

Old Comrades



Association

GAZETTE.

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

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NOTICE.

During the absence of the Editor next month, Miss Edith Thompson has very kindly undertaken to edit the August number of the Gazette. Will all correspondents please note that all communications must be sent to Q.M.A.A.C. O.C.A. Headquarters Office, and not to any private address.

EDITORIAL.

Warning for Parade.

All those who served in Queen Mary's Army Auxiliary Corps are reminded that the Thirteenth Annual Dinner will be held this year on **November 21st** next, at Harrod's Georgian Restaurant, London.

Resolutions.

Branch Secretaries are notified that any resolutions that their branches may wish to put up to the Annual General Meeting of the Association to be held on November 21st next, **must be delivered to the General Secretary, Q.M.A.A.C. O.C.A., Duke of York's Headquarters, King's Road, London, S.W.3, by Wednesday, October 7th, 1931.**

OFFICERS OF Q.M.A.A.C., B.E.F.

Eleventh Annual Dinner.

Once more that great evening of the year to the Overseas officer has come and gone, leaving behind a crowd of good memories of the Eleventh Annual Re-union and a host of war-time memories revived and refreshed. We were a slightly smaller assembly this year, but it is extremely difficult, if not impossible, to arrange a date suitable to all, and probably the date next year will be more suitable to some of this year's absentees, each one of whom was missed. We gathered at the Hotel Belgravia, Grosvenor Place, London, on Saturday, June 6th, where an excellent dinner was served. The arrangements for the evening were again in the able hands of Mrs. A. E. B. Johnston, and our thanks go to her for all her work and thought. We had no guests and therefore no speeches.

Shortly after we had drunk the toasts of His Majesty the King, our Commandant-in-Chief Her Majesty Queen Mary, and the Corps, Dame Helen was seen to rise again, but this time it was the Chief Controller, Q.M.A.A.C., B.E.F., who rose, and not Dame Helen!—the atmosphere of our Banqueting Room became somewhat "Orderly Room"-ish as she announced that she would now call upon each one of us present to stand up and give an account of herself together with her name past and present. Such is the discipline instilled in us by our C.C., that only two dared to utter the slightest note of "insubordination," though each of us groaned, I think. One of these slightly insubordinate two, after giving her

name said, amid much laughter, "If I'd known this was going to happen I'd never have come," and the second, when her turn came, said it was "truly awful," though when challenged by the C.C. at the end of the "Orderly Room" proceedings as to whether they still stood by their remarks, they withdrew them, and so we expect to see them with us for many years to come!

We missed a number of the ever-faithful who turn up whenever possible, schools and sickness accounting for most of the absentees. We were particularly sorry that an attack of fever kept Mrs. Eldred away. She has recently returned from Africa and it is years since we saw her. Litheby, too, was ill. By now we hope all have recovered.

Many telegrams and messages of greeting were received during the evening but the one that was greeted with greatest applause was that signed "Signals. Other ranks." To those of us who numbered Signals among the members of our units, this telegram brought to mind immediately many old comrades in their khaki uniform and blue and white brassards. We appreciated this telegram enormously. Thank you "Signals, other Ranks."

Among those present at the Dinner were: Dame Helen Gwynne-Vaughan, G.B.E., in the chair, Mrs. Aburrow (Cable), Miss Barker, Miss Bertrand, Mrs. Newton (Betts), Mrs. Garrard (Barr), Miss A. Bourne, Mrs. Sarsfield Hall (Clowes), Miss Creighton, Miss Davy, Miss de Putron, Miss Douche, Mrs. Samuel (Elkin), Miss Fawcett, Mrs. Feiling, Miss M. Frood, Miss Gammon, Mrs. Gibbons (Mathers), Mrs. Peake (Gilliat), Mrs. Pigott (Beart, V.A.D.), Mrs. Hindley (Wilkins), Miss Hunnybun, Miss G. James, Miss D. Johnson, Mrs. A. Johnston, Mrs. King (Jordan), Miss Logan, Miss Mainland, Miss Morris, Mrs. Mack (O'Neill), Miss Ottman, Mrs. Pratt-Barlow, Miss Simpson, Mrs. Starkey, Miss C. Sutton, Miss W. Thompson, Miss Welsford, Miss Wotzel, Miss Hingston, and Mrs. Clough (Lightfoot).

HEADQUARTERS REPORT.

A meeting of the Council was held on Tuesday, June 23rd, at 5 Buckingham Gate. The chair was taken by Dame Helen Gwynne-Vaughan, G.B.E.

A very welcome visitor to the office at headquarters was Miss Edith Thompson, who was full of enthusiasm about her delightful tour in Canada. She seems to have met numerous women who served in Q.M.A.A.C., who gave her a great reception at each of her various stopping-places, and she has brought back news of some who had almost been lost sight of.

Mrs. Powell was also, at headquarters one morning, taking her usual lively and kindly interest in the work of the Association.

Clothing.

Our thanks this month go to the many good friends who have kept us supplied with useful things—Miss M. Wotzel, two parcels, a note in one of them tells us that “the baby things were made by some schoolgirl friends of mine who inveigled me into their school bazaar, and this is the result of my round of the stalls.” This extract is given here as a hint to others!

Dr. Roberts sent us, among other things, a box of rank badges, etc., and now the General Secretary and the Editor of this Gazette will be able to promote themselves to the ranks which they have always felt they ought to have attained in the corps! The Editor has already annexed the “Crossed Roses.”

We are very grateful to the following for all the very useful things they have collected and sent us: “E.G.M.,” Miss Davies, Dr. A. M. Roberts, Miss Wotzel, the Sunderland Branch, per Mrs. O. Traviss; two parcels; per Miss R. S. Andrews; two, Anon., and Mrs. M. W. Laing.

