantage? In "O taste and see," "The lions do lack and suffer hunger." Said voices were so insistent at times we became more than merely bored, and we were not sorry when the enthusiasm died down somewhat. Nevertheless, it was good if you had the opportunity to go to the evening service at the Church Army Hut. The Padre talked to you rather than preached a sermon! The men sang so earnestly. At the close of the service always there was a special prayer and blessing for those who were to go up the line the next day. One by one the men would come up and kneel before the altar.

"Leave" was the subject which loomed large in all minds a few months after our arrival in France. Rumours of a very conflicting type floated round. Again, some wanted to be home for Christmas—others did not. At times we reached pretty high words on this matter of leave. Naturally our first leave would be an event. Just when we felt we could not endure the suspense another day all who arrived with our draft had to report at the Orderly Room. We did so en masse, much to the consternation of the A.C. Each had an interview with the latter who promised to do her best to fall in with our wishes. Some task! December had arrived ere anyone had from "L" departed on this coveted leave, but once the ball was rolling we felt easier in mind. In turn each packed her suit case, travelled to the port of embarkation, crossed the vasty deep, and again beheld the land of Blighty! . . . Only to return and juggle further with nominal rolls, B.213s, etc. . . . K.C.

PILGRIMAGE TO THE BATTLEFIELDS.

The Kent Council of the British Legion is organising a four-day pilgrimage to the battlefields of France and Flanders, which is to start on September 30th, 1930. The fare for the four days' pilgrimage is £2 6s. Particulars can be obtained from the South-Eastern Area offices of the British Legion.

SEEING LONDON IN ONE DAY.

Have you ever tried it? Well! Take it from me it is hectic to try! If you are ever booked to take visitors round London, first of all explain to them that they cannot possibly do London in one day; not even an American tour, and then proceed to find out what would appeal to them most. I find that no two parties have the same tastes. Here is a programme which I planned for a party from Scotland.

A small party of Scotch girls under the care of Jean McLellan from Glasgow Branch travelled to London in July, especially to stay at Shanghai Camp. They spent a very full week-end in town and amongst other places of interest they visited, here is an account of their Saturday's tour. They arrived from camp on Friday and were handed over to me for the evening. A visit to the Poly Picture House to see, or I should say to hear, John McCormack in "Song of My Heart." We sat entranced for about three hours listening to that glorious voice; it might have been a song recital at the Albert Hall. We landed home about midnight, got to bed somewhere in the regions of one o'clock and were up in good time next morning for our day's sightseeing.

The Changing of the Guard at Buckingham Palace was down on the programme for 10.30 and we had taken up our position on the statue long ere this. The ceremony thrilled the Scotties from Glasgow. And a very fine sight it is, too! Where could one see a more impressive ceremony which is performed every day, I wonder? The patience of the retiring Guard, lined up waiting for the new Guard which must seem to them a never-ending time, the band bringing along the new Guard, marching as one man to the rhythm of the marching tune, not to mention the enthusiastic crowd which it collects en route from the barracks, marching along on each side, to swell the already large crowd which has gathered, the lining up of the new Guard, the parading of the Colours of both Guards. The ceremony over, the band takes up its position by the main gate, the retiring Guard falls in behind and marches off with that slow semi-geese-step-march. And, "Hats off the flag goes by, the finest sight of all; no matter the weather, old and young heads are bared to the Colour as they pass by.

Many business people who actually pass this way daily tell me they have never seen the Changing of the Guard. I recommend a visit one morning at 10.30 as a tonic to anyone who is feeling blue and has time hanging.

A walk through St. James's Park to Whitehall, a good look round Horse Guards, including the inspection of the Guards' Memorial; a visit to Number 10 Downing Street, and a halt here while the visitors touch the name-plate on the Prime Minister's door. The Cenotaph and its beautiful wreaths next claim our attention—one in particular of roses which scent the air, Scotland Yard pointed out along with other Government Buildings, a halt at the post office to do some business. Victoria Station our next move to do some more business, and lunch finished our morning's work.

1.45 p.m. We are off again! A shilling and a lift deposited the party at the top of Westminster Cathedral, and it was well worth it. Various landmarks were pointed out and many questions answered here. Out again into the street and to the Houses of Parliament. Here, I confess I took the wrong turning while seeking a short cut to the Embankment, and we went a little further out of our way than necessary. However, we were all a bit tired anyway, so it didn't matter.

