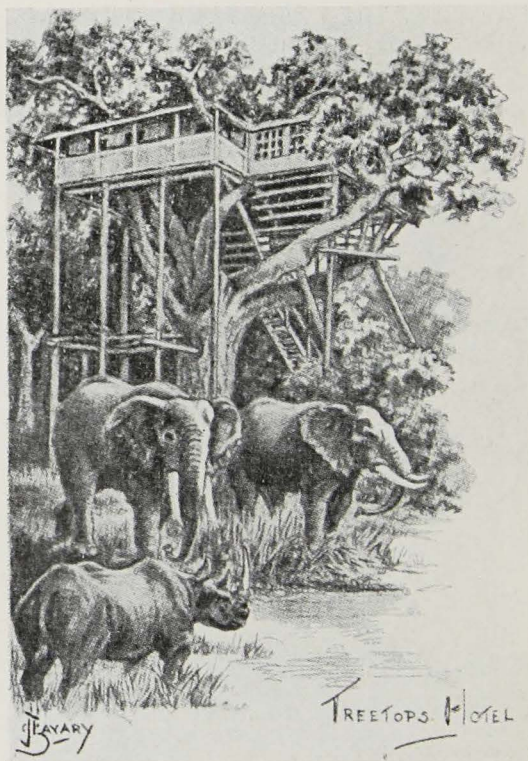




The Gazette



*Journal of
The Queen Alexandra's
Royal Army Nursing Corps Association*

Vol. 2 No. 12

November, 1955

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THE Q. A. R. A. N. C. ASSOCIATION GAZETTE

Christmas and New Year Message

To all ranks of the Army Nursing Services, past and present, I send best wishes for a very Happy Xmas and a Prosperous New Year.

HELEN S. GILLESPIE, *Brigadier.*
Matron-in-Chief and Director of Army Nursing Services.

Vol. 2. No. 12

NOVEMBER, 1955

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Editorial

ONCE MORE we tender our grateful thanks to all those who have helped to keep the GAZETTE going—"Join the Army and see the World" is an old slogan, the truth of which is borne out by our many travel articles.

Now for the "stay-at-homes"—Let us hear from our old friends, many of whom are holding varied and important positions in civilian life; they must have many an interesting story to tell.

We hope that the next Editor may be one who will have more time to devote to the GAZETTE.

It requires a lot of work and far more time than this year's Editor was able to spare.

May Christmas bring all members much real happiness and may 1956 bring you wealth, health and happiness and your heart's desire.

Christmas Message from the Chaplain General

I very much appreciate the opportunity of sending you a Christmas message through this issue of "THE GAZETTE."

We rightly say that Christmas is the festival of the Home, and, in doing so, we acknowledge the special place of women in Christianity. The incarnate Son of God was born of a woman and enjoyed the inestimable benefits of a mother's love. That in itself would have given a new status to womanhood; but Jesus underlined

that status by choosing women to be among His closest friends in a day when they were generally regarded as of little account. They responded with a loving devotion that was unequalled by members of the other sex ; it is significant that the women of His company were the last to leave Him at the cross and the first to arrive at the empty tomb and to see the risen Christ.

One reason why women so often excel in the Christian virtues is surely that the secret of Christian is more readily apprehended by feminine intuition than by masculine reason. The driving force of the Christian faith is love — love for the highest when we see it. It was this love which drew men and women to the service of Christ, and, ever since he walked the earth, women whose hearts have been kindled by the love of Christ have been in the forefront of the service of their fellows ; which is the service of the One who said : “ Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these ye have done it unto Me.”

The inspiration of your noble profession found its origin in the love of Christ ; and never is your work more gloriously done than when you realise that, in ministering to the sick and suffering, you are ministering to Christ Himself.

So, as I wish you a happy Christmas, I pray that your work may be enriched by your own personal Christian faith.

V. J. PIKE CHAPLAIN-GENERAL.

Message to Princess Margaret

The following message was despatched to Her Royal Highness Princess Margaret, Colonel-in-Chief, Queen Alexandra's Royal Army Nursing Corps, on the occasion of her birthday :—

“ THE MATRON-IN-CHIEF AND DIRECTOR OF ARMY NURSING SERVICES AND ALL RANKS OF QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S ROYAL ARMY NURSING CORPS WITH THEIR HUMBLE DUTY SEND THEIR GREETINGS TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCESS, MARGARET THEIR COLONEL-IN-CHIEF, ON HER BIRTHDAY.”

The following gracious reply was received :—

“ BRIGADIER DAME HELEN GILLESPIE QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S ROYAL ARMY NURSING CORPS WAR OFFICE BERKELEY SQUARE W.I.

I DEEPLY APPRECIATE YOUR KIND MESSAGE I SEND MY WARMEST THANKS TO ALL RANKS OF QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S ROYAL ARMY NURSING CORPS FOR THEIR GOOD WISHES.

MARGARET, COLONEL-IN-CHIEF.”

A Privileged Leave

ONE of the delightful aspects of service life is the privilege of visiting, with travelling expenses paid, places which one would not normally be able to afford to visit.

While I was in Kenya, East Africa, I was lucky enough to be able to spend a night at "Treetops Hotel" in the Abadeare Forest. This "Hotel," which was built in a large fig tree, was the place where Her Majesty the Queen—then Princess Elizabeth—heard the sad news of the death of King George VI. The hotel has since been burnt down by the Mau Mau, but I shall always remember my visit with pleasure.

A small party of eight, we left our hotel after lunch and drove along a rough road for about twelve miles.

We got out of the car with some trepidation, which was not relieved by the white hunter in charge of the party asking one of the native boys where the elephants were !

We were warned to be quiet and set off into the forest in single file, the white hunter leading, with rifle at the ready. It was quiet, yet noisy with the rustle of leaves and small creatures in the undergrowth. Our leader put up a hand and we stopped. Surely there must be a lion ahead, but no—"Elephants were here last night" whispered the white hunter, pointing to a huge footprint on the ground. An ant was nibbling at my ankle. We moved on and eventually there it was—Treetops Hotel—We climbed up the ladder and it was almost an anti-climax to find that the place had all mod. cons. and even a bar !

Beneath the tree is a stretch of water and a salt lick. There would be little to see in the way of big game until nightfall, we knew, but we were entertained by the baboons, whose habits are, to say the least of it, unsanitary, but the babies are amusing. We settled down to watch, on the verandah, and towards dusk a belligerent rhinoceros came to drink at the pool. His lady friend, whom I doubt even another rhino would find beautiful, was firmly moved away by her escorting companion, and things were quiet for a while until after dinner.

When the moon rose we were visited by several buffalo. These appear to be rather like the domestic cow, but when wounded are most dangerous animals, as they will turn on their tracks and literally hunt the person who is hunting them !

Later the elephants came. They were so quiet that in the half-light they were drinking at the pool before we saw them. The herd consisted of several cows with babies. They drank for a short period, but seemed uneasy and very shortly removed into the forest, looking, for the most, like a lot of old gentlemen who had slept in their trousers ! One baby seemed uncertain as to which

elephant was her mother, and was softly pushed by the trunk of an elderly dowager until she found her correct parent.

The night passed swiftly, some of the party slept for a while, but most of us were too afraid of missing something. We had breakfast at 8 a.m.—scrambled eggs cooked by the white hunter, who seemed very proud of his cooking—and during breakfast we heard an elephant trumpeting, rushed to the verandah, and there, in full daylight, were our elephants. Ten huge beasts who had come for a morning drink.

We descended from the tree at 9 a.m. and made our way back through the forest, and by car, to our hotel, feeling very pleased with ourselves, and, dare I say it, just a little superior to those who had not paid a visit to "Treetops Hotel."

M. M. BERRY.

Sports News

1955 will be remembered not only for its glorious summer! It has been a very memorable summer, as far as the Q.A.'s are concerned, in the Sports world. The Army has won the Inter Services Tennis Cup back from the Royal Navy, and now hold it again for the first time since it was won by the Army in 1939.