MY FIRST EXPERIENCE OF THE GERMAN YOUTH MOVEMENT.

The party was organised by the Friends, this end—one, Dorothy Instone, of Ash, Surrey, thought she would collect a few friends and go over to Germany so as to glean bits for the furthering of the English Young Hostel Movement here. By the time we started we numbered 75, literally dozens more than she had ever anticipated. Tickets were bought through the Workers' Travel Association, third-class everywhere, except on the boat. We went Dover to Ostend by night, 4½ hours' crossing, and returned the same route by day, only taking 3½ hours. It was not rough either way; only very cold, sitting up at night on a camp-stool—even bath-towels were utilised for extra warmth.

We went straight to Cologne, where there is an enormous modern Herberge, and all spent the first night there with lots of other people. Our dormitory held about 69 or 89 beds, but they were not all occupied. I don't know whether you have actually experienced the Herberge, but supposing you haven't you will not mind having more details. The beds are in pairs, one above the other. A good mattress on a slung spring, raised at the head, no pillows, two dark blankets (marked for the foot ends to be kept in the right place). It is compulsory for everyone to have her own (or can hire) sheet bag, which therefore ensures cleanliness. The result is really very comfortable.

It is highly amusing to be surrounded by masses of other sleeping beauties (men and women are in separate dormitories, in case you wonder).

The waschraum usually leads out of the dormitory or is across the corridor, and vary a little in detail. Some have separate fixed basins, others are only troughs—two or three sunk foot baths are always provided, and usually a shower bath; sometimes there is a little private room fitted with a “bidet.” If this was present I always made a bee-line for it, as one could almost bath in it, otherwise one's ablutions were a bit public; more often than not there was no hot water. One gets surprisingly clever at washing in public after a few days! It is curious that with all their modernity Germans don't fix actual baths in to these places—we never met one at all. The lavatories are all modern.

Before going to bed at Cologne, we were divided up into groups, and one from each was appointed English leader. To each group a German leader was then added, either man or woman. We were a party of 13 and a German law student. Our English leader was a very good fellow—a man of 45 from Guildford, who had been in the Army of Occupation on the Rhine. He collected from us each day 3s. 6d. per head, and it was up to him to make the most of the money. If he paid fares—buses, ferries, trains, etc., out of it—he had less to spend on food, and vice versa. The German leader arranged the tour, booked beds at the hostels, did telephoning, and actually planned the route as we went along. An excellent arrangement.

It is etiquette not to smoke, drink, or spend extra money on food, fruit, etc. We sometimes found the food a little short—rolls and butter for breakfast and lunch, and nothing more substantial till dinner.

The Herberges turn out wonderful meals for about 10d.—we sometimes had sausage at mid-day—and the beds are 6d. or 1s. each. We only dined, slept and breakfasted at the Herberges, where we sometimes helped to wash up, and sometimes swept out our bedrooms, but always left our beds tidy with the blankets folded.

The meals are served on bare tables, and we do all our waiting and clearing away, a hatch for supplies and another hatch for empties, very well managed with the minimum of staff. There is always a housefather at the head of proceedings. He was most delightfully picturesque at an old castle Herberge, where we stayed one night. Dressed in fawn velvet shorts and short coat, golf stockings, ripping shoes, and a Tyrolean hat. He played a guitar and organised community singing in a masterly but friendly fashion. He would not all allow rucksacks taken to bedrooms, so we all unpacked (in front of the men) our most intimate night attire, and carried it off under our arms. In the morning, he made us bring our blankets down to the courtyard and shake them in the sun. Very sensible and hygienic.

Now for the route: Rather disappointingly we spent the whole of the first day in the train, going to Frankfurt, after just having time to see the Cathedral at Cologne. It was, however, a jolly interesting journey, because the line is laid on the banks of the Rhine, so we had good views all the time. We spent two nights and Easter Sunday at Frankfurt, and had a lovely long walk on the Sunday in wooded pretty country. The Herberge at Frankfurt was even better than the one in Cologne, and fitted with central heating, which they turned off at night, but it gave us a chance to dry bath towels or coats if they were wet—only 11 beds in our dormitory, and no outsiders. We saw what we could of Frankfurt itself—the old part of the town very colourful and picturesque.

We left Frankfurt—again by train—for Wiesbaden, walked round the town—a beautiful clean one, a spa famous for its waters—and then really began to walk, following the Rhine down stream to Rudesheim, where there is another good Herberge, high up, overlooking the Rhine and Bingen. Next morning there was such a thick fog that we could see nothing. We waited about a few hours hoping it would lift, as we wanted to walk along the higher path over the hills, but eventually decided to drop down to river level, and continue our road up stream. The fog did lift and the sun came out gloriously, and we had a 15-mile walk that day, and saw the Mouse Tower. Traffic on the Rhine is very interesting, there is so much of it. The heavy barges are all so spick and span, with just a touch of colour somewhere, and very slow going up stream. Next night found us at Castle Stahleck, high up above Lacharach, with marvellous views up and down the river. It was a real thrill to sleep in a battlemented Schloss, and it was very cleverly adapted as a hostel. Students from an art school have painted frescoes on the walls inside. That evening there were several other small (German) parties besides us, and we all joined in the community singing. We had to sing “Tipperary” at their request, and ours was a poor effort compared to the others. It was a perfectly glorious awaking next morning at 6.30 to brilliant sunshine. Then downhill to the Rhine and a 12-mile walk to the Lorelei, which we reached at mid-day. Here my friend and I had to break away from the party and come home alone—the others were staying 10 or 12 days. Three of our party came a two-mile walk to the station to see us off and we had a train journey from St. Goarhausen, 6.30 p.m., to Cologne, 9.24 p.m., where we had to fill up time till 1 a.m.—our train for home. We were sorry to leave the others, as we were such a friendly jolly crowd—quite a number from Oxford—and we shall meet again some time. In fact we are having a small re-union near Guildford to-day fortnight. Are you a member of the English Yo-Ho? I am going to become one.

