



THE QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S ROYAL ARMY  
NURSING CORPS ASSOCIATION

# GAZETTE

*Gazette Editors :*

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

*Patron :*

HER MAJESTY QUEEN MARY, *Colonel-in-Chief, Q.A.R.A.N.C.*

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FEBRUARY, 1951

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## *Editorial*

IT IS with some gratification, rather deeply tinged with relief and not a few regrets, that we look back over the first completed year of this GAZETTE—gratification because it has given pleasure to quite a lot of people; relief because of its tenacious survival and consequent preservation of “face” for us; regrets because there is so much not done that we would have liked to accomplish.

We have been temporary Editors so far, but are now confronted with the fact that the successor we have been waiting for cannot materialize. We must continue to carry the burden as best we may until someone else is moved to come to the rescue. A warm welcome awaits whoever that may be. In the meantime we enter the New Year full of good intentions and counting on your support, without which nothing can be done.

The year 1951 is beset with problems, national and international. The world needs FRIENDSHIP—there cannot be too much of it. In the tiny sphere of our Association that is our first and foremost aim. It can only be fully carried out through each one doing what is personally possible. Some of you are already visiting old, sick, or lonely members on behalf of the Association and letting us know when other help is required. We have in this and other ways been able to bring cheer to our friends during this last year and particularly at Christmas, when many gifts and cards were sent out.

Our loved Patron was given a brief résumé of this work when we sent Christmas greetings from all of you to Her Majesty. We were honoured to receive a reply expressing Queen Mary's interest and enclosing a beautiful signed Christmas card with good wishes to the Association. This will encourage all of us in the difficult year ahead, not only in work for the Association, but in our daily routine and in the extra we must give to the nation in this time of need. There can be few of us who cannot manage to make some little extra effort. Next issue we hope to indicate some ways of helping the national effort, particularly for those “not so young.”

May 1951 bring peace, and in that way be a happy New Year for all.

## *Q.A.R.A.N.C. Chief*

WE all offer our heartiest congratulations to Brigadier Dame Anne Thomson on her D.B.E. in the New Year Honours, and to all our other members who were in the Honours List.

Dame Anne has only recently returned from an extensive tour covering approximately 10,000 miles in the Middle East theatre. It must have been an exhausting trip, but an interesting and enjoyable one. The Matron-in-Chief feels that it was well worth while, as she can appreciate the particular problems in connection with the medical units of that vast area very much better now having personally seen and discussed the conditions under which the nursing officers have to work and live—some are far from easy. Many of the units visited were eagerly awaiting news of Q.A. other ranks. They must be delighted at the news of a first draft leaving U.K. shortly for M.E. No Q.A. other ranks have as yet been posted overseas. Apart from units, there were so many places of fascinating interest visited that we hope to persuade Dame Anne to tell us some of the stories in her own words for the benefit of the *GAZETTE*, if she can possibly find time to do so in the near future. It is good to hear of the new Corps flag being flown at the Q.A. Mess in Nairobi. We would like to know more about it, and as for sleeping one night in a cottage built in the clouds, but with modern sanitation—why, it is irresistible. Our curiosity must obtain satisfaction somehow.

## *Field of Remembrance*

FOR the first time the tribute to members of the Army Nursing Services on the Empire Field of Remembrance at Westminster Abbey in November last was combined in one plot with the Association badge at the head flanked by wreath crosses bearing the badges of Q.A.I.M.N.S., Reserve and T.A.N.S., these being laid by Dame Katharine Jones for the Association, Miss J. Patterson for Q.A.I.M.N.S., Miss A. E. Baldock for the Reserve, and Miss D. C. Bridges for the T.A.N.S. In previous years each have had their own plot. Our V.A.D. members were not forgotten. Miss B. Wrigley, a V.A.D. Association member, laid a cross in memory of the V.A.Ds. who served with the Army Sisters.

