



The Gazette



MRS. E. H. MILLS
HONORARY FRIENDS' SECRETARY

Queen Alexandra's Royal Army Nursing Corps Association

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

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HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS MARGARET, C.I., G.C.V.O.
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VOL. 3 No. 3

NOVEMBER, 1957

EDITORIAL

MANY interesting facts are discovered when gazettes and journals change their editors. *Punch* it seems finds its way to some mysterious departments in Moscow! Our own gazette, too, finds its way to many surprising places. Do readers know that a copy of each gazette must go to the Keeper of Printed Books, the British Museum, and also to the Copyright Agent for the Bodleian Library? Copies also go to the Matrons-in-Chief of our sister services in England and in Holland and to the editors of the nursing press of England and India.

The word gazette is fascinating too, dating back to 1563 when the first regular monthly news sheet was published in Venice, priced one gazetta (a small coin worth less than one farthing). In time the monthly news sheet became known as a gazette! So more news please, to live up to our name!

We are happy to read of our Chairman's marriage to Mr. A. G. Monk on 18th July. An inscribed Association car badge was given to Mr. and Mrs. Monk on behalf of all members.

It is a sign of the times that our finance committee is at present reviewing expenses with relation to subscriptions. We hope to inform members of changes in subscription rates by a special loose leaf supplement to be included with this issue.

Now to introduce, if that is necessary, our cover photograph, Mrs. E. H. Mills, *née* Harrison Taylor, ex T.A.N.S., was elected to the Central Committee in March 1951. She offered to organise the Friends Scheme through which the benevolent section of the Association work is carried on and has been Friends Secretary ever since.

Mrs. Mills is the busy wife of a busy professional man and the more than busy mother of three school girls, yet she never fails in personal interest in her expanding sphere of Association work. No doubt her family would say they share that work and in acknowledging our debt of gratitude to her, the family is included.

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

“The Matron-in-Chief and Director of Army Nursing Services and all ranks of Queen Alexandra's Royal Army Nursing Corps with their humble duty send their loyal greetings to Her Royal Highness Princess Margaret their Colonel-in-Chief on her birthday.”

The following gracious reply was received:—

“I thank you and all Ranks of Queen Alexandra's Royal Army Nursing Corps for your kind message of birthday greetings which I have received with much pleasure.”

TWELFTH ANNUAL REUNION

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The Reunion was held on Saturday, 29th June, at the Hyde Park Hotel, Knightsbridge, following the Annual General Meeting. It was, as always a very enjoyable party, a good many members thought more so than usual. They must like the heat for it was a terribly hot day. There were 195 present, among them several members from overseas, one of whom, Mrs. A. E. Hatfield of the New Zealand branch, presented the Association Cup and personal memento to Captain E. D. Keith of Colchester, the chosen holder for the next twelve months. Corporal B. Bland of Malta was highly commended by the Selecting Committee who wished their commendation to be made public.

The Dowager Lady Amphill came for a short time with her daughter Mrs. Thorold. It was delightful to see our first Vice-Patron again after her long illness. Lady Amphill was interested to see the new design for the Association brooch and car badge incorporating our watchword *Friendship*, which was on show to members, and was pleased to accept our gift of the first brooch supplied.

Another pleasure was to see Miss Harriet Cohen again amongst us. It is nice to feel the Association has such friends.

The Colonel Commandant Q.A.R.A.N.C., Brigadier Dame Helen S. Gillespie, was also present and Dame Katharine H. Jones, Vice-Patron.

Members and friends were welcomed by the President, Brigadier C. M. Johnson, with the Chairman, Mrs. A. G. Monk.

Greetings were sent to The Princess Margaret, Association Patron, and a gracious reply was received warmly thanking members. This year instead of sending flowers to Dame Ann Beardsmore Smith—they were so “droopy” with the heat—we waited and sent snapshots taken at the function with members’ kind remembrances.

Financially—a very important point to us—the Association was better off by about £20 as a result of the Reunion.

NINTH ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

This was held at the Hyde Park Hotel, Knightsbridge, on Saturday the 29th June prior to the Reunion, sixty-six members attending.

The President, Brigadier C. M. Johnson, was in the chair. The Report for the preceding twelve months was given by the Chairman, Mrs. A. G. Monk, and the audited accounts were presented by the Honorary Treasurer, Miss E. A. Baldock.

Election of Managing Trustees to fill the four annual vacancies took place, Miss T. Turner, Matron, St. Thomas’ Hospital, becoming Vice-Chairman with Miss D. C. Bridges Executive Secretary, International Council of Nurses; Miss S. P. White, Matron, Bethnal Green Hospital, and Miss F. Holmes retired Q.A.I.M.N.S. members. All these members were warmly welcomed and thanks were expressed to all who had allowed themselves to be nominated, also to the retiring members, Miss M. V. Hind, Miss M. Bremner and Miss B. Jones.

Particular items brought to the attention of members were the new brooch and car badge incorporating the Association watchword *Friendship*, for which orders could now be taken, price 3s. 6d. and 20s. respectively, inclusive of postage. The same design would be used for the Association Standard in due course.

One proposal was put to the members by the Chairman, and that was that the title Founder Administrator should be given to Dame Louisa Wilkinson in recognition of her work in connection with the Association since its formation in 1947. The President expressed her approval and asked for members’ consent which was given by acclamation.

Members not present at the Annual General Meeting may, if they wish, apply for a copy of Audited Accounts adopted.

NEWS FROM THE BRANCHES

MALTA G.C.—The bazaar season is over. Nothing is left to remind us of this year’s Bazaar but a charming letter from the Treasurer of the Q.A.R.A.N.C. Association and occasional tantalising glimpses of a familiar hat on a stranger’s head.