We turned out eventually at the Embankment as I had planned and entered the Houses of Parliament. There was such a lot to see here that it took up quite a long time. Showing great concern for the comfort of the Members of the House and I think with a more personal concern for their tired feet, Scotland tried the seats in the House of Commons and pronounced them "quite good." 3.30 p.m. and just time to get to the Royal Mews, for which a permit had been forwarded, and we toddled off down Westminster Broadway, taking a good look at Epstein's "Night" and "Day," also the grand new station. Through Petty France and that very delightful little bit of London between Buckingham Gate and

Buckingham Palace Road where there are such charming little houses. On arrival at the Royal Mews I duly present permit and party, sign the visitors' book, and we are passed over to a guide. The visitors thought this visit a special treat. They inspected everything with great interest, including the highest horse which was presented to H.M. the King and who rejoices in the name of "Smutts," the car H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester had with him on his Big Game Expedition, into which he threw the animals he shot—and the State Coach.

The Mews inspected and still some time to spare before evening sets in. A walk to Victoria Station and a number 29 'bus to the Corner House, Tottenham Court Road, and a very much-needed tea after our strenuous afternoon. The music was soothing and the tea nice and our energy revived. Well, Scotland! Have you had enough? What about a show! Oh yes! And a show it was! A run on top of the 'bus home for a tidy up and we were ready for the road again at 7.30. "The Importance of Being Ernest" was the play! Some readers may smile at our choice. I did when I thought of it. At midnight my duties terminated and the rest of the time was my own. I thought of several ways of spending it, but was all in favour of bed just to pass those few hours away.

R.S.A.

"SWEATING ON THE TOP LINE."

In a most entertaining and incidentally instructive book recently issued entitled "**Songs and Slang of the British Soldier, 1914-1918**," of which more will be said, I hope, in the September issue of the Gazette, the above phrase is defined:—

"**Sweating on the Top Line.**" Used only in this form it meant to be full of hope and reasonable expectation of happiness and success. Perhaps from the gambling game "House," when the top line was nearly filled, victory was in sight and a sweat of exhilaration and anxiety broke out."

I suppose no Waac needs to be told what the expression means—I've heard them use it often enough!—but in case they don't, please try and make a note of it, particularly Branch Secretaries and other kind friends who help to fill up the Gazette. "I am full of hope, etc.," of getting on holiday and visiting some of the old haunts in September, but unless I get all copy in very early, my "reasonable expectations of happiness, etc.," are going to be a **wash-out.**" Verb, To cancel; e.g., "Wash out that order," etc.

EDITOR.

THE LONDON CENOTAPH SERVICE.

It has been said that "the British Legion is the greatest War Memorial that has ever been set up," and this thought seemed to have a striking significance as one watched members of the Legion, accompanied by their bands, swing smartly round from the Horse Guards Parade and march down to the Cenotaph for their Annual Whitsuntide Memorial Service.

Once again the sun shone brilliantly on the standards grouped round the Cenotaph, and this note of colour, with the gleaming instruments of the bandmen, surely spoke of the brighter side of war; it seemed symbolic of what the Legion is, and what it is doing to brighten the lives of so many ex-Service men who, having spent those years in khaki and in the service of their country, returned to taste the bitterness of industrial depression; that is the Legion as a War Memorial.

The members mustered on the famous "Horse Guards" ground had been inspected by General Sir Ian Hamilton, and how proud the General looked as he afterwards marched at the head of that great parade!

The service was as impressive as in past years—no great ceremonial display—special prayers and hymns sung with a fervour which only such a muster could put into them, and finally the bugles sounding the Last Post and the Reveille.

General Sir Ian Hamilton, by whose side stood Admiral Sir Henry Bruce, Chairman of the Metropolitan Area, and Colonel C. F. Grantham, Chairman of the South-Eastern Area, took the salute in the Mall of the 12,000 Legionaires, accompanied by 300 standards.

A former commander of one of our most famous fighting divisions, when asked to give his impressions of this parade and service, said his two chief impressions were:—

(1) The large number of men who came and their remarkably reverent demeanour. It was evident that these were not the men whom the "sensational" mongering publishers and Grub Street scribbler introduces as characters in "war" books of the present day. And it was equally evident that they did not attend to honour the memory of men of that type, but of men whose memory was worthy of affection and honour.

(2) The other impression was of rather a contrary kind. I was struck by the absence of officers or ex-officers, and especially of officers or ex-officers of the Regular Army, particularly those of comparatively high rank. Why don't they come? Is it that they don't belong to the Legion or that they won't take the trouble to attend?

