

Old Comrades



Association

GAZETTE.

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

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NOTICE.

Subscriptions are due and all Gazette subscriptions must be sent to the Gazette Treasurer, Q.M.A.A.C. O.C.A., Duke of York's Headquarters, King's Road, London, S.W.3. All postal orders to be crossed.

HOLIDAYS.

Some months ago it was suggested that an interesting series of articles might be run in the Gazette each month on "Holidays." In this issue will be found a description of a tramping holiday spent in the North of England. Members are invited to send in articles on the various holidays they have spent. These would not only make interesting reading but would be of great help in suggesting new or different ways of spending those precious days of leisure during the coming summer. All articles must be addressed to the Editor, Q.M.A.A.C. O.C.A., Duke of York's Headquarters, London, S.W.3, and to be received there by the first day of each month.

HEADQUARTERS REPORT.

At the meeting of the Council held at 5 Buckingham Gate, S.W., on Thursday, February 26th, 1931, Dame Helen Gwynne-Vaughan was unanimously elected Chairman of the Council for the year 1931. The appointment of Mrs. A. E. B. Johnston as General Secretary was confirmed.

Clothing.

On opening a parcel the other day the following letter was found, and it is given here hoping that other branches will take a hint!—

"At the Annual General Meeting of the Eastbourne Branch it was decided that instead of allotting funds for social activities, money should be set aside for making clothes for "Waaclets." The enclosed five flannel shirts have each been made by Old Comrades of this Branch. Miss K. Simons, as the proposer of the motion, did the cutting out and distributing to members.

"I have added a few used garments and hope the parcel will be of use. The five shirts have been made out of £1 spent on material—a good outlay?"

Well done Eastbourne! It was a splendid effort and you could not have elected to make anything we needed more—I was going to say in the cupboard—but the shirts hardly saw the inside of that cupboard, being almost immediately despatched to grateful mothers for their boys.

We have received other equally useful parcels from our good comrades: Miss McKnight, Miss E. M. Leedal, Miss Alcock, Miss V. D. Wilson, and Miss Pacey. Many thanks.

BRANCH REPORTS FOR MARCH.

London.

Our children had a rare treat when their party did come off on the 14th of February. Sixty children and twenty-one mothers sat down to tea and afterwards were entertained by the various members of the Association who kept the date free so that they could come along and help. A magician, dressed in a beautiful Chinese robe, kept them dizzy with excitement by performing some wonderful conjuring tricks; in fact, so interested were they that when he asked for the help—as all proper magicians do—of a nice little boy or girl, boys and girls alike put up their hands to show their willingness to help. So eager were they for the coveted honour that they either forgot their sex or were content to let matters slide in that direction until after the performance. Another part of the programme was the solo dancing, dancing that the children look forward to each year. Long before the party takes place they anxiously ask if there will be any little girls there dancing in pretty frocks. Again, we were lucky in securing the services of little friends from one of the dancing schools to help. And the children who came to help enjoyed the party every bit as much as our other little guests. These last few years we have been extremely lucky in being able to produce so many entertainers from the outside ranks but I hope that in the near future I shall not have to look beyond our own ranks for the talent because I have my eye on several little Waaclets who dance really well and intend to recruit in plenty of time next year. The guests also amused their grown-up hostesses by performing for their benefit and we old folks enjoyed listening to their party pieces and dances which had been long practised for our benefit. A platform erected in the centre of the room made us feel very professional and had a good effect on the performers because they one and all did extremely well. Amongst those who came along to the Duke of York's Headquarters to help were Dame Helen Gwynne-Vaughan, Miss Davy, Mrs. Johnston, Mrs. Powell, Mrs. Garrard, Mrs. Pratt-Barlow. Mrs. Pratt-Barlow, by the way, brought along Tiger and his pup friend, in fact, between you and me, Tiger wrote a letter enclosing a donation for the party and also a smaller donation from his friend Pup and at the same time asked for an invitation for his friend. Well, I wrote and thanked Tiger and told him to come to the party and bring along Pup also. Tiger helped the conjurer with his tricks and Pup danced with the children and I hope they enjoyed themselves as much as the children did, although I wondered if they did when I was told a few days afterwards that when they were going to help at the Headquarters office with Mrs. Pratt-Barlow one day after the party they had occasion to pass the room

or entrance where the party had been held they both stopped and sniffed the air in rather an agitated fashion, and when they found out that they were not being called upon to entertain again they held up their heads and passed on. I wonder if they remembered the party as well as our children would have done had they been introduced to the self-same room a short time afterwards. We owe a lot of thanks to Mrs. Powell who introduced the mysterious Chinese gentleman who performed the conjuring tricks and also our best thanks to our friend Captain Garrard, who takes a most kindly interest in the Branch and especially in its children, an interest he always follows up in a very generous way in connection with social events for them. This year again his donation has enabled us to sport a much larger room for the party and we all know what a difference a large room makes to the enjoyment of the party both to the children and their grown-up friends. Each year more and more children seem to have grown to the eligible age for to include them in the invitation and it is really difficult to find suitable accommodation. I know the kiddies like a large place to play in and speaking for the organisers, a large hall is a Godsend. Miss Lewis has an old aunty who lives in Hastings and each year she makes rag dollies for the very little ones which are most delightful cuddly things. This same old lady also made fifty fancy paper bags to hold the sweets, etc., which are usually packed up and given to the children when they are ready for home.