JANET M. PAYNE.

NEWS OF OLD COMRADES.

Miss Agnes Forbes, who served as D.A. at Aldershot and previous to that was a member of the Women's Legion at Anglesey, is going to Montreal at the beginning of September, and would be glad to get in touch with ex-Q.M.A.A.C.s in that city. Her address is "Kenwood," Treherne Road, Rotherham, Yorkshire.

We are sorry to learn that **Miss Hilda Pink** (late Quartermistress, Bostal Heath, etc) has recently had to undergo an operation. She is now out of hospital, and we hope making a good convalescence.

Mrs. A. Hibbert, 32 Clyde Road, Northgate Road, Edgeley, Stockport, wishes to trace two sisters who were great friends of her's when serving in France. Mrs. Hibbert omits to mention the camp or area in which she was stationed, but perhaps someone can put her in touch with **Molly** and **Nancy Dunlop**, who hailed from Edinburgh. When she is a little less busy, Mrs. Hibbert intends going into Manchester and joining the branch of the O.C.A. there.

Miss Alice B. Anderson writes that she was prevented at the last moment from being present at the unveiling of the memorial to Field-Marshal Earl Haig at Montreuil-sur-Mer on June 28th last, which, she says, "seems to have been a wonderful show, under wonderful conditions as regards weather. Truly the day was gorgeous and befitting such an occasion." She is hoping to come to England at the end of the season, and in the meantime will be glad to see anyone looking for accommodation and a good holiday—at the Scotch House, Le Touquet.

Miss Riggott, whose address is The Bungalow, 26 George Street, Mablethorpe, Lincolnshire, is anxious to obtain the address of **Miss Margaret Robson**, late of the Queen's Hotel, Silloth, Cumberland.

BRANCH REPORTS FOR JULY.

Exeter.

Our June meeting was held at Miss Farmer's house and although the weather was not any too kind the members who did manage to come had a most enjoyable time. At the outset we lost one of our members who, I believe, stood talking to a conductor of one 'bus and had let her 'bus go. However, she turned up about three quarters of an hour later like the proverbial bad penny. We have to thank Miss Farmer for a lovely tea which, I am sure, we all did justice to. **Does anyone know what has become of all the Devon W.A.A.C.S.?** There must be some more about somewhere. Our next outing will be a visit to Torquay on July 14th, when we shall be pleased to welcome any ex-W.A.A.C.S.

M. VICARY (Sec.)

Manchester Branch.

Holidays are the general topic now, Mrs. Frankenberg being the first to make a dash, the rest follow by degrees, some, of course, cannot manage holidays at all but enjoy to hear about those other members of the branch have had and enjoyed. We would like to see a few more members on Friday evenings for we have a very nice room.

The Hut.—We will be pleased to welcome any members of other Branches at The Hut for the day, week-end or week. It is beautifully situated at Poynton, in Cheshire.

News of old members is welcomed and a visit will delight us. Please note our address on the back of the Gazette.

V. STEAR.

Brighton Branch.

Thursday, July 23rd, boat trip. Meet at the entrance to the Palace Pier at 7 p.m. to get boat to Eastbourne or Worthing. If wet we shall go to the pictures. Some of us hope to join the Eastbourne Branch at the parade for the Prince of Wales on June 30th. We always enjoy these parades, and are grateful for the chance of joining in them.

H. A. BARON.

Leeds Branch.

A memorable day was spent on June 21st, Sunday, by seven members of the Leeds Branch and one Waaclet. A trip by excursion train to Scarborough and then direct to Filey by 'bus was quickly made. We were fortunate in

setting out, in securing a first class carriage to ourselves and we travelled in the utmost comfort. Mrs. Peaks, formerly Boulton, I do not remember her unit but I will find out for next month, kindly invited us to her mother's house for dinner, and a thorough Yorkshire welcome awaited us from Mrs. Boulton and Miss Boulton. We thoroughly appreciated their efforts to make us comfortable and added much to our enjoyment of the day. Immediately after lunch we had a walk over the famous Filey Brigg and then a long rest on the sands and tea. A convenient 'bus took us back to Scarborough and then a carriage to ourselves for the return. The excursion arrived in Leeds on time and then to the parting of the ways to our different 'buses and trams. The clerk of the weather was most kind in providing us with a perfect day. Altogether, a day to be remembered.

Monthly meetings are still being held on the first Wednesday in each month at the British Legion Club Rooms, 17 Hanover Square, Leeds. Anyone having difficulty in finding them on coming for the first time will be met in town on receipt of a post-card to Mair or myself. Mair is anxious for new members and the remaining annual subscriptions at an early date.

Further rambles and trips will be arranged for at the next meeting.

A. ANNIKIN.

London.

The Tattoo, as usual, was a brilliant success. I am so sorry, though, that so many had to be turned down when they applied at the last minute for tickets; if members would only try and get these bookings in when the notices appear in the Gazette, they would not only save a great deal of unnecessary worry and regret through disappointing, but also ensure being included in the list when the events come off. Once again the following information may prove to you how very necessary it is to send in half-a-crown booking fee very early—the seats are purchased in January or February, and it is not possible to make last-minute arrangements for the Tattoo. So don't forget to send in immediately you read the notice in the Gazette next year, and if by any chance you cannot come at the last minute there is always a chance of selling your ticket. I know it is a long time to look ahead, but the Committee and the Secretary must also look ahead and very much further, otherwise these affairs which seem to be enjoyed so much would never materialise.

