

IMPERIAL WAR GRAVES COMMISSION.

Any further communication on this subject should be addressed to—  
 "THE SECRETARY,"  
 and the following number quoted:—  
 AA/10475, LS/AA/.....

82, BAKER STREET,

LONDON, W.1.

- 2 MAR 1925

Madam,

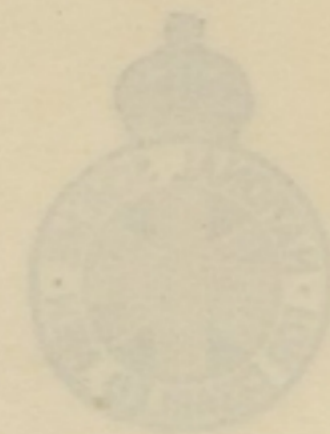
I very much regret to have to inform you that it has been necessary to move our graves in Roisel Communal Cemetery,

As you know, the French Government freely give the land on which these British Cemeteries are situated, and have done everything possible to make any removals unnecessary.

There are, however, instances where we know that the French Cemetery in which our graves are situated is going shortly to be "disaffected", that is, the Cemetery closed and the graves moved elsewhere.

Roisel Communal Cemetery is one of these and we have been forced in the interests of all concerned to remove it.

I very much fear that this information will cause you distress but I can assure you that we have taken what, we are convinced, is the best and only course and I do not think it is necessary for me to tell you that the removals have been carried out with care and reverence by our own British personnel. The graves in this Cemetery have been moved to the nearest suitable British Cemetery, which in this case is Roisel Communal Cemetery



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82, BAKER STREET,

LONDON, W.1.

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and the following number quoted:—  
AA/JOINTS. 12/AA

Extension, and the position of the grave of Lieutenant S.P. Boulton is Plot 1, Row M, Grave 4.

I am, Madam,  
Your obedient Servant,

for MAJOR-GENERAL,  
VICE CHAIRMAN.

Mrs Boulton,  
Glebe Street,  
Ryde,  
New South Wales,  
AUSTRALIA.

JE/TG

TELEPHONE:  
CENTRAL ~~4741X~~ 4780

**AUSTRALIAN IMPERIAL FORCE.**

In all communications regimental number,  
rank, full name and unit of Soldier referred  
to, are to be stated.

BASE RECORDS OFFICE,  
VICTORIA BARRACKS.

Melbourne, 27 APR 1925

Dear Madam,

With further reference to the report of burial  
of your son, the late Lieutenant S.P.Boulton, 2nd F.A. Brigade,  
I am forwarding herewith at the request of the Imperial War  
Graves Commission a letter from the Vice Chairman concerning  
the re-establishment of the late officer's grave in the  
Roisel Communal Cemetery Extension.

Yours faithfully,

*W. Mackintosh*

Captain,  
Officer i/c Base Records.

Mrs. D.M. Boulton,  
Glebe St,  
RYDE. N.S.W.

## A NORMAN MEMORY.

It was a sunny Easter. Above the blossoming apple-trees Alouette was chanting her Alleluias at Heaven's gate. I turned aside from the main road, passed through a deep-bowered lane, and so found myself in the village of Rosel. Such tranquillity prevailed, as I sat by the roadside to rest, that I was almost startled when M. l'Abbé, in his black *soutane*, suddenly turned the corner. We exchanged greetings, for your Norman curé is a pleasant fellow, and he inquired of my journey.

"Monsieur is English," said he, "then Monsieur will be interested in the little church of Rosel."

He told me that in the tower hung a bell of English manufacture.

"I am not ashamed to say that it is the sweetest of them all. But," he added, "it was made by the so celebrated bell-founders of White-chapelle, and they are, I am told, a very ancient company. Perhaps they were already making bells while England was still a . . . Catholic country." (This with a smile.) "Yes, I think that is why the English bell speaks with so sweet a voice."

"Well, M. l'Abbé," said I, "I am glad to find that three hundred years of outer darkness have not destroyed the sweetness of the bells of White-chapelle; though I am free to admit that Whitechapel itself is not so sweet a place as once it may have been."

The church is a typically beautiful little Norman building, with a "Norman" capped tower and a nave of pointed architecture. I climbed the tower-stair with caution, so encumbered it was with sticks and rubble, the remains of many birds' building. And there was the English bell, inscribed thuswise in English and French:—

Presented to the parish of St. Martin of Rosel by Francis Russell (Rosel) Duke of Bedford.

A few days before I had sat in the church of Dives-sur-mer; Dives, which is no more *sur mer* than our own bustling seaports of Rye or Sandwich, but from which set out Duke William and his gallant band of invaders. On the west wall of the church their names are inscribed. Among these old originals was Hugues Bertrand de Rozel, whose descendant, Francis—commemorated by a sedate statue in Russell, or Rosel, Square—sent this bell, some 800 years later, from White-chapelle to the village of which Bertrand was Seigneur.

For meditation there is, I think, no place like a village church steeple, uncomfortable though it be. Through the windows you get such charmingly framed bird's-eye views of sunny landscape; so pleasant an air breathes in your face; and the birds look in on you with such friendly astonishment. Russell—Bedford—Tavistock: the names brought back to me a vivid whiff of London. Would not Hugh Bertrand have done better to remain squire of his orchards under the protection of good St. Martin? Yet the family had received compensations out of the Great Spoil: an earldom, together with the lordship of the Abbey of Woburn and the Convent Garden of my lord Abbot of Westminster. And now this sweet bell comes from London to the old home at Rosel, and perhaps the apples of Rosel go to the Market of Covent Garden, to be eaten in the boarding-houses of Russell Square.

B. C. B.