Coming Events.—Our ramble on Sunday, 22nd March will be over Epsom Downs to Ashstead and thence to "Maromme," Wesh Farm Avenue, Ashstead, to tea, at the invitation of Mrs. Hall-Callow, a London Branch member. She tells me there is wireless, a gramophone, a large garden, a dog and her husband, besides a few other interesting details and we ought to have a very jolly afternoon and evening. Members wishing to join the party should send in their names to me at the very latest, by the 19th March and the party will meet under the clock at Waterloo Station, unless other arrangements have been made with regard to travelling by road, at 11 a.m. Bring along your lunch if you wish, and those who would rather have lunch without the fag of providing it beforehand can order it at any wayside inn as it will be quite an informal ramble. According to instructions from Mrs. Callow we ramble until we strike the "Leg of Mutton," the local inn. Arriving there we will make inquiries and proceed to "Maromme" and if we have our usual luck we shall get lost a few times before we find it—it's real fun getting lost in a crowd but not so funny when one is alone, so if any member is thinking of coming to tea only then take great care to carry out these instructions.

On Saturday, 28th March, a Theatre Party has been arranged for. Twenty-five tickets have been purchased for the "Chelsea Follies" at the Victoria Palace, S.W.1, and these can be had by applying to the hon. secretary, Q.M.A.A.C. O.C.A., 5 Buckingham Gate, S.W.1, and please send a stamped addressed envelope enclosing P.O. for 2s. 4d.

Don't forget the 29th of April, the Roamers are giving a new show in favour of the London Branch funds again. The tickets are 1s. 2d. and 2s. 6d. and these will be on sale immediately—I hope we shall have sold quite a number by the time that this report appears in print. Tickets can be had on application from the hon. secretary and any member of the Concert Party on Thursday evenings.

Our Dinner and Dance. A Dinner and Dance will be held in the First Avenue Hotel, High Holborn, W.C., on Saturday, 9th May. The tickets are 5s, including dinner, and these are now ready for sale. A Dinner Club is still running and various small sums can be deposited at any time both for this dinner and the Annual Reunion Dinner, which takes place in November this year. It is surprising how soon these little amounts mount up so join now and make sure of a ticket for both events. The honorary Treasurer will be available on any Thursday evening to

take money. Also ask her for particulars about the new Savings Club scheme.

Friends and husbands will be able to purchase tickets for the dance on the 9th of May so don't forget to book your husband or gentleman friend for that evening.

Competition to Raise Funds for the Branch.—For the benefit of those members who did not get their Gazettes in January I re-print the rules regarding the above competition. At the General Meeting in December last we decided that each member would do her best to make at least 10s. for the Branch by the end of June. The money must be earned and a statement as to how it has been earned must be sent along with each donation. The names and manner of earning the cash to be printed in the Gazette each month and the members themselves shall judge who has earned her donation in the most original way. A prize will be given to the winner by Miss Edith Thompson, the President of the Branch.

This month a distinct liking for ginger wine and an unforeseen reduction in rent swells our fund to the extent of £1. Here is the account up to date:—

Carried forward, £1 0s. 6d.; Mrs. Paget, 10s. (Owing to demolition next door, bedroom wall caved in, landlord also caved in until it was rendered safe); Mrs. Rix, 10s. (made Ginger Wine and sold it at 6d. a pint); total, £2 0s. 6d

It is getting late to book seats for the Tattoo: Hurry up if you are thinking of booking. There are just a few left. I am also expecting quite a lot of subs this month and next. The Tattoo is on Saturday, the 13th of June, this year.
R. S. ANDREWS.

Bournemouth.

Though we cannot produce much in the way of news for the Gazette, our little Branch is very much alive and numbers keep up very well, also the attendances at the monthly meetings, where we make woollies, etc., for the Clothing Cupboard at Headquarters.

Our Annual Meeting, which took place in December, disclosed a satisfactory financial balance. On the agenda was a proposal to make a presentation to Mrs. Jones, the mother of one of our members, who has been a most kind and hospitable friend to the Branch for the past five years. During this period she has allowed us to hold our monthly meetings at her house, regaled us with refreshments and by her presence at our meetings has made them even more enjoyable than they would otherwise have been.

The idea of trying to show our recognition of all this kindness was received with acclamation, and on January 21st we had a record meeting at which Mrs. Jones was presented with an electric coffee percolator, set of coffee cups and spoons and sugar basin, to which, as some further subscriptions came in later, a tray to carry the whole set was added.

N.B.—There are still some annual subscriptions due for the current year which I shall be very glad to receive.

E. M. TROTTER.

Manchester.

First, we want you to notice the change of address—**The Continental, 14 Oxford Street, Manchester**—a few doors from the Prince's Theatre. The entrance is through the Cafe or the side entrance in Hall Street. The whist drive run by Miss Robins on January 30th, was great, and the children's party on Saturday, February 7th, was a big success. Twenty-seven children were present, and after a very nice tea, games, recitations, songs and dancing by three small maidens helped to make the time pass all too quickly. We were pleased to have our President, Miss Matley, with us.

We often wonder if Miss Doyle reached New Zealand and how she is getting on, also Jean Horsfield is often in our thoughts. Indeed, we do not forget any of those who used to visit us. One of our members is busy knitting socks for "civvies," another often tries her cakes and buns on us, and we sometimes have a humbug lady. Now we've found a reader of cards in our midst, one member is playing at keeping house and having a wonderful time. Mrs. Coleman has invited any member to visit her at Woodford Vicar-

age, Bramhall, Cheshire, on Saturday, March 21st. Will any members intending to avail themselves of this kind invitation please notify Mrs. Coleman. We remember the wonderful time we had at Woodford Rectory last year. Don't forget change of address and your subs. please.

V. STEAR.

Norfolk.