We were in luck's way again when we started off on our jaunt to Aldershot; for a change, and to give other members a chance who could not very well manage to get off in time on a Friday evening, seats were booked for the additional Saturday performance which the Aldershot folks decided to give. The extra performance proved a great success, some sixty thousand taking advantage, our party being amongst that number. It was really the only warm evening and we did so thoroughly enjoy that ride down into the country. Parking arrangements were excellent, as they always are, and we left the Park somewhere about one o'clock. This is very quick work when one realises that the performance is not over till 12 o'clock, and it takes ages to get away from the arena. At Englefield Green, three of us dropped off the coach and walked to the camp, arriving there about three o'clock. It was a pitch dark walk by the river, but we carried flash-lamps and soon picked our way to bed, knowing every corner of the bank. We are getting quite clever with our arrangements, too, because we picked up one member who made her way to Englefield Green from the camp earlier in the evening. The picking-up arrangements were made by 'phone, and I was very dubious of them being understood to the letter. However, there she was, standing by the policeman, and we gave her a right royal welcome and hauled her up to her seat. We only had one coach this year instead of two as we usually have—anyway, let us see what we can do next year about booking early!

On Thursday, 30th July, a party will pay an evening visit to the Zoo instead of meeting at the Duke of York's Headquarters. Please meet at the entrance where the 'buses stop at 7.30 p.m.

Don't forget we have a trip to Brighton on the 16th of August. We will go down with the National Sunday League train to Hove, and if Brighton Branch would care to come along and join us we shall be parked on the beach right opposite the baths any time after one o'clock. This trip is absolutely O.K. unless, of course, it is pouring with rain in the morning and not likely to clear up; but that could not be in the summer-time.

Will members please note that the General Meeting of the Branch will be held on Thursday, 5th November, instead of Thursday, 3rd December, this year. This alteration of dates is due to the Annual Re-union Dinner and General Meeting of the Association being held on the 21st of November.

Our Donation Competition.

Just a reminder that early in October we shall be looking forward to a few donations which have been worked for during the holidays. So far £3 10s. 6d. has been received, and an additional donation from Miss Parker, who made her 10s. in a most original way and one which must have taken up quite a lot of time. She purchased celluloid dolls, dressed them attractively, filled them with talcum powder, and made sprinklers of their heads. These sold at 1s. 3d. each, and were excellent value for the money. Sum total up-to-date is £4 0s. 6d. Several members have suggested that other competitions should be run in the Gazette for the funds. This novelty I think I will keep up my sleeve for next year, but in the meantime if any member has a brain wave just send it along. I have one or two schemes to work out myself, besides other suggestions, so the more the merrier. We cannot use them all, but will certainly use the best.

Edinburgh and East of Scotland. R. S. ANDREWS.

A Visit to Butterstone-Dunkeld, Perthshire.—On Sunday, 28th June, a party of O.C.A. members started from the Women's United Services Club, Edinburgh, in a motor 'bus to visit Butterstone, on the invitation of Miss Crabbie, Miss Low, and Miss Lambert. It was a sunny day and all enjoyed the lovely drive. After lunch at Crieff we stopped at Dunkeld and picked up Miss Finlay, who was on her way back from the British Legion Conference in Inverness. Miss Campbell, a new member, also joined us there. On arrival at Butterstone we were joined by Silver, who had come from Dundee.

It was a great disappointment to us all on arrival to hear that Miss Low was not able to join us, being under orders from her doctor to remain indoors, but she sent greetings and messages to us all through Miss Lambert, and warm greetings were sent back to her.

We had a beautiful walk on the moor to see the view, and one member (Jean Hawley), in spite of a chilly wind, had the courage to bathe in Butterstone Loch. At least she returned with a wet bathing dress! After tea we started for home, having all very much enjoyed the afternoon and Miss Crabbie's great kindness.

After an absence of two years in India, I was greatly delighted to meet the Old Comrades again and hear all the news of the branch. Innes (hon. secretary) had made splendid arrangements for the outing and was justly proud of the fact that four new members were with us that day.

Mrs. J. H. HISLOP (formerly Cowan),
late Branch Secretary.

ROAMING IN SOMERS TOWN.

The first time the Roamers came to Somers Town was on the eve of the great strike, and the fact that they did not cancel their engagement because of the many difficulties which might have occurred, was the first feather in their cap, with an audience used to ignoring difficulties. Since then they have become an institution—I might almost say a grievance (if they delay to appear!) On Monday 22nd, they gave of their best and incidentally made over £4 for the Mission Nursery School.

This was very good in a hall where the charge from front bench to Royal box is 4d. To show you how interested the audience is in the Roamers themselves, the opening chorus was not over before a loud whisper reached me. "Where's the little one what dances?"

Somers Town wishes them many happy returns. L.D.

S.O.S.B.W. REPORT FOR 1930.

In spite of the general economic depression in the Dominions, the Report for 1930 of the Society for the Overseas Settlement of British Women shows that the Society succeeded in settling 1,096 women in the Dominions and Southern Rhodesia in 1930, the majority of whom were satisfactorily placed. This represents a drop of 36 per cent. on the previous year's total of 1,710, but the decrease is proportionally smaller than in migration generally, and it is worthy of note that more teachers, clerical workers and professional women went out than in 1929. The total number who sailed comprised 108 teachers, 29 governesses, 42 hospital nurses, 24 children's nurses, 223 domestic workers, 24 home helps, 8 land workers, 39 clerical workers, 15 "Flock House" trainees and 36 of other occupations; 82 went out to join relatives or friends, 125 were wives who went out to join their husbands, 14 were fiancées, 323 were children of settlers, and 4 are classed as "non-settlers."