The simple impressive service, culminating in the "Last Post," was held round the plot dedicated to the Unknown Fallen. A small party of our members attended, amongst whom could be seen serving Q.A.R.A.N.C. officers, mostly in khaki, though the new grey and scarlet uniform was represented.

# *Memorial Service to the Nurses of the Commonwealth*

THE four of us who had the good fortune to represent the Association at the ceremony of the unveiling and dedication of the Nurses' Memorial Chapel in Westminster Abbey on 2nd November, 1950, had an experience which will ever remain in our memories.

The bells of the Abbey pealed out as the great throng of people made their way slowly through the Great West Door. Relatives of nurses who gave their lives, and whose sacrifice was to be commemorated in the little Jesus Chapel, unused for 300 years, were there with a great gathering of nurses of all Services. The different uniforms mingled pleasingly and impressed—if this was necessary—on one's mind the great and varied part our nursing profession plays in this troubled world. One felt again the comradeship which links all nurses whatever their sphere of work.

Inside the Abbey the beautiful music, played by the R.A.M.C. band, blended with the peace and dignity of the building filled with the stilled multitude awaiting the arrival of Her Majesty the Queen. The striking of the clock brought a ripple of expectation through the vast congregation. The royal procession entered, escorted by the Dean and Clergy of the Abbey, Queen Elizabeth in regal black velvet and silver fox furs. As the sanctuary was reached and Her Majesty seated, a fanfare rang out thrilling and echoing through the Abbey.

During the singing of the anthem the Royal party, accompanied by the Dean, made its way to the little chapel with its veiled window. When the last notes died away the voice of the Duchess of Northumberland, Chairman of the Empire Memorial Fund, was heard begging the Queen to unveil the window as a memorial to those who in the Second World War gave their lives in the service of their brethren. Her Majesty, in her clear beautiful voice, then said, "I unveil this window in thankful remembrance of the devotion and self-sacrifice of those in whose honour we are met today, and I beg you, Mr. Dean, to dedicate it and the other ornaments of this Chapel to the Glory of God." As these words were spoken the window was revealed to us in all its beauty and symbolism. The impressive service was now drawing to its close. After the Benediction a fanfare once again rang out and the music of the organ filled the air as Her Majesty's party slowly made its way to the Great West Door.

Commemorative booklets worthy of the occasion, with coloured plates and giving details of the Memorial, were presented to all those who attended the service. It may interest members to know that copies can still be obtained by making a small donation of 2s. 6d. to the fund.

# Correspondence

THE following extracts from a letter sent by a reader who gives a *nom de plume*, but not her name and address, are published because they emphasize the need for a permanent editor (of the right type), give opportunity to explain the choice of the GAZETTE cover, which does not meet with everyone's approval, and last, but not least, publication gives us a reason which has not occurred before for saying firmly that, in future, correspondents' *nom de plumes* will be used only in cases where full name and address is confidentially given.

May a mere outsider voice her opinion of the Q.A. GAZETTE? The prestige of the Q.As., already lowered during the war years . . . will surely sink even further should this magazine fall into lay hands. The average school magazine would be ashamed to produce such a low literary standard, though perhaps this will improve when the real Editor takes over. . . . As for the cover, these simpering 'pin-up girls' are surely not in keeping with the splendid tradition and dignity of the Q.As. Must the Q.As. pander to the 'glamour' craze too? . . . With all good wishes and hoping the new Q.A. Corps will be worthy of their grand predecessors. . . .

COLONEL'S LADY.

*Note.*—The cover design was decided upon after many Committee deliberations, because it was considered essential to clearly depict at the beginning, and until the Association became known, those who were to make up its membership and who might not feel themselves included in the title—*e.g.*, the Army Nurses of the South African and later wars, the V.A.D. The design was not intended for permanent use.

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Extract from a letter sent by a non-member subscriber to the GAZETTE, a retired headmistress:

I apologise for delay in answering Q.A.R.A.N.C. Association notices. I enclose completed form, with postal order for 5s., with awestruck admiration of a GAZETTE marked by such vitality and vivacity—and a Corps and Association expanding and flourishing so wonderfully.