I'm sure everyone will be pleased to know that we have a new member added to our Branch in the person of Miss Molly Howes, and all extend her a very hearty welcome. Miss Howes is at present living in Lumbwa, Kenya Colony, but as her home is in Norwich, we shall all look forward to meeting her when she comes home on holiday next year. In the meantime, will those members that have a little spare time on their hands, write a letter to her—Box 6, Lumbwa, Kenya Colony—as I'm sure one and all realise how welcome the arrival of the mail must be to those of our Old Comrades who are living so far from the homeland, in the isolated spots of our great empire. So "buckle to," members, and send a cheery letter of welcome to our distant comrade.

Our monthly meeting was held on Thursday, February 19th, at 122a Thorpe Road, Norwich. The Misses Newberry and Prothero always prove ideal hostesses for the Branch, and once again we were entertained to dinner. Unfortunately two of us were late in arriving—and poor cook was nearly frantic in case the poultry should be "dried up"—a catastrophe which never seems to happen! Seven hungry mortals enjoyed a really delicious dinner of all the good things set before them, appreciating the thoughtfulness of their hostess on such a cold night. Later, all repaired to the drawing-room, and, snuggled round the fire, the various letters received from absent members during the month, were read; and summer outing arrangements came in for their share of the chatter. The "Copper Box," always a cause for fun amongst ourselves, came in for its full quota of attention as the evening slipped away. Thanks to Mrs. Rumbold, the Branch has been able to despatch a useful parcel to London this month.

The Branch is now taking a fortnightly paper, "The Women's Employment Bureau," for those that are interested. As the date of our next meeting cannot be definitely settled for a few days, members will be notified individually.

L. W. CHILVERS.

Irish Branch.

It seems rather late to wish all our members a Happy New Year—especially by the time this appears in print—but I was in London at the time when I should have written for the January number, attending the General Meeting and the O.C.A. Dinner, so will the Irish members please be forgiving and accept the will for the deed?

We are very glad to welcome a new member this year, Mrs. M. Thompson, who lives in Co. Fermanagh, and hope she will be in Dublin some time to attend our meetings. We hope to have a Social in the near future.

Can anyone give me the names and addresses of any Old Comrade who used to work at Marlborough Barracks, Dublin? There were two sisters called Bennett, also Annie Poole and Esther Reidy. I have been asked to find out for someone who worked there herself for two years.

May I remind members that annual subscriptions (2s. 6d.) should be sent to me as soon as possible. Gazette subscription (3. 6d.) should be sent direct to Headquarters.

EVA C. FINNY.

(This report was received too late for publication in the February issue.—Ed.).

INFORMATION WANTED.

Can any member give news of **Julia Victoria Stokes**? We have been asked by her brother, Mr. William H. Stokes, of 173 Malmesbury Road, Bow, E.3, London, for help in tracing his sister, whom he has not seen for twenty years. The last news he had of her was that she was seen in the uniform of Q.M.A.A.C., and was, he believed "some sort of officer." Her last known address was Carpenter's Road, Stratford, E. London.

TRAMPING ACROSS ENGLAND

As I enjoyed reading the very interesting article in the October "Gazette" about a holiday in Normandy I am wondering if anyone would be interested in a holiday taken by my sister and me this summer, which was certainly a novel one, being nothing more nor less than a walk across England from the East coast to the West coast along the line of Hadrian's Wall.

Until the newspapers gave it so much publicity this year comparatively few people knew much more about Hadrian's Wall than that such a Wall was built many years ago across the North of England to keep back the Scots. That anything remained of the Wall I, for one, never imagined until I read about it and saw some pictures in the "Illustrated London News" early in the year, before the stir caused by the threatened demolition of a portion of it by quarrying. On seeing the pictures the idea came to us that it would be a very interesting and unusual holiday to walk along the Wall from coast to coast, and on reading the letterpress we found that Miss Jessie Mothersole had done this and written a book called "Hadrian's Wall." This we obtained and after reading it were keener than ever on our project, though all our friends said it would be too far and we couldn't do it. The Wall was actually 73½ miles long, and we decided to spend a week of our holidays walking along the Wall and doing about 12 miles a day, which would give us ample time for it and to rest each day if need be. As we did not know how far we should get each day we could not book up anywhere and had to take our chance of finding suitable accommodation each night.

We set off on a Friday evening, travelling North at night to save time, reaching Carlisle in the small hours of the morning, where we left our luggage, with the exception of our haversacks, and then took the first bus for Newcastle, stopping at Corbridge (about two-thirds of the way across) for breakfast and to see the remains of a Roman town just outside, after which we proceeded to Newcastle by bus. We wanted to see a bit of the East coast, so went to Tynemouth and Whitley Bay in the afternoon, then back to Wallsend, where our pilgrimage began.

Nothing remains of the Wall at either end, but for many miles in the centre it is in a wonderful state of preservation. It stood 12 to 20 feet high at one time and was 8 feet wide, but the highest part now standing is 9½ feet. The facing stones on each side are all about the same shape and size, but the core of the Wall was filled with rubble. On the North side of the Wall there was a deep ditch, and this can be plainly seen even where there is no trace of the Wall. On the South of the Wall is the vallum or earthwork, as to the use of which the historians differ, and this can be traced almost the whole way from coast to coast. We, however, were more interested in the Wall, and walked on it, or practically on it, the whole way.

Equipped with ordinance maps we followed the line of the Wall as nearly as possible and, as the street leading up from the Tyne at Wallsend is called Hadrian Street, we decided we must be on the right track. This part of the journey was the least interesting and we were glad when the three or four miles into Newcastle were ended. We stayed at the Y.W.C.A. there for the night and set off early next morning. It was raining a little, but we were well equipped for any weather.

Not very far out of Newcastle we had a first glimpse of the Wall—a very small piece, railed round by the Newcastle Corporation to preserve it. We gazed admiringly at it and then proceeded on our way. For the first 25 miles from Wallsend the road is practically built on the Wall, and the only other piece we saw that day was a short length just off the road at Heddon-on-the-Wall, where we scaled the fence and walked along it.

