

The ruins of the Chateau de Coucy are still magnificent, though it is no longer a monument of any style of architecture. The whole compares in no mean manner with Pompeii, and the State has conceived the idea of conserving Coucy as a glorious monument of what France has suffered in the war. As many pilgrimages have been made to the Italian ruins, so should the French Pompeii draw to it crowds of sightseers, and rightly, too, for no one who has not visited the devastated area for himself can have any idea of what Belgium and France have suffered

---

### EXTRACTS FROM CORRESPONDENCE.

---

From Mrs. Bensusan (Ethel de Lissa), Ouro Preto Gold Mines, Minas Geraes, Brazil:—

With regard to the hon. secretary O.S.U.'s request for notes on work, &c., of old students, it is a very great pleasure to think that one can remain in touch with old colleagues thus; and it is with readiness that I send you my own unimportant particulars. During the first two years of the war much "war work" was done in this camp, and bazaars and fetes were organised, so that about £2000 was sent to various charitable organisations in England, and five beds were maintained in a hospital. For a mining camp with (at that time) only thirty-one British wage-earners, this was considered creditable. Several on our staff went to the Front, two being killed and several wounded. Some have returned here to work.

In January, 1918, I went Home with my husband and little son, as it was probable that our two sons at Public School would be joining up at any moment. One had already become 2nd lieutenant in the Royal Naval Air Service (ultimately R.A.F.), which he left in February, 1920, and is now engaged in Rio in commerce, his nerves having been shattered for the time by a serious accident. The second son was demobilised in June, 1919, a second lieutenant in the Royal Sussex. (Neither went to the Front.) He also is interested in Brazil, and lives in Santos, a flourishing port of Sao Paulo, a wonderful city itself. Our only daughter, who came out from England on a visit, is now going to continue her education in Brazil, studying in Sao Paulo for the medical preliminaries, which are differently arranged here from either England or Australia. Would that it could be done under

the excellent auspices of the old College. While in England I offered my services to the War Office, and was employed in a section of the Secret Service, on a censorship of a foreign press, which worked with a Ministry of Information. Examinations had to be passed in the languages I worked in (French, Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, Esperanto, and German). Economics and Political Science one was supposed to have some training in. (I had spent a little time years ago at the School of Economics, London University). My knowledge of the South American press, or rather, my interest in the same, was supposed to be of value in my work. Greetings to any of the colleagues who remember me—and I see many names with lists of former friends with whom I would gladly exchange letters to-day.

---

From K. Coatsworth:—

This is India, and I am sitting on the coolest verandah of the largest and coolest bungalow in Trichinopoly; the time is 10 a.m., and the heat is awful.

The garden surrounding the house is called the inner compound, and consists chiefly of banyan and neem trees, plots of grass which is now rather dry, red paths and quantities of pot plants, grouped in heaps under all the trees. The trees of the municipality are all numbered, to prevent theft. The population is so large that all the firewood has been used long ago, and there are special plantations for firewood for cooking purposes.

Trichy (as it is called by the residents) is situated on the coastal plains, and is the most important station on the line.

It is wise to stay indoors in India from 9 a.m. till 5 p.m., or at least to go out in a covered motor or carriage. Tennis and golf usually begin at about five and finish after seven p.m., and dinner is taken any time up till ten. The native servants are very picturesque, and if good are excellent—thoughtful, patient, and beautifully clean—but preserve me from one that isn't good. We have great difficulty in getting decent butter, milk, and water. Bread and butter in India tastes of yeast and candle grease. I simply cannot eat it.

I am now in the "East Russia," going from Hongkong to Vancouver. We have Chinese boys in attendance; they are excellent—so clean and quiet. The Indian servants often become most devoted, and if well trained make really good