

Old Comrades



Association

GAZETTE.

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

SEPTEMBER, 1931.

Vol. XIV., No. 2. 3/6 per annum, post free.

THE ANNUAL RE-UNION DINNER

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**SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21st, 1931, at the Georgian
Restaurant, Harrod's Stores, Brompton Road, S.W.**

RECEPTION, 6.45 p.m.

DINNER, 7.15 p.m.

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ORDERS AND MEDALS TO BE WORN.

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GENERAL INFORMATION.

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The dinner is open to all who served in Q.M.A.A.C. (irrespective of rank) overseas or home service, whether members of the O.C.A. or not . . . but it is NOT open to those who did not serve in Q.M.A.A.C.

Mrs. A. E. B. Johnston, M.B.E., is acting as Secretary of the Dinner Committee.

TICKETS

PRICE SIX SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE (6/6).

Stamped addressed envelopes **MUST** be enclosed with applications for tickets, also the name of the table at which it is desired to sit, must be stated.

Tickets will not be sent unless the money accompanies the order.

Several tickets can be sent at the same time if the full amount accompanies the order.

Tickets to be obtained from the **Dinner Secretary, Q.M.A.A.C. O.C.A., Duke of York Headquarters, King's Road, London, S.W.3.**

NO TICKETS WILL BE SOLD AFTER NOVEMBER 18.

In accordance with suggestion made at Branch Secretaries' Meeting on December 8th, 1928, Branch Secretaries can obtain tickets to dispose of to their members.

Application, stating number required, to be sent to Secretary, Q.M.A.A.C. O.C.A., Duke of York Headquarters, King's Road, London, S.W.3. Proceeds of sales and unused tickets to be sent in to the Secretary (as above) not later than Wednesday, November 16th.

Nota Bene.

1. Counterfoil of postal order should be carefully kept, in case of loss in the post.
2. A receipt will be sent with each Dinner Ticket. If this is not received please notify the sender of the ticket at once.

3 Each ticket will have a perforated slip. On this portion will be stated the table at which the owner will sit. This must be detached from the larger portion and very carefully kept and worn as these portions will be collected during Dinner by the stewards, thereby ensuring that no "gate crashers" are among the assembly.

4. Every endeavour will be made to send out tickets within three days from the receipt of applications. If, however, tickets are not received within reasonable time the Dinner Secretary should be notified.

SEATING ARRANGEMENTS.

Parties of people can arrange to sit together PROVIDED THIS INFORMATION IS SENT WHEN THE TICKET IS TAKEN.

Tables are usually allocated to Northern and Southern and Western and Eastern Commands, Connaught Club, Brighton, Folkestone and Dover, Golders Green, Ilford, Calais, Audruicq and Vendroux, St. Omer, Rouen and Pont de l'Arche, Etaples, and Dieppe, Abbeville, Signals, etc. If desired, special tables can be arranged for a group of friends.

Will those who are coming to the Dinner alone make a special point of asking for Miss Ireland, who, with other well-known Comrades, will be making introductions.

THE TWELFTH ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING.

The Twelfth Annual General Meeting of the Association will be held at the ex-Service Women's Club, 5 Buckingham Gate, London, S.W.1, on Saturday, November 21st, 1931, at 3 p.m. It is hoped that as many members as possible will make a point of being present so that the meeting may be representative of all branches.

THE TWELFTH ANNUAL MEETING OF BRANCH SECRETARIES.

The Annual Meeting of Branch Secretaries will be held at 1.30 p.m., on Saturday, November 21st, 1931, at the Ex-Service Women's Club.

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.

BRANCH REPORTS FOR SEPTEMBER.

Exeter.

The members of the Exeter branch met at Teignmouth on Thursday, August 20th, hoping to have a nice afternoon at the sea, but as usual it poured with rain. The weather has been most unkind to us this year. Each day we have picked on for a meeting it has turned out wet and has naturally kept some members away, so now I'm hoping to fix up a room in Exeter for the winter and hope to be able to put the address in next month's Gazette. By the way, I wonder if anyone can tell me the whereabouts of B. Ellis, of Vendroux.

M. VICARY, nee Evans.

Leeds.

Rambles (Past). Some thoroughly enjoyable rambles have taken place during the last two months. Perhaps the one we enjoyed the most was our annual visit to Plompton Rocks, near Harrogate, on Sunday, 23rd August. The weather was warm and sunny. Then, on August 12th, we held an evening ramble to Ginseley for the benefit of our Bradford members, and we were rather disappointed when only one turned up, but what can one expect in the holiday month of August!

Our rambles are fixed to take place twice monthly, and if any of our members who reside some distance from Leeds care to invite us into their district we shall be pleased to make it an excuse for a ramble.

Rambles for September are as follows:—

Sunday, September 6th. Ramble to Otley Chevin. Meet at 10.30 a.m., Briggate Barrier, Leeds.

Sunday, 20th September. Ramble to Eccup Reservoir. Meet Moortown Corner, Leeds, at 11 a.m.

Sunday, 27th September. A trip to Blackpool to see the illuminations is suggested. Anyone interested should write to Miss Mair, 19 Lyddon Terrace, Leeds, when full information will be sent to them.

A. ANNIN.

Birmingham.