P.M.R.A.F.N.S., were hostesses to the other two nursing services at the R.A.F. Station, Halton on a glorious summer day in July. Lieut. N. L. Isard from B.M.H. Iserlohn and Lieut. Sykes from Military Hospital, Catterick, had been selected to wear the Army Colours, and for Lieut. Isard it was a case of third time lucky, as she had represented the Q.A.R.A.N.C. unsuccessfully in 1954 and 1955. Lieut. Sykes had won the Medforth Cup at Woolwich earlier in the summer. The afternoon play opened with a match between the Q.A.R.A.N.C. and the P.M.R.A.F.N.S., and resulted in a comparatively easy win for the army pair, in two straight sets 6—2, 6—3. It had been very hot for play, and we, the Army supporters, hoped that after the success of our players would be able to rest, while the Royal Navy played the R.A.F. But after only a short rest the Army pair appeared on the court to tackle the holders, whom it was expected would go all out in their efforts to retain the Cup. This was the vital decisive match and proved very exciting for two or three sets. The Army pair started off very well and led in the first set by 3—1, only to lose this set 4—6. Successful change of tactics in the second set, from the forward net game to the bas line positions, resulted in the Army taking the second, very keenly contested, set 6—4. Flushed with the success of these tactics the Army pair went on to win the third and final set 6—2,



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and so the Q.A.R.A.N.C. had won the Inter Services Cup. After an excellent tea the R.A.F. beat the Royal Navy in a game which did not affect the result of the competition.

The spectators included the present Matrons-in-Chief of the three services, Miss Chapman, R.R.C., Q.A.R.R.N.S., Dame Helen Gillespie, O.B.E., R.R.C., Q.H.N.S., Q.A.R.A.N.C., Dame Roberta White, R.R.C., P.M.R.A.F.N.S., two former Matrons-in-Chief of the P.M.R.A.F.N.S., Major General W. A. D. Drummond, C.B., C.B.E., D.D.G.A.M.S. and Mrs. Drummond, Air Vice Marshall Fitzpatrick, Director of the R.A.F. Medical Services, and representatives of the three nursing services.

The Cup was presented by Dame Roberta White, R.R.C., and photographs of the players with the Matrons-in-Chief were taken after play ended. Now that we have regained it after such a long lapse, it is hoped the Q.A.R.A.N.C. will hold on to the Cup for longer than they did last time. A very pleasant afternoon ended with cocktails in the garden of the Nursing Officers Mess.

ATHLETICS.

The Depot & T.E. Q.A.R.A.N.C. has undoubtedly put itself on the sporting map this summer as far as athletic prowess is concerned. Two notable achievements have been gained. Private A. Powell is the new Womens Army Champion Javelin Thrower. She won this event at the Army Championships Athletic Meeting in Aldershot in July, where we also gained two second places and a third place in other events. Then, later in the month, the Unit Relay Team won the Army (Womens) Cup at the Inter Unit Athletics Meeting at Aldershot. On their way to this success they defeated teams from Q.A.R.A.N.C. and W.R.A.C. Units at District and Command Meetings. In winning this Cup they became the first Q.A.R.A.N.C. Unit Team to win a Cup at Army level, and are to be warmly congratulated, along with their trainer, C.S.M. Horsburgh of the Scots Guards.

TENNIS

The final of the B.A.O.R. Army Womens Tennis Singles was played at H.Q. Northag on Wednesday 21st. September, 1955. The finalists were Lieut. N. L. Isard, Q.A.R.A.N.C. and Lieut. J. Saffrey, W.R.A.C.

Colonel E. M. E. Dawe, D.D.A.N.S. presented the Shield to the winner, Lieut. N. L. Isard, Q.A.R.A.N.C.

Account of a T.A. Unit's Annual Camp

The Editor gently chides those of us who are retired members for our lack of contributions to the GAZETTE.

She is quite right of course, and it would be so interesting to hear of the activities of other Ex-Service members. I would be especially interested in hearing from those who, like myself, may have joined a T.A. Unit. There must be quite a lot of stories to tell of doings at Annual Camp and so on. Although we meet at least once a month at our H.Q., it is during the fourteen days annual training that we really become "Army" once again. I always love the feeling, on that first day, that I've never been away from it!

The station we depart from is seething with khaki-clad figures, and the civilians trying to go about their business there seem to belong to another world.

At our destination we get aboard the troop-carrying transport as if we were once more at Amyria or Tel-el-Kabir—and off to the camp site. Tents are viewed with mixed feelings—We all agree that we like a tent better than a hut, but in an English Summer—!

However, equipment is drawn and signed for, and soon the tent assumes that homely look. We old-timers go around giving advice to the newer members on how to deal with hurricane lamps, and canvas wash-bowls, and telling each other about kinds of tents we have lived in.

The "new girls," of course, soon became adapted to things military, and veterans of one year's camp can even show us a thing or two. We older ones have to do some adapting too, for many things are different, and if we are to be in this T.A. we might as well get it right. Hence the voluntary turn out in the early morning to drill Parade with a long-suffering Company Officer (R.A.M.C.)—In a secluded spot at first, but by the end of camp we were gratified at being able to turn out with the R.A.M.C. for a General's Inspection, and not one Q.A. putting a foot wrong!

The training programme varies from year to year and is usually full and varied—One gets back easily into the old routines, and learns about new ones. The new medical documentation seems formidable, but familiarity with the system during training exercises helps, also the visits to local Military Hospitals, where Matrons and Nursing Officers are unfailingly kind and helpful to contingents of T.A.'s who descend upon them.

Then there is the social side—We share a Mess with the R.A.M.C. and it works amicably! Mess nights and Guest nights are the high lights. We are often honoured then by the presence of visiting

Senior Army Officers—perhaps our Matron-in-Chief and Director of Army Nursing Services, who has accompanied the Inspecting General on his tour of the Unit. Then, of course, a visit to the Sergeants' Mess, with their bountiful hospitality, is a regular and enjoyable night out.

You don't really need to be athletic to take part in and enjoy the Unit Sports Day, which is always great fun, and the Nursing Officers have even proved themselves the "hopes of the side" at the Unit Cricket Match.

I hope this article may stimulate others to write about their T.A. activities, and perhaps, also, encourage others to join us.

(Signed) H. R. FLETCHER.

A.233.

An Appreciation of Lord Horder

The death of Lord Horder means a great loss to the Medical and Nursing Professions.

He was a great Physician, human, kind, patient, and with great sympathetic understanding to all patients who came under his care; his sincerity was beyond question.

An advice he once gave on leaving the bed-side of a poor patient influenced me during the whole of my nursing career, and still does. The woman was highly nervous and difficult. Dr. Horder—as he was then—spent some time in his examination; on completion, he took the nurse aside and said:—

"That patient is in a bad nervous state and you may be inclined to treat her as neurotic, but if you can get her well you will have done a greater work than the most interesting surgical operation, you will need great patience, care, and sympathetic understanding, then you will succeed, no amount of time spent on her will be wasted."

The patient made an excellent recovery, and one nurse never forgot that advice; I now pass it on to the other nurses.

(Signed) EMILY S. NEWTON.

A.1571.

A Church Fete in Hamburg

THE GREAT German port of Hamburg has not only been well known to British seamen for several centuries, but has for very many years now had its own quite considerable English community, and it was as long ago as 1838 that the little English Church of St. Thomas à Becket was founded on its present site in the Zeughausmarkt.

This church, which has seen two great wars (it was very badly



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damaged in World War II) is very dear to the English people in Hamburg, and when, this year, it was decided to have a Fête in order to raise very sadly needed funds, the organising committee under the chairmanship of Dr. J. K. Dunlop, Her Majesty's Consul-General in Hamburg, received whole-hearted support from many quarters.

June 18th was the date chosen for the Fête, and on the suggestion of our Commanding Officer, Colonel R. C. Langford, it was arranged to hold it in the grounds of the British Military Hospital.

Preparations soon started in earnest, and during the last week before the important day, there was a veritable hub of activity in the grounds of the B.M.H. and in the Y.M.C.A. in the hospital, where the stalls were to be held. It was considered wiser to have them inside as the weather was so uncertain.

The stalls were very superior affairs—no dreary sheet-covered tables—but quite professional looking constructions, and there were also "occasional" tables skilfully and artistically dressed in gay "petticoats" of coloured crepe paper. I think the Unit carpenter must have had a hand in the former, but the lady stall-holders, of course, were responsible for the rest.

The Admin. Officer and other enthusiastic members of the R.A.M.C. worked like Trojans preparing "Side shows" to be held in the grounds, and the former's office began to look a little unusual as it acquired more and more unorthodox equipment, such as coloured sunshades, home-made fishing rods, hundreds of cardboard fishes, and one or two sacks of coconuts!

The weather was a source of anxiety, but we need not have worried for the Padre's prayers were certainly answered. It was dull, wet and cold all the week, but on Saturday morning the sun started to shine and by lunch time it was a really perfect summer's day.

The Fête was opened by Sir Frederick Hoyer-Miller, British Ambassador in Germany, and Lady Hoyer-Miller, and they were accompanied by Dr. Dunlop, and the District Commander, Brigadier H. Long.