Looking at the situation as a whole, the Society state that "they have reason to believe that the constant and steady work of the past ten years in the direction of unassisted migration is now bearing fruit and that when normal conditions are restored overseas, they may hope for considerable development with regard to the placing of professional and trained women." It is admitted, however, that unless a more rapid recovery takes place than is generally anticipated, they cannot hope that these figures, even with regard to professional women, will be maintained in 1931; and notwithstanding the good results of Miss Franklin's visit to Canada on behalf of the Society in the latter part of 1929, they do not feel justified at the moment in encouraging any substantial number of professional women to take the risk of settling in the Dominion until conditions improve. Conditions in Australia and New Zealand also are unfavourable to migration at present.

Experience has convinced the Society of the paramount importance of selection. Well qualified women, professionally trained, and those with a little capital and having the benefit of the Society's introductions, have settled happily within a few months of arrival overseas; while others, who went without due consultation with those who could offer first hand information concerning prevailing conditions, have met with considerable disappointments. Fortunately, the value of the Society's advice has become more widely appreciated, largely through the efforts of their voluntary helpers, local representatives and correspondents, both in the United Kingdom and Overseas.

As regards nursery governesses, the area of the Society's activities is increasing in South Africa. The Johannesburg Committee, too, has offered to place well-qualified nursery governesses from Rhodes House, Johannesburg, and several have already sailed. This scheme is suspended for the present but it is hoped that 1931 will see further developments.

More teachers settled overseas during 1930 than in 1929, 21 going to Canadian posts secured directly for the applicants by the Society. They included 4 English graduates, 3 Science and Mathematics teachers, 3 History, 5 Modern Languages, 2 Classics, 3 Physical Culture, 2 Music and Elocution mistresses and 9 Junior Form mistresses. Fourteen teachers were placed in New Zealand, and 33 in South Africa, the majority of whom went to appointments secured by the Society, the remainder sailing with introductions from the Society and with assistance towards passage arrangements.

The Society has also been instrumental in sending teachers to certain of the Colonies—6 going to the West Indies and 5 to parts of Africa other than the Union. It is of interest to record that there was an unsatisfied demand for teachers of Science and Mathematics in various parts of South Africa and in private schools in New Zealand, and in this connection the S.O.S.B.W. is naturally anxious to stimulate applications for such posts, which offer excellent opportunities for permanent careers.

The demand from South Africa and East Africa for hospital nurses has not diminished and the Society is

always anxious to hear of suitable applicants. Reports show that many nurses who have accepted employment of the less ambitious kind soon pass on to good hospital posts.

Excellent opportunities await women who are able and qualified to take posts as Social Service workers in Canada. In this connection a Social Service Course has been arranged with Professor Urwick, of Toronto University, the total cost to each student, including passage and living in Canada for 6 months, being £100.

ON PARADE.

I have been asked by our Hon. Secretary, Miss, Innes, to write an account of my visit to Inverness as a Delegate to the British Legion, in Scotland, Conference.

On Thursday afternoon Miss Innes came to Waverley Station to see me off and introduced me to the only other woman Delegate—Miss Murray, W.L. and W.R.A.F. driver, who represented the Edinburgh Headquarters Branch of the B.L. I, of course, represented Q.M.A.A.C. O.C.A. Edinburgh and East of Scotland Branch. Miss Murray and I were very glad to meet and found, to our mutual delight, that we had even booked rooms in the same hotel.

On Friday morning we paraded, along with some 500 Legionaries and 100 other ex-Service men from the district, to be inspected by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. After having been formed into squads, numbered off, 'shunned, 'eased and formed into fours to the heart's content of our old sergeant, who seemed to glory in seeing us jump about in the intense heat, the Prince arrived, wearing the kilt of a very beautiful tartan which, it seems, is the nearest that can now be produced to that of the old Lords of the Isles—it was specially made in the Isle of Skye—a homespun, and only vegetable dyes were used, he carried the kilt extraordinarily well and was a real Highlander, even to the heather step! I was fortunate enough to be one of those spoken to by the Prince and after the inspection we formed fours and marched to the "Playhouse" where the Freedom Ceremony took place. I shall never forget that march, keeping step with the men was difficult enough but the "cobbles" of Inverness, which are surely the twin sisters of the "Pave" in France, put "the lid on" our difficulties.

The Freedom Ceremony was most interesting and the speeches very happy ones. It is the custom, in Inverness, to give a ring, as well as the usual casket, to her Freeman, and when the Provost said, "I have now to present you with the Burgess Ring," the Prince presented first the third finger of his right hand then that of his left and finally both, for the Provost to choose from.

Inverness, which was beautifully decorated for the occasion, extended a real Highland welcome to the Delegates and the men Delegates were also exceedingly kind to Miss Murray and me and in many ways showed they had not forgotten their sisters-in-arms. The Lady Provost also showed special interest and kindness to us by inviting us to a luncheon given to the wives of the "high heid yins" and taking us to reserved seats near the door of the Out-Patient Department of the Infirmary, the formal opening of which was one of the Prince's many engagements. I think he had eight engagements in something like half that number of hours! Friday ended with a reception to the Delegates by the Provost and his wife at the Town Hall.