The weather this summer has upset all our plans for Sunday rambles; the only time we ventured was on July 5th, when we went by train to Dovedale. We took our lunch and had it in the train, got out at Thorn Cloud Station and walked about two miles to Ilam Hall, a mansion built in Gothic style about 100 years old, with a tower from the top of which there is a magnificent view of valley and hills. The hall and grounds have now been acquired as a holiday centre, and teas and refreshments of all kinds can be obtained, and the party had a very nice tea while a heavy storm of rain was on. Afterwards, we explored the house, 50 or more bedrooms, enormous kitchens with the old type of oven for baking bread, and last, the ballroom, in which is a 15th century mantelpiece of carved oak, a most beautiful and interesting piece of work, said to have been taken in payment of a debt of some thousands of pounds due to one of the late owners. Nearby stands a delightful little country church, of very great interest, some of the unusual things being the wreath and white gloves of maidens of the village who died before their wedding day which it was the custom to hang up on the archway in the church.

After tea, we walked through the Dale by the side of the river Dove to Alston Station, said to be four miles, but more truthfully six miles, where we got our train back home. The walk back was not only longer than we anticipated, but more difficult on account of the rain in the afternoon, and but for a friendly guard who held up the train, three at least of the party would have been left behind. However, the day was thoroughly enjoyed, the photographs taken were good and proved of great interest at the next weekly meeting.

Manchester.

E. I. DIPPLE.

It seems that winter will soon be with us, at least arranging annual meetings and dinners makes one think of Christmas snow and bright fires with good friends around. Our committee have arranged the following, and we hope to see many old and new members at the social.

September 6th: Trip to the Hut.

September 25th: Social at Club, 7.30 to 10.30 p.m. Admission free to all ex-Service, friends 1s. 6d. each.

October 23rd: Manchester Branch W.A.A.C. O.C.A. Annual Meeting.

November 11th: Our usual Armistice Parade.

Special: The British Legion have invited 20 ex-Service women to take part in a performance at Belle Vue on the evening of November 11th. If you can take part in this, please write me—8 Gainsborough Street, Higher Broughton, Salford, Lancs.

November 21st: Annual Dinner in London. You can get your ticket through me if you wish; this makes a little less work for London, I believe.

December 19th: Manchester Branch Annual Dinner. We usually have this as near Armistice as possible, but owing to the London Dinner being in November, the committee fixed a later date to give all a chance to attend both functions. So come along, visit the Club, pay a little each week. It's surprising how it mounts up, and we know times are bad, but let us hope that the news we get over the wireless, "The depression is moving," will apply to trade in general, then incidentally our pockets, then we'll make things hum.

Miss Stephenson has returned to duty, but still not A1; time and sunshine will work wonders. If you know any ex-Service woman in our area, do let her know of our activities and invite her to come along. Thanks.

Our loving wishes to Miss Ireland in her new enterprise.

We hope the Editor and Captain Garrard have had a grand holiday.

V. STEAR.

London.

Our trip to Brighton was not the success it ought to have been, but there were three reasons for the disappointingly low number turning up, or I should say for the non-appearance of a party. Firstly, there was the really dreadful weather, secondly, the real lack of money and work about, which causes members to hesitate these days before spending, and thirdly, the lateness of the Gazette last month. However, one member and the honorary secretary took a trip to Brighton on their own and thoroughly enjoyed the outing. It was good to be able to pay a visit to Miss Billington and hear all her news and give her all the Branch chat first hand. Miss Billington sends her kind regards to her many friends in the branch.

London Branch week-ends at camp are always cheery affairs. A jolly little party of good old-timers and three recruits, who are likely to become very efficient soldiers, reported to the sergeant-in-charge for duty on Saturday, 5th September, and although the weather clerk was not in the best of moods—in fact he seemed to be suffering from cold and spreading infection all round—the party seemed to be bubbling over with good spirits and ready for anything. The first real work was, as usual, the bagging of beds, and a grand count-up revealed the fact that there would be extra blankets. This knowledge and a general muster of hot water bottles put them in high good humour for the rest of the evening. While beds were being made and bottles dug out, tea was being prepared in the kitchen—the real meal—it is a well-known fact that we tea all the afternoon as each small party arrives, but there is always one real meal called tea, no matter what the others are called. For this meal home-made cakes were produced with great pride by the sergeant, and bed-making being over, the fatigue party fell in at once and made short work of these. This being a high tea there was tea and tongue and, believe me, there was lots of each. I wondered which would hold out the longest; I suppose, though, you readers have given a pretty accurate guess by this time that the chat would win hands down—No tea-pot could have held out against such a storm. After tea the sergeant departed for the village to coax a few pounds of sausages down our way for supper and, highly excited at her success, she was trekking back to camp when she encountered the contingent marching towards her—here, let me whisper, in very bad disorder, laughing carelessly, and looking as if they had never formed fours in their lives, in most cases they had formed "three deep." They were off for a tramp to Windsor to