The end of that first day's tramp brought us to Chollerford, a distance of 21 miles from Newcastle, as we had decided to push on as far as possible in order to leave us more time for the interesting parts. Here we were so charmed with the beauty and interest of the locality that we stayed for two nights at the famous

George Inn, exploring during the day at our disposal. One of the finest of the camps which has been restored is at Chesters, close by; also the abutments of the Roman bridge which here spanned the North Tyne. The river has changed its course considerably, leaving the pier bases high and dry on one bank while the others are in the river and can be seen when it is low. The former had been fenced round and we wondered if we could get in the enclosure to examine them. We found a huge padlock on the chain but, to our amusement, this was fastened to the adjoining link by an elastic suspender, so that with a little patience we were able to get inside. We had intended to wade across the rivers where the various bridges had been, but found this impracticable owing to the excessive rainfall this summer.

The following day we came to the best preserved portion of the Wall, and for many miles were able to walk actually on it, and passed another interesting fort, perhaps the best known, that of Housesteads, which has lately been given to the National Trust. The country to the North here is very wild and barren, and it does not need a very vivid imagination to picture the stirring scenes that must have been enacted in the past when raiding parties came South. Everywhere the Wall follows the highest points, and the commanding position enables one to get grand views in all directions.

We were unable to obtain accommodation that night anywhere near the Wall, so went two miles South to Haltwhistle, where we were well looked after at the Grey Bull Inn. This being a small town, and a cobbler being available, I went down to see if he could put a couple of stitches in my shoe, which had given owing to the exceedingly hard usage it had had. He was an apple-cheeked, cheery old fellow, full of information about the Wall when he heard what we were doing (I had to explain the condition of my shoe!) Among other things he told us that when some manoeuvres were being held up there not long before one of the officers said to a very old man who lived close by, "I don't suppose you have ever seen anything like this before, have you?" "Haven't I?" said the ancient one, "I wuz here when the Romans wuz!" We had gone down a very long hill into Haltwhistle and had not been looking forward to the climb back, so were very pleased when someone told us we could return along a path by the burn, where the track from the quarries runs into the town. This was very pretty, and a decided improvement. This day we went over the Nine Nicks of Thirlwall and saw the ruins of Thirlwall Castle, which was built of Wall stones. Wherever the Wall diminishes you may be sure that you are coming to a house, and many farmhouses are dotted along the line of the Wall.

That night we reached Banks, and as Lanercost was only $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles South we went down there for the night, having heard there was a good Temperance Hotel, and we wanted to see the Priory in the morning. It was a lovely little place and the Hotel stands just by the river in a perfectly charming setting. The Priory, largely built of Wall stones, was also well worth seeing and the caretaker was both interesting and amusing.

Someone at the Hotel had told us to go and see a lady at Banks who had a very old set of pewter, which had been in the family for many generations. When we arrived she was busy cooking in one of the quaint old Cumberland stoves, with the oven high up on the right. Bread, fruit tarts and ginger biscuits were spread out in tempting array, and how they made our mouths water—we could smell those ginger biscuits for miles! She apologised for not being able to leave the oven for long, but showed us the pewter set and several other interesting things. All the pieces of pewter had the family initials engraved on them with the exception of a couple, which bore the crest of the Earl of Carlisle. For a big tenants' dinner given by the Earl at one time he had borrowed the Burtholmes' set. The cook had inadvertently put two of the plates too near the fire and they had melted! So the Earl had replaced them with two of his own—quite interesting, but of course, the Burtholmes would rather have had their own set complete. Just beyond their garden is the highest bit of Wall now

standing, and Miss Burtholme showed us where to find this and set us off on our way again.

We carried our lunch with us each day in case we were not able to get any, but obtained tea once or twice when it proved possible. That afternoon, in endeavouring to cross a small tributary of the River Irthing, the top rail of a fence broke just as my sister was going to jump from it and she was precipitated into the water. There she was, on her knees, apparently drinking it, and I wished the Kodak was in my hands instead of in her haversack. The damage to herself was not serious but, to her stockings, fatal, and we were glad to find someone in the village near who provided tea for us and allowed her to improve her appearance! Especially were we glad as an exceptionally heavy storm came on just then. At first our hostess protested that she had nothing in the house (because she had not baked that day) but she provided a table full of good things, all home made, including ginger biscuits!

We reached Carlisle that evening, Thursday, and went on to Bowness the next afternoon, where the Wall ends on the Solway Firth a little below where it is fordable at low tide. During our first and last days' walk we were more or less on the road, and on both occasions we were offered lifts. I think the drivers thought us rather mad when we refused and told them we were walking across England!

We spent the week-end at Annan with a former Waac pal, Sadie Balmer, whom I expect many of you will remember. She is now married and has one little girl. From there we went to the Lakes, which are too well known to mention here; and on our homeward journey spent the week end at Nottingham with another Waac friend, May Hassell, now home from New Zealand.

So ended an ideal holiday. We thoroughly enjoyed ourselves and are looking forward to visiting the Wall again at some time in the not too distant future.

M.M.

TRANSPORT ON POPPY DAY.

The weather was kind this last year, but the work was undoubtedly more arduous than ever, and longer journeys were completed, although there were fewer railway station trips perhaps.

Alas for Miss Bean and me, our voluntary typist was in Scotland, so this portion of work was added to the already rather overcrowded hours during October and November.

Requisitions were, as usual, most efficiently fulfilled owing to the responsive co-operation and support given by all members.

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales again honoured the Department by sending his omnibus to relieve the ever-increasing pressure of work which occurs on November 10th, 12th, and 13th. This sympathetic action is immensely appreciated.