EVA BLACKBURN.

\* \* \* \*

Lieut.-Colonel N. P. de B. Bampton writes from East Africa:

I had a pretty rotten trip out—a very noisy ship—everything made a noise, and the heat in the Red Sea was terrific, but even *that* was more bearable than the noise! However, everything comes to an end sooner or later—a day at the Military Hospital at Mombasa was such a wonderful contrast I wondered at first if I had suddenly gone deaf. Everything was so beautifully quiet. The train journey took sixteen hours, and was very primitive in comparison to India, but when daylight came we had plenty to interest us, as there were

lots of giraffes, deer and ostriches to amuse us. I live in a hotel. I was very lucky to get in. The food is just beyond description and heaps of it—lovely fruits and salads—in fact, everything that one misses in England.

The flora and fauna of the country interest me enormously. I can see the counterpart of many flowers, trees and birds that we had in India, but they are all much more vivid in colour. The starlings have a glorious peacock blue plumage with rust red breasts; there is a lovely little blue-black sunbird that comes outside my window and hangs on the hibiscus sucking the honey from the flowers. There are brilliant yellow and black birds—smaller than the golden oriole, but much the same colour. The black-capped bulbul sings very melodiously. There are dozens of birds I don't yet know, and we have every kind of flower, flowering shrub and tree—golden mohur jacaranda, coral tree ('flower of the forest'), and many other kinds I do not know. I have been into the National Park several times, but you are forbidden to leave your car and can drive right up to within a few feet of many of the animals and they are unafraid, because the smell of petrol does not convey fear to them—the smell of a human, and they are away like a streak. I can now identify most of the deer; there is a darling little gazelle with a black and white stripe horizontal along its side, a little black tail that never stops wagging, and two straight pointed horns like marks of interrogation; sometimes, when he is lying in the scrub, all you can see are his little horns. He is a Thomson's gazelle, and one sees herds of them all through the park. The most graceful are the limpala; they go along in leaps and bounds and have a lovely pair of antlers. There are herds of wildebeest, or gnu—they *are* ugly. Herds of zebra with fat rounded rumps—they look much greyer in the wild state—and one day we drove in among twenty giraffes. They looked so interested that I thought they would put their heads into the car window. I know now what the animals at the Zoo feel like when we go and gaze at them—only this time *we* were in the cage! Ostriches look like a nicely rounded black bush, then suddenly, up pop their heads and you get quite a surprise! We saw the crocodiles and rhino and hippopotamus in their pools. They are usually too lazy to come out in the day time. One day we saw a recent kill, with all the bloated cruel-looking vultures round, and two jackals tearing at what flesh remained—no sign of the lion who had killed.

Within a few miles of Nairobi, on practically any road, you can see lots of game, mostly giraffes and ostriches, and lots of birds, the secretary bird being the funniest I have ever seen—he looks like someone in black knee breeches on stilts!

The surrounding country is very mountainous and rugged, has an austere beauty of its own, with miles and miles of scrub and camel thorn. Even the thorn bushes have flowers, and against the dun-coloured background are delicate white and yellow flowers and here and there a splash of red where an occasional coral tree is in flower. The terrific space is rather overpowering at first, and not a sign of

cultivation or water, not even a paddy field to relieve the dull brown. It is rather cruel and relentless, but with great possibilities. Of course, where there is tobacco and coffee it is very different, but it reminds me of the pictures of South Africa that I saw many years ago: the boulder-strewn kopjes, with a relentless sun beating down—and, my goodness, doesn't it beat—the rays seem much stronger than in India, due to being right on the Equator, I suppose.

I am about a couple of miles from H.Q., and go by car each day. I leave at 8 a.m., come back for lunch, and then finish at 4.45 p.m., so I have a nice long evening. Since the war it is not safe to go out after dusk on foot at all. The African is just a happy child, and is far more responsive than the Indian; he is lazy if allowed to be, but is teachable, has an excellent road sense and learns to drive a motor, and is very good, and makes a far more careful driver than the Indian.