I ought to add a third impression, and that is the excellence of the staff arrangements made for the assembly, movement and dispersal of the large numbers of men present, who, in their turn, made things easy for the staff by their ready and evidently affectionate recollection of army ways and commands.

We trust that the above remarks of General Sir Hugh Jeurwine will be read by a large number of the ex-officers to whom his second thought refers.

(British Legion Journal).

ENTERTAINMENT AT THE BASE.

A vast wooden structure. Right at the back a rough sort of gallery reserved for Officers, N.C.O.s and our Corps. In the far left corner was the orchestra, and a charming little orchestra it was, too. The question you were invariably asked when you had visited the Cinema was "What music did you have to-night?" The Picture somehow took quite a secondary place. Wednesday was a special night in that a brass band performed before the show. The building was packed at each performance and so were the pipes! Every known and well-known brand of tobacco could be inhaled. During the showing of the film running comments added a zest to the affair. Also every well-known air played by the orchestra was taken up by the men and our Corps. The strains of "Carmen," "The Indian Love Lyrics," "Humoresque," etc., had a way of bringing remembrances of Blighty. Certainly we did appreciate the Cinema.

Each Infantry Base Depot possessed a Concert Party. Each C.P. boasted at least one member who in pre-war days adorned the stage or concert platform. Therefore these Depot concerts were generally a huge success. Seats were usually reserved for us. Elocutionists were not unknown at these affairs. "The Green Eye of the Yellow God" and "The Coward" being great favourites.

Perhaps one of the best entertainments was that given by a New Zealand Party which came down the line. The stage management was a great feature. A local New Zealand Concert Party ran them a close second. They had a charming closing number, dressed à la Japanese and carrying lanterns—the stage darkened—the men floated to and fro, swinging their lanterns while they sang.

There were some very good girl impersonators with these parties, especially the one with the New Zealanders from the line, wearing the very latest in evening gowns, "she" took your breath away.

There were other diversions, too—many of the depots gave dances, to which we were invited. A topping feature of these dances was the supper provided—especially where the Canadians were concerned! Also we had invites to whist drives and carried off first and other prizes—not despising the Booby. Hockey matches were arranged—teas thrown in, of course.

In our Y.W. Hall we held dances, concerts, whist drives, etc. To these we were permitted to invite our men friends. Here, too, we entertained wounded soldiers. Always was shown to us by the Y.W. people the greatest kindness and consideration. At one end of the hall was a quiet room—a kind of lady's chapel as it were. Also there was a small private room which you could hire for the afternoon or evening if you wished to entertain your friends from down the line or elsewhere. When a certain "someone" came E. in the seventh heaven would hire this

room and have high tea, to which she would invite the world and his wife to meet this certain someone.

In the Y.W. Hut we could have, at very reasonable prices, afternoon tea. Always the tables were decorated with foliage or flowers from the woods, and everything set out most temptingly. In season fruit and other salads tempted you to part with your francs, also buns, cakes, sardines, eggs and real butter, etc. At certain hours of the day, too, the "shop" was opened, and you could buy everything you might want from pyjama suits to chocs.

Yet another form of entertainment—at any rate, to the Scottish element—we refer to the bagpipes! To those who were merely English these instruments at close range did not sound exactly musical—distance certainly lent enchantment to the sound! But were the faintest suspicion of a note to proceed from the pipes and the Scotch girls' souls shone through their eyes! K.

BIRTHS.

Vyvyan.—In July, to Mary Jacqueline (nee Leacock), wife of Philip Vyvyan, a second son.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Cigarettes, Confectionery, and Small Groceries.—7. 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.

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).

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).

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.

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

Very Comfortable Furnished Flat (3rd floor), to Let; 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.

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 Trotter,	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 D. Mould, 11 The Tynning, Bath.	Not 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.	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.	Winchfield, Shirehall Lane, Golders Green Road (nearest 'bus stop Brent Bridge). Telephone: Hendon 1925. 122 Cranbrook Road, Ilford. (Telephone Ilford 0058).	First Tuesday of each month; 7.30—10 p.m.
London Sub-Branch Ilford.	Miss M. V. Druitt, 74 Belgrave Road, Ilford, Essex.	122 Cranbrook Road, Ilford. (Telephone Ilford 0058).	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.	No permanent room fixed	Members notified individually.
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