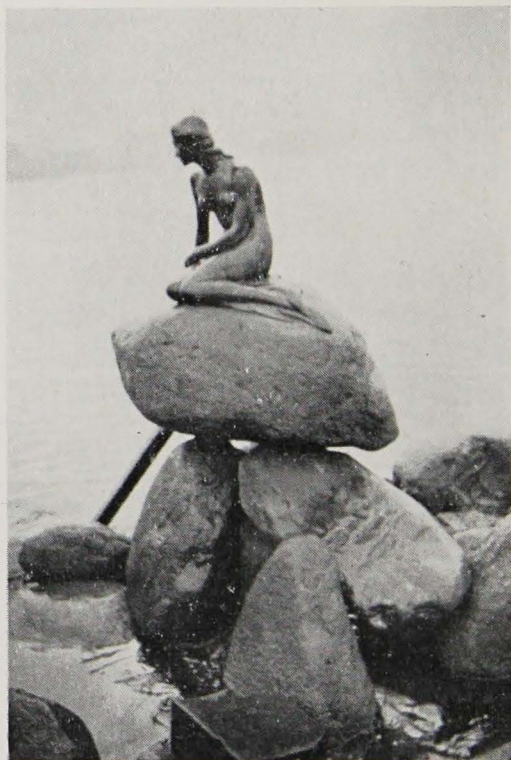




The Gazette



Eriksen's Little Mermaid

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

Vol. 2 No. 13

February, 1956

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

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Editorial

GREETINGS to ALL MEMBERS, and may we look forward to a very peaceful and prosperous New Year. As your Honorary Editor, I say "Thank you," to all the members, who so willingly sent in material of interest, to keep the "Gazette" going in the past.

One of the great criticisms of this enlightening small "Service Journal" is, that it does not contain enough material of varied interest, for the members, especially those, who are no longer serving. But surely, that will rest entirely, with the individual Member! Let us hear from old friends, many of you are holding most important positions, in "Civilian Life."

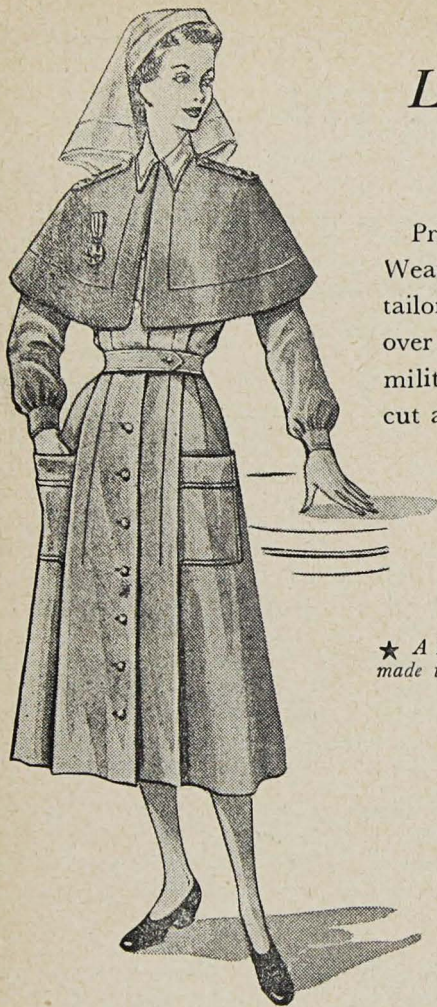
Join the Army, and see the world, is a "Unit" old-time slogan! But what of you members, who are doing a wonderful, and "worth-while" job, in our Dominions, and in many scattered "Posts" of the Empire. You meet all types, and many strange characters. You must have many an interesting, and amusing story to relate. A "NAME" so often will bring back many a pleasant memory.

The future of the "Gazette," sometimes gives cause for thought. You can send material direct to Headquarters, or to the Branch Secretaries. Script should be typed, and photos of interest, may also be sent, as long as the subject matter, is not too small for reproduction. Items will certainly be appreciated.

A CHRISTMAS MESSAGE, TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCESS MARGARET, Colonel-in-Chief. Queen Alexander's Royal Army Nursing Corps

A Christmas card was despatched to Her Royal Highness Princess Margaret, Colonel-in-Chief, Queen Alexandra's Royal Army Nursing Corps, enclosing the painting of a Nursing Sister in the costume worn by the A.N.C.S. in the Boer War, and inscribed with the following message:—

"All good wishes for Christmas and the New Year, from the Matron-in-Chief and Director of Army Nursing Services, and all



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(2 Minutes from Oxford Circus)

ranks Q.A.R.A.N.C., with their humble duty to Her Royal Highness Princess Margaret, their Colonel-in-Chief.

Queen Alexandra's Royal Army Nursing Corps.
Christmas, 1955."

The following gracious reply was received :—

" Dear Dame Helen,

Princess Margaret desires me to express to you, and to all Ranks of Queen Alexandra's Royal Army Nursing Corps, her most sincere thanks for the Christmas card you sent.

" Her Royal Highness bids me to convey her very best wishes for Christmas and the New Year.

Yours sincerely,

(Sgd.) IRIS PEAKE,
Lady-in-Waiting."

This message was brought to the notice of all ranks of the

Gifts

The following " Gifts " were sent out by the Association at Christmas, 1955 :

Cheques.—90 to 100.

Parcels of Groceries.—50 (containing assorted delicacies).

Pot-Plants.—5.

Small useful gifts.—50.

Christmas cards.—350.

A greater number of gifts were sent out by the Hon. Friends Secretary this year owing to the outstanding generosity given by various " Branches." We indeed thank you all.

These generous donations make it so much easier to carry out the work and aims of our Association.

Honours and Awards

Congratulations go out to our Members whose names appeared in the recent " New Year Honours List."

ROYAL RED CROSS 1st CLASS

Lt.-Colonel M. A. J. Condon, R.R.C.

Major E. M. Turner, R.R.C.

Major M. Walsh, M.B.E.

ASSOCIATE OF THE ROYAL RED CROSS, 2nd CLASS

Major C. Fisher, A.R.R.C.

Forthcoming Events

Re-union Q.A.R.A.N.C. Association

The Annual "Reunion" will be held at the Hyde Park Hotel, Knightsbridge, on June 30th. It will be preceded by the "Annual General Meeting" of the Q.A.R.A.N.C. Association.

Queen Mary's House Fund, Annual General Meeting will be held in Room 539, Lansdowne House, Berkeley Square, London, W.1., at 2.30 p.m. on Thursday, 22nd March, 1956.

Items of Interest

Major V. M. Innes, O.B.E., R.R.C. has been appointed an Examiner for the General Nursing Council for England and Wales.

The Preliminary Nurse Training School Q.A.R.A.N.C. was opened at Aldershot on 24th October, 1955.

Sewing Competition

Q.A.R.A.N.C. and W.R.A.C.

Q.A.R.A.N.C. was well represented at this year's Sewing Competition held in November. Entries were first judged at Command level, and the first prize winning garments were entered for the National Awards. The final judging took place on 29th November at the National Needle Arts Bureau in London. Major E. Quinton, A.R.R.C. was our representative on the panel of 4 judges.

The Competition was divided into three classes.

Class I. Blouses, Nightwear and Lingerie.

Class II. Dresses, Sportswear, Beachwear and Playclothes.

Class III. Garments for children under 12 years of age.

Prize winners at Command Level were:—

Class I.

Lieut P. B. M. MARSTON,
Military Hospital, Chester.

Entry.

Hand sewn and smocked
nightdress.

Class II.

Major D. HUNT, A.R.R.C.
Royal Herbert Hospital, Woolwich

Grey Worsted Coat and
Skirt, Covered Buttons.

Class III.

Major L. M. TIBBS,
B.M.H., Hamburg.
Capt. K. M. KNOWLES,
Military Hospital, Colchester.

Baby's Christening Robe of
White Lawn.
Child's Turquoise Nylon
party dress and Taffeta
petticoat.