There is a very high standard throughout this Command. The G.O.C. will not have slackness in any form, and it is a real joy to see the African soldier really smart and observing every courtesy and Army etiquette as in pre-war days. The British soldier has to be beyond reproach, and it is most refreshing.

\* \* \* \*

A letter from the Matron-in-Chief, Q.A.I.M.N.S., 1919-1924:

On 22nd November, 1950, owing to the kindness of the Depot Commandant and Dame Louisa Wilkinson, I, an old octogenarian Matron-in-Chief of the Q.A.I.M.N.S., was privileged to pay a visit to the Depot of the Queen Alexandra's Royal Army Nursing Corps at Liphook. I would like to write a few lines about this unforgettable visit.

We motored down from London, arriving about midday (fortunately the weather was kind to us) and found this interesting camp of first-class hutments, built, I understand, by the Canadians as their headquarters in England during the late war. The camp of the Q.A.R.A.N. Corps is situated in a very beautiful part of Surrey, near Hindhead, and covers six and a half acres of ground.

We easily found our way to the Officers' Quarters, where we were most kindly and courteously received by the Adjutant and senior officers of the Depot in their spacious and comfortable ante-room. We were soon joined by Colonel Dyson, the Commandant, who welcomed me most warmly and who also gave me an insight into the various departmental duties of the officers and a greater understanding of all the recent changes in the Army Nursing Service.

We were then entertained to an excellent luncheon in their Mess. In the afternoon a parade was held by the Commandant in which there were about 260 officers and other ranks taking part. The new March of the Corps, which was most tuneful and appropriate, was played throughout the parade by the band of the Parachute Regiment from Aldershot.

I was much impressed by the smartness of the parade and also by the uniforms and the apparent good health of all taking part. The new uniform, of dark grey with scarlet facings, was worn by the



officers of the Corps who had just finished their basic course at the Depot and were about to be posted to the various military hospitals. I could not help feeling what an asset for active service this course at the Depot must be, both in acquiring self-confidence and some knowledge of Army routine before entering upon their primarily nursing duties.

I was very pleased on being asked by the Commandant to say a few words to these officers before leaving and being able to congratulate them on their smartness of drill and equipment, and to wish them great happiness in their service in military nursing.

I left with a wonderful feeling of satisfaction in the efficiency of the present-day members of the Q.A.R.A.N. Corps and a great pride in having been a member of our Army Nursing Service. My only regret was that our time being limited, I was not able to hear more of the interesting work undertaken at the Depot, particularly the training of the Q.A. other ranks, which must be a considerable help to the military hospitals, besides bringing many into nursing who would not otherwise have taken it up.

I realize the difficulties which have been faced. There are always frustrations to contend with in reforms and progress—there always will be, but it does not matter. The progress will go on as long as we are not daunted. A great piece of work has been done.

Q.A. officers starting their military nursing service today probably take the Depot and their own status in the Army for granted, but to me it is a great joy to know that the dreams of even *my* predecessors are at last fulfilled by this recognition of *Nursing* as a corps of the Army.

ANN BEADSMORE SMITH.

## *News Notes from the Branches*

NO. 3 is now firmly established, you will be delighted to hear. It is known as the Midland Branch and already shows signs of independent activity.

As a matter of fact, we have not received any notes for the GAZETTE from our branches. They are so busy being independent that, apparently, they have not had time to think of such things. Both the Scottish and the Midland Branch have taken over any benevolent work in their areas, and they dealt with their own members for Christmas gifts, too. Next issue they will probably tell us a little more about their activities. We hope so.

## *Presentation*

THE Association has been greatly helped in many ways by the Q.A.R.A.N.C. Headquarter Mess, and in November last year it was decided to present the Mess with a token of appreciation. This took the form of a Chippendale show table to hold the Visitors' Book, which contains many valuable and historic signatures.