The Conference, on Saturday, was very interesting and much good business was transacted. Sir Ian Hamilton was formally elected President of the British Legion in Scotland, and that his is a popular election was well manifested in that the cheering lasted for several minutes and the singing of, "For he's a jolly good fellow."

M.A.F.

WOOF!

The Beehive School in Bexhill is lucky in having ex-Service women as Headmistress and Chief of Staff: When I add that they both served in Q.M.A.A.C., readers of the Gazette will complacently say "of course." But joking apart, I almost think it would take a Waac to have the courage to face such an invasion in the middle of the

term, as I describe below, and a Service tradition to inspire the girls of the school to adopt a Pack of slum Cubs and to also invite them as their guests at Whitsuntide.

This Whitsuntide, Miss de Putron's car once again took to the open air, and twelve small Cubs curled up blissfully in the garage. Once again the Pavilion was cleared of bats, balls and hockey sticks, scrubbed and painted by the school Guide Company and given over to Akela for the week-end. Once more Miss Morris faced a sudden and substantial increase in the weekly budget. And what a week-end—Friday to Tuesday evening—and so many varied events that it is quite difficult to remember the sequence. The weather behaved well, only about two hours rain on Saturday, which did not spoil a bluebell wood, sausages and fried potatoes cooked over a fire, the sticks of which we had gathered ourselves and which blazed marvellously in spite of the downpour. We Cubs knew, of course, that the Guide Captain would scorn a fire lighter so the blaze remains a mystery. Then there were long hours on the beach; the cricket match where we were beaten; the canteen where you could only spend two pennies a time; the fun of the fair; evening prayers in the chapel; Mass served by a Sixer; a hedge with hedgehog complete; crabs and starfish and a photograph taken in pyjamas at 7 a.m.; the morning wash, presided over by Miss Mary; brushing of fur and polishing of paws; the sudden appearance of a grey lady who seemed to know everything about small boys; the last day's anxious shopping; and, recurring with satisfactory insistence, breakfast dinner, tea, supper, of the most excellent variety of bones, gnawed out of doors in a real garden. And so, at last, the end came—kit inspection to see what we had lost, packing of blankets by willing helpers, a Grand Howl with many, but not, alas, all our special friends in the circle; cheers for and from the school; motors full of Cubs and Cabbage and away. "Will the girls ask us next year?" says a young Cub reflectively. "I wonder if they cried when we went?" said another. But the elders look thoughtful. It is very fine to go up to the Troop, but . . . it has its price. Away to London Town, thirteen of us firmly wedged into one den; but the time flew: what with tunnels, bones, and a look-out for the elusive black cat, who wins the animal game, even if the other side has seen Hathi himself.

Dyb, dyb, dyb, dyb,

Howl the Magdalen Mission Cubs.

And the echo from the Beehive has never failed them.

We'll dob, dob, dob, dob.

L.D.

HIKE TO SEE THE SUN RISE.

There is a curious fascination about tramping in the moonlight. It is full of adventure from the start to the finish and if anyone does not believe me, just come with me and I promise you will not be disappointed.

It seemed as if we had walked into some strange country when we reached Waterloo Station on Saturday night of the 27th of June, at 11.30 p.m., all prepared in our modest way for our hiking week-end. At first glance it might have been a station in some remote part of the Continent, so strange did everything look. Our English folks certainly did not look quite themselves; there were hundreds of strangely clad young people standing about, waiting for members of their party to turn up; some dressed up in most fantastic costumes, while others, not quite so bold, went so far as they dared and looked as if they had suddenly realised how ridiculous they must look and stopped short. There were girls in kilts and sleeveless blouses, ankle socks, bare legs and walking shoes, girls in navy and khaki shorts and other coloured shorts and shirts, and also with bare legs and arms, and many other strangely garbed folks, far too numerous to remember. The men were no exception: they had a style all their own. But what they all lacked in clothes they made up for in haversack luggage and, in addition, carried flash lamps and walking sticks. Eventually each party was complete and moved towards the "hiking" train, parties of sixty, forty, fifty and so on, and up behind

these parties came our valiant little party of six. Nevertheless, we were also prepared to take full advantage of the beautiful night, in spite of our disappointing number, and our old service haversacks could have told many of these other hikers a tale of days when they were carried by their owners many a long mile on serious business as well as pleasure. The train was due to depart at 12.10, but it sat at the station until all the late hikers got aboard. A great cheer rung through the now deserted station when the last of the late comers were pushed in and the train steamed out at 12.45.

We were fully equipped, one member having the forethought to fill her flask with water before leaving home; for this we were duly thankful, because when we arrived at Dorking Station, where we decided we would draw a supply of water, we discovered that all the taps were locked up for the night. Disappointed, though undaunted, we decided to call at the local police station on our way through the town and fill our flasks, bottles and kettle, but imagine our disappointment when we found that the virtuous police station had been put to bed early also. Well, depending on Norden's flask of water for our early morning cup of tea, we started on our way. And here, I may mention, we said good-bye to our train-load of companions. They branched off in all directions but the one we had chosen. We turned down a side street which immediately took us out into the open country and we walked alongside a stream, branched off at the end, sharp right, and gradually ascended the steep path which eventually leads to Ranmore Common. It was a pretty sight to look down on the twinkling lights of the other hikers' flash lamps as they shone them to light their way while walking in single file along the side of the stream we had just left—it looked like hundreds of glow worms out for a walk, and as we walked higher and higher we could trace these lights in all directions for miles. We were now in very dark wooded country, but every now and then we caught a glimpse of our friend the moon and by his aid and the aid of our own flash lamps we pegged on, enjoying every minute of our tramp and also the dead stillness of everything around us.