Major Tibbs was also awarded a First Prize in the National Competition for her entry. This beautiful Christening Robe won high praise from the judges.

Sports News

The Summer Season ended with one more success recorded in the name of the Q.A.R.A.N.C. Lieutenant Isard stationed at the B.M.H. Iserholm who had already helped to win the Inter-Services (Nursing) Tennis Cup for us went on in B.A.O.R. to win the Army (Women's) Tennis Championships. We would like to take this opportunity of congratulating her.

The Q.A.R.A.N.C. Table Tennis Championships have been held this Autumn for the first year. A Challenge Cup has been presented to the Sports Club for this Tournament and this will be competed for annually during the winter months.

Units in the U.K. were invited to hold competitions and to send a winner to the Corps finals at the Depot & T.E. on the 12th November. Fourteen units were represented, which was an excellent response for the first year. The Cup was won by Lieutenant E. R. Parker from the Connaught Hospital. Private P. Smith from the Depot & T.E. was the runner-up. The standard in the Corps finals was very good on the whole. It is hoped this will prove a popular winter competition.

Most units in the U.K. report that they are playing Netball, Hockey and Badminton. Shortage of grounds and players to form a team still seem to present difficulties. From the Depot and T.E. Pte. Peacock was selected to represent Southern Command at the Command Hockey Festival and Pte. Gee won her place in the Command Netball Team. Congratulations to both.

B. M. GORDON, *Secretary, Sports Club*



**Where
are you ?**

**Nancy Davies
(CALLING)**

**Would like to
make contact.**

TO ALL OUR CONTRIBUTORS

When forwarding any material of interest for publication in the GAZETTE it would help us considerably, and would be greatly appreciated, if the initial, name, and membership number (defining if L. or A. membership), will be signed at end of all Script.

Berlin - Anglo American Visit

This beautiful city, Berlin, is still administered by 4 powers and though we see nothing of our Soviet and French colleagues, we do have contacts with the Americans, and recently I had the enjoyable experience of accompanying Colonel E. M. E. Dawe, D.D.A.N.S. HQ Rhine Army, on a friendly visit to the U.S. Army Hospital.

On arrival we were warmly welcomed by Major Margaret Wheeler "Chief Nurse" U.S. Army in Berlin, and Colonel Vernon Erkenbeck, O.C. of the hospital, and were then taken round the wards.

The hospital, which was built as such before the war, is a very fine modern stone building, pleasantly surrounded by trees, and like our own B.M.H. has at present an establishment of 100 beds. It is staffed by U.S. Army nurses and "Corpsmen" or orderlies. Some German trained nurses are also employed and work in the women and children's wards. The numbers of nursing staff in both hospitals is roughly the same.

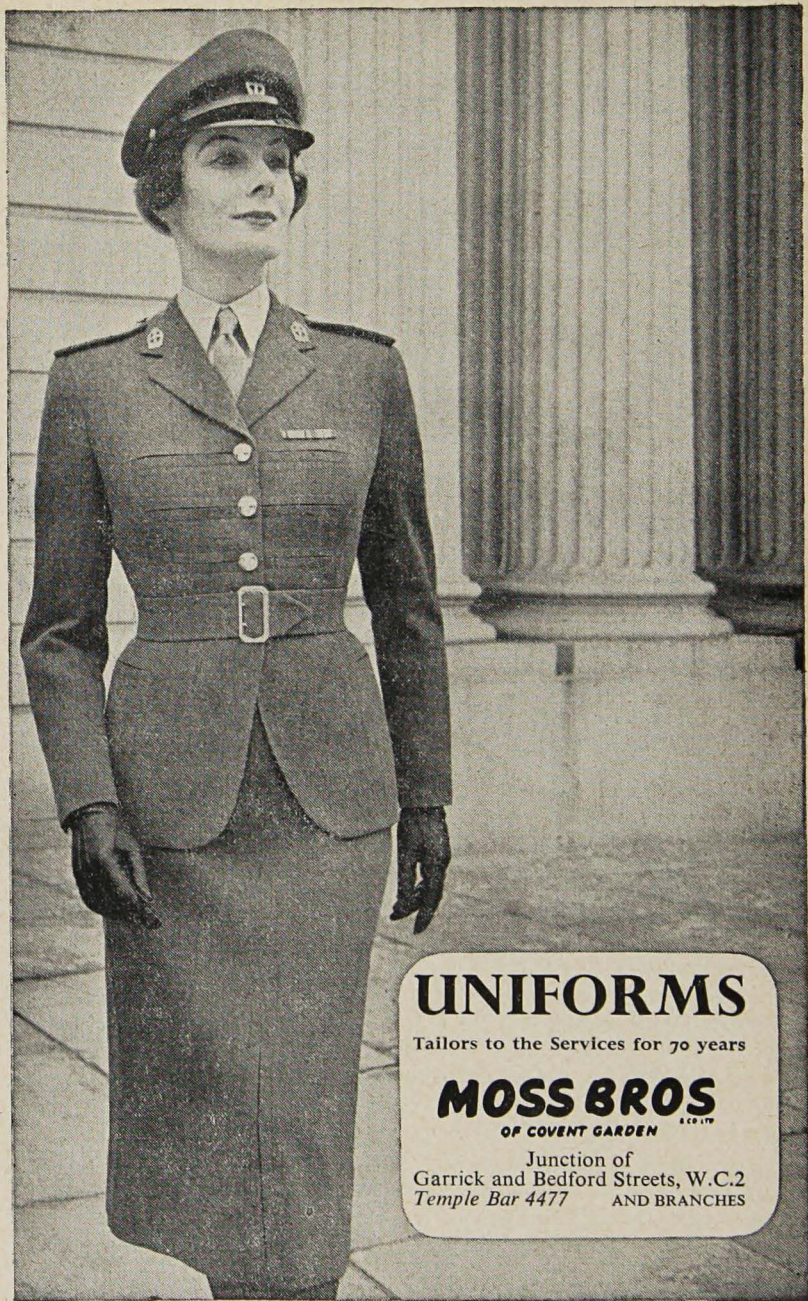
On going round the wards we were introduced to the Nurses-in-charge and their senior orderlies. All wore white uniforms and the corpsmen's well-laundered white suits set them apart and made them look very professional. The nurses wore their names pinned where we have our badges, so that they could be correctly identified by strangers.

The average wards were not very large and contained 8-10 beds, but the beds—! They were American pattern and to our eyes looked very large, being longer and wider than our own and appeared to have as many joints as a theatre table. All wards had television and each bed had earphones which gave a choice of programme at the adjustment of a switch.

The points that struck me most were the very modern equipment and the spaciousness of the departments such as theatre and out-patient blocks.

Beds, lockers and most of the equipment came from the States, as did autoclaves and other machines which were most elaborate and gleamed with chromium plating.

The theatre block was on two floors; autoclaves, packing and store rooms were below the operating rooms and contained such



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refinements as a glove washing and drying machine and another machine for powdering dry gloves. There were several well equipped theatres, one for "clean" another for "dirty" cases, an E.N.T. theatre, and a plaster theatre. Bowls etc., were of stainless steel, which we too are now acquiring.

In the operating theatre the predominant colour was a restful pale blue. Sheets, towels, gowns, etc., were all the same and the Corpsmen wore blue suits.

Drums were hardly used. All articles for sterilising were packed in towels made into packets, including trays of instruments. These are re-autoclaved weekly if they have not been used in the meantime.

The maternity ward or "O.B." (obstetric) department was also very up-to-date, the labour-room table though wider being like an operating table in its range of movements. Infants' oxygen tents and incubator were all most up to date.

In this department one of the main differences in the training of U.S. and British nurses was explained—deliveries are not performed by nurses but by the Obstetrician who has a room on the premises where he sleeps if a patient is in labour.

On the other hand the anaesthetics are given by a nurse who has taken a special course of training in anaesthetics of 12 months duration with an examination at the end.