It is interesting to record that 317 cars, a horse-box, vans and lorries and one messenger, worked from Headquarters alone during November 1st—14th, apart from others definitely allocated to such areas as Chelsea, Victoria, Golders Green, etc.

One thousand and eighty-seven journeys from Headquarters alone were accomplished—in a few cases quite lengthy—not counting again those by cars, vans and lorries allotted for duty in areas, at the Richmond Poppy Factory, and the warehouse in York Road, King's Cross.

Cars and vans and lorries ranged in size from Morris Minors to Rolls Royces and 3-ton lorries, and the long and often strenuous hours put in by chauffeurs, in addition to owner drivers, greatly helped the efficiency of the Department.

The mileage is not easy to estimate, although many cars covered more than 500 miles each during the fortnight.

Very substantial assistance came from those firms which lent (1) a motor horse-box for a week, (2) two 3-ton lorries for four days, (3) a pianoforte van on the 11th, (4) a box van on the 11th, (5) a large van on the 12th.

Members of the Department especially appreciated the message from Lady Haig. Other messages from members abroad or otherwise unable to take part this year were much appreciated, and we hope also we made some new friends *who will, like so many others, now reserve November 1st—14th for 1931.*

W. M. POWELL.

I WONDER . . . ?

I wonder whether I shall ever have the luck to meet old so-and-so again and where? I am quite sure that this query must often have occurred to very many Old Comrades.

Romance is a word that conjures up tales of thrilling adventure and romantic meetings have, through the ages, been described and pictured by poets and artists, usually in most picturesque settings. Again it is said that romance is always "waiting round the corner." Be this as it may, Romantic episode No. 1 occurred to me in a busy Southampton thoroughfare one afternoon two years ago.

I was out shopping when I felt a touch on my shoulder and a somewhat hesitant and very excited voice said, "Excuse me, are you—er?" and then with conviction, "Oh, yes, it is you. I've followed you right up High Street. I said to my husband I'm quite sure that's a Camp 4 girl. Said I, 'Surely you're Fincher; why, I thought you lived in Cardiff?' We quickly explained ourselves to each other. I was duly introduced to Hubby, we gave up all further hope of shopping and hied ourselves to an adjacent café for tea and talk.

Fincher will be remembered by Camp 4 girls, Queville, Rouen, as being attached to Sick Bay. She is now married and an efficient and well-beloved District nurse at Burley, in the heart of the New Forest. I left Tyneside three years ago, and now reside with my family at Hamble.

Since that romantic re-union Fincher and I have had many opportunities for interchange of experiences and three of the Old Squad, Symmons (now in Australia), Paddy Allen (now in New York) and Shaw (London) have been introduced to Burley.

Romantic episode No. 2 happened in Boscombe. Whilst recuperating from an illness in September, I was staying with Fincher. One stormy evening we were indulging in a heart-to-heart talk over a cheery fire. "I wonder" was often on our lips, especially "I wonder whatever has become of 'Old Tottie?'"

This be it said was the slangy but affectionate name which had been bestowed upon our respected Unit Administrator, Miss Lorimer. It was used, of course, when well out of earshot of the Orderly Room. It is now an open secret, though, how the title originated is lost in obscurity, Miss Lorimer herself being naturally one of the last to hear of it. Maybe it arose from the law of opposites by which token the writer could most aptly have been termed the "Dumpling."

I said that on returning home I would most certainly look up Miss Lorimer's address and inform her of our strange re-union.

Weather permitting, we had planned to visit Bourne-mouth the following day. This we did, and after an excellent lunch at Mrs. Stocker's boarding house (Patterson as was, of London Branch), we sallied forth and eventually had occasion to indulge in a 1d. tram ride. Presently Fincher nudged me and said in a stage whisper, "Look, Burchie, isn't this lady coming in, the very image of 'Tottie?'" "Rubbish," said I. Well, the newcomer proceeded to take a seat in the car which happened to be exactly opposite to us. Then the atmosphere immediately became electric because, like a flash, we seemed to become aware of each other. It was in very truth the "Beloved Christian" who had appeared out of the blue almost in answer to our so recent queries. Fincher asserts that she went hot and cold all over, and her hair stood on end. I know my heart lost a few beats as I felt myself turning all colours of the rainbow. Our aforetime Unit Administrator certainly turned pale as she suddenly leaned across, saying, "Don't I know you?" Then we were once again just Old Comrades, and oh, the romantic thrill of meeting again in that extraordinary way in that prosaic old tram-

car after a lapse of 11 years. We all wanted to talk at once, the conductor waited almost in vain for his fares whilst the rest of the passengers looked on in amazement. Finding ourselves alighting at the same destination addresses were exchanged with promises to meet again.

Miss Lorimer has changed but little since the happy old Camp 4 days, and I have since had the privilege of meeting her again when she visited me ere returning to Edinburgh. As I was married from Camp and she was present at my wedding, this visit was doubly interesting. Unfortunately, Fincher could not join us, being on holiday. What a day we had to be sure; we lived so much in the past that we clean forgot the present, and it did not occur to us to take snaps until too late.

Miss Lorimer sends sincere greetings and every good wish to any of her "old flock" who may chance to read this.

I wonder how many other romantic re-unions have taken place, so what about starting a series, especially on the eve of our wonderful Annual Mass Re-union?

"BURCHIE."

* * * * *

I have pleasure in submitting the enclosed in the hope that you may consider it of interest for inclusion in the "Gazette." It has the advantage of being true.

Apart from Branch Reports when I was Secretary of the Newcastle Branch, it is the first effort of the kind I have attempted, but some Old Comrades who heard of the affair asked me to "magazine" it. It should be of interest to Camp 4 girls in particular, and perhaps to other ex-Waacs in general.

I might say that I have submitted a copy to Miss Lorimer, and it has her approval.