# *Q.A.R.A.N.C. Sports*

## *News from Scottish Command*

Last July the Military Hospital, Cowglen, were notified that a Rifle Shooting Competition for Scottish Command Women's Services would take place in October, 1950.

None of the nursing officers had done any rifle shooting previously, but their Sports Officer, Lieut. D. M. Eldridge, was determined that some of the Q.As. should compete for the cup—she made arrangements with the Adjutant of the H.L.I. (T.A.) unit in Glasgow for training. Four of our officers went once a week to the rifle range to be put through their paces by the Adjutant and the R.S.M., and by October two of them were ready to enter for the competition.

There were altogether twenty-three competitors, including last year's winner, the others being W.R.A.C. officers and other ranks from Scottish Command. The results came out with Lieut. P. I. Browning, now Mrs. Hill, first with a score of 258.9 out of 300, and Lieut. J. M. Brooks second with a score of 258.5. The third score was 225 and the lowest 24. Mrs. Hill and Lieut. Brooks each received a medal. Last year's winner was a W.O.I, W.R.A.C.

They are very proud in the Q.A. Officers' Mess at Cowglen to hold for twelve months a new silver cup, the first name inscribed on it being Lieut. P. I. Browning, Q.A.R.A.N.C.

OLIVE E. CLARK.

## *Alamein Reunion, 1950*

LACK of space in this issue prevents a worthy account of this function held in the Albert Hall on 20th October, but it must be recorded that Q.As. were not forgotten. It was an evening of highlights, with a wonderful atmosphere of comradeship and good feeling. The reception accorded to Lord Montgomery and Mr. Churchill was terrific—there is no other word to use. The silent tribute of a hushed multitude was paid to that other great soldier and statesman, the late General Smuts.

Pageant (centred around the Memorial Window to be unveiled in Cairo Cathedral), speeches, music and songs filled the evening and awakened memories—memories of those dark days before Alamein became the hinge upon which our fortunes turned. It is quite impossible to record all one felt on this great occasion, but it was for us yet another proud day in which Q.As. had their part with the men of Alamein.

# *Hiroshima Aftermath*

THE Roman Catholic Novitiate is situated on a hill about four miles from where the atom bomb is estimated to have fallen on Hiroshima. The first impression received there was a vivid electric flash in the sky, followed very shortly by terrific blast but no noise of explosion. From the garden of the Novitiate it appeared as if the whole city was on fire. Indeed, it was this extensive fire that caused the greatest number of casualties.

Very soon the first of the stream of refugees, which was to continue for days, started wending their way up the hill, and the priests set to work to render what assistance and first aid they could. In no time the floor of the chapel was covered with patients. To begin with it was not known what had occurred as all outside communications had been cut when the bomb fell. Nevertheless, everyone seemed to realize that this was something different from the bombing they had hitherto experienced.

It is estimated that 200,000 of the 600,000 people in the city at the time died as the direct result of the atom bomb. Of the 106 doctors in the city, 100 were killed. Those remaining rigged up temporary hospitals, and were kept so busy there that the task of caring for the mass of people fell on the churches, and any who were willing to help.

The greatest number of casualties were suffering from burns. At first most of these seemed to be merely of first degree. Afterwards, when they all showed signs of going deeper, it was realized that this was no ordinary type of burn. As a first dressing oil or vaseline had been applied and by sealing in the pus this had greatly increased the mortality rate. When this was observed, the wounds were treated with boric which proved much more satisfactory, though supplies were pitifully inadequate.

Meantime a second stream of patients started to come up the hill as the result of improper home treatment. The Japs had originally applied vegetable leaves to the burns. Containing a large percentage of moisture they are cool and soothing—to begin with. When the water content was exhausted the leaves became hard. To soften the “dressing” a hot mash of potatoes was applied, much as we might have used starch poultices. Again this was effective at first, but quickly hardened. They then applied hot charcoal, and this finally formed a hard crust similar to a tannic acid dressing. At this stage the unfortunate patients were coming up to the priests for further treatment. Most of them died as the result of septicæmia caused by the sealing in of the septic burns.