keep themselves warm. Back at the camp they had left the orderly in solitary state mounting guard over the soup, which was to cheer them on their return, and doing a spot of needlework for company. About 9.30 p.m., just as the sausages had finished hissing and spluttering their stern disapproval of such harsh treatment, back came the troops, and they had evidently mistaken the season on account of the intense cold, because they were holding forth about the "First Noel" and also conveying the impression that they were really very needy waits and were singing for their supper. Nice and cosy in the lounge was supper laid and the dixie of soup was carried in triumph and dished up with all the honours it deserved. The sausages did not fare so generously. All sorts of insults were hurled at the "hot dogs" and some of the party barked for hours after they had eaten them. However, it was a comfort to know that some members of the camp were really hot, even though it were only sausages. After supper a general wash-up and then a little entertainment. Various impromptu turns were given, such as opera, ballet, etc., really things that one cannot faithfully record because they must be seen to be appreciated. A set of Lancers was started up but so far as I remember we did not get on very well with them because nobody seemed to remember the figures and everybody laughed so much. But the star turn of the evening was the Beauty Chorus and Ballet School. There they were, all lined up, graduated nicely, smallest in front, tallest behind, hands on hips, or in the places where they be, eyes shining some blue, some brown and some with a glint of each, some with feet this way and some that way all ready for the opening bars of the music. When the music did strike up the ballet went with a real swing, arms swinging, legs swinging and the ballet mistress and audience were rewarded by the funniest sight of the show. Up went the kicks, some to the right and some to the left, although all were meant to go the same way, eyes gleaming, mouths wide open laughing heartily, hair on end and there it was, a burlesque beauty chorus and a jolly good turn. The island rang with our noise until two minutes to twelve, when, like good campers, we turned in for the night. Except for one piercing shriek from the last one in bed we settled down quite quietly. These people who play jokes are at it again! The member who likes tea and lots of it found a nice neat parcel containing an old tea-pot in her bed and the sergeant found a brown-eyed child with a most distressing cry nestling amongst her sheets when she turned back the bed clothes. The sergeant really ordered a blue eyed baby so she passed it on to Vince, who, quite unaware of her gift, sat on it when she got into bed, which, by the way, explains away the scream heard in the dark. The orphan is looking very lonely and dejected, although she has been blown up several times she still appears very flat. Does anyone want to adopt a brown-eyed rubber baby? Sunday was really a lovely day and every minute was enjoyed. The evening was perfect and we could have lingered much longer but as it was getting very dark we started off home at eight o'clock. Some of the party went up to the station in the motor launch while others decided to walk by the riverside. There was a wonderful sunset and the sky was really beautiful, the river was very high and the weir level with the river itself, no craft disturbed the quiet water and the ever changing colours in the sky made such a lovely picture that we had to stop several times on the tow-path to admire and compare notes. So ended another of London Branch's most enjoyable week-ends at camp.

Coming Events.—So far, nobody has written for particulars concerning the proposed outing to Ashdown Forest on the 27th September and so, of course, no arrangements have been made. Will members intending to join the party, if there be one, please write as soon as possible. It is useless to make arrangement that are not going to be worth while. If the Saturday night is very nice we may go down and walk through the forest (the moon is full that week-end) have breakfast in the early morning and make a day of it on Sunday, but if bookings come through too late it cannot be managed. However, all particulars will be given if members either

send a stamped addressed envelope or if they will turn up at the reunion meeting prior to the outing.

Roamers' Concert.—The Roamers will not be able to give a show on the 15th of October as arranged earlier in the year but at a later date will be very pleased to do so.

Invitations.—Two invitations have just reached me from our friends the W.R.A.F. O.C.A. and the following is an extract from their hon. secretary's letter so that members shall not miss one word of such a delightful invitation:—

1. "Our Mrs. McAlery, who is Service Editor of "The Aeroplane," and who leads a most thrilling life in the very middle of all the air events, has promised to give a talk on "The Air Exercises of 1931," and "Some Sidelights on the Schneider Trophy Contest" at the September reunion, the 24th of September, at 8 p.m. If you have not arranged anything for your people on that evening and would care to join us, we shall be delighted to see you all."

Many of us will be delighted to take advantage of this invitation.

2. For members who have to book up their dates well in advance, the second invitation is for Thursday 29th October and is to attend a lecture on "Heredity" to be given by Dame Helen Gwynne-Vaughan. I feel I must give long notice or I shall never be forgiven if I allow any member to book that date for anything else. Knowing how very interesting Dame Helen's lectures are I should hate anyone to miss this one. These two lectures will be given in the drawing-room of the club.

Inter-Service Women's Swimming Gala.—The Inter-Services Swimming Gala will be held at St. George's Baths on Saturday 17th October and it is hoped that all swimmers will roll up with their entries so that the cup which came our way after so long a struggle shall not pass out of our hands so soon. The marks that count towards the cup are for events as under: 1, Two Lengths; 2, One Length; 3, Graceful Diving; 4, Relay Race; 5, Plunge; 6, Style.

The above events are not difficult and one may not enter for all so there should be every chance of finding W.A.A.C.s to compete. For instance, if you enter for No. 1 you may not enter for No. 2, and so on. This appeal is to all ex-W.A.A.C.s to find out what they are best in and enter for the HONOUR OF OUR CORPS. Also this is not a branch affair, it is open to all ex-Q.M.A.A.C. and the entrance fee for each event is sixpence. To murmur that your swimming days are over is not a good enough excuse so we hope to see many entrants lining up at the side of the bath on the 17th.

Subscriptions are still very tardy. The accounts must be closed early in October so please send them in as soon as possible.

R. S. ANDREWS.

POSITIONS VACANT.