J. A. TAYLOR.

NEWS OF OLD COMRADES.

Writing from Tatong, via Benalla, Victoria, Australia, which is described by her as being "eighteen miles into the bush," Mrs. Flora Dobby (Blaker) wishes to be put in touch with a branch in Australia. Perhaps Mrs. C. E. Peachey will communicate with her?

Mrs. Senn (Harcourt-Browne) sends us the following extract and newspaper cutting from Mrs. Sales (D. Myers, A.A., Rouen):—

I had to write a line to say I at last got in touch with the Ex-Service Women's Club through the Canadian Legion here. I was just in time to be present at their Annual Dinner and enclose cutting. They are a small body, as the Ex-Overseas Nurses have a Club of their own. Our's number only 15 members and seem to be mostly ex-Waacs. It brought things very close to have yourself and Mrs. Denham mentioned (Eltar and Sinclair, of Rouen, remembered you both) also Dawson-Smith. It was awfully nice to meet them. The meetings are monthly at the houses of members, and the Head here has kindly said the drawing-room here must be used when our turn comes. I don't know how that would go, however, as "no smoking" is the order of the day here, and, of course, all the members were smoking at the dinner. Those two were the only two Rouen people, but another had been at Calais and remembered Morgan. The world is small, is it not? I do hope you are enjoying your new arrangements and are well. Have just recovered from a fall downstairs, caused by one of the girls startling me, and was a wreck for about ten days.

The following is the newspaper cutting:

"The Annual Dinner of the Ex-Service Women's Club was held at the Tea Kettle Inn, on November 12th, and among the guests was Mrs. D. A. Sale, a former Administrator of the W.A.A.C.. Popular and war-time songs were sung, and toasts were given to the King, Prince of Wales, 'Our President,' and 'Success of the Club in all its aims.' Members later attended the theatre. A bridge whist party will be held this evening at the home of Mrs. J. Russell, 1765 West Eleventh."—Vancouver newspaper.

Mrs. Sales is now a widow and has one small daughter. She is living at St. Clare School, Vancouver, B.C.

A letter comes from **Mrs. Hugh McPhail (McQuade, V.A.D., Chateau Valdelievre, Calais)** and tells of her activities during the winter in her home in Saskatchewan. Last spring she helped to form a Community Club in her home district. Of this she will be president for this year, besides being secretary of various other organisations. Her daughter, Hope, has started her nursing career and is a probationer at the R.C. Hospital at Saskatoon.

Miss A. M. Norval is still in France with the Imperial War Graves Commission, and says she expects to be in France for another year. She lives in Arras.

Miss Edith S. Goodchild, 56 Highland Avenue, Montclair, New Jersey, U.S.A., has become a life member of the Association, and says she hopes to visit the London Branch in the autumn when on a visit to England.

Miss Faith Kenworthy-Browne is holding a show of her paintings—landscapes and portraits—at the Brook Street Gallery, Brook Street, New Bond Street, from April 13th to April 25th, and extends a very hearty invitation to all Old Comrades to come to her private view on **April 14th**. The show will be open daily from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m., except Saturday, when it will close at one o'clock. Admission is free.

Mrs. Wright, 27 New Street, Burslem, Stoke-on-Trent, wants news of any members who knew her at Hertford, particularly of **Miss Wakefield** and **Miss Shean**. Mrs. Wright has a large family now—two girls and four boys.

We are glad to welcome back to the fold **Miss E. F. Butler**, who has rejoined us. She is living in Bridport, Dorset, now.

Mrs. Herriott, 550 Commercial Road, Portsmouth, has been having a lot of sickness and trouble in her home lately. We hope all is well again now. Mrs. Herriott misses the evenings spent at the home of **Miss McGuire Bates** before the Portsmouth Branch ceased to exist.

Mrs. Vant (Lacey, Camp 7, Rouen), with her husband, whom she met in France, won the Dunmow Flitch for having spent a whole year without a cross word!

Mrs. L. Vanderbilt writes to tell us that she was married in January and is now living at 34 Arnold Street, Prince's Road, Liverpool. Mrs. Vanderbilt was formerly **Miss Lydia Lee**.

Miss L. R. Brand, 17 Dale Street, Chatham, Kent, says:—"I should like to mention how much I enjoyed the Re-union Dinner. It was the first I have been able to attend, and I came alone, but everyone was so sociable and I found the old comradeship still existed as in the old days, which enabled me to spend a very pleasant evening."

Jarvis writes from New York that she is very well and "full of pep." She has been there since the beginning of December and has many opportunities of meeting **Blanchard** and **Bushell**. She has a brother out in Morristown, New Jersey, now. She had thought of coming home for a holiday this year but has decided to postpone it until 1932. Her work gives her plenty of scope and is very interesting. It is good to have such cheering news from a popular Old Comrade.

Miss A. Jackson had a wonderful flight in a Moth plane (as flown by Amy Johnson) over Co. Dublin and Wicklow. The pilot was the famous Colonel Russell. They looped the loop and did various other stunts, "taking off" from Baldonnell, where the Bremen "took off" to cross the Atlantic. The flight was organised by the Aero Club and Messrs. Clery, of Dublin, to encourage private flying in Ireland.

CORRESPONDENCE.

From **Edith M. Baggs, Viamonte 540, Buenos Aires, Argentine, South America.**

Since writing to the Gazette just over a year ago, describing a journey to the Iguazu Falls on the Upper Parana River, I have travelled far and wide in both South and North America, acting as courier to some wealthy Argentines.