Another result of the radio activity was what became locally known as atomic fever. This did not appear till some weeks after the bomb fell. At the onset there was high fever and bleeding of the gums.

In a very short time the patient was completely prostrated. The fever lasted for one or two weeks and had a high percentage of fatalities. Those who did recover had lost a great deal of weight and required an exceptionally long period of convalescence.

In addition there were the usual casualties of an air raid from broken glass and falling masonry. With all the trained personnel more than fully occupied, these wounds were often stitched by untrained persons with the minimum of cleanliness and the usual disastrous results.

This treatment must all sound very crude, but it should be remembered that untrained people were dealing with an entirely new emergency without any proper medical supplies or advice.

If any good can be said to have resulted from this it was the great prestige acquired by all the Christian churches in Japan from the devotion to duty and willing co-operation shown by all the denominations.

In my estimation one of the saddest reminders of the atom bomb is just outside a little village called O-No, a few miles west of Hiroshima on the main road. Here, before the war, had been built one of the most modern sanatoria in Japan. It was beautifully situated with the separate buildings nestling on the hillside with a splendid view of the lovely Inland Sea. The buildings were solid, unlike the flimsy wooden Japanese houses which caused so much of the fires after the atom bomb fell in Hiroshima.

To this little village those lucky enough to have got away from the town came in their swarms, but the after-effects of the bomb followed them even here. The great heat caused by the fires drew up moistures from the surrounding sea, and, as the atmosphere cooled, this resulted in torrential downpours of rain.

It was then that the well-chosen site for the hospital proved a death-trap. The rains loosened the subsoil on the hillside and resulted in a disastrous avalanche. The proud strong buildings collapsed like a child's house of cards under the weight of the giant boulders which came hurtling down the hillside without warning. Nobody knows what the death roll was in this particular disaster, but the pitiful remains of a proud achievement provide a vivid example of the power of nature over the works of man.

MARION MCAULAY.

## *Naval and Military Club*

It may interest members to know that all nursing officers, past and present, Q.A. Reserve and T.A.N.S., are eligible for Associate Lady Membership of the above Club. Particulars from the Secretary, Naval and Military Club, 94, Piccadilly, London, W.1.

## Postings From and Reversions to Home Establishment, 1950

### *From M.E.L.F.*

Captain D. F. Austin  
Lieut. M. P. Cashin  
Lieut. M. E. Drury Mettham  
Major L. M. Flower  
Captain W. M. Hall  
Captain B. S. Haskett  
Captain M. L. Holt  
Captain E. Millington  
Lieut. M. McGlinchey  
Major A. McGeary  
Captain N. Marson  
Major M. E. O'Connor  
Lieut. P. J. Smith  
Captain E. Taylor  
Captain M. A. Thompson  
Lieut. P. L. N. Walker

### *From East Africa*

Lieut.-Colonel O. E. Clark  
Captain E. L. F. Coates  
Major J. Howe  
Captain M. E. Laythorpe  
Captain K. M. Knowles  
Major E. Mackaness  
Captain D. E. Price

### *From West Africa*

Captain A. Carr  
Captain C. Cloke  
Captain E. Connor  
Captain D. E. Francis  
Lieut.-Colonel H. M. Parker  
Major D. E. Richards  
Lieut.-Colonel L. Rolands  
Captain E. Rowston  
Lieut. M. J. P. Webster

### *From Malta*

Lieut. W. H. Clementson  
Lieut.-Colonel L. M. Rose  
Lieut. G. L. Valentine

### *From B.T.A*

Major Y. K. Davey  
Lieut.-Colonel F. E. Smith

### *From Jamaica*

Lieut. M. Hill  
Captain H. W. Slates

### *From FARELF*

Captain M. M. Bridgewater  
Major D. W. Douglass  
Captain T. Jordan  
Major G. E. Jones  
Captain M. Morgan  
Captain M. Moreton  
Captain C. M. S. Perry  
Captain F. Ratcliffe  
Lieut. N. Riding