After the opening address by Lady Hoyer-Miller, Dr. Dunlop made a short speech and he ended by saying how sorry he was that the Church's Chaplain, the Reverend W. Sheen Evans, was prevented by illness from being present. He promised to write him a letter that night giving him an account of the Fête.

The formal opening ceremony being over, all the visitors prepared to enjoy themselves. Everywhere looked gay and festive, both in the Y.M.C.A., where the tastefully decorated stalls, with their fascinating assortment of goods, drew a constant stream of people, and the pleasant, sunny gardens, where "children" of all ages were enjoying the many intriguing "Side Shows." The

sunshades on the verandah added a bright splash of colour, so did many of the summer dresses to be seen everywhere, while the presence of numbers of carefree children and young people, contributed to the light-hearted gaiety of the occasion. An excellent German Police Band provided music throughout the afternoon.

The entrance fee of 1/6d. included tea. All the "eatables" had been made by the Hospital Cook, and he really had excelled himself, the wonderful array of cakes looked most tempting.

There were crowds of people everywhere and the numbers far exceeded the most optimistic expectations. About three hundred had been considered a generous estimate, but seven hundred actually attended. Admission tickets ran out, and so, eventually did the food!

I found the R.S.M. hopefully wandering into the room where the distinguished guests had had tea, to see if there was anything left there with which to replensish the dwindling stocks!

One of the final attractions was the drawing of the Raffle tickets, and among the handsome prizes, many of which had been given by German firms in Hamburg, were a radiogram and wireless set, a cocktail shaker and dressing case, as well as "gadgets" designed to delight the heart of the housewife, such as an electric polisher, a Hoover, and a particularly nice electric toaster.

Altogether it had been a wonderful afternoon, but what was more important, it had been the most successful Fête ever held in Hamburg.

The workers had had a long and tiring day, but they must have experienced a marvellous feeling of achievement when the result of their combined efforts was known—The Fête had made £450.

Donations from various sources have swelled this sum to the truly magnificent total of over £3,900.—This surely is proof, if one were needed, of the secure place the English Church occupies in the hearts of both English and German people in Hamburg.

Let us hope that this will long continue to be so, and may these hearts always echo the words of the Psalmist—"Lord I have loved the habitation of Thy House and the place where Thine honour dwelleth."

(Signed) LILIAN M. TIBBS.
L.117.

Branch News

New Zealand Branch

The fourth annual meeting of the New Zealand branch of Queen Alexandra's Royal Army Nursing Corps Association took place at the residence of Miss L. Kingston, Remuera. The president, Mrs. F. C. Webster, presided. The Association members are English Army nurses, and nurses who served in England or overseas.

The membership now stands at 54, with members scattered throughout both North and South Islands, stated the annual report, which was read by the Secretary, Miss Kingston.

Officers elected are :—Chairman, Mrs. F. C. Webster ; Vice-Presidents, Misses L. M. Cliffe and M. Wynne ; Hon. Secretary, Miss M. C. Thomson. Committee, Mesdames A. E. Hatfield, E. Troutbeck, W. H. Paterson, and Misses J. Alexander, M. Markwell, L. Kingston, and L. Browne.

A programme of vocal duets were given by Miss Kingston and Miss J. Holmes, with pianoforte solos also by Miss Holmes.

Book Review

“ AT THE END OF THE ROAD ” by Miss F. J. Dicksee, published by the Independent Press, Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, E.C.1. price 1/-.

This small pamphlet, written by one old lady from the depths of her experience of loneliness, is an effort to express the way in which she met the problem of growing old.

A booklet that may bring comfort to young and old.

M.H.

Kaiserswerth

KAISERSWERTH lies some 40 miles from the British Military Hospital Hostert. Originally a small village on an island on the Rhine near Dusseldorf, but now part of the mainland.

In 1883, a young man, Pastor Thomas Fliedner converted a small summer house in his garden to receive his first patient. From this small beginning arose the Kaiserswerth Institution and Order of Deaconesses which still stands today as a refuge for the sick and needy.

It was to Kaiserswerth that Florence Nightingale came in 1851 to learn something of nursing before going to Crimea.

Being so near Kaiserswerth, and anxious to see something of the place where Miss Nightingale spent some months of her life, the D.D.A.N.S. Colonel E. M. E. Dawe, Major Hinchey and I arranged to go there one very hot day in August of this year.

Arriving in Kaiserswerth we were directed to Fliednerstrasse, to the house of Herr von Luttichau, with whom we had arranged the visit.

He took us first to the garden that was once Pastor Fliedner's where still stands the original summer house, now known as the “ cradle of Nursing,” then to the house in which Miss Nightingale lived during her stay in Kaiserswerth. The house is still occupied

by Sisters of the Order of Deaconesses formed by Pastor Fliedner, and forms the original building of the Kaiserswerth Institution.

She occupied two tiny rooms, out of whose windows could be seen a glimpse of the shining waters of the Rhine, a view which gave her endless pleasure.

The Deaconess who occupies the rooms today was kind enough to show us round, and to point out to us an authentic black and white drawing of Miss Nightingale of that time, which hangs on the wall of the narrow corridor outside her rooms.

The present Institution lies some quarter of a mile away from the original one in Fliednerstrasse and its memories. A large concern, which, besides caring for the sick, has also a very large and flourishing school of gardening for "young ladies in their teens." As gardening and plant cultivation are very popular pastimes in Germany, perhaps this is not a surprising thing to find, if perhaps a little unusual. The students are housed in a large, modern, and apparently well-appointed house, surrounded—*naturlich*—by well-tended and pleasant flower beds.

Also at Kaiserswerth we saw a few members of a very large family of old and infirm Sisters, peacefully and quietly spending the twilight of their days in the gracious, wooded seclusion of the grounds of the Institution. All wearing uniforms which surely have altered very little in the last 100 years, consisting, as it does, of a long navy dress—although gown would be a better word,—as it reaches *right* down to the ground. A little cape of the same material, and a white starched muslin cap with goffered frill, and bows tied under the chin.

German nurses come here for a short period at the beginning of their training before going on to other hospitals which are nearer our own conception of medical and surgical hospitals.

It was altogether a most interesting visit, during which the utmost courtesy and kindness were extended to us.

Party Sweets for Christmastime

by Magda Joicey

Apple Darkies

Half a pound of brown sugar. 1 tablespoonful brandy
6 medium sized cooking apples.

The juice of 1 lemon. A few cloves

Peel the apples and cut them in half crosswise. Hollow out the centres and stick with a clove each and fill with sugar. Turn cut side down and pack closely into a shallow oven proof dish.

Take the rest of the sugar and mix it with the lemon juice and brandy. Put this mixture on top of the apples and cook very

slowly in a cool oven for 2 or 3 hours. Baste from time to time. When the apples are soft and the syrup thick and the colour of old brandy they are done. If the apples begin to disintegrate before the syrup is thick, take the dish out of the oven. Drain off the syrup and reduce it by boiling quickly for two or three minutes, then pour it back over the apples.

Serve ice-cold with rosettes of whipped cream to decorate. Or serve a dish of cream separately.

Zabaglione Yolk of 1 egg Half an eggshell of Marsala } per
Half an eggshell of caster sugar } 1 head

Whisk all the ingredients to a froth. Put the mixture in a thick saucepan and continue whisking over a low flame until there is no liquid left. Be very careful to look at the bottom of the pan frequently as you do not want your best party sweet to turn into scrambled eggs! Serve immediately in individual cups or glasses and hand round rataffias at the same time. If you can procure the Italian sort wrapped in brightly coloured papers so much the better.

An Appreciation and an Appeal

Once again I am going to ask those of you who can, to help us this Christmas.

Before I do this I feel I must thank all those Branches who have come to our aid this year and sent us such very generous donations, I know how much work has to be put in to any event that is going to produce money.

Now that Christmas is once more drawing near, the knowledge that because of your generous donations we are able to send many more gifts this year, I am sure will make you feel that all your hard work was worth while.

Should there be any members who feel that they would like to help us further I should be very glad to receive gifts of food, or food parcels (dry goods), or small gifts such as soap, handkerchiefs, scarves, etc.

You will realise without my pointing it out, that money-making activities could never be undertaken by the handful of voluntary workers at Headquarters. Headquarters being the connecting link holding all our members together, must always be entirely dependent upon members, particularly in Branches, for the extra funds required to carry out the work and aims of our Association.