For weeks before, strangers and friends had known of the forthcoming Q.A.R.A.N.C. Bazaar. Posters, prepared and printed by Major Daniels, R.E. appeared in shops and windows. They served to sharpen the appetite of bargain-hunters and induce a mild anxiety state in stall-holders. Another spur to publicity was the raffle of a "Mixmaster" electric mixing machine. This raffle, organised by Mrs. Masters and Mrs. Lewis helped by a large circle of ticket-sellers, contributed £35 to the proceeds of the Bazaar. Even the least domesticated cake-hater bought a ticket, so tempting the thought of being able to mix anything . . . from Horlicks to egg shampoo . . . without muscle fatigue.

No form of fatigue was evident on Bazaar Day, the 23rd May. Recognizing the inevitability of a high wind disrupting an outdoor bazaar, Matron, Lieut. Colonel Wilkins, had asked the Commanding Officer of 45 Commando for the loan of their gymnasium. The request was willingly granted, and the square brick building, normally an arena for powerful muscular feats, was transformed in a morning to a pattern of stalls and tea-room, sideshows and bandstand.

Afternoon came. With it arrived many friends, the general public and the anticipated wind. Inside the snug building, Mrs. Robinson, wife of Colonel W. H. Robinson, O.B.E., D.D.M.S., declared the Bazaar open, and was presented with a large Victorian posy by L/Cpl. Noble. The band then started the first of a number of gay selections which jollied the crowd into a money-spending mood. The band of the Royal Marines was present by kind permission of the Brigade Commander, Brigadier R. W. Madox. Music certainly made the Bazaar go with a swing.

Stalls, teas and sideshows fulfilled their poster-promises. Lieutenants Todman and Burrows at their attractive Fancy Work stall had many appreciative customers buying the handmade work displayed. The Babywear stall, with Captains Dolman and Bickford behind a counter stacked with soft pinks and blues was the Mecca of the local mothers (of which there are many). A luxurious blue pram-cover well up to Rainier standards had been raffled from here and brought £15 to the stall. Children of an older age group—in fact many of them *were* quite old—benefited from the Toy stall presided over by Captain Sullivan and Lieutenant Ord. Here were toys of a Hamley's-like quality and variety. Rag doll skiffle groups (complete with crew cut) vied in popularity with the strong wooden engines given by the Royal Engineers.

The Bottle-and-Tin stall was another centre of interest. Managed by Lieutenant Plummer helped by Lieutenants O'Brien and Price, it took the form of a Lucky Dip. Pleased participants could be seen cradling their prizes with the same care accorded by Captain Dolman's customers to their precious armfuls. Nearby, the Bookstall catered for all literary tastes and provided a harvest for those interested in crime-detection. The same stall sold genuine home-

grown flowers (Maternity Wing gardener could vouch for that) so that Lieutenants Lees and Duffy who were in charge were combined booksellers and florists.

From yet another stall, two of the civilian nursing staff from "D.B.M.H.", namely Miss Fenech and Miss Arrigo, sold most tempting cakes. These were homemade, and a consolation for not winning the "Mixmaster", for they too could be enjoyed without the preliminaries of bowl and spoon. The cakes were carefully packed to take away, but for immediate refreshment the ice cream stall gave quick and reviving service. Soft drinks were sold as well, and many thirsty people gave Major Stonham, Major Marrison and Lieutenant Boulton a very busy afternoon.

No successful afternoon's shopping is ever complete without tea and a little rest. Tables and chairs grouped near the tea counters were never empty. Here the laden shoppers could sip tea and enjoy the delicious sandwiches and cakes they could choose for themselves from the counters. Lieut. Colonel (retd.) Harris, Mrs. Masters, Mrs. Lewis, Major Daly and Miss Biggi (another member of the civilian nursing staff) were on duty here. They had cheerful and willing helpers in L/Cpl. Noble, Pte. McInnes, Pte. Ellis and Pte. Williams. This efficient team saw to the refreshment of nearly everyone at the Bazaar during a few crowded hours, and was greatly appreciated.

At the far end of the building, the sideshows and amusements attracted an interested crowd. Lieutenant Taylor worked among the various games, W.O.II Cavell, R.A.M.C. and Sgt. Knighton, R.A.M.C. at the Wheel of Fortune and the Skittles. They all had an aura of the fairground about them. Perhaps the proximity of the band and the resultant need to shout was responsible for this. One of the chief attractions was a young pig. Pink and perturbed, it had been given by Mr. Muscatt the local swill contractor, and was the prize for the Skittles competition. The misguided pig looked most relieved when its former owner won it back.

Many people coming to this end of the building were not to be deflected from their target for anything—pig, sideshows or band. They were bound for the Jumble stall. This was well-stocked, thanks mainly to the efforts of Cpl. Bland. For weeks before the Bazaar, she had collected clothing and "white elephants" from the local service families. Major Daly too, had set up a depot for jumble in her room, and contributions from members of the Q.A.R.A.N.C. Officers' Mess were given to swell the substantial stock in store. There were bargains for all; varied shapes and sizes of clothing and shoes, and a range of hats to suit any type—from the Bartok to the beret. Cpl. Bland and L/Cpl. Elgey behind the stacked counters had a busy but worthwhile time helping to restock the family wardrobes.

So far, you have only been told of what went on *inside* the building. Outside, on the windy parade ground the advertised "Donkey Rides" were taking place. At first, we had hoped for a

number of docile donkeys to carry children quietly and safely while their parents shopped unencumbered at the Bazaar. But there seem to be no riding-donkeys around here, and nearly every donkey was too busy pulling its cart around to be spared for an afternoon. All we could get was Lily. Lily is the chimney sweep's small black donkey. She had never been ridden before. The chimney sweep was kind enough to let us have her for the day, and tied her up outside the Mess among the Morris Minors quite early in the morning, with her haversack rations suspended from a curious kind of leather corset she wore around her withers. All morning Lily was groomed for stardom. Every now and then some heavy person would come and lean on her, to accustom her to weight. But Lily would only shudder her spinalis dorsi, and continue chewing. By the afternoon she looked a different donkey, fit for a bride. Blue flowers intertwined with a pink browband, and on her back were fitted the pretty sprigged cushions from Matron's and her Deputy's office chairs.