Major E. Stirling  
Lieut.-Colonel E. E. Watkin  
Captain M. E. Wainwright  
Captain M. Wilmshurst  
Lieut.-Colonel L. R. Wilkins

### *From Bermuda*

Captain M. A. Knight  
Captain E. M. Miller  
Lieut. J. C. Thomas

### *From Trieste*

Captain M. M. Mount

### *From B.A.O.R.*

Lieut. E. M. Mills  
Captain E. Quinton

### *To M.E.L.F.*

Lieut. D. Armstrong  
Captain E. Ballesty  
Lieut. E. C. K. Blogg  
Lieut. D. Breen  
Lieut. A. Boad  
Lieut. J. M. Brown  
Lieut. M. M. Berry  
Lieut. W. A. Bacon  
Lieut. M. Coffey  
Captain K. M. Dallas  
Lieut. M. Dowd  
Lieut. M. T. C. Ellis  
Lieut. O. C. L. Foster  
Lieut. M. H. Godwin  
Lieut. W. M. C. Glass  
Lieut. J. F. Gunn  
Lieut. M. A. Gara  
Captain D. Knight  
Major D. Lister  
Captain E. Longworth  
Captain L. J. Lindfield  
Captain P. M. Moran  
Lieut. J. L. S. Montgomerie  
Lieut. B. Morgan  
Lieut. B. Mitchell  
Captain I. Mackay  
Captain E. Maher  
Captain W. Polson  
Lieut. M. B. Rowley  
Lieut. S. M. Rule  
Major G. S. Ray  
Captain J. Stockley  
Lieut.-Colonel M. A. V. Soutar  
Lieut. M. Stewart  
Lieut. E. M. Thompson  
Lieut. M. J. Tully  
Captain I. Wrightson  
Captain D. M. Wilson  
Captain M. Warrilow  
Lieut. E. G. D. Walker

Captain N. J. Kendall  
*To FARELF*  
 Captain Albrecht  
 Captain G. C. M. Gill  
 Lieut. R. Jackson  
 Captain F. Macdonald  
 Lieut. N. Riding  
*To Gibraltar*  
 Lieut. H. Arthur  
 Major S. E. Hughes  
 Major J. Macdonald  
 Captain E. N. Stonham  
 Lieut. R. I. Sharp  
*To Malta*  
 Captain N. McMahon  
*To Jamaica*  
 Lieut. J. Godtschaik  
*To Bermuda*  
 Lieut. B. M. Curtis  
 Lieut. W. H. Huss  
 Lieut. A. L. Moffat  
*To BETFOR*  
 Lieut. M. C. McKenzie  
 Major J. Mellor  
 Captain P. Stenning  
 Lieut. J. Selby  
 Lieut. E. M. Sharp  
*To B.T.A.*  
 Lieut. T. J. Fairley  
 Lieut. A. E. Gregory  
 Captain E. M. Hewson  
 Lieut. E. Johnson  
 Lieut. G. Jenkins  
 Lieut. E. W. Kaye  
 Captain M. A. Lowry  
 Lieut.-Colonel F. M. Lowther  
 Lieut. R. MacKenzie  
 Lieut. E. McCarro  
 Lieut. L. Sullivan  
 Major M. M. Winny  
 Captain M. E. Williams  
*To Korea*  
 Lieut. S. M. Cannon  
 Captain F. G. Hill  
 Lieut. N. J. K. Hilton  
 Lieut. I. T. McGuinness  
 Lieut. C. S. Thompson