All the staff work the 8 hours shift system, which changes at 7 a.m., 3 p.m. and 11 p.m. Like this hospital there is only one sister on night shift, and during the day at times more than one ward is overlooked by one army nurse.

Their Corpsmen appeared well-trained; after a 12 months concentrated nursing training they are considered fit to be in charge of a ward—under supervision.

We also paid visits to the kitchens where there was more up-to-date apparatus and refrigerated rooms for storing meat etc.; the extensive Out-Patient department where there were separate rooms for each speciality and one for children; the "PX" Canteen somewhat like our hospital NAAFI, but with a very wide range of articles for sale, from toothpaste to tinned foods, and a section where all ranks can get a cooked meal.

Finally we finished up by meeting officers and their wives in their refreshment room at a social hour which is held on Fridays and to which the wives bring plates of canapés of all sorts, and any dish that is somebody's speciality. One such was a delicious shrimp concoction, of the consistency of a soft paste into which we dug with a small piece of crisp biscuit for a real "bonne bouche."

Later in the month a return visit was paid to the BMH when 10 nurses including Major Wheeler, came to see round our hospital.

We have not the advantage of working in buildings designed as a

hospital but are nevertheless very fortunate in having excellent accommodation which was formerly a Hitler youth school.

The Gymnasium has had a false and lower roof fitted, and small rooms surrounding a central space now provide the Maternity block, with a Families Ward also consisting of small single rooms, adjacent.

A second block contains the "general" side where our two theatres are tiled in green with sheets and towels of the same colour.

We also have some fine apparatus including a very elaborate iron lung, and a very good oxygen tent. These are of German pattern and manufacture.

After walking all round we went to our Mess for tea where we tried to produce a British atmosphere with home-baked scones. The effect, but not the tea, was somewhat spoiled by a very luscious and very creamy German cake made by our own Mess cook.

Our very pleasant ante-room was admired and we gathered that our visitors did not live in a Mess but each in her own "apartment," a 3-roomed flat, which is officer accommodation for a male or female officer. Some meals were taken in the hospital in a room set apart for the officers but most were eaten in their own apartments where there were all facilities for cooking. A very adequate allowance is supplied in lieu of rations and the meals in hospital are on repayment.

We have all received a cordial invitation to visit and see their apartments, but have not yet had the opportunity of doing so. We hope however to continue the Anglo-American "entente" in the New Year.

M. M. McPHERSON (L)

Visit of Director General and Matron-in-Chief, Royal Canadian Medical Corps

Colonel J. E. Andrew, E.D., Director General Canadian Medical Services and Major E. E. Andrews, R.R.C., C.D., Matron-in-Chief, visited H.Q. Northern Army Group, B.A.O.R. on Saturday 29th October, 1955. Major E. E. Andrews and Captain H. J. Sloan—Senior Nursing Sister R.C.A.M.C., BMH Iserlohn, accompanied by the D.D.A.N.S., Colonel E. M. E. Dawe visited BMH Hostert. They were met by the Commanding Officer, Lieut-Colonel J. S. Kelleher and Major R. M. Hinchey, Matron, and shown round the wards and departments. They remained to luncheon in the Q.A.R.A.N.C. Officers Mess—the dining table was specially decorated in their Corps Colours. Later in the afternoon they toured the extensive HQ Garrison and visited the Church of St Boniface. After a long and interesting day they had tea at the United Services Officers Club before departing for Iserlohn.

Last Chapter in the History of British Military Hospital, Fayid

The last patient, an Egyptian civilian has just left the ward, and so after fifteen years, this well known hospital has closed, ending a long record of service, having had thousands of sick and wounded pass through its doors.

The run-down of the hospital was duly commenced in September 1955, and appeared for a time to be progressing smoothly, but unfortunately owing to the increased number of infectious cases, not least of these being the persistent sporadic outbreaks of poliomyelitis, the necessity arose to re-open several of the closed wards.

However by the beginning of November we saw a considerable decrease in the bed-state, this being due to the redeployment of troops and the continuous air evacuation of ill patients.

At midnight on the 22nd November, 1955 with moving ceremony and to the accompaniment of the band of 10 B.O.D., R.A.O.C. a large notice board was erected on the Treaty Road, at the entrance to B.M.H., stating in both English and Arabic that the Hospital was closed.

Trumpeters sounded the Last Post followed by the staff of B.M.H. appropriately giving a vocal rendering of "Auld Lang Syne."

On the 23rd November, only three wards remained open, these were closed down as the number of patients diminished, until on the 30th November our last patient was transferred to B.M.H. Moascar.

Let it not be assumed that the medical and nursing staff were completely unoccupied during this period. They are all in agreement that they now qualify for a job with Carter Paterson or as Traffic Control personnel.

Departments and wards changed their geographical locations at a rapid speed.

Despite the unsettled atmosphere our R.A.M.C. and Q.A.R.A.N.C. Other Ranks coped manfully with their half yearly Corps examinations.

Needless to say, our social activities were increased during the last weeks with all ranks holding their farewell parties.

On Sunday 27th November we had a very moving service in our own St. Luke's Church which was dedicated by the Bishop of Egypt on June 12th 1942.

At the close of the service two small boys, sons of the Commanding Officer and Quartermaster, both looking like angels in white surplices, walked on either side of a server up to the altar to receive each a large candlestick. The three, with the server carrying the

cross and the Padre following, walked slowly and solemnly down the Church and out into the grounds of the Hospital. The Church now stands completely empty, with all its beautiful appointments packed and awaiting transportation to Cyprus.

The Anglo-Egyptian Oil Company asked if they might give the Hospital a present of £200 for charity, so on Wednesday 7th December a very pleasant meeting was held in the office of the General Officer Commanding M.E.L.F. Those present were the British Consul, Mr. Mulvenny and his wife, Mr. Penleve, the representative of the Anglo-Egyptian Oil Company, the D.D.M.S., B.T.E., the C.O. and Matron of the B.M.H. The cheque was handed to General Hull and it was agreed that the money should be divided between the R.A.M.C. and Q.A.R.A.N.C. Benevolent Funds.

And now the final day for the Q.A.R.A.N.C. is here. Appropriately enough the last to go are the senior and junior ranks (Lt.-Col. J. Howe and Pte. M. A. Dickenson). Our ship, H.M.T. Orwell, sails from Port Said in a few hours.

We leave B.S.H. Moascar to carry the torch. Good luck to them and farewell to Egypt.

(Signed) J. HOWE,

Lt.-Col. Q.A.R.A.N.C.

Matron

Farewell to Khartoum

During the last two months before the evacuation, many ceremonial parades, combining British and Sudanese Troops, were held in Khartoum. I think the most impressive occasion I experienced was the "Beating of the Retreat," following the farewell cocktail party given by the officers of the 1st Btn. of the Royal Leicestershire Regiment. The area was floodlit and after the combined parade of British and Sudanese Troops, supported by the Regimental Band, the British Flag was gradually lowered and the Sudanese Flag hoisted in its place. The troops finally moved off to the strains of "Auld Lang Syne."

There was a general feeling of sadness in Khartoum over the evacuation of British troops but I felt that it could not have been carried out with greater dignity.

Our British Station Hospital has been taken over by the Sudanese Medical Service as an Eye Hospital. Thus does "the passage of time" bring in its wake the everlasting change of scene.

E. K. WOOD, Major, Q.A.R.A.N.C.

British Station Hospital, Moascar.



A Journey into Christmas Card Land

Basel Station was crowded with Christmas holiday makers, who surged forward as the powerful electric train came to a rumbling halt. For one moment the crowd paused, then flung open the coach door and swarmed up the steps out of the bitter cold darkness of the night into the warmth and light within.

A bell clanged. Doors slammed. On through the night sped the train pausing only for a few minutes at little lighted stations, to loose some of the cheerful humanity which packed its interior. There was nothing but black night to be seen through the steamy panes once these oases of light were left behind.