When Lily eventually minced on to the parade ground, she found her two equine companions awaiting her. They looked at her with distaste, being quite unused to that sort of thing at the Marsa. They were polo ponies we had managed to borrow to take the place of the unobtainable donkeys. Menacingly fresh, they flicked their ears back and rolled their eyes. Major Rundle, who was i/c Donkey Rides, hesitated to use them in their present state, as she was reluctant to spend Bazaar afternoon giving first aid to child riders or their bereaved mothers. Then six invaluable R.A.M.C. volunteers arrived to "give a hand". They were shared out between Lily and the horses, two to each. One to hold the child in place, and one to master the mount. By the end of the afternoon the queue of potential Pat Smythes and Lester Piggotts was no shorter, and the duties of the R.A.M.C. attendants had changed. They were all holding up the mounts.

By evening, the Bazaar had come to its end, and we were all wondering how much had "been made". Major Taylor, R.A.M.C., who had very kindly acted as treasurer, announced that the proceeds of the Bazaar totalled £185. This encouraging sum represents much hard work from many people. To all those who helped so willingly—and there were many who went out of their way to make things easier—we would like to say "thank you" again. Lieut. Colonel Wilkins was able to send a cheque for £200 to the Q.A.R.A.N.C. Association. The Treasurer's letter of thanks, and our own memories of the 1957 Bazaar will last us until the bazaar season comes round again.

M. H. RUNDLE (No. A CUA 10).

MILLBANK.—A good number of the Members attended the Annual Reunion at the Hyde Park Hotel on Saturday, 29th June, and in spite of the heat everyone had a very pleasant time. On Wednesday, 3rd July, the usual Branch Meeting was held at 121 St.

George's Square, which was the "Bring and Buy" Sale. It was a very hot evening after a particular hot and sticky day and the number of Members was greatly reduced, yet in spite of this selling was very brisk and the sum of £7 10s. 6d. was made, which included the raffling of a box of chocolates by Miss Schofield. Miss Schofield had won the chocolates in a Raffle at a Hospital Fête and then decided to raffle it again for the Branch Funds. It was drawn at the end of the evening and the chocolates were won by a patient in the Maternity Ward of St. Mary Abbot's Hospital. At this meeting books of raffle tickets were handed out to members for the Branch Raffle.

The September meeting was held on Wednesday, 4th September and the great attraction of the evening was the Draw for the Branch Raffle. Lieut. Colonel Warner welcomed the members saying how very pleased she was to see so many present and gave a special welcome to Mrs. Hatfield of New Zealand, who is visiting England and who had kindly accepted an invitation to attend. Mrs. Hatfield and Miss P. Biggs were then invited to assist at the Draw and the following were the lucky people:—

No. 1623, Master David Davidson, an electric iron. No. 272, Pte. Swannick, a bottle of whisky. No. 1853, K. M. Martin, a bottle of sherry. No. 1701, Mrs. Brown, a pair of nylons. No. 409, a patient at the Homeopathic Hospital, a box of chocolates. No. 1546, Miss Wrigley, a book token. No. 551, F. J. MacKenzie, Premium Bond token. No. 1072, Dr. Hind, soap. No. 1402, Sgt. Worth, W.R.A.C., afternoon cloth. No. 1404, W.O. 11, Strickland, a box of chocolates.

After the Draw and congratulations to the winning members, a game of Lottery was played with great enthusiasm and this resulted in another 18s. being added to our Benevolent Funds. The Raffle realised £70 after expenses were paid, which we are pleased to say were not as heavy as last year due to our luck in finding a cheaper firm for the printing of the tickets.

The next Meeting is on Wednesday, 6th November, at 7.30 p.m., at 121 St. George's Square, when each Member is invited to make money by her own efforts and then in a few words tell how it was done. This should prove very interesting and amusing and it is hoped that as many members as possible will be able to attend. There were thirty-five Members at the September meeting and a very enjoyable evening was finally brought to a close with the usual cup of tea and home-made cakes.

HILDA HAMBLIN, L.136

SPORTS NEWS

MEDFORTH CUP TENNIS TOURNAMENT

Private Judith Peak, from Chester, made history at the Depot on 3rd July by becoming the first other rank to win the Medforth Cup, and I do not think the other competitors will deny that she did it most conclusively. In the five matches she played, she only

lost nine games and six of these were in the final against the holder, Major Barbara Turner (Munster).

Twenty-eight competitors played the preliminary rounds on Monday, 1st July, in the middle of a heat wave. The standard of play was better than last year and there were some very keenly contested matches.

On Tuesday the semi-finals were contested before about 150 guests, amongst whom we were very pleased to welcome our Colonel Commandant, Dame Helen Gillespie, who presented the Cup to the winner, in the unfortunate absence of Miss Medforth herself. The players were Pte. Peak v. Lieutenant P. Davies (Catterick) and Major B. Turner v. Captain J. Heath (Cambridge). The heat and nerves, unfortunately, prevented the beaten semi-finalists from playing up to their capabilities. In the final we watched some excellent tennis, but Major Turner, although she stood up to the onslaught magnificently and in the second set was fighting back at one stage, was not able to match the excellent tennis and tournament experience of the eventual winner.

Private Peak has three years play at the Junior Wimbledon Tournament to her credit, and we heartily congratulate her on her decisive win, and wish her luck in the future. She has been selected to play for the Army during the summer and is playing in the Army Championships at the end of July at Aldershot, when the team to represent the Army at the Inter-Services Tournament at Wimbledon in August will be selected.

INTER-SERVICES (NURSING) TENNIS TOURNAMENT

The Army were hostesses at the Royal Herbert Hospital, Woolwich, on 10th July, when the nursing officers of the three Services competed for the Challenge Cup. We were unfortunate in being unable to use Private Peak, the Medforth Cup winner, as this tournament is open to officers only, but were very ably represented by Major M. Turner (Commandant of the P.T.S., Aldershot) and Lieutenant P. Davies (Catterick).