E. H. MILLS, HON. FRIENDS
SECRETARY.

Holiday in Spain—September 1955

At 9.30 p.m. on 2nd September I set out by car for Minden, 8 miles away, to catch the through night Express for Paris, via Cologne and Liege. Alas the train was packed, so the First Class carriages were humanely filled with the old and infirm Third Class passengers. I had a seat, but got no sleep of course. On arrival in Paris at 8.30 next morning I took a taxi to a nice little hotel on the Avenue de Courcelles, which had been recommended by friends, and there a friendly chambermaid took me under her wing—fed me on delicious coffee and croissants—drew me a hot bath, and sent me forth refreshed. I did a happy mooch towards and around the Arc de Triomphe changed some money at an Agency, had an omlette at an enclosed pavement café, and tottered back to the hotel before 5 p.m. Traffic roared past outside, but I'd have slept on a bed of nails, and was unconscious for fourteen hours!

Petit Dejeuner in bed, and really feeling that Leave had started, then a stroll to the Parc Monceau, where I sat in the sun and watched children and their parents and nannies. It was a peaceful Sunday morning scene. Lunch at another restaurant—such fun to watch the world and his wife go by. In due course I made my way to "Nord" Station, and met Kathleen, ("Kiwi")—she had come from London under the auspices of the travel agency which had arranged our tour.

Lovely to see Kiwi again, and we were not exactly silent as we piled into a coach which took us to Austerlitz Station on the other side of the Seine. We had time for a meal so wandered down a little side street not far from the station, found a clean and homely little restaurant, and had a delicious and very cheap meal.

Then we were shepherded into 2nd Class "Couchettes"—six in a compartment—and the sexes are *not* separated! We were lucky as there were only four of us—the other pair were a man and his wife.

We awoke to a day of brilliant sunshine, and a landscape of vineyards, and little towns and villages, mostly of warm brown stone, and dominated by square towered churches. The green gradually changed to bare brown soil, and the edge of the Pyrenees as they near the sea.

We left the train at Perpignan, near the border, and had coffee and croissants at the Station before getting into a big motor coach. On by road, a glorious run down the Spanish coast, passing picturesque villages, rocky headlands, and numerous tempting beaches. The sparkling sea was most enticing.

At last Barcelona!—a lovely open town, of wide streets, with

avenues of big shady trees, fountains, and roaring traffic. Our hotel proved to be very central. Kiwi and I had a big room with two single beds, and an adjoining bathroom.

Mary was there to welcome us when we arrived, having come up from Gibraltar by plane and train. It was a happy reunion, for we three had holidayed together in September 1954, when we motored down the Rhine bank.

We were near to the famous "Ramblas"—a broad street, lined with shops full of tempting goods. The wide centre of the street paved for a promenade, shaded by enormous shady trees, with stone seats for the weary, or just lazy, (lots of these in Spain!)—newspaper booths, cages of birds and animals for sale *and* stalls banked high with flowers.

We decided that the best way to see places of interest would be to go on one or two organised tours. These are easily arranged for one by the Reception clerk in any hotel. We saw the "Monumental," a very high column, overlooking the harbour, with a figure of Christopher Columbus on the top, with his finger pointing out to sea. At the quayside lies a model of his ship the "Santa Maria"—how small and frail it looks to have braved the unknown terrors of the Atlantic. Apparently Columbus never realised to the day of his death just what he had discovered, and thought it was India!

The Cathedral is a vast black cave, with candles to make the darkness visible. Shafts of colour come from the lovely windows.

We also visited the Municipal Buildings, very fine they are too and contain some beautiful paintings and murals. One room has been decorated by a modern painter with murals all in gold, brown and black—most effective—depicting the rape of Naples by the Catalonians—a grim tale of reprisal for treachery.

We then visited the fascinating "Museum of Popular Arts"—its setting a Spanish Village, which contains reconstructions of the various types of Spanish architecture, from the Moorish architecture of the South, to that of the North, which was not influenced by the eight hundred years of Moorish (and incidentally Mahomedan) occupation. In each part of this enchanting village are shops and workshops where typical goods and crafts may be seen and bought.

After a very good lunch at a clean little restaurant in a side street off the Ramblas (piled plate of savoury macaroni, steak and chips, and fruit, all for 13 Pesetas or 2/2d.!) we decided the good old Spanish custom of the siesta should be adhered to!

Shopping was the order of the evening and any spare time we could find. Oh for a bottomless purse! for there was much to tempt, especially with Christmas beginning to loom. The dolls are

lifelike, with pretty tanned faces and sparkling eyes, dressed according to the different provinces, mostly holding castanets or with fan-frilled and ruffled dresses, shawls, flowers and combs in their hair, and grace in every line.

The mantillas are lovely—mostly of black lace, though some exquisite white ones were also for sale. Most shops sell articles made from Toledo steel—knives of course, also ear-rings and brooches in damascene ware. The leather work is good, very supple and beautifully finished, but not cheap.

Next day we went on another tour, and among other places visited the church of "La Sagrada Familia" (The Sacred Family), started in 1887 by Antonio Gaudi, who died before it was completed. I have never seen such a conglomeration, various fruits, angels playing trumpets, shells, coloured tiles, a green stone Xmas-tree, children, animals, birds, biblical scenes (some of these are exquisite), towers surmounted by tiles, and green tiled crosses!! It is planned to complete this unique church when enough funds are available.

Then the bus started to climb, via a very twisty road to the top of Mount Tibidabo, which overlooks the city, and is a popular resort in the hot months. Although it was hot and steamy in Barcelona we were glad of our wraps at the top. We passed some pretty, Bougainvillea festooned villas on the way up. At the top is a Church, a luxury hotel, restaurants, bars, a type of Ferris Wheel, and an aeroplane on a huge pivot, to give thrills to those who want to go yet further towards Heaven!

The guide advised us to go into the church to listen to the singing. It proved to be an ordinary evening service and the choir consisted of about twenty boys aged from 10 to 14, dressed in hideous blue and white striped tunics. The singing was less than mediocre, and no soloist. I do love to hear a young boy's voice. Apparently these boys are novices for the priesthood. Spain is full of priests, so we saw one source of supply!

On the 8th we started on the next lap of our travels, by air to Majorca.

When the island came into sight we saw mountains rising in tiers behind it's Eastern coast a convulating coastline, with glimpses of sandy beaches. We dropped down at Palma airport, and found a taxi to take us across the island. An ancient vehicle, like most on Majorca, which made heavy weather of any gradient. We motored through a poor and arid landscape—most of the dwellings looked poverty stricken, and each had it's windmill, (but we saw no Don Quixote!). There were numerous laden fig trees, and the ubiquitous olive trees. After about an hour's run with a few sprints on the down slopes! we came to our destination, Porto Christo, a

little white town on a dazzling blue sea. We had been warned by the travel agent that it had been "discovered," and that on certain days coach loads of trippers descend for an hour or so at lunch time, and so we found it on arrival—the Bougainvillea draped verandah of our hotel, and the big restaurant inside were filled with a happy holiday crowd. We were welcomed by one of the two fair haired, grey eyed sons of the proprietor, charming lads who spoke good English. We had an excellent lunch at 3.30 p.m. and then installed ourselves in our three nice rooms in the annexe, which was upstairs, facing onto a courtyard, open to the sky, and green with potplants, most attractive against the white walls and tiles. Downstairs was a curio shop, and the friendly proprietress looked after us well.

In three minutes one could be on the beach—we picked a spot at the further end of some flat rocks, with fig trees for shade, and for sustenance, for we soon found some ripe ones! It was an idyllic existence, and we wished we had arranged for more than 48 hours there. The sea was warm and crystal clear, so it was heavenly bathing. I was reminded of my native Australian seas—as was Kiwi of New Zealand. The hotel was excellent, and the food really superb. For anyone wanting a restful and inexpensive holiday Porto Christo would be ideal. One could live handsomely for less than a pound a day.

We dragged ourselves away, again by taxi, and on the way to Palma passed numerous primitive wooden carts, drawn by donkeys or mules. The straw-hatted countryfolk in them looked poor, but very happy and with rosy tanned faces. On looking at the big map of Majorca, given to me on the 'plane, I see that there are several small streams to the East of Palma, which explains the dramatic change to vivid green a few miles outside the town—irrigation canals watered fields of Indian Corn and other crops, with plantations of Almond, Fig, and Olive trees.

Palma proved to be a large town, hugging the enormous horse-shoe of the bay, and dominated by the Cathedral. Rooms had been booked for us in a charming little pension, with attractive, topical murals decorating the walls of the rooms. Traffic roared, screeched, and shouted outside, but we quickly became accustomed to it and slept like logs. We went for an evening walk and incidentally bought a large bottle of nectar, or, in other words, the local white wine—for the equivalent of 1/4d.!