At last another brightly illuminated spot in this world of darkness and a voice shouting "Interlaken, Interlaken." Hotel porters seized heavy bags and the passengers hurried away into the dark streets and the streaming rain. This was not how one had imagined Switzerland. Where were the huge mountains, the deep white snow? To bed then with all haste, lulled to sleep by the flurry of raindrops against the windows.

How different by morning light. We breakfasted Continental style upon crisp rolls and coffee, then walked out into the streets of the quaint little town.

In all directions rose huge craggy peaks, their lower slopes clothed with sombre pinetrees. Clouds rising from the damp soil beneath them, meeting those of the sky above, obscured the heights beyond and one only received brief glimpses of fearsome rocks and glimmering snow when the chilly wind tore this cloudy veil apart for a moment. A river meandered through the town linking up its two big lakes Brienzersee and Thunersee. Here in safe harbour lay the little white steamers awaiting the summer tourist season to take them on their busy way to lakeside villages and towns.

Many of the hotels were closed for the winter. All the little shops held promise of a welcome and treasures to be found within. The curio shops were crammed with local carving, much of it beautiful. From the watchmakers, pendulums swang briskly, and musical chimes rang out. All wares were attractively displayed and everything was so clean and fresh.

We wandered from shop to shop making small purchases, then wended our way to the station which also served as the starting point for buses. At last the clouds had climbed from the mountains which stood revealed in their rather cruel beauty.

They so enclosed the town that it appeared impossible for any vehicle to find a way out, but very shortly after boarding the bus

it was bearing us ever higher by a series of hair-pin bends through the aromatic pine forests to the green Alpine meadows now blotted and muddied with snow. Far below lay the deep blue lake.

Another curve and a large chalet-type hostel for children marked the commencement of the small village of Beatenburg. Beyond the village the bus stopped at the chair-lift station. We took tickets and clambered into the little chairs hanging in pairs from the steel cable which looped away from strong pylons up the mountainside. Heavy mackintoshes were tucked around us and we were rushed away to start our journey.

Once clear of the starting shed, the chairs progressed slowly, passed conifers and chalets, over ravines and streams. A jerk and we had reached our journey's end—the summit of the Niederhorn. Stiffly we descended to the ground and walked through the powdery snow. Away across the valley from whose depths we had just ascended rose peak upon peak of the great ranges of the Bernese Oberland.

Wetterhorn, Eiger, the Mönch and the Jungfrau, those shining white giants pierced the grey sky above. A cloud drifted below us obscuring the lake for a while in its passage. Ravens winged uttering their hoarse cries. Darkness fell as we descended, hiding the cruel precipices into which only the driver's skill prevented us from plunging.

Christmas morning dawned crisp and cold. We walked briskly to the two little churches standing side by side, Protestant and Roman Catholic. The bells of both were pealing merrily summoning the good people of Interlaken to their Christmas devotions. Little red robed boys, chanting musically, knelt before a Crib wreathed in the blue smoke of incense. The richly robed priest raised his hand in blessing. His message "Peace on earth" was echoed next door by the black frocked pastor with the white stock at his throat, to all of us as we sat beside the giant Christmas tree, trying to sing Carols whose tunes were so familiar, yet whose words, written in German and French, looked strange.

The service over, we walked to the station and took the train to Grindelwald. Its single track wound amongst the mountains ever rising higher. Low down the grass was dusted by hoar frost, but above, large patches of snow appeared beside the rails.

The train was filled with happy chattering skiers of both sexes, all ages and nationalities. Gay wind jackets, pullovers, multi-coloured woollen hats and gloves brightened up their dark ski trousers and heavy boots. Their skis were in a small truck pushed up ahead of the engine. On arrival at Grindelwald they rushed forward, unloaded and placed them over their shoulders and clumped up the steep slippery village street, ignoring the bright lighted shop windows, their goal the glistening slopes above. We

followed more leisurely enjoying the gay little village with its tiny spired English Church overlooking the ice rink, where many children were skating, some expertly, others more often sitting down suddenly upon the cold ground.

Down the road careered toboggans guided by mischievous boys in woolly hats laughing as they missed motor cars and pedestrians by inches. A sign post pointed us to a chair-lift, its course upward hidden by low cloud. It was the well known First Bahn, and to it we followed the skiers and were soon sailing up through the mist. Snowy granules fell upon our laps. This was a much longer, steeper ride than that of yesterday. A hut appeared—Bort. We descended into the snow of a real Christmas Card land. The little restaurant was ready, as they all are in this part of Switzerland, to supply hot drinks if we provided our own food. It was cosy and warm within. A family of Americans was enjoying a noisy picnic at another table. A party of guides tramped in, mountain men with faces bronzed and seamed by weather.

Noticing a wireless set upon the counter recalled to us that although our watches showed five minutes to four, in England it would be nearly three o'clock, and our Queen would be sitting ready to send her Christmas message to all her people.

Could this message be received in this lonely wooden chalet perched among the cloud-bound mountains? "Sometimes" said the fat old proprietress "but, alas it was often disturbed, atmospheric, you know" but of course for us to hear Queen Elizabeth, she would do her best. Her best was very good indeed, and as we stood near the set, the notes of the National Anthem rang out followed by Her Majesty's clear voice. The American father asked to whom we were listening so intently. We replied "*Our Queen*" and he quietened his noisy family and they too listened until her voice fell silent and the National Anthem again pealed forth. As we left the warm chalet to walk to the ski lift we were delighted to find that the clouds had entirely lifted and around us on all sides stood great great mountains with Eiger nearby overshadowing the village below. Still a little daylight remained, yet from behind his rocky crest rose a round yellow moon. Later its silver beams lighted the weary skiers back to partake of Christmas cheer in hotels and homes where they resided. We ourselves had a little Christmas pudding, and the sight of the blue flames licking its sides, interested the other guests at the hotel where we stayed.

Our next trip was to be the highlight of our tour and entailed a very full day. Picnic lunch was packed early and eight-fifteen in the morning saw us again in the train, this time mounting the steep gradient to Lauterbrunnen (2,612 ft.).

As yesterday our companions were chiefly skiers and guides; but there was a large party of American schoolmistresses and a mixed

group of English tourists under the care of a harassed looking young man.

Lauterbrunnen was very picturesque, its chalets dotted about the vast mountain side. A cable car was ascending a nearby precipice, its little red cars sliding so easily up to Mürren. We changed here on to the Wengernalp Railway which is a purely rack type.

This bore us over viaducts, and through tunnels, to the summit of Kleine Scheidegg. Snow now lay all around us and the higher we went the deeper it became. We came ever nearer to those three giants, Eiger, Mönch and Jungfrau. The morning had been beautifully clear when we started and now the sun burst forth in all its glory tinting the peaks a wonderful rose and gold. The sky was a clear, pale blue, wisps of snow blew plumelike from the summits of the higher mountains.

Houses and pine trees in the valley far beneath us appeared as toys. This scenery was on such a magnificent, and so vast, a scale that it was difficult to fully comprehend all that one was seeing. Those mighty peaks, great precipices, of sheer rock, clear green glaciers and everywhere deep, pure, sparkling snow glittering in the sunlight.

At Kleine Scheidegg there was great activity, the skiers hustling off to the shining slopes soon to be criss-crossed by their trails. The air was cold yet the sun's ray held warmth. Another little pocket size train with Jungfrau Bahn written on its coaches, awaited. We entered and slowly it set off through the shed-like tunnel, built to protect it from avalanches.

Soon after we left its shelter near the little station of Eigergletscher, we noticed big wire runs and sheds in which were kept the husky dogs who draw the sleighs in summer for tourists venturing up to the heights of Jungfrau. Some stood watching the train pass by, while others lay with their bushy tails curled around their noses in hollows which they had scraped for themselves in the snow. We disappeared into the darkness of a tunnel hollowed out in the heart of the Mönch and Eiger, which curling and climbing upwards was to bring us out at the Jungfraujoch.