The weather clerk was very unkind to us and the tennis was marred by frequent interruptions while players and spectators sheltered from the rain.

The spectators included the Matrons-in-Chief of the three Nursing Services and the Directors-General of the three Medical Services.

For the first time, each Service won a match. The Army beating the Navy, the Navy beating the R.A.F. and the R.A.F. beating the Army. However, the R.A.F. (the Holders) having won a set from the Navy and having also the best games aggregate, were decided very worthy winners and thus retained the Cup for another year.

ATHLETICS

The Corps Sports were held on the 3rd July at the Depot on an afternoon of intense heat, after a night of thunderstorms, and a damp early morning. We were delighted to welcome a number of parents and friends as spectators, and in an atmosphere of iced lollies, sunshine and gay music from the band, the afternoon proved a very light-hearted family affair.

It was very gratifying to find that the standard in the championship events was higher than last year, and there were certainly more entries. Four new Corps records were set up, Lieutenant Davies (Catterick) winning the 220 yards in 30 seconds, Private Phipps (Colchester) the 100 yards in 12.8 seconds, Private Emmett (Cambridge) the Long Jump—14 feet 7 ins., and Private Blythe (Millbank) the Discus in an excellent throw of 96 feet 1 inch. Lieutenant Davies was a worthy winner of the Victrix Ludorum Cup.

The novelty races caused as much entertainment to competitors as well as spectators as ever, and for the second year running the men of the Depot won the Tug of War, competing against the men of P.T.S. Aldershot, thus proving that the Hindhead air is good for the muscles.

Lieutenant Ingram (Wheatley) and Private Emmett (Cambridge) are congratulated on being in the team to be selected to represent the Army in the Inter-Services Athletics at Plymouth on 17th July.

SWIMMING

At the Swimming Gala in Aldershot on 20th June, there was an excellent response in the entries for the Other Ranks Race. After heats and a close race, this was finally won by Private Cokes (Tidworth). The Officers' Race was won by Lieutenant Nisbet (Colchester).

ARMY AND INTER-SERVICES SWIMMING CHAMPIONSHIPS

Two competitors entered the Army Swimming Championships from Millbank, Pte. Copus and Cpl. Sawyer. They both obtained a third place in their swimming heats and Pte. Copus won second place in the one metre spring board event; she was also in the Eastern Command Relay team which came in first. All these events were held at the Eltham Baths, Woolwich, and the large baths, Polytechnic Road, Woolwich, on 14th and 15th August.

After this writes Pte. Copus, "The finalists were taken to Guildford for a Training Course. We travelled to Leatherhead every day where we spent our time training in a pool to ourselves. The first day of our training started and we thought how nice the pool looked as we could see steam rising off the top of the water. So we hurriedly changed, only to find that it was like ice, and the steam was coming from the sides of the pool instead. After the first day's training we staggered back to Guildford worn out and slept like tops till it was

time to get up again. And so the week went on, training every day till muscles and limbs ached. Still we survived to tell the tale! After lunch we had an hour of sports, usually rounders. There were some orphan children who used to come to play against us and of course they used to beat us every time.

One day, by mishap, one of our training officers was thrown in! Clothes, everything except her glasses!

After a week here, I went on to Woolwich for the remainder of my training course."

On 27th and 28th August the Inter-Service Championships were held, the women's army team, which included Pte. Copus, winning the Cup for the first time.

NURSING IN THE AIR FORCE

With acknowledgments to the Chief of the Information Division the Air Ministry.

PRINCESS MARY'S ROYAL AIR FORCE NURSING SERVICE

The Royal Air Force Nursing Service was formed in June, 1918, and is the youngest of the Nursing Services of the Crown. In January three years later it was granted a Royal Charter and established by Royal Warrant as a permanent branch of the Royal Air Force.

In June, 1923, it was honoured by Royal consent by the designation Princess Mary's Royal Air Force Nursing Service and Her Royal Highness Princess Royal (then Princess Mary) became the first President. The Royal President opened and gave her name in February, 1927, to a new hospital at Halton, Buckinghamshire. This hospital is the largest in the R.A.F. During this period the members of the Princess Mary's Royal Air Force Nursing Service were the only women in the Air Force. They were civilians with officer status wearing a uniform of Royal Air Force blue with distinctive rank markings. The P.M.R.A.F.N.S. reserve was formed in 1937.

On the outbreak of war the Women's Auxiliary Air Force was formed and in 1941 members of the P.M.R.A.F.N.S. were granted temporary commissions to bring them into line with officers of the W.A.A.F. and with this they adopted R.A.F. rank markings. In February, 1949, they became an integral part of the Royal Air Force and were granted the Queen's commissions.

They have rank titles but on duty professional titles are used. The P.M.R.A.F.N.S. is a mobile force of State Registered Nurses who must be prepared to undertake any type of nursing and serve wherever they are required, at home or overseas at any time.

Royal Air Force hospitals have all been built during the last 30 years and some are comparatively recent. There are ten hospitals in the United Kingdom with six overseas, one in Cyprus, Aden,

Ceylon, Singapore and two in Germany. The P.M.R.A.F.N.S. also serve in a wing of the French hospital that has been handed over for the use of Allied Air Forces Central Europe at Fontainebleau. Nursing officers also serve at some sick quarters on R.A.F. stations and the medical rehabilitation centres in this country. They are also at the sick quarters in Honk Kong, Malta and Habbaniya.

Their work is similar to that in busy general hospitals—all branches of surgery are undertaken. The families of serving men are also treated and there are many maternity wards.

Overseas service varied during the war from heavy work in general hospitals at home and overseas and convalescent nursing in pleasant surroundings to nursing with Advanced Surgical Teams or Mobile Field Hospitals. The Advanced Surgical Teams treated serious cases shortly after they had been wounded. The patients were then sent to a casualty evacuation unit where sisters cared for them until they could be flown back to this country. 100,000 patients passed through the hands of the P.M.R.A.F.N.S. sisters in this manner.