Next day we took a taxi for the half hour's run to Palma Nova—stretch of beach, backed by pine trees. There we hired three of the most luxurious deck-chairs I have ever seen!—lean back and one is *on* one's back, gazing up at the tree tops—a temptation to do exactly nothing! However we gathered enough energy to have some bathes, and eat our picnic lunch.

The following day was a red letter day of the tour, for we did a trip to Valldemosa. Does the name convey anything to you?—it was Chopin's and George Sand's retreat from 1838 to 1839. How amazed those two lovers would have been to see the hundreds of pilgrims, musical and otherwise, who throng the place now-a-days Our car climbed up and up into the very beautiful wooded mountains, until we saw the long shape of the Monastery stretched along the hillside, with its red tiled roof and vivid green patches of garden in front. It is a Carthusian Monastery, and today houses some hundreds of monks, but in 1835 all religious orders were eliminated by order of the Spanish Government, and so the Monastery was sold, and its cells and other outbuildings acquired by various proprietors, who converted them to private living quarters, generally using them as summer residences, and letting some of them during the Winter. That is how it happened that the tubercular Chopin and his devoted mistress went to stay there in the hope that the pure mountain air would effect a cure. I saw a drawing of Georges Sand hanging on one of the walls—not in masculine clothes as I had pictured her, she had a handsome face with beautiful dark eyes, and rather square jaw—undoubtedly a dominant personality! She took her two children and a French maid with them—what a strange ménage it must have been. They occupied cells 2 and 4. In cell 2 is the very small upright Majorcan piano which was used by the composer until he received the Pleyel which he had ordered from Paris. On this little piano Chopin composed some of his lovely Preludes. The Pleyel Grand is in cell 4, and with its assistance he composed some great and inspiring music—a ballad some polonaises, etc. One can see a plaster cast of Chopin's hand—a typical pianist's hand, with its square tipped fingers, and look of pliant strength. Surely still vibrating in the air were the echoes of his exquisite melodies. We saw the prior's cell, quite a sumptuous apartment, with four-poster bed and rich hangings, and collections of good pottery and paintings, and an elaborately carved chair. The Apothecary's Shop was fascinating with the numerous pots of valuable Catalonian ceramic, many of which still contain old drugs. Old scales and pestles and mortars are on the counter as if ready for use. Everything in the shop dates from the 17th Century.

Adjacent to the monastery are the remains of King Sancho's Palace. (He was one of the Majorcan kings). Still intact is the banquetting hall, where exhibitions of local folk dances are given by young men and girls of the district. We took our places with many others, on seats ranged around the walls of the fine room, with its painted ceiling. This peasant dancing was delightful to watch, in some ways akin to our own country dances, it is graceful, smooth in its weavings in and out, its dips and sways, its occasional linked arm,—and bow and courtesy to begin and end. The girls held castanets

so that the clack of these accompanied the dances throughout. Music was provided by a small band, composed of several guitars and one violin—the performers wore a kind of flattened out bowler hat, baggy black trousers, white shirts, and black bolero jackets. The male dancers added a coloured cummerbund, and a gay head scarf instead of the hat. The girls wore very full, almost ankle length, skirts, which ballooned out, in their various colours, as they spun in the dance : black tightly fitting bodices, with elbow-length sleeves, and a white lace mantilla worn quite differently here from anywhere else—with the point hanging down at the back, the centre of the longest side above the middle of the forehead, then taken, joined below the chin, and the two ends sewn together to the tip, making a “ V,”—most becoming to these obviously sweet and unsophisticated young girls, with their rather round faces and big dark eyes. The male dancers were mostly very good looking too, especially one lad who reminded me of pictures of Rudolph Valentino. Two very sweet children also danced for us—the girl was about ten I should think, and the boy about seven—they were charming, and quietly self-possessed.

Back to the centre of the town for a late lunch at a very nice restaurant we had discovered the night before. Meals in Spain and the Balearics are always late by our standards—breakfast any old time, lunch about 2 p.m. and 10 p.m. is supposed too early for dinner !—however we did not suffer quite to that extent, for our hotels catered for the tourist, and dinner was available from 9 p.m. onwards. For those who regularly take a siesta it is alright, but after a day of unbroken sightseeing one longed for early bed.

We had been told that the trams in Palma radiate from the centre like spokes of a wheel, so took some rides on these noisy bone-shakers, and got a good general idea of this attractive town, with its many avenues of trees and palms. Near the Cathedral are some small public gardens, gay with flowers, which we admired on our way to see that enormous pile. The West front overlooks the harbour, and from the ramparts outside we got a fine view. The main doors were all locked, but a small girl showed us an entrance leading from an alley at the back. A service was in progress, but soon ended, and we were free to wander and admire the wonderful rose windows and the other windows, illuminated by the setting sun. This Cathedral was filled with light, a welcome change from the gloom of so many in Spain. The Palma Cathedral surpasses in height and breadth nearly every other Gothic church in Europe. The aisles are very wide for the roof is supported by a double row of pillars.

Back to the Airport again next day for the flight to Valencia. We found our seats in the 'plane, but had to get out again as one engine wasn't ticking over properly, and we had some coffee while we waited. When we did take off it was an enjoyable hour and a

half's flight. There were a number of fleecy clouds below us, which cast shadows on the dazzling blue of the sea.

On arrival we took the Airport bus into Valencia, and were charmed by first impressions of the town, which is very clean and well kept, with many fine buildings. The late arrival was our undoing for when our taxi arrived at the agent's office we found that he had gone for lunch and siesta, and would not return until 4.30 at the earliest. As he had been instructed to make our hotel booking and look after us on arrival we were left in mid air so to speak. However the friendly caretaker unlocked the office so that we could dump our luggage, and told us where to look for a restaurant. We quite soon found the nicest of all we had experienced—through an archway, along a tiled passage, and into a garden. We sat in the shade of trees and a straw awning, and had a delicious meal. The fruit there was served in a large bowl, and packed in lots of chipped ice—I thought "What a cool idea for a hot day in Australia." So we lingered over the meal, which we had not started until about 3 p.m. and wandered back to the agent at 4.30. We found that he had got our hotel rooms alright, but had misread the telegram from the English agent and instead of getting us TAF train seats from Tarragonna to Madrid they were booked from *Valencia* to Madrid, he hadn't been very bright, for he had procured our train tickets from Valencia to Tarragonna, for two days hence! As at that late stage it was impossible to get us seats except possibly on a very slow train, we decided to cut Tarragonna out altogether, and have an extra day in Valencia and in Madrid—and later thanked our stars that we had done so, as there was so much to see in and around Madrid.

We were immediately struck with the absence of foreigners. Apart from groups of American sailors here and there, from a big Aircraft Carrier, everyone seemed to be Spanish but us.

Two minutes from the hotel and we were in a lovely central square, from which many of the main shopping streets radiated.

We went for a morning coach tour of the town next day, and found we had the whole coach and a very nice guide to ourselves! We visited what was the Parliament House—now the "Provincial Council House"—full of good paintings—the ceilings are particularly fine, many being of carved wood, some of these entirely covered with gold leaf. There is a tripartite government, Civil, Ecclesiastical, and Military, and everywhere are the three badges or signs, an angel for the first, Virgin and Child for the second, and a knight in armour on horseback for the last. Then to the Town Hall with its historical pictures, documents and books. On to the Museum of Fine Arts, where there is a fine collection of paintings by Spanish artists: several Goyas, one self portrait by Valasquez some by Spinoza, and others. One caught our eyes, of an Admiral, obviously of Nelson's period as his uniform was so similar

to that in paintings of him. The guide said that it was a Spanish admiral of the name of—O'Connor! Thereby must surely hang a tale!

Then we went to the Central Market, an enormous area covered by a curved glass roof, and surmounted by a large metal cockatoo, with raised crest. The guide said it was because the market women chatter d like a lot of parrots! How right he was! It was a colourful and fascinating scene—fish of all shapes, sizes, and colours not forgetting the octopus, from baby size upwards. Meat of all kinds, and the sausages were almost as varied as in Germany. Piles of lovely fruit and vegetables, and the flower stalls were a mass of colour—carnations, roses, dahlias, and many others.

The Cathedral is a fine building, and still bears scars from the Civil War. We were shown a very pseudo "Holy Grail," of gold, alabaster, and studded with precious stones! The guide naively said that there is another in Palestine!

As we motored through a narrow street in the old city we looked through various archways into enclosed patios, very picturesque with their palms and pot plants.