This Jungfrau Railway, which remains to this day, a marvel of engineering, was called into being at the end of the 19th century by the advent of the "Railway Age" and increased foreign travel. In 1890 the Bernese Oberland Railways opened a line from Interlaken to Lauterbrunnen and Grindelwald and in 1893, the Wengernalp Railway came into use linking these two villages with Kleine Scheidegg (6,762 ft.).

As early as 1890 projects were submitted to the Swiss Federal Assembly proposing to build a tunnel up to the summit of the Jungfrau (13,642 ft.). None were put into effect. Then Adolf Guyer-Zeller, in 1893, conceived the plan of linking up a line

with the existing Wengernalp Railway at Klein Scheidegg, while he was mountaineering in the district with his daughter. His line was to enter the Eiger by a steadily climbing tunnel, loop around inside the mountain and proceed beneath the Mönch and Jungfrau emerging at a point immediately below the summit of the Jungfrau which would be reached by a lift.

Its estimated cost was Swiss Francs 7,500,000. This project was financed and work began in 1896 and was completed by 1912. The terminus however, which is still the highest in Europe, was sited on Jungfrauoch (11,333 ft.) for by this time the amount of money granted had been considerably exceeded. This $5\frac{1}{2}$ miles of railway takes 55 minutes to cover. Many improvements, of course, have been made to the facilities during the years, but at great expense, for this is not easy terrain in which to work or in which to obtain supplies, all of which must come long distances. Constant supervision and maintenance also call for further heavy expenditure.

During the journey through the narrow rocky walls of this mountain tunnel, the train paused for two periods of five minutes in order that all might crowd to the large windows situated in alcoves carved out of the rock, from which wonderful vistas spread out before us. From Eigerwand (9,400 ft.) the first halt, opened in 1903, we looked over a sea of tumbled ice, great crevasses, seracs and snowfields to Kleine Scheidegg, Thurersee, the Jura and Grindelwald. Back on the coach for ten minutes more, while the tunnel curved inside the Eiger to bring us to Eismeer (10,368 ft.) opened in 1905. Here the view was to the south over Schreckhorn, Lauteraarhorn and Fiescherhorn all giants of over 13,000 ft. For the next fifteen minutes we travelled beneath the summit of the Mönch and then the train stopped in a lighted man made cavern. Steps led upward to a restaurant whose huge windows permitted patrons to view the 16 mile long Aletsch Glacier. All action here seemed to make one breathless and it was quite impossible to hurry as we were unused to the altitude.

After lunch we climbed to the fourth floor, out by a gallery and along a slippery path, bordering a drop of many feet on to the glacier beneath and on to a small snowy plateau immediately below the summit of Jungfrau which commanded magnificent views to the north.

We retraced our steps and then followed a narrow ice corridor sparkling as with many diamonds into a great hall of ice hollowed out 65 ft. below the glacier's surface, its icy roof supported on green ice pillars. People were skating here upon its slippery floor. In alcoves outside this fantastic ballroom were models carved in ice, a big clock, vases, and even a volkeswaggon.

We descended to the level of the station and proceeded to the Sphinx Lift, which raised us in $1\frac{1}{2}$ minutes to the Observation

Terrace 367 feet above. The panorama from here was so immense, so magnificent, as it stretched mile after mile, peak upon peak into the blue distances away across Switzerland to the Black Forest of Germany, that one felt stunned, utterly amazed at its grandeur. Such beauty brought tears to one's eyes and one felt that to try to describe such a scene would be both sacrilege and quite impossible.

In spite of the cold which was intense, the two hours spent at Jungfraujoch were to us insufficient although we realised that for the time of the year we had been very lucky to have such good visibility and that for many people the only view, if such it could be termed, would be of bleak rocky peaks pointing from billowing masses of shifting dense cloud.

Back in Kleine Scheidegg we amused ourselves watching the skiers gliding down the slopes, skaters and the busy exponents of the art of curling, on the ice rink, and, well wrapped up against the cold, the sun worshippers lying back in chairs on the hotel verandah. The train fussed up the steep slope from Grindelwald unloaded more skiers, and then reloaded with sightseers. Many were the English and American voices which rang though the coaches. Down, down the mountainside, past pine trees and scattered chalets in deep valets, the tracks linking them together appearing like fine black threads in this vast white world.

Skiers kept pace with the train, sometimes hidden from sight as the famous Mannlich Run down which they glided, plunged into dark forests or twisted round huge boulders. Into the little village of Grindelwald clanked the engine its cogs catching into the rack rail, as the lights began to appear in chalet windows.

Once more we changed into the ordinary mountain train, its great headlights illuminating the winding track as it carried us swiftly from the mountains.

We had seen the mountains in all their austere beauty with their tiny villages so clean and neat, now we decided, hard as it was to leave them we must see the other life of the country, that of city and town. Our last day, therefore we followed the shore of Thunersee to the little old town which gives its name to the lake—Thun. Very old, picturesque and so clean, even on this dull and muddy day. Chains of lights and stars decorated its streets, Christmas trees stood on tops of buildings and its shops were packed with seasonal fare. I had never seen so many pink marzipan pigs as each confectioner packed into his window. The main street was steep and the many small shops stood one above the other. The lower ones opening out on to the cobbled road while those above had their doorways on to the high pavement reached by a flight of steps from below. Their roofs projected far out as though to

protect the shopper while feasting his eyes upon the bountiful selection of goods in the windows.

The narrow busy street led us past the lovely old Rathaus (Town Hall) to the castle, now a museum. There stood its rough grey walls surmounted by red-roofed turrets, just as those illustrations one sees in books of Fairy Tales. We walked across its courtyard paved with rounded cobbles. A large fountain played in the centre. Out of the further gate over the bridge across the moat, before us stood a tall octagonal white tower with red tiles and tiny dormer windows of an ancient church. We glanced back at the castle, its pinnacled keep standing out against the snowy peaks of the Bernese Oberland. Down on the outskirts of the town large houses stood in gardens which promised great beauty once winter released its hold. Here flowed gently a river from whose far bank swam ducks and swans to vie with the mewing seagulls for tit-bits which we had brought for them.

Spanning the river, was an old wooden roofed-in bridge, now utilised to house the machinery for damming the river.

After we left Thun, the country became flatter. Soon large factories and very modern power-houses of concrete took the place of little farms, yet still all remained so clean and prosperous looking. We came within the precincts of a city—Berne, the Swiss capital, whose crest is the brown bear.

Inside the station was gloomy, outside the traffic dashed in all directions, horns and bells sounding, people hurried, noise and bustle everywhere, yet far away one could still glimpse the distant peaceful white mountains.

We paid a visit to the bear-pits in the older part of the city. Here housed in three, of what must surely be the last bear pits in Europe, lived five big brown bears. A notice in English, French, Italian and German, warned one not to give them sugar or they would die ; but nearby was a shop selling fruit and other food for them and doing a brisk trade. They were amusing and begged for the bread we had brought for them and caught it when we threw it. They were fat, well kept creatures with beautiful coats, and seemed quite content in their large pit with a plentiful water supply and big polesto climb.

As we hurried up the steep street the big 15th century clock spanning it struck the hour of two, beaten on a bell by two big brass figures. Passers by assured us that, had we arrived at midday, we would have seen more mechanical figures at work.

This street opened into a wide road lined with many stalls, for a lively market was taking place. An impressive stone building faced us, the Swiss Federal Assembly, or Houses of Parliament. We mounted the steps and entered. The concierge took us up in a lift to where a guide was preparing to take a party of mixed

nationality around. He addressed us in English, German and French.

In the first great room was a large wrought iron hand-made chandelier with over 250 electric light bulbs. From St. Gallen in the north had come the lace curtains. One wall was entirely occupied by a great mural painting, depicting the ancient form of government used in the cantons whereby all the inhabitants met together to discuss problems of civic importance. Even today, in one or two of the very small cantons, this occurs. There is no signature to the painting as unfortunately the artist who designed it, died before he could carry it out and it was completed by his friend. Each of the 22 cantons sends 2 members to this chamber.