Among the S.O.S.B.W.'s current list of vacancies for overseas appointments are several good teachers' posts, including one for a second mistress, holding an Honours degree, in the Transvaal at a salary of £250-300 a year, with outward passage paid, on a three years' agreement; another, also requiring an Honours graduate, in the Cape Province at an initial salary of £150-180, and a third, also in Africa, for a domestic science mistress, beginning at £150-180. There are available three posts in India: one for a preparatory training class mistress, holding the higher Froebel certificate, at a salary of 2,100 rupees a year; another for a teacher with experience in Training College methods at a salary of 3,000 rupees, and one for a physical culture mistress at a salary of 1,800-2,040 rupees. In all cases the terms include residence. New Zealand has openings for a senior mathematics mistress at £160 a year and for violin mistress at £150. These selected posts do not, of course, exhaust the opportunities which the Society has to offer. There are also opportunities for governesses and nursery governesses in Canada; posts as hospital nurses or as children's nurses in South Africa; and openings in Eastern Canada for social service graduates who

are willing to take a short course of training in a Canadian University before appointment.

The address of the Society for Overseas Settlement of British Women is—Caxton House, Tothill Street, Westminster, London, S.W.1.

THE WOMEN'S OVERSEAS LEAGUE.

In the August number of "Carry On" the quarterly issued by the Women's Overseas League of the United States, a report is given of the Eleventh Annual Convention which was held on June 27th, 1931, at Philadelphia. Members of the League from all parts of the States attended, and the report of the Convention makes very interesting reading. The Convention was opened by the holding of a memorial service at the Washington Memorial Chapel at Valley Forge. Before the commencement of the Service, a wreath of red, white and blue flowers was placed by the French war veterans in memory of the United States women who died overseas. The sermon was preached by Canon Ernest C. Earp, captain and chaplain in the Canadian Expeditionary Force from 1915 to 1918.

Four days were spent in meetings, at which much business was transacted, including the election of new officers to carry on in the next two years, the new President being Miss Shirley Farr, of Chicago. Miss Farr served in Base Hospital No. 99, France, and is at present on the Faculty of Chicago University. The Convention wound up—as does our Annual Meeting—with a banquet. At this the tables were decorated with the flags of the Allies and red, white and blue flowers.

One gathers that there was not quite so much chatter at this banquet as at our own from the fact that an orchestra played during dinner. Guests of honour from the United States Army and Navy were present in the persons of Brigadier-General J. R. Delafield and Lieut.-Commander S. L. H. Hazard. Other guests were present, and several speeches made. The Convention next year will be held from July 3rd to 7th at Los Angeles.

The work of the W.O.S.L. differs from ours in some ways, and the Service Report of the New York unit gives one a good idea of their various activities.

As has been stated before, the W.O.S.L. will be glad to see any Q.M.A.A.C. who cares to get in touch with them. Several of our members are already members of this League. The Correspondence Secretary is **Miss Elizabeth Darling**, 5801 Dorchester Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, U.S.A. There are some fifty-six units all over the United States.

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SERVICE REPORT OF THE O.S.L., NEW YORK.

It is hardly necessary to say that this year the largest part of our service work has been devoted to the unemployed ex-Service men. The condition is too universal to need elaboration.

We have tried to carry our share of the burden by providing these men with the vital necessities of food and lodging to the very limit of our funds. From July, 1930, to May, 1931, with the peak during the winter months, this Unit provided 220 nights' lodgings and 434 meals at the Mills Hotel, wholly at our expense. In addition, 17 men were sent to the Red Cross Club for food and shelter, and 20 men to the Gospel Mission for the same assistance. No man was turned away without aid of some kind. In particular, a letter from one man, who was so helped and encouraged that he was able to secure regular employment, showed us how valuable this service work was.

Aside from these men, 17 veterans' families were helped. At Christmas, \$200 expended through the Red Cross provided ten families with food, warm clothing and small gifts for the children; \$10 was sent to another family for Christmas needs. Rent, amounting to \$34, was paid for two families facing eviction. Four men, likewise with families, were given small loans to buy food, until the Legion could aid them. Two of these men found work before the loan was entirely exhausted. Three men were sent to their homes, three were supplied with candy, apples and neckties to sell on the streets. For one man, plumbing tools were purchased, enabling him to secure work. Two

weeks' lodging was paid for one man suffering from an accident. In clothing, eleven suits were given out; eight overcoats, new ones; six pairs of shoes, many neckties, socks and underwear. In all, 294 men were aided in this branch of our work.

Besides this, we have continued our dances at U. S. Hospital No. 81. During the year, ten monthly dances have been given to an average attendance of 200, with music by Army and Navy orchestras. Refreshments of ice-cream and cake are always served, and the Christmas dance is made a gala occasion with special favors. Parties of ten men have been sent to the theatre twice a month during the year. Also a box party was given at the Metropolitan Opera House for the Mask and Wig show.

Two large packing cases of new books were collected and sent by a member at her own expense to U. S. Hospital No. 96 at Sunmount.

The Color Guard with flags has attended the Victory Ball; Memorial Day ceremonies and parades; our own commemorative services in our grove at Central Park, and the funerals of members—Louise Davenport, Edna Coffin and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid.

The members' Service Committee reports with sorrow the death of five members during the year.