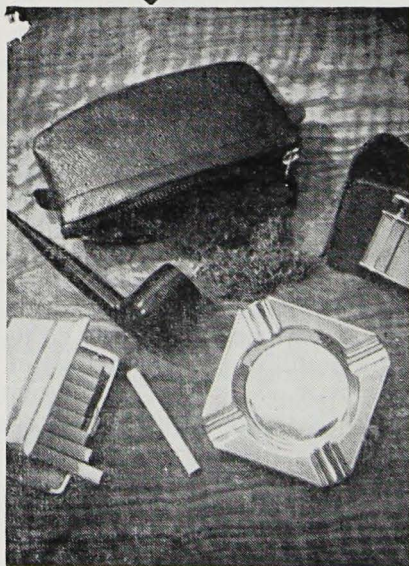
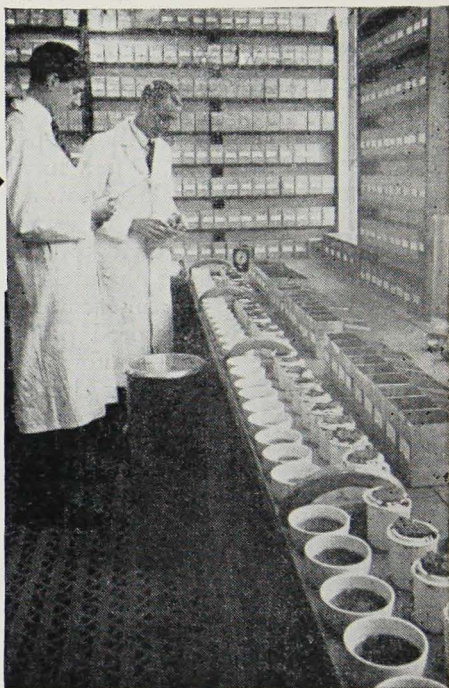
We were a very tired trio by lunch time so had a siesta after a delicious lunch in "our" lovely restaurant. Refreshed, we sallied forth for more shopping, and then sat at a pavement cafe, to watch the evening promenade, most entertaining.

After two tiring days we decided the thing to do was to relax, so took a bus to the coast, half an hour's run away. The route went through a corn growing district, and we were interested to see the threshed grain lying on large threshing-floors of cement. It was not the only thing that seemed to go back to B.C. for man and his mule, his simple plough, and his bare hands seemed all this primitive countryside need. The beach proved to be a peaceful spot indeed—not a house or an hotel—there was certainly a restaurant, otherwise wooden and woven shelters, with wooden tables and chairs, adjacent to a counter where drinks could be purchased, and nearby equally unpretentious changing rooms. We settled ourselves comfortably, and had some delicious light Spanish beer with our picnic lunch, after a bathe among the waves and breakers—it was a much rougher sea than off the Majorcan coast. After that lovely day and an early night we felt new women, and ready for the next move—to our last destination in Spain—Madrid.

We got up at our leisure, had an early lunch, then to the station to catch the "TAF" train. These are diesel trains, all second class, and very clean and comfortable—very few stops also so we got to Madrid by about 10.30 p.m. A thrilling taxi ride to our hotel, for we went along one or two of the main wide streets, very gay with crowds of cheerful people, wonderful fountains playing, and lots of neon lights. Again our hotel proved to be right in the centre of

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things, and we were given comfortable rooms—noisy, yes!—but we were accustomed to that and slept through the hurly-burly with the greatest of ease!

We had a look at the shops next morning and bought some Christmas presents. After lunch a conducted tour of the city. First to the Royal Palace, now a museum, very dusty and neglected looking, and parts of it in very bad repair. It is full of treasures though, wonderful, vivid tapestries, paintings by Goya, El Greco and others, exquisite chandeliers of Spanish glass (some of it very like Venetian), graceful furniture, some of it marvellously inlaid.

Afterwards we motored past many new buildings on the outskirts of the town—uniformly hideous, barrack-like red brick buildings—the expanding University but why they feel the necessity to have anything so ugly is hard to understand. We then visited a little chapel, where Goya is buried, and which is decorated with murals painted by that artist—those on the interior of the dome were wonderfully lifelike figures, and appeared to be leaning over a balustrade, in fact I liked those paintings better than any of the many of his we saw. Nearby was a wine-cellar cum bar with tables and chairs, where a particularly delicious draught cider, made from local apples, is sold for a few pesetas a glass—very refreshing for weary sight-seers!

Next morning we visited the Prado, which ranks with the Louvre in Paris as one of the finest art-galleries in the world. It is vast, and one could spend days there—however we knew pretty well what we wanted to see, and looked first at the well known Spanish artists, most of whom had a large room to himself—Valasquez—Goya—Spinoza—and El Greco (“The Greek” who lived in Spain), with his weird attenuated, unhappy looking figures, mostly with a greenish pallor, and always with the two middle fingers of an emaciated hand together. Most of the pictures were religious ones, with stress on the agonies of the Martyrs. A pity not to depict the “Fruits of the Spirit”: love, joy, peace, etc! By comparison the Italian School was very robust and wholesome glorious groupings and colour, and absolutely full of life and vigour.

There had been some showers since we had arrived in Madrid, but fortunately the afternoon was fine, for we had planned to go to a Bull fight! We felt that we couldn't possibly be in Spain and not do so. We left in good time, and took a taxi to the “Plaza del Torros” (the Bull Ring), an enormous circular arena, with tiers of stone seats going up and up. Prices vary according as to whether one is in the “Sol” (the cheapest), the “Sombra,” (the dearest), or the “Sol y Sombra” (sun to start with, then shade as the sun sinks). We were in the last, having hired cushions for a peseta each (2d.)—very necessary! and were in good time as we wanted to watch the people arrive. It was indeed entertaining, as the crowd grew the air of excitement mounted. There were sellers of pro-

grammes and sweets, paper hats, with a peak for shade, and fans. In the meantime the arena was being used for advertisements—large hoardings were propped up, or laid flat on the ground, and a ridiculous “bottle” with a man inside, perambulated up and down and around! it was completely incongruous. Then they cleared all that away, and a water cart circled the arena several times, and the sand was raked smooth once more! Time to start! I had read a book or two on the training of the bulls, and of the men who take part, (read Marguerite Steen’s “Bulls of Parral”) and tried to keep an unprejudiced mind on the whole thing, but there is no doubt that it is a very cruel sport. The first stages, are terrifically exciting. Punctually at 4.30 the Procession of the Cuadrilla comes into the arena, each matador is followed by all his peones and subordinates. He who is new to the ring walks bareheaded as a sign of respect, carrying his typical black hat. The oldest matador walks on the right. They wear wonderful gold embroidered capes, which they offer to their friends at the barriers, and at the same time collect their working capes. The peones (beginners) wear capes lined with cerise, and the matador with scarlet. The first bull was trotting into the ring almost before I realised. The bulls have never left their home fields until this day, and have never seen a red cape, but they come of a strain tested and noted for courage. Bulls for first class fights must be five years old. Until they are 3 years old they are called “Terceros,” and from 3 to 4 years old “Novillos.” We only saw “Novillos,” but they were fine animals, and heartbreakingly brave.

Trumpets sound a fanfare as the bull enters, and at every important stage of the fight. They are opposite to where the President sits, high up in a box. The peones “receive” the bull with their capes, standing handy to a barrier for a speedy exit if necessary!—and it usually is!—but no running for shelter by the matador himself who then takes on the bull. It rushes him again and again, while the matador stands his ground until the last flick of a second, when he makes a wonderfully graceful pass with the cape to one side or the other. These are called “Faroles.” Then the mounted peones, called “Picadores” await the attack of the bull. The horses are well padded these days, and are blindfolded on the side presented to the bull.