Above there is a small "strangers' gallery" for any one who wishes may enter and listen to a debate in either House of the Federal Assembly. This Upper House cannot be compared to our House of Lords as there are no titles in Switzerland, therefore all members are elected by the people.

There were many smaller richly furnished rooms for the reception of visiting Royalty, for foreign diplomats to come and present their credentials, and where private debates could be held. Then came the vast main chamber. Here again was another striking mural painting covering the wall behind the President's Chair and those of the Six Senators voted to this high office by the members of the House, themselves voted to power by the people.

This painting showed the lake of Lucerne, called the Cradle of Switzerland, as it was from the cantons in this district who first united in the 12th century that the unity spread until all 22 cantons had united to form Switzerland as we know it, today. Mist rises over the lake and it is a little difficult, at first, to make out in it the Angel of Peace, bearing an olive branch and presiding over all.

The carved wood chairs are arranged in semi-circle facing the President's dais. The number of members varies according to the size of the cantons. In order that the wishes of small cantons are not crushed by the larger ones, complete agreement must be reached and to effect this the members of the Upper House sometimes unite in the voting. As there are three official languages, German, French, and Italian, it cannot be expected that each member will understand all of them, therefore a system of simultaneous interpretation is carried out, the members pressing a button on the table before them, for the language they require, and receive the translation on headphones. The President is elected from the senators, for a period of one year, and during his term of office may not leave the country.

In the Main Hall we were shown the beautiful ceiling painted with pictures representing the chief occupational industries of the country in allegorical form. Thus a Cupid flies to welcome strangers climbing the mountains, to illustrate the tourist trade. One picture

is of particular interest. It depicts a badly injured man, so ill that he can no longer protect his wife and children who cling to him frantically while he grasps the flag of the Red Cross Society which had its birth from an idea of Henri Dunant, a great son of Switzerland, and still has its headquarters in that country.

No dining rooms are within the building for the Swiss felt that it would be unseemly to feast in the Seat of Government, therefore all State Banquets must take place in members' own homes. There is no President's house provided either, for as his service is only of one year's duration, it was considered unnecessary.

Outside in the cold again we found that the grey skies had fulfilled their earlier threat and thick rain was now falling. Despite this we made our way to the lovely Berne Cathedral. Its tall spire is built of grey stone. Inside, the nave was built in lovely simple lines, and there was a glorious stained glass eastern window whose deep ruby and blues glowed like jewels with a rich warmth, in the twilight of the winter evening.

Nearby as we splashed away along the pavement we passed a very large Roman Catholic Church whose building was only just completed.

As we made our way through the busy streets to the station, our eyes were constantly directed towards a series of twelve graceful fountains standing in the centre of the traffic. Built long years ago when there were only horse vehicles. They used to be the main meeting places of the citizens as well as the only water supply : and as they spent much time by them in work and play, they made them things of beauty. Tall coloured columns bore figures of interest to the people, a masked bear, huntsmen and hounds, bagpipe players, Justice with her scales standing upon the heads of the Army, Church and Civic powers. All three, a soldier, bishop and mayor, looked very miserable, for Justice was a buxom wench ! From the columns the crystal water splashed into the basins in a steady stream.

Alas, for us, a delightful visit to a friendly, lovely country had drawn to a close ; but we shall, I think, always have happy memories of its kindly people and its great beauty.

W. G. HOBBS.
(A1345).

A Visit Worth-while

Have you been along to the "Royal Academy," to see "Tradition in Silver"—an exhibition of Officers Mess Silver of the "Three Services."

They are indeed exquisite treasures and part of the tradition of

“service and martial pride” which is the heritage of those to whom they belong. A most delightful and interesting hour can be spent looking at those beautiful pieces of “Gold and Silver—Tokens of the Services.” Many of the regiments whose names bring back happy memories, but I must also add, sad ones, to some of us who knew them well!

The “Harewood Gold Cup” has indeed a very great interest for me. I was living in Christchurch, New Zealand, when that amazing speed “Race” finished. From London to Christchurch, N.Z., a distance of 12,270 miles and it was in October of 1953. I saw the plane “Canberra” circle in as those brave young “Airmen” were to complete that astonishing “Race” in 23 hours and 51 minutes. And how anxiously we had followed their progress from London Airport and wished them the “Best of Luck.”

(EDITOR)

Branch News

Rinteln Branch

A dance was held in aid of Association funds on October 28th, by kind permission of the Officer Commanding this Unit, Lieutenant Colonel G. A. E. Harman.

The Company Dining Hall and adjacent rooms were beautifully decorated by the Q.A.R.A.N.C. Officers and Other Ranks, with much help also from the R.A.M.C.

Our Detachment Officer, Captain E. M. Thompson, Q.A.R.A.N.C., and the Q.A.R.A.N.C. Other Ranks organised several side shows which were a great attraction—mainly to the “surplus” males!

Some attractive gifts were given to be raffled by Mrs. Harman (the wife of the Officer Commanding); Major E. A. Horrocks, R.R.C. (Matron); Major M. C. Hilson (Deputy Matron); and Captain P. M. Martin, Q.A.R.A.N.C. Captain W. B. C. Norman, R.R.C., organised the raffles, tickets for which sold like hot cakes.

The Q.A.R.A.N.C. Officers' Mess gave a large cake—“Guess the weight—6d. a try!” Miss S. Forbes, one of our Physiotherapists, had the “heavy” job of I/C Cake!

An excellent buffet supper was prepared and beautifully arranged by the kitchen staff, headed by Staff Sergeant L. E. Coombs, A.C.C. The Officer Commanding kindly gave permission for a pig from the Unit piggery to lose its life in a good cause!

People were asking where the queues lead to—“Why to Madam Olga (from the Bosphorus, you know!) . . . Major M. C. Hilson made a mysterious and convincing fortune teller, and was an

enormous success, and never omitted to have her palm crossed with silver !

The dance itself went with a swing, to the strains of a German band. There were spot prizes to add to the interest.

After supper draws were made for the raffles and Mrs. Harman kindly consented to present the prizes. Mrs. Harman is a Member of the Association and gave invaluable assistance at the beginning of the year as first Branch Secretary.

After all the expenses were paid there was a profit of over £30 (of which £25 is being given to the Headquarters Benevolent Fund which is a very satisfactory result of a most pleasant evening.

H. SMITH,
Corporal, Q.A.R.A.N.C.
(Col/A/1)

Singapore Branch

At the close of a Hospital Sunday Service held in St. Andrews Cathedral, Singapore on 30th October, 1955 at 10.30 a.m., a moving ceremony was performed when a memorial plaque was unveiled in memory of the Australian Army Nursing Sisters who were killed by the Japanese in the Banka Straits massacre 1942.

Mrs. J. C. Kelly, M.B.E., of South Australia, who donated the plaque was unable to attend because of ill health, but her daughter Miss Jean Kelly who is a trained nurse and also the Editor of an Australian Nursing Magazine represented her at this ceremony.

The plaque was unveiled by Sir Alan Watt, the Australian High Commissioner in South East Asia, and was dedicated by the Bishop of Singapore, the Rt. Rev. H. W. Baines.

The Royal Australian Army Nursing Corps was represented by Captain R. B. Oldham and Captain I. G. Hutton who travelled down from Taiping the day before for the ceremony. These two officers, together with four others of the R.A.A.N.C., are attached to the B.M.H. Kamunting for duty in Malaya.

Nursing Officers of Q.A.R.N.N.S., Q.A.R.A.N.C., and P.M.R.A.F.N.S., as well as several sisters and nurses from the Civilian Hospitals in Singapore attended this Service.