*To East Africa*  
 Lieut. E. M. Boyle  
 Lieut.-Colonel N. de B. Bampton  
 Lieut. M. Brennan  
 Major K. Cowan  
 Captain N. Neish  
 Lieut. E. J. Tooby  
*To B.A.O.R.*  
 Not included in this list.  
*Trooping*  
 Captain C. A. Bott  
 Lieut. M. B. Brown  
 Lieut. O. Burnham  
 Captain K. M. Cross  
 Major M. Dobson  
 Captain D. I. French  
 Lieut. M. J. Hooper  
 Lieut. O. Jenkins  
 Lieut. M. Jones  
 Lieut. J. R. Laidlaw  
 Lieut. I. C. Lewin  
 Lieut. M. V. McCormack  
 Lieut. A. Matheson  
 Lieut. M. G. Ramsden  
 Captain M. I. Raw  
 Lieut. A. Sloan  
 Lieut. B. T. Small  
 Lieut. G. B. Williams  
*To West Africa*  
 Lieut. D. M. Ashton  
 Lieut. M. Badley  
 Lieut. J. D. Bowyer  
 Lieut. F. Browning  
 Lieut. R. M. Birmingham  
 Captain A. Carr  
 Lieut. M. V. Duell  
 Lieut. M. Donaghy  
 Lieut.-Colonel D. Hannay  
 Lieut.-Colonel I. Hazlett  
 Lieut. N. P. Jones  
 Lieut. M. A. T. Lett  
 Lieut. J. Laird  
 Lieut. J. Laidman  
 Lieut. B. Monahan  
 Lieut. B. Rees  
 Lieut. M. E. Smith  
 Lieut. O. E. Wilde

## *Annual General Meeting*

The Annual General Meeting of the Association is to be held on Saturday, 31st March, 1951, at 2.30 p.m., at 20, John Islip Street, Millbank, S.W.1. It helps considerably if we can be notified at least ten days previously of your intention to be present. Agenda will be forwarded.

We would like to receive members' opinions on the question of a Reunion in London this year, so that it can be settled at the meeting. There are several points to take into consideration: It is the Festival of Britain year; Association Branches are in existence; the Central Fund cannot continue to meet deficits on social gatherings, which must be made to pay for themselves.

# Do You Remember . . . ?

DO YOU REMEMBER Singapore . . . Singapore in '45, just after the Japs left Malaya ?

Do you remember the airless wooden huts at "93" . . . the monsoon drains, the heat, the humidity and . . . the smells ?

Do you remember the Indian bearers—Jagdeesh Singh and Jaigon . . . how we all trusted Jaigon, . . . and how we were all eventually disillusioned when our possessions disappeared ?

Do you remember the Church of Scotland canteen, where we got the best (and cheapest) cup of tea on the Island ?

Do you remember how embarrassed we felt on our first visit to the Tanglin Club dressed in "Khaki Drill" and found everyone else *soigné* and sophisticated in evening dress ?

Do you remember the Amahs, the washerwomen, and the rich Chinese merchants ?

Do you remember the Cathay Building and the Phoenix Club, the Cameron Highlands and Mrs. Rattray ?

Do you remember the rickshaws, and the shock we had when we heard that the rickshaw coolies rarely lived after the age of 27 ?

Do you remember the "Three Worlds" and the Chinese theatre, and the scene shifter . . . how he ambled on and off the stage throughout the action of the play. . . . And how he sat down in the corner of the stage and solemnly had his dinner—just at the most thrilling part in the drama ?

Do you remember the Chinese "hostesses" and the Malay dancers ?

And do you remember how excited we were at Liverpool, embarking for Singapore in '45 . . . and how thrilled we were, twelve months later, embarking for HOME ?

MARGARET S. JUMP.

## Friends, Please Note

GATES.—On 13th October, 1950, at the Bromhead Maternity Home, Lincoln, to Catherine (*née* MacLeod, Q.A.I.M.N.S.R.), wife of Major Lionel Gates, Royal Lincolns, a son.

SANDERSON.—On 4th October, 1950, at Hartfield, Sussex, to Aline Anne Sanderson (*née* Richardson, Q.A.R.A.N.C.), a daughter, Jacqueline Marianne.

WOOD, Lieut. S. M., Q.A.R.A.N.C., married to Captain Grounds, R.A.M.C., at Nanyuki, Kenya, on 23rd August, 1950.