To our member suffering from coronary thrombosis, monthly support of \$50 has been continued from July, 1930, to date.

Arrangements were made for admission of one member to a home for professional women (teachers) after she was convinced there was no opportunity for a woman of her years in the teaching world.

Eleven members, during illness, were made to feel that they were being cared for with kindly interest by visits or a friendly letter.

Situations were found for three members in need of employment.

\$50 were sent to National Fund for Disabled Women.

Our Auxiliary to the Red Cross again helped with the Annual Roll Call in November, raising \$1,926.51 by membership, donations and appeals. Two theatres were visited by members in uniform, but the response was not as generous as in former years.

Funds were raised for service work last year by the Annual Benefit. This year, owing to conditions, service funds were raised by individual appeals made by the Benefit Committee.

LIGHTS O' LONDON TOWN.

There's no joy in a thing half done, and so we four old comrades meant to do the tour thoroughly. At 8.30 p.m. on the second night of the floodlighting week we started off from the club on a hike round London. Starting at Victoria, we took the train to Monument station, and of course, our first thrill was at the Monument itself. Far-away readers, who know London well, can just imagine how grand the old Monument must have looked when it was lit up by lights which played continuously, and here and there picked out spots until they finally settled at the top. On London Bridge we stood, fairly enraptured at the unusual spectacle of the great wharfs peacefully basking in their radiant solitude, the Oxo advertisement tower on our left stood out as a sentinel, and indeed acted as one, looked very attractive with its two great white O's and its red X; straight in front of us, our wonderful Tower Bridge, lighted sufficiently to dispel its gloom and to remind us gently of all it has seen and of what it must know of the great city. Away in the distance amongst many other buildings, bathed in a warm red glow, we located Somerset House, a lovely picture which we decided to examine at closer quarters later on, and, immediately in front of the Tower Bridge, lay H.M.S. Scout, a brilliant mass of fairy lights. On the right of the bridge many smaller buildings were bravely taking their share of the world advertisement scheme and the usually quiet water at this time was disturbed with craft of all sizes. A glimpse of St. Paul's Cathedral we caught as we turned to resume our walk through the city, and fresh beauties we found at every turning, such as St. Mary-le-Bow, St.

Paul's and the Monument from different angles. These lovely buildings were beautifully outlined and viewed from the quaint old alley-ways absolutely charmed our eyes and impressed us immensely. On we tramped to Blackfriars Bridge, and here we tarried, for there seemed to be so much to see. The crowds swarmed around us, but we hung on to each other and found a good spot every time. It was almost unbelievable that this could be staid old London; far to the left the buildings of Westminster stood out well, Big Ben looking down with solemn face upon it all. We stood there picking out various landmarks and just loving it all. Almost in front lay the second of the illuminated ships, H.M.S. President, and on the right of the embankment there was our friend Somerset House, with its bodyguard of tall trees. Its rosy appearance gave one the impression that it was blushing with shame at so far forgetting its dignity as a Government building by taking part in anything to do with commerce. The simple dignity of the Temple was enhanced by the gradually working light until it reached the top of the flag pole, there to burst into brilliance, thus displaying the Union Jack in all its glory, proudly flying over all. Along the embankment there were many delights, but as we swung out towards Trafalgar Square to see Nelson on his lonely and lofty perch silhouetted against the soft glow of the sky, made us hold our breath. He got our vote for the most beautiful sight of the night's ramble—and we thought he had never looked so clean.

To-night (Thursday) we sallied forth in search of more thrills in the West-End. After the re-union meeting a small party set out to do the sights in the vicinity of the Palace. Buckingham Palace was a real fairy palace, and, as we gazed in admiration, we wondered if, in ordinary circumstances, the Royal Family could ever enjoy such penetrating brilliance, or even the fairies, so, as we came back to earth, we decided that even though the Palace looked so attractive, it would be more homely in its usual sombre setting. The trees shimmering with light, the green grass, and the scarlet dahlias, made a wonderful setting that I am afraid we omitted to admire the statue of Queen Victoria—at least not to the extent of going into ecstasies over it. The view from the bridge in St. James's Park is one that could not easily be forgotten, and vast crowds commented on a beauty which lay so near to their doors; this park, at any time, is one of the loveliest spots in London, and many in the crowd were snapping a beauty which only the effects of artificial light could have given at that time of night. Amid this splendour strains of regimental music came from the adjoining barracks, and added charm to the romance of the night. The old familiar notes of "Lights out" gave an extra thrill and sent us off talking of the days when these notes meant so much to us.

For many nights to come, vast crowds will traverse the same ground on the same errand, and we hope they will get as much pleasure out of the unique sight as we did.

R.S.A.

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF CANADA.

By Dame Meriel Talbot, D.B.E.

I have just returned from a visit to Canada with the party of British Head Mistresses, and now, while the impressions are vivid and fresh, it may be well to record some of them. No reference will be made here to the educational system as such of that country nor of its Universities, though an inquiry into both was the primary object of the visit. The Head Mistresses themselves will in due course deal with that subject.

It was my good fortune to travel with the party from Halifax, Nova Scotia to Vancouver Island and back again. The whole experience was life-giving in the fullest meaning of those words. No one can visit Canada and see it from the homes of its people, and travel over its vast sun-warmed spaces without catching something of its buoyancy and open-heartedness.