"On 12th February, 1942, H.M.S. Voyager Brooke, left Singapore with 65 Australian Army Nursing Sisters. The next day the vessel was bombed and sunk in the Banka Straits by the Japanese.

"Twelve Sisters were drowned. Of those who managed to swim ashore thirty-two were ordered back into the water and machine-gunned.

"Of the twenty-one remaining, eight died during internment. Thirteen of the original sixty five returned to their Homeland."

M. DOWNING.

L.430

The Singapore Branch of the Queen Alexandra's Royal Army Nursing Corps Association was started in October 1955.

Several ex-Q.A.I.M.N.S. members were enrolled and the Branch now consists of twenty members in all.

It was decided that several functions should be held to raise funds for the organisation, and the first of these was a Bring and Buy Sale on a small scale when M \$100 were taken.

The first large activity undertaken was a Jumble Sale organised by Lieut.-Col. R. C. Davis, the Matron B.M.H. Singapore. This was held on Saturday, 3rd December, 1955 in the men's N.A.A.F.I. canteen and was a great success.

All members of the Association and the Q.A.R.A.N.C. Officers assisted in making things for the sale. Many of the families gave generously, and the local shops also contributed food and toys.

There were five stalls in all, several side shows, and a fortune teller.

The patients of the hospital held a display of model aeroplanes made by themselves and a nominal entry fee was charged.

The unit fire brigade engine was stationed outside the hall by kind permission of Major Stageman R.A.S.C. and the small boys were permitted to climb inside.

Swings and slides were also erected by the R.E.'s for the children. Tea and cold drinks were available.

The old clothes stall proved to be the most successful and the Asian families were quick to take advantage of the many bargains.

Some of the contributions were raffled, including a 4 lb. tin of China tea given by Lady Lowen.

The visitors included Mrs. Churchill, wife of Major General Administration G.H.Q. F.A.R.E.L.F., Mrs. Bluett, wife of the D.M.S. F.A.R.E.L.F. and many of the officers of the B.M.H. Singapore and their wives.

The total amount collected was M \$800 which was considered to be an excellent beginning for the Association and 10% of the takings has been given to the patients' Xmas Fund.

It is hoped that future activities held will be as successful and as popular as the Jumble Sale proved to be.

J. DRURY-METTHAM.
Captain, Q.A.R.A.N.C.

Hanover Branch.

At the last meeting of the Hanover Branch of the Q.A.R.A.N.C. Association it was decided that in order to raise funds, a Garden Party would be held on Saturday, September 24th, in the hospital grounds. Details were discussed by members of the Association Committee, including officers and other ranks, and presided over

by Major Thompson Q.A.R.A.N.C. Invitations were extended to married families, B.M.H. Rinteln, and to other units in the Hanover District.

On the appointed day the Commanding Officer of the hospital made an opening speech, in which he explained the purpose of the Association and thanked all ranks who had assisted in the preparations.

There were many stalls and other attractions during the afternoon. Some of the most popular were a miniature horse race, jumble sale, and a toffee apple stand run by Lt. Hill Q.A.R.A.N.C., who had made all the toffee herself the previous afternoon. A parcel post stand was run by Major Thompson Q.A.R.A.N.C., and sold out completely within half an hour of opening. A darts contest was run by Sgt. D. Carlich, R.A.M.C. and Pte. Mason Q.A.R.A.N.C. A books and magazines stand managed by Capt. Clark Q.A.R.A.N.C. and Lt. Hay Q.A.R.A.N.C. proved a great attraction. There was also a treasure hunt the "treasure" being of a bottle of Brandy won by a member of the R.A.M.C. The task of digging up the treasure was allotted to the Commanding Officer, who was unable to find it at first, and his efforts caused great amusement to the children watching him.

Several of the prizes won were handed back to be auctioned, a basket of fruit won by an R.A.M.C. corporal was auctioned and bought by an officer patient for £2 10s. and was presented by him to the children in the Families Ward.

Tea and refreshments were served on the lawn by Lt. Grace Q.A.R.A.N.C. and Cpl. Laughton Q.A.R.A.N.C. The weather fortunately remained fine during the whole afternoon. Afterwards came the reckoning, and we were pleasantly surprised to find that we had made a profit of £85 17s. 4d. which we felt was pretty good for our first venture of this kind.

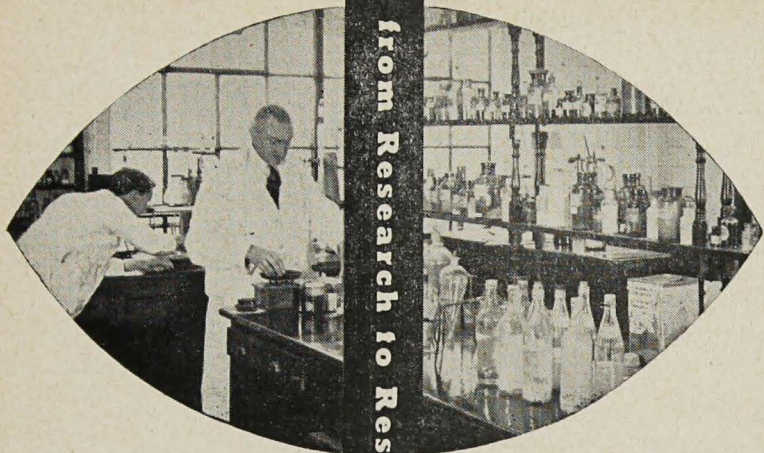
L. M. GILMORE.
(B.A.O.R./HAN/17.)

Chester Branch.

A Dinner was held at the Queen Hotel, Chester on Saturday, 8th October, 1955. Members present were from Manchester, Stockport, Llandudno, Southport and the Military Hospital, including two visitors not yet members of the Association, Mrs. Cranna, who accompanied Miss Gannon, our Vice Chairman, and Miss A. Nuttall who was the guest of Miss P. M. Williams.

We were welcomed by Lieut. Colonel Douglass and Major Fougere the latter made the arrangements for the Dinner deputising for Major O'Neill, who was unable to attend owing to illness.

Letters were received from Mrs. Bradbury and Mrs. M. A. L.



from Research to Restaurants

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Davies regretting their non attendance through illness. We wish them all a speedy recovery to health.

Sherry was served in the Lounge followed by an excellent dinner. We would like to thank Major Fougere for giving us a pleasant and happy evening.

After Dinner we chatted to each other about our serving days at home and abroad. It was pleasant to renew memories of days in Mauritius, of Jock our mess dog in 1942, also further news of developments of hospitals in East Africa from Lieut. Colonel Douglass having recently returned, before taking up duties at the Military Hospital, Chester.

There was a very friendly atmosphere, we may have been strangers but in name only. We all belonged to one body, the Q.A.R.A.N.C.

It will be nearing Xmas as you read the Gazette. Chester Branch sends Good Wishes to members everywhere.

ISABELLA INGLIS(Nee DAVIDSON).
(Chester A/28).

Re-union - 22nd General Hospital

The Sixth Annual Re-union Dinner was held on the last Saturday in September presided over by Col. A. McKie Reid, M.C., F.R.C.S., A company of thirty eight were present which number included twelve Sisters. A most enjoyable evening was spent going over past experiences and remembering old and absent friends. The company stood for a silent moment to pay tribute to the memory of Miss Marjorie Naismith who was Matron of the hospital from 1942-45

The Re-union is held on the last Saturday in September each year. It is hoped that the numbers will be increased year by year. If any past Sisters of the Unit are interested will they please contact Miss E. Sheppard of the General Hospital, Birkenhead who will be pleased to pass on information.

E. E. SHEPPARD.
(A/Chester/9.)

Dysart Ward,
Royal London Homopathic,
Great Ormond Street,
W.C.1.

My Dear Secretary,

I am sorry to address you thus, but as I am still in hospital I cannot look up your name before writing so please accept my apologies.