In May last we set out for the United States via the Pacific Coast, so making the wonderful crossing of the Andes, whose gigantic peaks tower snow-clad and silent to the blue vault above. As the train twists and turns slowly

up the steep gradient one gets wonderful views of some of the world's grandest mountain scenery. At 10,000 feet above sea level the line reaches its highest altitude, and there is a two-mile tunnel, in the middle of which is rung a bell to mark the boundary between Argentina and Chile. Men clad as if for Polar exploration sweep the line clear of snow in front of the train, and snow-ploughs are also used in severe weather. We sailed from Valparaiso, calling at all the Chilean and Peruvian ports, most of which are dry, dreary and barren, with never a sign of a green tree or a blade of grass to induce one to land during the hours the ship is at anchor to load her cargo of great bars of copper. Callao, however, is rather fascinating; and Lima, the capital of Peru, is well worth a visit as it has a fine sixteenth century Cathedral, and some lovely old Spanish houses reminiscent of the time when Spain ruled supreme over a large part of South America. There are two interesting museums containing Inca relics, and we passed an Indian cemetery which had been unearthed, and where many an Inca had been "seated" (not "laid") to rest, for the mummified bodies were buried in a sitting posture.

The Panama Canal is not only a marvellous feat of engineering, but is wonderfully organised and smoothly run, and is set in charming tropical surroundings with rich verdant growth on all sides, a pleasing contrast to the barren coast we had just left behind.

In some of the great locks through which the ship has to pass it rises as much as 31 feet in a short time. It is towed by two "mules" (a kind of tractors) on each side, which are attached to the ship by electric cables, and which themselves run on lines along the Canal banks. Thus one gradually rises to the level of Gatun Lake, 85 feet above the ocean, after which a descent has to be made to the Atlantic by the three Gatun locks.

The journey through took seven hours, and there is not one boring moment during that time. Several days later we reached New York, which is wonderfully attractive, especially when seen as one enters the harbour, and from the top of the Woolworth Building, with its fifty-five storeys. The new-comer is easily discovered by the way he cranes his neck to gaze from the street up at the vast piles which amaze and bewilder him, while the New Yorker takes them all for granted along with the other vastnesses of his colossal country.

From there we went on a wonderful trip right across the States to California, stopping en route at Chicago, a fine city with a lovely water-front on Lake Michigan, thronged on summer days by huge crowds of bathers.

Two days and a half later we reached the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River in Arizona, which is by far the most impressive of all the marvels of nature I have ever seen in all my travels. The Canyon is 13 miles wide in places, and 217 miles long! From its rim one gazes down 7,000 feet to the floor beneath, and from that floor rise huge rock masses in varied brilliant colours—orange, yellows, reds, purples, blues, and greys. But their colour is not their only wonder, for they have taken on a variety of fantastic shapes, so that it seems as if one were gazing down on a ruined city. Here one sees an Oriental palace with domes and minarets; there a Cathedral with spires and pinnacles; while yonder is an unfinished sky-scraper! It is magnificent and awe-inspiring beyond description, and unique in its immensity and grandeur.

A few more hours in the train brings one into lovely California, and the first place at which we "stopped over" was Los Angeles, from which we went to Hollywood, where we were lucky in seeing several films in the making in three different studios. At the Universal studio were still standing the model of Notre Dame Cathedral used by Lon Chaney in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," the boat used in "Show Boat," and a street in a German village filmed in the much-discussed "All Quiet on the Western Front." Two days in the Yosemite National Park only gave us a glimpse of its beauties and of the wonders that it holds. There is the world-famed Mariposa Grove of giant sequoia fir trees, one of which is said to be the oldest living thing in the world. It is known as the Grizzly Giant, and is 32 feet in diameter, while its height is 204 feet!

I cannot encroach further on the valuable space of the

Gazette by attempting to describe San Francisco, Salt Lake City, Colorado Springs, Niagara, and other beautiful places in U.S.A. that we visited.

Doubtless one might have found many Old Comrades in all these wanderings had there been time and opportunity to discover their whereabouts and look them up, but the trip was too speedily planned and embarked upon to allow of that.

With best wishes to all my old friends.

From Mrs. Milholm (Smith), c/o Messrs. Milne and Co., S.A., Apartado No. 47, Piura, via Paita, Peru.

It's a far cry from Braidwood, Lanarkshire, Scotland, to sunny Peru, but it's the same person who writes you from here now, although under a new name.

Yes! I've had lots of changes in the last two years, but here I am, very happily married to a girlhood's lover, and loving the life and the sunshine immensely.

I came out on the "Orbita" in August—the same ship as D. V. Williams, to whom I made myself known, having been told she was travelling by her to Valparaiso. I've since had a note, two Gazettes, and a snap from her, and she says she is settling down in her new post with Messrs. Duncan, Fox and Co., Ltd. I hope she will find the work congenial. You will all miss her in London, I'm sure.

With renewed good wishes to the Gazette, and kind remembrances to those who remember me as Isabel J. Laird.

From D. V. Williams, Valparaiso. 6.1.31.

I thought of you all last Saturday while you were at the Dinner. I was in the sea, trying to keep cool! I wish I could have been there. It is very nice out here but my thoughts are often in London; I miss it all so much. Life out here is very different. I have not explored the country yet. It is not really safe to wander about and men rarely go about the country without a gun. There are no wild animals, though further inland they are still semi-wild. I believe the only really wild animal in Chile is a small lion which is very rare and only found in the North. The only poisonous thing is a small, red spider found in the hay; this is sometimes fatal. We also have a spider larger than a mouse which lives in the ground, burrows a hole about 2ft. deep and has a web over the top. Chilians are very cruel to animals.

I have not done much bathing yet but hope to get some in the lunch hours. Everyone goes home to lunch as we get two hours. The coast is right on the Pacific, of course, so bathing is rather dangerous, as it is often very rough and always very cold. There are many shipwrecks in the winter. The sharks, fortunately, are all down South, but there are quantities of other fish. On the way out here I only saw one shark and a baby crocodile, but any number of sea-lions and penguins though these were mostly round Peru.