The casualty evacuation scheme in the Royal Air Force has continued and flight sisters are selected from volunteers. They are given lectures and briefing on their responsibilities and are then taken for a two-hour flight. If suitable in every way the flight sister does one trip to the Middle East and one to the Far East as a trainee. On subsequent trips they themselves have trainees working with them.

All Nursing Officers of the P.M.R.A.F.N.S. are granted a four-year Short Service Commission and start their service career at Princess Mary's Royal Air Force Hospital at Halton. At this hospital all types of work are undertaken including medical, surgical, orthopaedics, E.N.T., maternity, ophthalmic, families and W.R.A.F. wards, and it also has a neuro-psychiatric centre and a plastic unit.

FROM HERE AND THERE

MATRONS-IN-CHIEF ANNUAL LUNCHEON.—Every year the three serving Matrons-in-Chief are hostesses to their predecessors in the Navy, Army, and Air Force at a luncheon party at the Naval and Military Club. It is astonishing, but none the less a fact, that this eagerly looked forward to invitation always seems to arrive for a date which fits in with attendance at the Association Reunion and Corps Week events. Either our Matron-in-Chief is particularly persuasive or Navy and Air Force Matrons-in-Chief are most accommodating. It speaks well for inter-services co-operation in our sphere at any rate. The luncheon is always an enjoyable party, the hostesses taking turn each year to give their guests a brief résumé of the recent important events in the three Services. Similarly the senior guest of each service year by year in rotation, Navy, Army and Air Force replies expressing thanks on behalf of all.



Left to right, back: Dame Roberta M. Whyte, Brigadier C. M. Johnson, Dame Katherine C. Watt, Air-Commandant A. M. Williamson, Miss J. K. Gillanders, Dame Katharine H. Jones, Miss K. V. Chapman, Dame Anne Thompson, Miss O. H. Franklin, Dame Louisa J. Wilkinson, and Miss B. Nockolds

Left to right, front: Dame Helen S. Gillespie, Miss M. E. Medforth, Dame Joanna M. Cruickshank, Dame Doris Beale and Dame Emily Blair

This year there were sixteen present, Navy, Army, Royal Air Force. Eight Matrons-in-Chief were absent including Dame Ann Beardsmore Smith, Miss R. Osborne, Miss D. Martin and Miss C. Roy from the Army. Quite a good (as such things go) group photograph was taken which we have reproduced. The Army hostess, Brigadier C. M. Johnson, sent a copy to each of her guests as a memento of the occasion and the Association completed the gesture by sending one to each of the absent Army Matrons-in-Chief, to let them pick out their old friends.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE SCHOLARSHIP WINNER TO BE NAAFI'S CHIEF NURSING OFFICER.—The Navy, Army and Air Force Institutes announce that Miss C. P. Lester, S.R.N., S.C.M. Part I, O.N.C. Diploma in Nursing Administration (Toronto), has been appointed to the recently created post of Chief Nursing Officer with the Corporation.

Miss Lester, who is at present Matron of Alton General Hospital, Hampshire, had previously held posts in Southampton, Plymouth, Oxford and Salisbury. In 1955 she was awarded a Florence Nightingale Scholarship for study overseas and spent nine months at Toronto University, where she obtained the Diploma in Nursing Administration. Miss Lester will take up her new duties in October at the Headquarters of the Navy, Army and Air Force Institutes in London.

MISS F. E. I. NUTTING, Q.A.I.M.N.S.(R.) has been appointed Principal Tutor at Hillingdon Hospital, Uxbridge, where she has been a Sister Tutor since 1953.

MILLBANK.—Major General D. Bluett, C.B.E., Q.H.P., presented certificates to the following, on 20th August, at a small ceremony held in the administrative block of the hospital. Army Trained Nurse Certificates (A.F.C.344): Cpl. B. Jones, R.A.M.C. and Cpl. E. J. Howitt, Q.A.R.A.N.C. from Millbank; Cpls. M. J. Haddock and S. Watson, Q.A.R.A.N.C. from Woolwich. Dental Hygiene Certificates: Cpl. M. R. A. Bishop, R.A.D.C. from Shorncliffe, Pte. B. Jackson, R.A.D.C. from Millbank and Cpl. V. P. Eves, Q.A.R.A.N.C. from Colchester.

IMPRESSIONS OF MOSCOW

(With acknowledgment to the "Nursing Times")

To be in Helsinki and not set foot inside Russia seemed a waste of opportunity to Miss Estelle I. O. Adamson, Matron of Western General Hospital, Edinburgh, when she was on her recent World Health Organisation tour. Accordingly, on her own initiative, she contrived a visit of two days to Moscow, city redolent of a legendary past with its towers and fabulous treasure and of the bewildering present with its skyscrapers and opulent underground stations.

At 8 p.m. one evening Miss Adamson set off from Helsinki in a large Russian plane, perfumed with patchouli, which Russian men put on their hair. The only woman passenger, she found no pretty air hostess to offer her barley sugar or cotton wool, only a man in his shirt sleeves who said nothing at all. The seats were of dark brown plush and a brown curtain divided off the service part. However, the plane roared up punctually without any trouble and they sped on across the Gulf of Finland through a glorious night, moving the clock back an hour and arriving at midnight in Moscow, where even the moon seemed red! Met by an Intcurist interpreter, she was led to a limousine and drove off into the clear starlit night, seeing the red lights of the University and passing through the Red Square and past the Lenin Mausoleum to her hotel opposite the Kremlin. A pretty reception girl said she could have some food, and she sat down thankfully in the dining room to bacon and eggs, strawberry jam, toast and Russian tea at 2.30 a.m.