Will you please convey my very sincere thanks to the Chester Branch of the Q.A.s for the very beautiful flowers they sent me, it

was lovely to have them now. I have to stay here to complete my x-ray treatment as it cannot be done in Chester but I hope to be back in about a fortnight.

With kindest regards,

Yours sincerely,
 (Sgd.) MARY DAVIES.
 1, Hiraddug Road,
 Dyserth,
 Flintshire,
 N. Wales.

To The Hon. Secretary,
 Q.A.R.A.N.C. Association,
 Chester Branch.

23rd October, 1955.

Dear Madam,

I am most grateful to all members of the Q.A.R.A.N.C. Association members for the lovely kind thought and good wishes. The flowers came as a wonderful gift of kindness and a great surprise and I really cannot express my gratitude for such a lovely thought and I would really like to mention it in the Gazette so that other members know what it really means to be attached to such a good Association and to encourage members to join.

Again thank you all. With my very best wishes at all times.

I am very thankful to say that I am now able to walk about unaided.

(Sgd.) MARGARET S. BRADBURY.
 (A/CHES./14.)

Donations Received

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

Miss L. P. Dixon	1	1	0
Rinteln Branch	25	0	0
Hannover Branch	1	13	0
Dame Ann Beadsmore Smith	5	5	0
Hostert Branch	1	17	3
Shorncliffe Branch	20	0	0
South of Scotland Branch	5	0	0
Colchester Branch	11	8	4
North East Scotland Branch	15	0	0
Army Benevolent Fund	375	0	0
Mrs. E. M. N. Young	1	0	0
Singapore Branch	75	0	0
Mrs. Cornish	5	0	0

All the above are acknowledged with grateful thanks.

E. A. Baldook, *Hon. Treasurer.*

The Queen Alexandra's Royal Army Nursing Corps
Association

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Obituaries

MISS M. F. STEELE, R.R.C. and Bar

We regret to announce the death of Miss Margaret Finlayson Steele, R.R.C. and Bar, retired Matron Q.A.I.M.N. Service, on November 29th, 1955 at East Molesey, Surrey. Miss Steele gave her skilled and valued service in World War I. Our older members of "The United Nursing Services Club" in Cavendish Square, London, will remember her with affection and gratitude. She took office as the Secretary of the U.N.S. Club from 1922 until 1940, and her invaluable service was greatly appreciated by all who came in contact with her.

MISS JANE McCOTTER, C.B.E.

We regret to announce the death of Miss Jane McCotter, C.B.E., on November 22nd, 1955 at Ibadan, Nigeria. She was a member of the Princess Christian's Army Nursing Service, South Africa, 1901 to 1904. Was nursing in Nigeria from 1909 to 1927 and gave invaluable service to "Infant Welfare Service" in Abeokuta, Nigeria, until 1955.

MISS EDITH HELEN PIKE, R.R.C.

We regret to announce the death of Miss Edith Helen Madeleine Pike, R.R.C., late Q.A.I.M.N. Service, on January 30th, 1956, at Addenbrooke's Hospital, Cambridge.

A loyal friend, and admired greatly by all that knew her.

APPOINTMENTS

Colonel G. Cocking to A.D.A.N.S., War Office (AMD4), vice Colonel E. J. Stirling on 2nd December, 1955.

Colonel E. J. Stirling, R.R.C. to F.A.R.E.L.F. as D.D.A.N.S. vice Colonel E. G. M. Reynolds M.B.E., R.R.C.—R.H.E. December, 1955.

PROMOTIONS

Captain to Major.

November—Capt. A. W. Dickie (8th).

December—Capt. J. Gahan (7th), Capt. M. A. Gara (29th), Capt. A. Kirwan (29th).

Lieutenant to Captain.

November—Lieut. J. L. Barclay (7th), Lieut. H. M. Cahill (11th), Lieut. J. K.

Morgan (14th), Lieut. M. King (26th), Lieut. M. Waddington (28th).

December—Lieut. E. M. Seppings (12th), Lieut. J. Smith (12th), Lieut. F. M. G. Fricker (18th).

RETIREMENTS AND RESIGNATIONS

October, 1955—Majors E. J. Crook, A.R.R.C., S. A. Raine, A.R.R.C. Capt. H. K. Knights (*née* Robinson). Lieuts. M. E. F. Cheek (*née* Sharland), M. Nicol (*née* Guthrie), J. I. Jasper (*née* Brown), S. McC. Gardner (*née* Cumming), R. A. S. Essame (*née* Jarman), P. M. Rutledge (*née* Mills), A. C. M. Edwards (*née* Talbot), S. E. Linnell (*née* Brown), S. J. Hughes (*née* Moran), V. I. Manuel, E. E. Browne, M. J. Bevan (*née* Crookes), B. M. Butler, R. S. Godfrey, R. M. Woolley, P. Hanney, D. Page, B. Newson, M. J. Rowberry, M. E. Jackson, K. G. O. Munro, A. M. Long.

November, 1955—Majors J. Monteath, L. M. Flower. Capts. E. Feddis (*née* Dolan), E. Aiken, D. M. Frew, M. M. King. Lieuts. P. N. F. Ward (*née* Dowers), J. James (*née* Smith), B. A. Adair (*née* Musham), C. M. Gray, M. P. Hodgson (*née* Guinane), E. O'Kane, P. M. Gilroy, D. McNicol, P. B. Hopkins, E. Shaw, K. Fawcett, B. D. Bailey, U. M. Bunce, V. M. McManus, E. Fahie-Wilson, K. L. Dineen, M. L. Ryder, E. Hyland, A. M. Dagorn.

MARRIAGES

December, 1955—Majors A. M. MacCormack, R. Saunders. Lieuts. P. Pountain (*née* Bushby), J. Hain (*née* Ward), C. A. Pallas (*née* Morris), G. R. Curtis (*née* Grant).

Lieut. R. A. S. Jarman to Capt. P. K. Essame att. Gold Coast Regiment, on 8th October, 1955, at Accra, Gold Coast.

Lieut. P. M. Mills to Dr. T. C. Rutledge on 10th October, 1955 at Glasgow.

Lieut. S. McC. Cumming to Capt. W. G. Gardner, R.A.D.C. on 15th October, 1955, at Glasgow.

Lieut. J. I. Brown to N. J. Jasper, Esq., on 22nd October, 1955, at Bourne, Lincs.

Lieut. S. E. Brown to B. J. Linnell, Esq., on 12th October, 1955, at Kings Lynn, Norfolk.

Lieut. M. C. Crookes to J. W. L. Bevan, Esq., on 1st October, 1955, at Kuala Lumpur, Malaya.

Lieut. M. Guthrie to Dr. H. Nicol on 27th October, 1955, at Aberdeen

Lieut. M. E. F. Sharland to F/Lt. E. S. Cheek, R.A.F., on 28th October, 1955, at Launceston, Cornwall.

Lieut. J. Smith to Capt. D. F. L. James, R.Sigs., on 12th November, 1955 at Singapore.

Lieut. B. A. Musham to Ch. Off. J. G. Adair, M.N., on 19th November, 1955, at Harrogate.

Lieut. P. N. F. Dowers to 2/Lt. E. R. W. Ward, R.A.S.C. on 18th November, 1955, at North Harrow.

Capt. E. Dolan to Capt. R. Feddis, U.S.A.M.C., on 19th November, 1955, at Frankfurt-am-Main.

Lieut. G. R. Grant to F/O. G. H. Curtis R.A.F., on 3rd December, 1955, at Nicosia.

Lieut. J. Ward to Lieut. J. Hain, R.E., on 3rd December, 1955, at Kluang.

Lieut. C. A. Morris to Dr. D. R. Pallas on 10th December, 1955, at Cardiff.

Marriage

Hamilton-Clark. On January 14th, 1956, Lickey Parish Church, nr. Birmingham. Major-General W. R. D. Hamilton to Joyce C. Clark, Q.A.R.A.N.C., Daughter of Mrs. L. M. Clark of Birmingham and of the late Mr. John Clark.

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