The wild beauty of Ranmore Common, the disappearing moon, and the dawn wind, that chilly little ripple which makes one shiver just at dawn, filled us with all the romance we were hankering after. When we cleared the Common we called a halt and leaned against a gate while Bunny Aston distributed hot coffee. After this refreshment we were off again, this time with even more energy, and, I regret to say, mischief afloat. The highly respectable secretary (sez you!) woke the birds up too soon and set them all chattering, besides playing at nightingales with intent to fraud, thus making her companions "shush, listen to that nightingale." It was funny to hear first one bird and then another answering the human call. However, they also must have discovered the fraud and settled down again for another hour or so. And we pushed on to White Down, a headland which is reputed to be seven hundred feet high. Here it was we watched the real beauty of the dawn and also where we exchanged greetings with the first human being we met since leaving Dorking. Perched on top of this headland was such a funny little tent and from inside came the sound of singing, the singing ceased as we approached and the singer's head popped out of the side of the tent: "Good morning, ladies!" "Good morning!" said we, and immediately out of the tent emerged a youth. He blew up his fire of pine logs and we all gathered round in a circle. We chatted to the youth for a few minutes then started on the last lap of our journey to Hackhurst Down, even higher up still. We climbed on and on until at last we were there, and were richly rewarded for our pains. Dozens of rabbits were holding meetings there and you should have seen them scuttle back to their underground homes when we interrupted their business. We stood there in silence and looked down on our peaceful England and thought it well named as such, if the restfulness of the countryside had ever inspired the name given to it. But there were other attractions so we turned our attention to the sun behind the trees in the woods, calling to be worshipped. We

paid our homage to His Majesty the Sun and he replied by coyly smiling through the trees, sometimes smiling so broadly that he shed ripples of laughter in the shape of beautiful sunrays which lit up and turned the leaves to rainbow shades. Soon, Wattie, who had been dreaming of making a fire, had one well under way and we laid newspapers (collected from the train) spread out on the ground which we sat on and indulged in a jolly good meal and one small cup of tea, made with the water carried all the way from Victoria, and how that tea was enjoyed! The dew being very heavy we could not sit long so we explored a bit and laid in a store of wood for the fire, Wattie and Norden volunteering to explore for water for breakfast. They set off down the brow of the hill armed with bottles, flasks and the kettle. Very soon they returned with the water, having met a shepherd who told them where to get "the coolest water in this district." He was quite right, it was lovely! What fun we had cooking our breakfast! It was indeed a serious affair cooking bacon and eggs on a meth. stove and soon the tin was transferred to the fire, which at this stage was getting a bit low. One member gave it a good blow from underneath and out flew all the fire, flying in all directions and eventually settling on the egg in the pan which was being so tenderly cared for. Never mind! In spite of its additional flavour of pine, grit and wood ash, it was thoroughly enjoyed by the consumer. We were sorry to say good-bye to Bunny and her friend in the morning. No, they were not going back home to bed! Another engagement claimed them early in the day and so they left us about nine o'clock, descending into Abinger Hammer, quite safely we hoped, to catch a 'bus to Dorking and thence to London.

Well, what did we do after breakfast? We stayed up on our lovely and lonely height for seven hours talking, and drinking in the beauty of the countryside when we were awake, the sun doing its duty, searching our joints, while we slept. About four o'clock we descended and found a delightful little valley where we decided to make tea. There was a sheep farm close by and the leaders with their tinkle bells made a pleasing sound on a lazy afternoon. We collected more water from "the coolest spring, etc.," and set the little kettle going again. Here we made the acquaintance of the shepherd and his dog Nellie. Nellie was very fond of the ladies and she was also fond of cake, we found, because she swallowed it whole. We also met the usual tramp of the woods; he informed us that he was just going to cook his dinner and do some washing, that he served in the Hampshire Regiment during the war, he was 51 years of age and had a large family, all in good service and he was very happy. On our way home we found a wood full of fairy foxgloves: It may have been wicked, but we could not resist them, and so we carried home large bunches, tired though we were. They gladden my eye now as I write and I, for one, do not feel the tiniest bit depressed about my wickedness. Arriving at Abinger Hammer we found it impossible to get a local 'bus to Dorking so we trudged to Gomshall station where we got a train for Deepdene, then from Deepdene, a few minutes walk, to Dorking North, where we linked up with our friends of the train the night before. We caught the 9.14 back to town, really not so very tired after all and believe me, any member who thought of coming and could not pluck up the courage to give her bed an extra airing and spend a night out, missed a treat. Several wanted to join us but could not: it was a pity, but cheer up, I am arranging another ramble—a harvest moon ramble—for September, so try hard for that date. Particulars will be given in the August Gazette. I am afraid it is only too true though that there are members who are allowing themselves the luxury of feeling old, long before it is necessary, because only five members out of our large branch is not a credit to our staying powers. Come next time and judge for yourselves just how lovely it is to do something you have never done before. Little unusual stunts pull you out of the groove of uneventfulness and keep you young.

The harvest-moon ramble will have the added attraction of breakfast at the "Hammer" for those who want it at 2s. a head.