Her room consisted of a suite. There was a comfortable modern bed with wardrobe and bedside table behind plush curtains, and a sitting room with two armchairs, sofa, enormous writing desk, tallboy and two standard lamps. What was not covered in plush and silken tassels was gold paint—all very Victorian. The private bathroom was "quite antique" though the porcelain bath was made in England, and the sanitary accommodation distinctly below standard. Iron grids in the corners of the room and on the floor

struck her as slightly sinister, but she watched from her window, fascinated, the stream of traffic up to 3 a.m. The road below her was so wide that it took four cars and two buses abreast in either direction, with a space in the centre reserved for fire engines and ambulances.

The interpreter called at 9 a.m. and said that a car was at her disposal for the day and she had twenty-five roubles a day to spend (twelve roubles equals £1). Having paid for her trip in advance she used up this money by paying for vodka, two jars of caviar and a telephone call to an astonished friend in London, waiting only half an hour for the call to come through and hearing more clearly than she does from Edinburgh. So out into the street, where she noted that nobody wore a hat and was glad she had not brought one herself. Scarves were worn and very drab colours. She had no time to shop, but heard that prices in the State-owned shops were fantastic and that men paid £5-£7 for a cotton shirt.

A visit to the Underground, of which the Russians are so proud, was inevitable, each station a museum in itself, one displaying different kinds of lighting and another statues, but the trains much like our own. The moving staircase was crowded and precipitous and travelled very quickly.

The Lenin-Stalin Mausoleum was another must. There is a queue there a mile-and-a-half long every day, she was told, summer and winter, for two hours in the afternoon.

Luncheon at the Embassy with the resident doctor afforded a magnificent view from the windows across to the Kremlin, with its wonderful colouring and beautiful domes. Red stars light the Kremlin towers and if one goes out another automatically replaces it. When the interpreter, a young student, took her to see some of the Kremlin treasures, Miss Adamson was lost in admiration and wonder at their richness. She was thrilled by the pictures and mosaics in the churches, and looked questioningly at her guide. "Oh, my grandmother believes in all that"—God—"but we don't," said he loftily. The collection of Queen Anne silver in the museum was a sight in itself, as was the 192-piece gold dinner service made in France for Catherine the Great. There was an eighteenth-century gold cup too, the gift of Edward VII, which moved the young man to remark: "Pity you did not keep it—you need it more than we do"!

Miss Adamson's second day in Moscow was a full one. Willy-nilly, she must see the agricultural exhibition, for which she felt no enthusiasm whatsoever, but the interpreter was adamant and led her off to an ornate township outside Moscow, built on the style of a super-elaborate White City with ornamental lakes and buildings, each of the fifteen States of the U.S.S.R. having its own pavilion. Various industries have theirs—wool, meat, vegetables and fruit, tool making. Jewelled fountains play, one known as the golden sheaf, and another brilliant with sapphire, ruby and emerald quartz glistening in the sunshine.

To see a training school and a hospital was, of course, Miss Adamson's main objective, achieved only by persistence. To reach the first she was driven to a very poor part of the city where the houses were low and dilapidated and the car bumped over the stony road. This was not one of the show exhibits. In fact, apart from the electric light, Miss Adamson doubts whether Florence Nightingale would have noticed any difference from what she saw in the Crimea. The training school was run by a lady surgeon, a sad old lady in severe black coat and skirt and white blouse, tired looking and ill. There was not, apparently, much administrative supervision, but trainees went there at the age of 17 for three years to become laboratory assistants, radiographers, physiotherapists or nurses, all together.

The last call was at the Botkin Hospital, the inside of which was institutional and not at all up-to-date according to western standards. At another hospital Miss Adamson was taken to see some of the wards, and was struck by the fact that the staff all looked much the same, maids and doctors having much the same appearance. The beds were very close together and very near the floor. In one ward they stood head to foot along the wall, the patients looked dejected and the beds were untidy.

Asking to see an operating theatre, Miss Adamson was told that they were all shut. She did, however, penetrate one underground one, and saw an appendix removed. She thought the equipment archaic and raised professional eyebrows when soiled swabs, wooden probe and scalpels were all collected in the same bowl.

There was a poignant moment at parting with the matron, who had tears in her eyes as she squeezed her hand. "She says goodbye to you," translated the interpreter. "She is glad to have seen you. You are the first nurse from 'outside' who has ever visited her."

ROYAL NATIONAL PENSION FUND FOR NURSES

The first General Meeting of the Royal National Pension Fund for Nurses to be held in public since the war took place in the Cowdray Hall of the Royal College of Nursing, Cavendish Square, London, on Tuesday afternoon, 25th June, 1957.

The meeting, which was well attended by members of the Fund and representative policy-holders, was opened by the Chairman, Sir Charles Hambro, K.B.E., M.C., whose grandfather had been one of the founder members of the Fund in 1887.

The Chairman reviewed the progress made during the past twenty years and detailed the business records set up in 1956. During that year 11,888 new policies had been issued and the premium income exceeded £1 $\frac{1}{4}$ million. The assets of the Fund had risen by over 1 million pounds during 1956 and now amounted to £15 $\frac{1}{2}$ millions. Sir Charles drew attention to the very low rate of

management expenses, which were only 5.27 per cent of the premiums received, and claimed that the Royal National Pension Fund for Nurses could face the future boldly "from a position of solid strength and with sure confidence based on 70 years of achievement and uninterrupted progress". More and more Nurses, Registered Medical Auxiliaries and Hospital Officers, he said, were joining the Fund to provide the little extra that would make all the difference between comfort and worry in retirement.

The guest speaker, Miss Margaret J. Smyth, O.B.E., Chairman of the General Nursing Council, gave a most invigorating address on the theme of saving and introduced into her talk an interesting account of her impressions of the International Congress of Nurses in Rome from which she had just returned.

A vote of thanks to the Speaker was moved by a Member of Council, Sir William Elderton, K.B.E., F.I.A. and Miss L. G. Duff Grant, R.R.C., in a felicitous speech proposed the thanks of the meeting for the invaluable services given voluntarily by Sir Charles and his colleagues on the Council of the Fund.

Tea was served at the end of the meeting, affording an opportunity for informal discussion between members and for questions to Officers of the Fund who were in attendance.