When the bull charges the horse, the mounted picador arrests him with a long metal spike, which he stabs into the centre of the back, just behind the shoulders. On several occasions it was difficult to dislodge, with the result that the picador and horse are down and the bull on top, goring at the horse’s padding like a mad thing. At this stage I couldn’t bear to look, and was always amazed, when I did look up, to see the horse and rider upright and apparently unshaken. After three attacks at the mounted picador the peones stand, holding “Banderillas,” which are sharp darts

on long decorated sticks. They await the charge of the bull, standing in a most graceful tense backward arch, arms above head, holding a banderilla poised in each hand. At the psychological split second the darts are planted in the bull's back and the peone leaps to one side—terribly exciting to watch, but by this time the unfortunate animal is bleeding and trying to dislodge the horrid sharp things stuck in his back. Sometimes it is the matador himself who places the banderillas. The crowd get quite frenzied with excitement, shouting "Olé" at each coup by the matador. When it is time for the kill (and it is supposed not to take longer than 15 minutes from the time the bull enters the ring), the trumpets sound, the torero(matador) takes the sword in one hand, and his montera (hat) in the other and asks the president for permission to make the lethal thrust. Having obtained this (the president rises and bows) he and his peones play the exhausted animal from one to another, round and round in a circle, until it usually collapses to the ground—at this stage, or just before, the torero watches and takes his chance to sink his knife at the base of the brain, and the bull, at last out of his misery, dies without even a twitch. The crowd go mad, and if they are particularly pleased with the matador's skill, wave their handkerchiefs madly, which means that he can have the honour of being presented with an ear and various unmentionables! A team of mounted mules come in, dragging a harness—the dead bull is attached to this and quickly removed. I understand that it is cut up with lightning speed, and is sold later in the butchers' shops. The triumphant matador then makes a tour of the ring, acknowledging the frantic applause, while various gifts are thrown into the ring, not to mention the hats and coats of his admirers!—these last are tossed back by the peones. Before there is time to take a deep breath another bull is trotting in, and the whole thing repeated. It is customary for six bulls to be slaughtered in an afternoon—to make this "Roman Holiday."

As we left we said, "never again!"

There were all day trips planned for our only two remaining days—the first to see The Escorial, the enormous monastery built by that strange monarch, Philip II. Through him, there is a link with England, for his second wife was Elizabeth I's elder sister, Mary, ("Bloody Mary") After Mary's death he made advances to Elizabeth, but she wouldn't look at him! She a staunch Protestant, and he "His most Catholic Majesty! At the centre is a very fine church, containing numbers of paintings, (by Goya if I remember rightly), a painted ceiling, and an elaborate altar, but in spite of all the colour a feeling of bleakness, difficult to describe—as if the personality of Philip was superimposed. His very small, and rather cell-like room is adjacent, and planned so that he could watch Mass being celebrated from his bed. He is supposed to have made a remark to the effect that he had built a palace for God, and a

small room for himself! The monastery houses some hundreds of monks today. We tramped miles of corridors, and among many other things saw a fine library and picture gallery, and the Throne Room with its beautiful tapestries, and gold lions on either side of the throne. In an adjacent small room are two small wooden chairs on which Philip used to put his gouty leg.

It was a relief to get into the normality of the open air! We had lunch in the luxurious Philip II Hotel.

Before starting on the hour's run back to Madrid, the guide took us to see the Palace of the Princes, where Royalty would come and spend a day. Quite unpretentious from the outside, but inside a veritable casket of glorious tapestries, and lovely ornaments. The ceilings were all painted by an Italian artist, in a complicated, and varied design, of flowers and conventional patterns. There were no bedrooms, as it was never used overnight.

We were still fresh enough to go out into the gay and crowded streets that evening, and do a little more shopping. From 5 o'clock onwards Madrid is certainly a very gay place—we were only sorry that we had not enough energy to sample the night life.

Next day we were at Cook's at 9 a.m. to set out for the one and a half hour's run to Toledo—South-West across flat, arid plains, and then a climb, until we stopped on a rocky shelf, with a bird's eye view of the town, a monochrome in light brown, with the sharp spires of its churches and of the Cathedral piercing the horizon. In the foreground the Tagus river rushed along, and tumbled over a dam. A picturesque donkey, laden with attractive pottery was a source of interest, and the squat little owner made a number of sales.

Our pleasant guide, hustled us into the coach, down the hill once more to the Cathedral. The guide was particularly knowledgeable here for he had served as an acolyte for five years. This, he said, was his "Born Town!" One is apt to become confused when seeing so many Cathedrals, but I remember vividly the cloisters with their Moorish arches, and looking into a central garden—rather neglected, but lovely with the cypresses against the old stone walls. Inside I fell in love with an exquisite statue of Virgin and Child, for the Babe had a hand stretched out to touch his mother under the chin, and on her face is the sweetest and most mischievous smile. She reminded me of the winsome face on Leonardo da Vinci's Virgins. The Cathedral is a fine one, with such lovely carving, and glorious stained glass windows.

Toledo is a town of old narrow streets, and startlingly beautiful doorways surmounted and surrounded with beautiful carvings. We visited a Synagogue, with a lovely interior of mosaic and carvings, and again graceful Moorish arches, small ones, set high up in the walls.

We visited El Greco's house, attractive with its courtyard, with

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rooms leading off, Spanish style. There is a balcony leading off the upstairs room—an almost complete square. A very pretty garden outside the red tiled house, where he wandered and sat in the shade for a few minutes.

Our train left at 9.30, and we were in our 1st Class reserved seats in good time.

We returned to Madrid and there our ways parted, and having said goodbye to my friends I returned to Germany.

E. A. HORROCKS.

Donations Received

For Q.A.R.A.N.C. Association Funds.

| | £ | s. | d. | |
|--------------------------------|-----|----|----|--------------------|
| Hindhead Branch | 5 | 8 | 9 | |
| Mrs. Otway | 3 | 0 | 0 | |
| Chaplain General's Fund | 3 | 3 | 4 | |
| Malta Branch (£10) | 9 | 17 | 6 | (Sterling) |
| Army Benevolent Fund | 375 | 0 | 0 | |
| Hamburg Branch | 25 | 0 | 0 | |
| Hannover Branch | 85 | 0 | 0 | |
| Hong Kong Branch | 400 | | | Hong Kong dollars. |

APPOINTMENTS

Lt. Col. M. B. Ferrier R.R.C. to B.M.H., Iserlohn on 11th August, 1955.

Lt. Col. E. M. Gaunt R.R.C. to A.D.A.N.S. and Matron No. 33 General Hospital, Hong Kong vice Lt. Col. I. I. Scruton R.R.C.—R.H.E. August, 1955.

PROMOTIONS

July—Lt.-Col. to Col. : G. Cocking (4th), Major to Lt.-Col. : B. M. Fitzpatrick (4th), Capt. to Major : M. I. Wilmshurst (21st). Lieut. to Capt. : S. A. O'Shee (4th), M. T. Sullivan (21st), C. E. L. Jones (28th), B. A. Emmett (29th).

August—Capt. to Major : W. Polson (18th), M. E. Warrilow (30th). Lieut. to Capt. : M. E. Brown (8th), S. Ryan (8th), S. D. Bamford (8th), A. Moss (8th), B. D. Waller (8th), J. M. Brooks (11th).

September—Capt. to Major : K. J. Roberts (18th). Lieut. to Capt. : K. M. Godber (2nd), M. M. Longden (13th), Y. M. Creaser (26th), A. S. L. Anderson (26th), V. M. Rooke (26th), L. Vaughan (26th), B. Kitson (26th), M. Potter (29th).

RETIREMENTS AND RESIGNATIONS

July—Col. M. A. V. Soutar, R.R.C. Capts. M. J. Brennan, A. Osborn (*née* Mills). Lieuts. A. M. Davies (*née* Proctor), M. Barnett (*née* Smith), J. M. Levey (*née* Blunt), S. M. Roe (*née* Bennett-Powell), M. L. Coward (*née* Brand), E. M. Lloyd-Roberts (*née* Byers), N. Powell (*née* Forbes) M. Masson (*née* Curtis).

August—Capts. G. Anderson, E. B. Welch, S. Tidd, A. C. O'Neill. Lieuts. N. H. Wilson (*née* Plumb), E. M. Pickard (*née* O'Brien), A. M. Mathers, O. G. E. George, M. C. Cowie, M. H. Murchie, J. M. Spires, B. P. Sampson, P. B. Clifford (*née* O'Sullivan), E. M. E. Taylor, M. M. Morrison, N. E. Leanord, E. F. Brazenor, P. Stott (*née* Drower).

September—Capts. P. M. McCormack, E. M. Stapleton, J. Westmore, M. F. P.

Kirkham, B. Wood. Lieuts. A. M. Watling (*née* Thorne), J. M. Eley (*née* Davies), J. I. Syred, J. M. Stokes, J. M. Allen, J. M. Page, J. Lenane, R. Farrelly, D. M. Ruther, K. Payne, M. M. Gibson, K. M. McNamara, G. M. Swinburn, J. P. R. Carter, E. M. Leamon P. Turner, B. S. Aldridge (*née* Bolland), A. S. Lawson (*née* Hadwin), B. L. Barry (*née* Sadd), B. M. Thurbank (*née* Anderson).

DEATHS

Deaths.