I met Mrs. Milholm (Miss Laird, of Glasgow) on the way out and have sent her on my Gazettes to read.

Valparaiso is really a very beautiful large bay, about ten miles round. I go by train each day to the office, about five miles along the sea. I wish I could take a panoramic view—it looks lovely. The railway is rather wonderful for a country so behind the times; it is run by electricity right to Santiago, about three hours journey by train. The railways only run inland. To go along the coast, you have to go by boat. Valparaiso is full of English people, also crowds of Germans. In the north of Chile there is a great desert called "The Pampa"; it is a huge nitrate field and for years has been run by the English. Now the Americans have bought it and most of the mines are closed down and thousands are out of work. It is a law in Chile that when a man has finished his contract he has to be conveyed back to where he came from. Almost every day the coast boats bring hundreds of families to Valparaiso and special trains take them to Santiago, where they are sent to farms or looked after. This is a country of fiestas; they average about one a month and they make a holiday a real thing. They light up the streets and squares with fairy lights which look lovely in the different coloured trees. On New Year's Eve they opened a large, new Casino down by the sea and had a wonderful display of fireworks. We

were down by the sea until 1.30 a.m. It was a lovely moonlight night and very warm.

From Mrs. M. Groves, I.A.O.C., Arsenal, Rawal Pindi, India.

You will see from the above address we have left Allahabad. We were transferred here in October. We were here about seven years ago so the place is not new to us, in fact, we were married here.

I think the article by M. E. Roach in the December Gazette, "Armistice Day in London," was awfully well written, it made one long to have been there. It must have been a wonderful service. We did see the Cenotaph and heard the singing on the "Talkies" so that was something. My sister and family have just arrived in England. She won't be coming out again as she wants to settle her girls to something, there is nothing here for young girls to do.

I hope the annual dinner went off O.K. I should loved to have been there. I still have one W.A.A.C. friend who writes to me. The others I seem to have lost touch with.

We are having it awfully cold here just now owing to a heavy fall of snow in Murree Hills, we are quite near Murree and can see the snow on the hills. In another two months we shall be quite hot, one can hardly believe it.

BIRTHS.

Terrington.—On December 2nd, 1930, to Mr. and Mrs. F. Terrington (K. Clark, Signals), a son.

Parbury.—On December 28th, 1930, at Rosedale, Bermaqui, N.S.W., to Mr. and Mrs. Parbury (G. A. Smith, Andruicq and Calais), a daughter—Yvonne Thelia.

ADVERTISEMENTS

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.

Scotch House, 44 Rue de la Paix, Le Touquet. Family Hotel; Pension; comfortable; moderate; central. Rooms fitted with hot and cold water. Excellent cuisine; personal supervision. Alice B. Anderson (Unit 11, Wimereux, and of Claims Commission, Le Touquet).

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.

To Let, Furnished.—Comfortable, weather-proof, wooden Bungalow at St. Agnes, Cornwall. Sitting-room, three bedrooms (sleep four), large kitchen, and sunny verandah; indoor sanitation. Beautiful view; 20 minutes' sea, village, station. Terms: May, 1 guineas per week, including plate and linen; June, 2 guineas per week, including plate and linen; July, 3 guineas per week, including plate and linen; August, 4 guineas per week, including plate and linen; September (1st fortnight), 3 guineas per week, including plate and linen; 2nd fortnight, 2 guineas per week, including plate and linen; Oct.-April, 10/- per week, including plate and linen.

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.

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.

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

Branch.	Name and Address of Secretary.	Address of Club or Meeting place.	Day and Time of Meeting
Birmingham.	Miss E. I. Dipple, 29 Marston Road, Erdington, Birmingham.	38 John Bright Street, Room 19.	Wednesdays. 7 to 10 p.m.
Bournemouth.	Miss Edith Trotter, C.B.E., 4 East Avenue, Bournemouth.	Cavendish House, 8 Christ Church Road.	Last Monday in each month 8 to 10 p.m.
Brighton.	Miss H. A. Baron, 25 Wellington Road, Brighton, Sussex.		On last Wednesday in the month; 7.15—10.15.
Bristol and West of England.	Miss Umpleby, "Rokeby," Long Aston, Bristol.	No permanent room fixed.	Not fixed.
Cheltenham.	Mrs. Mann, 84a 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, 19 Lyddon Terrace, 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.	18 Colquitt 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.	Thursday evenings, 7.30 to 10 p.m.
Golders Green.	Miss Setterfield, 12 Geary Road, Dollis Hill, N.W.10	122 Cranbrook Road, Ilford. (Telephone Ilford 0058).	First Tuesday of each month; 7.30—10 p.m.
Ilford.	Miss M. V. Druitt, 74 Belgrave Road, Ilford, Essex.		Alternate Tuesdays at 8 p.m.
Manchester.	Miss Stephenson, 7 Hartwood Road, Withington.	The Continental Cafe, 14 Oxford Street, 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.	Members notified individually.
Norfolk.	Mrs. L. W. Chilvers, 32 Grove Road, Norwich.	Interviews at British Legion, N.E. Area Offices, 10 Leazes Terrace, Newcastle.	Monthly. Members notified individually.
North Staffs.	Mrs. E. Stretton 10 Sparrow Terrace, Porthill, Stoke-on-Trent.	No permanent room fixed.	
Oxford.	(Temp.) Miss A. Haynes, 15 St. Omer Road, Cowley.	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.		
Cardiff.	Miss Diana V. Viney, 201 Carlisle Street, Cardiff.	Y.M.C.A., Cardiff.	Second and Last Tuesday, at 7.30 p.m.
S. Wales.			
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