Q.A.R.A.N.C. CORPORALS' COURSE

Here at Shorncliffe by the sea,
We three girls must corporals be.
The course has started, O what fun
Imagine khaki in the sun.
We squad and march with all the men
Up the hill and back again.
The C.S.M. he calls us out
For we must learn to bawl and shout.
We send them marching down the hill
And then in panic we stand still.
Quick, quick, what must we say
To make them turn the other way?
We've cooked on stove of mud and brick
With a little wood it does the trick ;
We had beans, potato, sausage too,
Imagine a meal without a queue.
The boys put up a tent for training,
We'd just got in when it started raining.
One more week to make the grade
And prove the stuff of which we're made.
Our halo's dim, the wings won't grow
Why they picked us we'll never know.

CPL. SMITH, PTE. WHITE, PTE. MILLNS.

TWO VISITORS TO ANTALYA

"M.R.S. Polymedhia, please Operator," "Oh, hallo Margaret. Win here. I've just had a marvellous idea for our leave. What do you say to spending a week in Turkey? There is a tour going to Antalya which will fit in perfectly, if you are agreeable." "You think it is a good plan, I'm so glad..." And that was how a wonderful week began.

On Friday, Margaret joined me in Nicosia, and together we made our way to the Customs House where the Cyprus Airways bus was scheduled to pick up the twenty-eight tourists bound for Antalya.

Soon we were in the air, flying over the Kyrenia Mountains and the North coast of Cyprus. Rapidly these were left behind, and their places taken by the steep cliffs of the Turkish mainland and the high Taurus Mountain. Below us lay the green coastal plain of Southern Turkey, bisected by numerous blue ribbons of rivers and streams. An hour and twenty minutes after leaving Nicosia Airport we were bumping over the grassy field which was Antalya's airstrip.

We were welcomed here by the Tourist Agency's representative and passed quickly through the Customs formalities, where everyone was most charming, in spite of language difficulties and the fact that British visitors rarely used this airport.

An ancient bus stood waiting; luggage and passengers were safely stowed within, and to a chorus of "Farewells" in Turkish, the driver threw in his clutch, and with a horrible grinding of gears and loud noises from the protesting engine, we were off down the narrow winding road amidst a cloud of dust, towards Antalya. We stopped in front of the newest and most modern hotel in the city.

Here all the staff were out in the street to greet us, and we were taken within and shown to large airy rooms, spotlessly clean, where after a few minutes, a little maid shyly offered us melon ice-creams; very welcome as the heat was excessive.

I leant from my window which overlooked the main street, and was amazed to see that there was so little motor traffic, for Antalya is the capital of a large province. There were horse drawn vehicles of every description. Taxis being almost entirely replaced by the two horse araba, and the local buses by a quaint affair, holding about twelve persons and drawn by a horse which ambled along at much his own pace, almost entirely disregarding the driver, who cracked a flimsy-looking whip over his back. This meant an army of street-cleaners who were kept extremely busy, but who gave the impression that they took a pride in their work! It was a credit to them, the streets were really clean.

We went up to the roof where all our meals were to be served, as there was no dining-room in the hotel. Normally guests go out to restaurants for their food, and this deviation from their custom was being made for our greater comfort.

The view which I now obtained made me catch my breath. The great sweep of the Taurus Mountains made a wonderful background,

shaded from deepest purple to a lavender, so pale as to be almost colourless. These jagged peaks curved round, and ran right into the rich blue of the Mediterranean Sea, enclosing a vivid green arena, upon whose fertile fields stood the white houses of Antalya, interspersed with the many green hues of cypress, poplar, mulberry and many other trees. Here and there a tall, slender pencil of a minaret pierced the evening sky and the faint, but musical call to the Faithful to prayer floated from them to the city beneath.

As the arrangements for us to dine that night at the hotel were not quite completed, we were taken to the local club. Here we were made temporary members, and served with an excellent meal, although some of the tasty dishes were a little strange to us. The setting was most idyllic, as the club was situated on the edge of a steep cliff which surrounded the bay. A full moon cast a pathway of silver across the dark, tranquil water, leading the brightly lighted, coastal steamer making its way from Istanbul to Iskerderun, safely into the tiny harbour below us, where she would spend some hours picking up passengers and merchandise.

Next morning we were all up early as we were to take a long day's journey into the past. Back into the days of St. Paul, who had known this part of the world so well, only under the name of Pamphylia, and who, with St. Mark and St. Barnabas, had used Antalya as a base of action in their endeavours to evangelize Asia Minor.

Breakfast was however, a series of amusing mishaps and misunderstandings, which somewhat delayed our start. The hotel staff, from the manager down to the smallest shoeshine boy, wanted so hard to please the strange British tourists, who were the first with whom they had ever had dealings, decided that they must at all costs give us British food, but no-one knew what we ate, but several had ideas. First some bread appeared, slightly dried and charred in places, accompanied by one strawberry in some syrup. A long wait and small pots of tea arrived and were placed upon our plates. Then someone thought perhaps we would like a glass from which to drink it, so this was also placed upon our plates from which we had removed the teapots and jam dishes. A lot of shouting and arm waving from a corner where the cook, a heavily shrouded dame of uncertain temper whose culinary arts were being performed over a small charcoal burner, next provided some very, very underdone eggs. By this time the hotel staff were looking both harassed and very proud of themselves, and the bus which was to take us on the tour was hooting frantically below.

However, only an hour late, we climbed into our bus and rattled quickly through Antalya's wide tree-lined streets, many of which had clear streams of water running through their centres, making dual carriage ways for the traffic and adding immeasurably to their beauty. Great storks' nests crowned many of the cottage chimneypots that we passed as we drove out into the green countryside.

At the little village of Asku we left the good road and bumped up the sandy track leading to Perge, where we were shown ruins of Roman times. Archways standing in the middle of a cornfield had once been a row of busy shops, the wall of a house projected from a hedge, and standing near the roadside was a vast but badly damaged building. It was a great amphitheatre .