Over and over again I kept on asking myself, "What is the reason for this awakensness, this joyousness? Life for many over there is very strenuous, people work hard. Canada, too, is suffering from the present world-wide economic troubles, she is facing unemployment, falling prices and many of the other evils all too familiar to us at

home—yet to come into contact with her people and to travel through the country acts as a tonic, and makes one rejoice in being alive—Why is it?

For one thing, there is a lightness in the air unknown to us in Europe. I shall never forget those early morning walks during the ten minutes when the great train paused on its way—and when after a night in the well-heated compartment one drew in draughts of champagne-like air from the prairies or mountains or lakes. How well I understand now the feeling of a young English woman from Western Canada who, at her home in a Suffolk village, said to me, "No, I must go back—Here the people are only half alive!"

Another reason must surely be that Canadians spring from some of the most vigorous of our race. They are descendants of those in the Old Country who had the energy to move, to adventure into a new world. Among Canadians therefore there is nothing of the lethargy or the stay-at-homes nor what might be called the narrow-minded gentility of those who are ever fearful of the unexpected and the unknown. Fortunately for England and for the Empire there are many vigorous people living and working at home, but the point I would make is that in Canada the majority are vigorous because of the particular stock from which they spring.

This energy is specially noticeable in the West. I was at Winnipeg on the last day of their Musical Festival. For eleven years that Festival has been held with ever increasing support and enthusiasm. This year one of the judges (from England) told me that for attendance it was the biggest in the British Empire, and that he had heard nine Church Choirs sing as well and in some cases better than similar Choirs in London—and there was no Winnipeg 50 years ago! In Edmonton I saw something of the extension service of the University. There one may see what is done to bring the intelligence and powers of the University to the service of that vast Province, more than four times as large as England and Wales. Their "open shelf Libraries" scheme, widely extended to-day throughout Alberta, was conceived and is still organised by a Canadian, Miss Montgomery. Broadly speaking, the idea is to consider and respond to the needs of the rural community for books and information. Starting from an isolated request just before the War, this Library in 1930 was sending out 3,000 books a month put up in small parcels, on subjects ranging from the latest lipstick to Einstein. A propos of this Miss Montgomery told me the following story:—"One day I got a letter from a farmer's wife about 400 miles away saying she had just come across the name of Julius Caesar, wanted to know more about him, and could I help her? I looked out as simple a book as I could find and sent it to her. In a week or two I got an excited letter begging for more on the same subject. I sent her book after book ending with a pretty stiff one. Her gratitude and interest seemed boundless." Julius Caesar had become a living companion to her.

The extension service of that Western University includes not only the "open shelf Libraries" (and I have only touched the fringe of that work), but also educational lantern slides with lectures and films available to all throughout the Province—as well as a special Broadcasting Service. There, as elsewhere in Canada, most imaginative work is being done to unite the University with the special needs of the Province.

Further West still, what could be more inspiring than to go to the Young University of British Columbia, and on land recently cleared out of the forest see the finely proportioned buildings already established, and realise the plans for courts and gardens and further buildings. Some day on that exquisite site overlooking the Pacific on the West and over Vancouver Harbour to the snow mountains on the North a future generation is likely to see one of the fairest Universities of the world.

There, and again at the University of Saskatchewan, the fascination of creating and planning for the future was brought home to me. But everywhere throughout Canada this creative energy is visible, and it is this opportunity for creative energy that I believe makes a special call to the young of the Old World.

Another impression I have gained is that Canada is going to be no copy of either Great Britain or the United States. She has obviously received much of value from both. Her love for "the Old Country" is strong and deep. Let anyone who doubts it go into the Memorial Hall in the Parliament Buildings at Ottawa and read there the story carved in stone and told with moving simplicity of Canada's action in August, 1914.

British, yes she is, and progressive with much of the progressiveness of the United States, but always she is herself, Canada, developing on her own national lines, and carving out her own destiny—with vision and energy.

[It will be remembered that Miss Edith Thompson was responsible for the organising of this visit and that she sent us two very interesting accounts of her adventures which have appeared in the Gazette.—Ed.]

HEADQUARTERS REPORT.

There was no meeting of the Council during the month of August. The next meeting will be held on Monday, September 21st, at 5 Buckingham Gate, S.W.1.

Clothing.

Holidays do not seem to have affected in any adverse way the gifts of clothing. We have received many parcels again this month. As usual we are in need! Our stock of boys' clothing is always very limited, and at the moment there is no stock at all.

Our thanks go to the following kind friends: Mrs. Russell Barr, Miss Knights, Miss Winter, Anon., Cheltenham, Miss Gregson, Miss Wilks, Miss Lydia Fraser, F.E.C., Norfolk Branch, Mrs. P. S. Grundy, and Miss W. M. Johnson.

The Editor would like to say how grateful she is to Miss Thompson for getting out the August Gazette and to thank her for all the nice, though undeserved, things she said.

ANNUAL INTER-SERVICE SWIMMING SPORTS, 1931.

The Annual Inter-Service Swimming Sports, organised by the Association of Wrens, will be held on Saturday, October 17th, 1931, at St. George's Baths, Buckingham Palace Road, at 6.30 p.m.