R. S. ANDREWS.

FOUND ROAMING—

In Somers Town one evening in June; when discovered they burst into song and with a cheery "Hullo" they greeted their discoverers. Then, altogether, they enquired "Does a Puff-puff go Choo-choo?" a question the small boys hailed with delight and also put them right on. The lady who couldn't find a job and kept the "Ministry of Labour" busy, had great applause and much sympathy from her listeners, as did the poor little Japanese girl who was left in her garden with her "Japanese Dream," by some cruel man. "Olga Petrovski" was very brisk and sprightly for a Russian, but perhaps there are some Russians who are human and full of beans occasionally, or perhaps it was the "Gorgonzola" which made her jump to it just to keep it company. "Love is like the Influenza," well! perhaps it is "After the Ball," but I find influenza a more common complaint and a more popular one in our ranks; but who knows, someone may be stricken very seriously one day; we live in hope, and let it be soon. "The King's Horses" galloped all over everything and every body; methinks the "Lazy Louisiana Moon" had something to do with their friskiness. Well; the moon couldn't have had anything to do with the Roamer "Sitting on a Rainbow" because he must have been off duty, but the sun has been known to account for strange behaviour before now, so we must just put it down to his account, but it was a strange frolic this time. As soon as the singer slid off her rainbow, a dashing cowboy, complete with horse, buckskins, etc., came galloping in, singing his praises of his "Caroline." It is very rarely we hear the praises of the fair sex sung these days so we listened intently, hoping to hear our own names, but no, it was his fair Caroline every time, and to impress us that it was only Caroline who had beauty and virtues, he struck a few notes on his concertina, and it was then that we realised that one of Caroline's virtues must have been putting up with this instrument of torture. "Spring's in the Air," quoth another fair lady, and it sure was! Dressed in crocus violet satin skirt, pastel shade jumper, and in her hands a couple of yards of purest sunshine, she tripped lightly up and down, then quite suddenly would leap into the air and excitedly call out to us "Spring is in the Air." Yes! Spring was in the air several times that evening. The "Alpine Milkman" surely sold out; the audience took up the call with great gusto and it must have been a great help. The Spanish lady, "Carmena," appealed to her listeners, as did the gipsy with the melody and the "Milkmaid." The "Ladies Sewing Guild" must have been drawn from the "Land-ladies," because they looked uncommonly alike. Their funny little ways caused roars of laughter. Dear Roamers, we were glad to hear "There's a good time coming," and we always carry away with us very refreshing "Memories of You." We know you are Roamers, but we also know you are great Sports, so please stay with us as long as you can.

EX-SERVICE WOMEN'S CLUB IN N.S.W.

Just as we go to Press the Ex-Service Women's "Bulletin" from Sidney has arrived, and is, as usual, full of interest.

A report of the Annual Re-union Dinner shows that once again this event has been a great success. This was the first Dinner at which the Club has had its Patron present, and she, Miss Crowdy, was warmly welcomed by the President, Miss Norris, on behalf of all members. Miss Crowdy, in her speech, urged them "to keep going as long as there was any money left in the Canteen Funds in London." She mentioned, among other things, various ex-Service women who had distinguished themselves recently, among them Miss Margaret Foster, who won the King's Prize for rifle shooting, who was a member of the Women's Legion; and that Miss Belcher and Miss Buckingham, who made a trip from Capetown to Cairo in a Morris car, were both W.A.A.C.s. Brig-General Rosenthal, of the Australian Imperial Force, was the guest of honour.

A Christmas Party was held on December 11th, 1930, by Miss Crowdy, in the grounds of Government House, for the members of the Club and their children, over sixty

children and grown-ups being present. The party had a festive tea on the verandah after competitive games. Later Christmas presents were given to each child and the prizes for the games and races were awarded.

In February a picnic was held at Nielsen Park. In March a re-union for "cards and club-chat." Thirty-one members present.

The Annual Meeting was held on April 8th, 1931, and a very poor attendance is recorded! Financial members of the Club number 59. Seven new members have joined during the year under review, and three whose subscriptions had lapsed have rejoined. Thirty-four members have not renewed their subscriptions. Unemployment is blamed for some.

DEATH.

Robinson.—In November, 1930, at Home of Peace, Petersham, Mrs. Claire Robinson (nee Hills). Mrs. Robinson was a member of the Melbourne Club and may be remembered by any who have visited that Club. She served in the W.A.A.C. at Unit I, Wimereux.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Numerology.—Your name your guide for life. Readings, 7/6, 5/-, and 2/3; U.S.A. and Canada, \$2 and \$1. Old readings brought up to date, 2/6. Send full names (maiden name if married), and date of birth to Planche, 43 West 82nd Street, New York City, U.S.A.

George IV. Hotel, Gt. Amwell, Wares, 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).

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.

Brighton.—Ex-W.A.A.C. has Private House in the valley; near sea, tennis, and golf. Very central, very clean and homely and well recommended. Picnic rambles arranged when she will try to accompany, if desired, as guide.—Terms: Board-residence, £2 2s. per week; Bed and Breakfast, 4s. each, per week 25s. each; July and August, £2 5s. inclusive: Saturday to Monday, 15s.; or long week-end, 25s. Good home for anyone wishing to winter in Brighton at reasonable terms.—Mrs. Sutehall, 17 Beaconsfield Road, Brighton.

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, 84B High Street, Cheltenham, Gloucester.	Not fixed.	Not fixed.
Exeter.	Mrs. Vicary, The Belvedere. Powderham, near Exeter.	161 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 (Women's Section) Rooms, 14 Hanover Square.	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.	Sub-Branch 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. Interviews at British Legion, N.E. Area Offices, 10 Leazes Terrace, Newcastle.	Members notified individually.
Norfolk.	Mrs. L. W. Chilvers, 32 Grove Road, Norwich.	No permanent room fixed.	Monthly. Members notified individually.
North Staffs.	Mrs. E. Stretton 10 Sparrow Terrace, Porthill, Stoke-on-Trent.		
Oxford.	(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. S. Wales. and	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. Houchen, Sunny Ridge, Rotherfield, Kent.		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