CLARKE.—At Edinburgh, recently, Miss P. Clarke, late Sister Q.A.I.M.N.S.
 GRAHAM.—On Oct. 9th 1955, Lt.-Col. Nina Alicia Graham, Q.A.I.M.N.S. (R.R.C. retd.), of 7, Goodwin Avenue, Swalecliffe, Kent.
 MARKWICK.— On Oct. 27th. 1955 at Manor House, Bexley, Kent, Miss A. C. Markwick, late Matron Q.A.I.M.N.S.
 HERITAGE.— Died recently in Tasmania, Australia, Miss E. Heritage was a member of the Association. She served with the Q.A.R.A.N.S. (R)

MARRIAGES

Marriage.

Lieut. M. L. Brand, Q.A.R.A.N.C. and Mr. J. Coward, at St. Andrew's Church, Hornchurch, on 29th July, 1955.

CONGRATULATIONS

Congratulations to Miss W. Hughes appointed Matron of St. James' Hospital, Leeds. She served in the Q.A.I.M.N.S./R. and is at present Assistant Matron, Selby Oak Hospital, Birmingham.

Postings from and Reversions to Home Establishment, July - Sept. 1955

From B.A.O.R.

Capt. A. C. O'Neill
 Lieut. M. C. Cowie
 Lieut. O. G. E. George
 Major M. Ryan
 Lieut. M. H. Murchie
 Capt. S. Taylor
 Lieut. G. M. Swinburn
 Lieut. P. Turner
 Lieut. E. M. Leamon
 Lieut. K. Payne
 Lieut. J. M. Allan
 Lieut. M. M. Gibson
 Lieut. J. I. Syred
 Major E. C. Long
 Lieut. D. Page
 Lieut. R. S. Godfrey
 Major E. J. Crook
 Lieut. M. Turner
 Pte. P. L. J. Harper
 Pte. K. Kneafsey
 Pte. O. M. Smith
 Pte. J. Jones
 Pte. J. Singer
 Pte. J. Hunter

Pte. A. J. Matthews
 Pte. E. Golden
 Cpl. L. Monteith (*née* Ingram)
 Pte. S. M. Stokes
 Pte. J. M. Parker
 Cpl. N. Quinn
 Pte. D. M. Sidway
 Pte. E. R. Flint
 Cpl. K. V. Berry
 Pte. K. Garrett

From East Africa

Major E. Quinton
 Capt. G. Anderson
 Lieut. V. M. McManus
 Pte. S. McLaing

From F.A.R.E.L.F.

Lieut. M. K. McNamara
 Lieut. B. D. Waller
 Lieut. M. Letch
 Major M. M. Mount
 Lieut. M. E. Stokes
 Lieut. R. McCallum
 Capt. D. Watts
 Capt. E. M. Stapleton
 Lieut. Y. M. Creaser

Lieut. K. Fawcett
Lieut. J. M. Stokes
Lieut. J. Lenane
Capt. M. Seabrook
Capt. J. Lester
Lieut. B. Kitson
Lieut. N. E. Leonard
Major E. Roberts
Major B. S. Hackett
Capt. J. Clark
Lieut. M. Rowley
Pte. M. Lane
Cpl. D. M. Wells
Pte. M. V. Palmer
Pte. D. Tuson
Cpl. P. M. Elmes
Sgt. J. E. Jones
Pte. I. Carter
Pte. S. Nutbeam
Pte. J. D. C. Davis
Pte. B. Abraham
Pte. A. C. Shelley
Cpl. M. T. McLernon
Pte. M. E. Belier
Pte. M. Blomeley
S&Sgt. S. A. Jacques

From West Africa

Lieut. J. K. Morgan
Lieut. M. Waddington
Major B. M. Robertson

From Malta

Capt. J. E. M. Godfrey
Capt. J. L. Salmon
Pte. O. E. Mathieson
Pte. A. B. Hogg

From M.E.L.F.

Capt. J. Knight
Capt. J. Westmore
Lieut. D. M. Ruther
Lieut./Col. E. M. Sommerville
Capt. F. H. Wither
Lieut. J. M. Page
Lieut. S. I. Brown
Lieut. S. J. Moran
Pte. S. A. Lewington
Pte. M. B. Sanders
Pte. J. Baxter
Pte. W. Donnelly
Pte. J. M. Haddock
Cpl. M. J. Allardyce
Cpl. C. M. I. Baker
Pte. M. Hepburn
Sgt. C. E. Burnett
Pte. R. J. Bell
Cpl. M. H. McLean
(née Halliday)
Pte. B. C. Kipling
Pte. K. M. Gibson

Sgt. F. Chadwick
Cpl. B. G. Blythman
Pte. A. Phelps
Pte. C. Lea
Pte. J. C. Hye.
(née Hutchinson)

From Gibraltar

Capt. McCormack
Pte. C. McBride
Pte. D. A. Ruane
Pte. M. C. Waymouth
Pte. R. R. M. F. Tomkins

To B.A.O.R.

Major K. M. Roberts
Major E. M. Turner
Lieut. R. E. Austin
Capt. P. D. Downing
Lieut. E. M. Catlen
Lieut. G. M. Evans
Lieut. D. A. M. Flint
Lieut. G. H. Robertson
Lieut. J. M. Haken
Lieut. M. Travers
Lieut. M. T. Kieran
Lieut./Col. G. M. Luxton
Major E. M. Walsh
Lieut. M. Dunne
Lieut. E. P. Fitzgerald
Lieut. S. Butler
Lieut. M. C. Cowie
Lieut. M. E. Hitchcock
Lieut. E. F. Pride
Lieut. M. H. Weston
Lieut. M. M. Shanahan
Lieut. M. M. O'Leary
Capt. E. M. Hancock
Lieut. E. A. Jones
Lieut. M. Heads
Lieut. P. B. Hopkins
Lieut. R. M. Woolley
Major F. MacDonald
Lieut. G. M. DeWardt.
Major A. O'Connell
Capt. E. Gormely
Cpl. H. Smith
Pte. E. M. Skone
Pte. J. H. James
A/L/Cpl. P. B. Turner
Pte. E. M. Durdell
Pte. F. M. Padbury
Pte. M. Metcalfe
Pte. J. L. Snow
Pte. P. Kutner
Pte. E. M. Barker
Pte. M. E. Summerton
Pte. M. Walker
Pte. J. L. Golding

To M.E.L.F.

Capt. C. Shaw

Lieut. M. Button
Lieut. D. F. Carr
Lieut. M. M. Hill
Lieut. H. Devonport
Capt. S. D. Bamford
Lieut. H. Ferguson
Lieut. K. Ralph
Lieut. M. Travers
Lieut. J. M. Phipps
Pte. H. R. Bevan
Pte. W. A. Coupar
Pte. J. E. Baxendall
Cpl. E. P. D. Marks
Pte. G. L. Cotton
Pte. I. N. Daniels
Pte. E. M. L. Titterington
Cpl. M. S. Wilson
Pte. A. R. Anderson
Pte. M. R. Jones
Pte. J. T. S. Patterson
Pte. A. J. East
Pte. J. M. Frost
Pte. E. F. Stevens

To F.A.R.E.L.F.

Major E. Ballesty
Major E. M. Ryan
Lieut. N. P. M. Hulburd
Lieut. E. K. McMahon
Lieut. D. M. Pee
Lieut. E. L. Taylor
Capt. M. T. Kieran

Lieut. B. Anderson
Lieut. E. Ball
Lieut. A. B. McCormack
Major Bowring
Lieut. I. N. Gibbs
Lieut. B. O'Shea

To East Africa

Pte. J. R. Kernan
Pte. A. R. Phillips

To Malta

Capt. R. Dolman
Cpl. J. White
Pte. C. S. Jeeves
Pte. M. T. Murdoch
Cpl. S. E. Richardson
Pte. P. Morton
Pte. B. A. Parsons
Pte. E. Robinson
L/Cpl. C. Brown
Pte. J. Brown
Pte. P. A. Reilly
Pte. M. J. Allez
Pte. A. Wilkes

To West Africa

Major F. M. Sands
Lieut. B. Collis
Lieut. J. H. J. Parker

To Gibraltar

Lieut. D. A. M. Flint

Important Notice

INTERNATIONAL COUNCIL OF NURSES

Change of Address

The Headquarters of the International Council of Nurses and Florence Nightingale international Foundation will move to new premises on :-

Wednesday, October, 26th, 1955

The address of all future correspondence will be as follows :-

**I, Dean Trench Street,
Westminster London, S.W.1**

Telephone : ABBey 6833-4-5

Telegrams and Cables : "Icnurses" London

Will you please help us by making the above information as widely known as possible.

Daisy C. Bridges, Executive Secretary