It is hoped that the Q.M.A.A.C. O.C.A. will be well represented, both in the water and on the gallery, and as we shall have to work very hard to retain the Cup, please keep that evening free, and give us lots of support. It would be rather fun if all London Branch were to take part in the races, etc. A very good programme has been arranged, and the events will allow for all grades of swimmers to compete.

Entrance forms may be obtained from the Secretary, London Branch, or from Miss Bartlett, 23 Oaks Way, Carshalton Beeches, Surrey. M.C.B.

ROUBAIX: OCTOBER, 1918.

Two hundred ex-Service officers and men of the 47th Division—the first British troops to re-enter Lille in October, 1918—arrived there to-day, entering the city from Ypres by the road along which they marched when Lille was relieved. They were received at the Town Hall.—Reuter.

This paragraph in the "Sunday Times" of September 6th last, recalls to one's mind some of the stories told us when we were billeted in Roubaix during the great pilgrimage of the British Legion in August, 1928—stories of the sudden entry of the British troops and the joy of the inhabitants after four years of German occupation.

When the Germans took possession of Roubaix one of the first restrictions imposed on the unfortunate inhabitants was that of being allowed out of their houses only between certain hours each day. To be caught out during hours other than those stated in the orders issued was punishable by further restrictions—hardship and sometimes imprisonment for the already sorely tried people of Roubaix. Added to this, among a thousand and one other restrictions, only such news as the Germans cared to publish was allowed, and often such news was pure fiction, so that few, if any, had any idea of the true state of affairs or that relief was anywhere near, when, on that

October morning of 1918, the British suddenly entered the town. Four years of occupation by the enemy had naturally accustomed Roubaix to the comings and goings of the German troops and all that goes to make up the daily life in a military area, so that, when this particular morning came and a deadly calm pervaded the streets, the inhabitants felt a great uneasiness, not knowing what it meant for them, but fearing some new German ruse. For some time no one dared leave their house. An English woman married to a Frenchman told me that ultimately she could stand the strain no longer and going out into the street she saw through the grey mist a British "Tommy" coming towards her. At first she could not believe her eyes, and then, as he came up saying "It's all right, mother," she just shouted the news, telling the people to come out. The tears poured down her cheeks, she said, rather shamefacedly!

People rushed to their doors and there, coming down the street, were the British troops. Little groups of them, ones and twos—the advance guard of their deliverers. When the people realised what had happened and that the Germans were gone—or going as fast as possible—they were almost frantic with joy and thankfulness. They had little enough to offer the troops, but what they had they brought out.

Many rushed away to the Square to shout the wonderful news to the British prisoners who lay hidden up in the Belfry. Some of these were civilians who were living in Roubaix when the war came, and though taken prisoners, managed to escape and were hidden in the Belfry, being fed by means of food placed in a basket lowered by a rope—a tricky business under the eyes of the Germans. One of these men told me that when they heard the shouting, they peeped out and saw in the square below a crowd of shouting and gesticulating people, calling on them to come down, but they, too, thought it was a new German ruse to make them reveal their hiding-place, and not one of them dared budge. Finally one man volunteered to go down and see what had happened. Very cautiously opening the door on to the street and stepping out he bumped into a British sergeant "armed to the teeth," as he said, who, when questioned, merely replied, "Yus, mate, we're 'ere," and continued on his way to do his bit of "mopping up," as he put it. For some time afterwards the sounds of spasmodic rifle fire could be heard about the town, the British just "mopping 'em up." So came the British army to Roubaix on their way to Lille on that grey misty October morning, and Roubaix does not forget.

THE BRITISH LEGION.

The Metropolitan Area's party, nearly 600 strong, again organised and directed by Captain Kingdom, of the N.E.C., left Victoria on Sunday, August 2nd, at noon and, travelling by the special trains and boat, reached Arras just after 7 p.m., being met on arrival by the President and Committee of the Anciens Combattants.

On the following day the party journeyed to Ypres and Kruiskalsijde in the Salient and returned to Arras in the evening. The Mayor of Arras gave a civic reception that night at the Hotel de Ville, where Sir Kenyon Vaughan-Morgan, M.P., who had very kindly accompanied the party to perform the official ceremonies, made a most eloquent and impressive speech in reply to the Mayor's address of welcome.

On Tuesday, parties went to Beaumont-Hamel and Thiepval, and some two hundred or more made special visits to military cemeteries in various parts.

On the Wednesday the whole party went to Paris, where, assembling at the end of the Champs Elysees, they marched to the Unknown Soldier's Grave, under the Arc de Triomphe, where a wreath was placed with fitting ceremony, bearing the inscription, "La Legion vivante a l'honneur de saluer la Legion disparue."

Following this the tourists were conveyed to the largest restaurant in Paris, where they all sat down to lunch together. In the afternoon charabancs took them to the Tomb of Napoleon, the Cathedral of Notre Dame, and for a general sight-seeing tour, finally depositing them at the French Colonial Exhibition, where they spent

the remainder of the day until it was time to return to the restaurant for dinner, before leaving the Gare du Nord on their return journey to England.

A large number of letters have since been received, expressing admiration for the way in which the whole tour was organised and conducted.—*British Legion Journal*.

SIGNALS.

