

man, and completed after his death by his two sons, one of whom was knighted. In 1832 the remains of Peter of Colechurch were found and, such was the sacrilegious attitude of the times, that they were thrown into the river with the stones. The new bridge was opened in 1831 by King William and Queen Adelaide; in 1902 to 1904 it was widened.

When President of the United Wards Club, Major Rigg was presented with some wood of the old bridge and gave it to the Club, as a board on which were inscribed the names of the Past Presidents of the Club. When a life insurance office was being dismantled in 1921 a perfect arch of Old London Bridge was disclosed.

In thanking Major Rigg, Sir Alfred Rice-Oxley said that he had never listened to such a full and graphic account before on any of the antiquities of London; he had never known so much information to be compressed into such a short interval of time. Major Rigg had once been a Member of Parliament. He hoped at some future date he would stand for election again and, such was his command of figures, that he (Sir Alfred) hoped to see him Chancellor of the Exchequer yet.

Mrs. Bedford Fenwick thanked Sir Alfred Rice-Oxley for taking the chair. This was only one of a series of many kindnesses shown by him to the members of the Association ever since they established themselves at Queen's Gate; when she knew him years ago at the London Hospital, Sir Alfred was always ready, just as he is now, to extend kindness and courtesy to members of the Nursing Profession. Mrs. Fenwick said that she also felt that she must pay a tribute to Major Rigg. Subjects connected with history and antiquity always interested her, and she felt sure that everyone would agree that it had been a most entrancing lecture. Major Rigg's command of dates and his extraordinary knowledge of the history of London must have impressed everyone.

THE RAMBLERS' CLUB.

The Ramblers made their last long voyage of discovery for this year when they set out for a kind of half-surmised destination on Tuesday, October 13th. The large charabanc was full when it left Queen's Gate punctually at 11 a.m. The first objective, mentioned rather vaguely, was a very old farmhouse said to exist somewhere in the neighbourhood of Goudhurst. But even the original discoverer of it was vague as to its whereabouts, and no one seemed very particularly anxious to find the precise spot which it occupies in the county of Kent. Rather it appeared that everyone wished to roam through the roads and lanes in order to lay in a store of memories to cheer and stimulate through the months that must elapse before, in gay anticipation, we set out again on the broad highway. Be that as it may, the old farmhouse of the Domesday Book is still undiscovered country to the Ramblers; it was to them just a chosen Will o' the Wisp to lead them on a long Autumn day miles upon miles through the Garden of England, until, at four o'clock, we found ourselves at the Pantiles of Tunbridge Wells to enjoy good fellowship and a pleasant cup of tea. This, the last of the Rambles, if it provided nothing of historical or traditional interest, will yet be remembered long as a perfect revel in the beauty of Autumn at its best. Woods and lanes had the true Farquharson touch, with the light breaking through the trees and burnishing the fallen leaves, red and russet and brown—a magic carpet that made the road look like some enchanted highway in places; our minds were kept in a perpetual mood of pleasurable anticipation as to what the next bend or turn in the road might reveal. As the afternoon waned a soft mist fell over the countryside, and the horses at the harrow on the headland, or the gleam of a fire and the shadowy figures of men as they moved about turning

the leaves and the brushwood, became as visionary, half-real pictures. But the gardens were vivid and gay in the mist, with their dahlias, and sometimes roses; here and there a pond or a bit of river made a splash of shining colour when it mirrored back the rich tints in which Autumn had painted the trees. An aimless sort of a ramble this, it was agreed, but it set a sequence of beautiful impressions into the panorama of the year; then, when our faces were set towards London again, the sun set with a constantly changing splendour, and, as we neared the city at last, a soft after-glow seemed to cover gently and set aside the memories of a happy day. Sometimes the Ramblers will revive those in retrospect, allowing them to work upon and stimulate their minds until the springtime comes again and we mount our chariot, "good companions" as of old, setting out to discover the mysteries of the highways and byways that lie within the scope of one day's journeying by road from London. We offer our thanks to the Chief Rambler, Miss Cecilia Liddiatt, for all the thought and effort she has given to organising this and other delightful expeditions for the pleasure of her colleagues.

CLUB CALENDAR.

We ask members of the Association to make a note of the various fixtures as indicated on page i of the Advertisement Supplement in the front of this Journal. We are sure that many will wish to be present at the lecture to be given by Dr. Starke Currie on Thursday, 12th November, at 3 p.m., on "St. Luke, the Beloved Physician."

Recently we had the great privilege of hearing Dr. Currie give an address on this subject on the 67th Anniversary of the Guild of St. Luke, and he at once agreed to our request that he should give it before the Association. It will prove most interesting, for Dr. Currie has drawn information from many sources on the story of St. Luke the Evangelist. On Thursday, 19th November, at 8.30 p.m., we are to be shown at 194, Queen's Gate, the wonderful film of Nepal, from the Ross Institute. On Thursday, November 26th, Her Royal Highness the President will open the Sale of Work for the House Beautiful Fund, at 2.30 p.m. Miss Graham and Miss Macdonald invite those members who like dancing to be present on Thursday, December 3rd, at 8 p.m. The hostesses regret that they must restrict their invitation to those who dance, as the rooms are likely to be crowded.

We hope to arrange a Tour of the Greek Vases at the British Museum on December 10th.

OBITUARY.

It is with deep regret that we have to report the death of Miss Lester Maud Elaine Pearse. Miss Pearse was trained at Guy's Hospital. After her training she joined the nursing staff of the West London Mission, where she was greatly loved by her patients and laboured with great devotion. From 1909 to 1911 she was Superintendent of Nurses at the Victoria Hospital, Benares. Training Indian nurses was not easy work, but Miss Pearse had tact, patience and a keen sense of humour, and her work in India gained the appreciation of those who were responsible for the hospital. One newspaper in recording her death says that she worked for those from whom other people shrank—the deformed and the mentally afflicted. "She was a simple, gentle soul, full of the Spirit of Christ, utterly selfless and unworldly, and her one object and aim was to gladden the hearts of Christ's little ones and help them along life's rough pathway."

194, Queen's Gate,
London, S.W.7.

ISABEL MACDONALD,
Secretary to the Corporation.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)