EX-SIGNALLERS.—Remember that the Annual Dinner is on 21st November. Get your tickets early, and when booking state *Signal* table and *not* area. O.M.L.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR EDITOR,

At the last Q.M.A.A.C. Dinner I was reproved very severely for not contributing to the O.C.A. Gazette. The Dinner will be on us again very shortly, and I may have to face that same person—and I'm frightened! I think we usually like to hear of our old friends, so I will mention those I have met recently. **Miss Kenworthy Browne**, late A. A. Havre, has done two paintings of dogs for me this year. She has a studio at 8 Ladbroke Square, W. "I was once late with the subject, i.e., my 'chiefs,' Manchester terrier, for a sitting, and I got thoroughly told off, rather a change from the old days!

Mrs. Harry Towers (A. A. Rankin, of Rouen) brought her charming young son to tea with me last month, and one night I was her guest at a theatre, and she was able to take me behind the scenes at His Majesty's Theatre, London. We made our exit through the stage door—a new experience for me! Then of the very old Women's Legion days. **Mrs. Brunger**, of Bisley Camp, has married again. I spent a happy day early in the year at her little home among the cherry orchards of Kent. **Mrs. Vant** (Lacey, of Camp 7, Rouen) came over and joined us for tea. Lacey, after the war, married Mr. Vant, who was camp postman when we were at Rouen. She and her husband won the Dunmow Fitch last year. **Eveleen Clayton**, late Signals, Rue de Pecole, Rouen, was married last February in London, and has gone out to Persia, where her husband is manager of a bank. **Miss Lorimer**, U.A., Camp 4, Rouen, is managing the Scottish Liberal Club in Edinburgh, next to Mackies, in Princes Street, if anyone is that way. Next Wednesday I hope to start off with **Miss de Putron**, D.C., Rouen, for the Austrian Tyrol. We are motoring, so I hope I shall be alive when you read this! "Any Rouen Signallers or others would like to entertain the idea of a week-end at Rouen next Easter, I should be glad to help organise it if they would write to me at Grove House, Roehampton Lane, S.W.15. I think it would be great fun, but we should have to have an interpreter as my French is as bad as ever! **CONSTANCE SUTTON**.

From **Mrs. Olive M. Barry**, "Moorings," W. Pennant Hills, N.S.W.

I am indeed sorry that I am unable to be present at the dinner. It was, no doubt, a very pleasant re-union. I fear, however, that myself and family will be unable to leave Australia for some years yet.

We have a fairly profitable little business here, and I was just beginning to see my way to a trip home with my little son, when this horrible financial crisis made itself felt, and I can see us holding on for an indefinite time before we can think of leaving here at all.

Many firms are going bankrupt, and those who scrape through here will be lucky. In addition, the £ is only worth 12s. in England!

I would love to know if you see **Miss Barker**, U.A., at Honfleur in 1919, also **Miss Webb**, D.A., at Queen Mary Camp, Calais, 1919, and **Miss Clara Neale** and **Miss Dorothy Baker**, who were in Sydney about six years ago. I expected them to send me their address on arriving in England. If you have any of the addresses of these, do send them if you have time, to an exile who often longs for her native land.

DEATH.

Bartlett.—On May 11th, 1931, at "Vue des Iles," Genge Road, Guernsey, Channel Isles, **Annie Bartlett**, M.B.E.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Ann Wilkinson, 159 Ebury Street, Victoria, S.W.1, ex-W.A.A.C., has opened at the above address. Knitting wools, silks, art needlework lingerie, hosiery, children's frocks and woollies; maids' uniforms ready made and made to measure.—C. Wilkinson, Garrison Headquarters, Felixstowe.

Flat, 44 Bedford Avenue, Barnet. (Miss) K. Wind would like to meet an Old Comrade who would share the expenses of her comfortably furnished and convenient flat. Good position.

St. Agnes, Cornwall.—Comfortably furnished timber bungalow, three bedrooms, sleep four, living-room, large kitchen, indoor sanitation, verandah, sea view, lovely country. Plate and linen provided. October 17th, 1931, to May 10th, 1932, 15/- per week inclusive; May, £1/1/- per week; June, £2/2/- per week; July, £3/3/- per week; August, £4/4/- per week; September, £2/2/- per week; October, £1/1/- per week.—**Bertrand**, 6 Wilmington Avenue, Chiswick, London, W.4

Bedsitting Rooms, Single or Double, available at 12 Nevern Road, Earl's Court. Rooms comfortably furnished, and terms moderate. Gas fires and rings in all rooms. Constant hot water. Breakfast as required. Apply, **Miss H. Pink**, Frobisher, 1740. Also available, partially furnished, very large, light and airy basement sitting-room. Small kitchenette attached with hot and cold water, gas ring, etc. Separate entrance. Gas fire, own meter. Electric light included.—Apply as above.

Numerology.—Your name your guide for life. Readings, 7/6, 5/-, and 2/6; 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 **Blanche**, 48 West 82nd Street, New York City, U.S.A.

George IV. Hotel, Gt. Amwell, Ware, Herts. Telephone: Stanstead Abbots 39. A beautiful spot for a quiet country holiday. Saturday to Monday, 15s. Other terms on application. Teas, luncheons. Parties catered for by arrangement. Combine a ramble with your general meeting and come here for tea. Club room accommodates 50.—**A. G. Brown and A. Edwards** (Camp 1, Etaples).

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.

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.	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 (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. and S. Wales.	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.