This we were invited to enter by a rather hair-raising climb. We scrambled up about ten feet of huge tumbledown stone blocks forming part of the outer walls, and then jumped across a wide gap on to an ancient window-sill; I was very glad of a helping hand here. This led into a dark room, full of rubble and I was told to make my way through a small hole in the fallen masonry. Feeling rather like the camel trying to get through the eye of a needle, and receiving a hefty push from Margaret, waiting behind, I emerged into the sunlight, on all fours, into the middle of a bed of thistles which, while certainly aiding my rising, made it a performance where there was more haste than elegance. It was worth it all.

Huge tiers of stone seats rose in a semicircle high above the stage which lay buried beneath a great pile of stone blocks and pillars brought down by earthquakes, weather and time. These factors had also caused the cracks among the seats from which small bushes and tall blue thistles reared their heads. At one time this theatre accommodated many hundreds of people and possibly St. Paul himself, for he is said to have preached the then new faith in Perge; now only lizards used the seats for their daily sunbath.

More wriggling and I was hauled ignominiously down from that window-sill by two stout men, and we all rejoined the bus, retracing our way back to Asku, where we stopped and were given icy cold spring water to drink as the heat, dust and exertion at Perge had made us extremely thirsty.

"When we reach Serik, I gather, we have another deviation to some place called Aspendos. At least that is what it looks like from this map," I said to Margaret. "I do hope that I don't have to crawl through any more holes." She grinned and I gathered that she had quite enjoyed watching my contortions.

However, there were no difficulties at Aspendos. I was amazed. This was no old ruin, no tumbling piles of stones overgrown by weeds and bushes. Strong if ancient walls rose high against the burning blue sky; worn steps led up to a great portico, through which our party entered the vast theatre.

Within, it was just as wonderfully preserved, a monument to a race of craftsmen. No rubble blocked the way here. On either side of the stage were the royal boxes. Some of the sculpture and bas-relief still beautified the walls although now worn by weather and years. Where it was shaded from the sun some fragments of painted frescoes clung. The great semicircles of stone seats designed for an audience of fifteen thousand spectators towered above the stage. A certain amount of clearing had of course been done, for, as a

young student who had accompanied us as a guide because he could speak a little English, explained, in this theatre at certain times of the year the people of Antalya come to listen to plays by Shakespeare, given in Turkish, just as their forbears had come to listen to drama written by Greek and Roman playwrights.

An elderly man in our party, who was a builder by trade, could not get over the wonderful architecture. "Look," he said to his wife, "See how perfectly those stones in this curved roof fit one into the other, yet no mortar is used. And take note of those keystones above the doorways. We cannot do better to-day with all our modern appliances, and this was built over two thousand years ago." Well all I can say is that it looks to me as if it will stand for another two thousand.

"If you whisper down here on this stage, it can be heard right up on the top tier of seats," said the student. This remark sent several young boys scrambling up the steep aisles between the blocks of seats. "Would someone mind whispering a few words," one of them called down. Several people complied with their request, and then a voice called "We can hear every word." The acoustics are wonderful.

After leaving Aspendos we crossed several rivers by means of narrow humpbacked bridges most of which were reached after negotiating an acute bend in the road. "If I was an artist that bridge would have sent me racing for my paints," I said as we crossed a particularly picturesque specimen of the old bridge builders' craft, "But if I was the driver of any type of motor vehicle I rather fancy that after crossing several of them I would have an awful headache. I wonder what happens if two lorries meet!"

"Look ahead," said Margaret, "does your map show that great city which we seem to be approaching?" "No," I replied, "there is only a little village marked here. It is called Side and seems to be built right on the shore of a small bay. We'll get some swimming here and cool down I hope."

The student turned to us, "The city is all ruins now, but some fishermen still live there in those little mudbrick houses that you can see scattered around."

The bus stopped and we were shown to a platform built out over the sea, and thatched with leaves, this was the local restaurant, where we were to have our lunch, which we had brought with us in large hampers, the restaurant keeper providing the fluid refreshment and the tables. After lunch some decided to take their afternoon siesta, others answered the call of the dancing wavelets and went for a swim, while the remainder of the party scattered to explore the ruins.

Margaret and I found an even larger, but very ruined amphitheatre which had been built to seat twenty thousand people. It was colossal. Here we met a little Turkish lad of about ten years old, who attached himself to us and tried hard to tell us all about his ancient home. It was strange how, having no language in common,

we managed to understand a great deal that each had to ask and answer. We felt that we had learnt a lot from this young lad and tried to reward him with money but he would not take anything from us, his only wish was to be friendly and to show us the city of which he was so proud. This we found to be typical of all the people we met in this unspoilt part of Turkey.

Putting his hand into his pocket he pulled out some Roman coins which he told us he had found round about. He took my hand and pulled me across to some bushes which concealed a column upon which was Greek writing and he knew that it was Greek and not Roman as were the coins. Brushing aside some earth he showed us lovely mosaics. When we told him that we would have to return, he accompanied us to the bus and waved us goodbye.

Back at the hotel we changed quickly, and after dinner hailed a little araba which drove us down to the beach, to which we had been invited by the townspeople to watch them doing some of their country dances. They danced by moonlight to the music of a curious wooden flute, a type of mandolin and a drum made out of a pottery vase with skin drawn tightly across its mouth.

"This is delightful, what a very good thing these old dances are not dying out," said my friend, as we watched the men performing their intricate steps, "I cannot help thinking that it is a pity that they do not wear their old costumes when they dance. Certainly that dance by the little girls would have looked far more lovely if they had worn the old pantaloons and veils that they used to wear instead of short dresses but I suppose they feel that modern dress indicates progress."

The little harbour, to which we made our way next morning, reminded us strangely of those we knew so well in Cornwall. We boarded the great grandfather of all motorboats which gave off a cloud of smoke from its exhaust and slowly chugged along the coast in order that we might admire the beauty of cliffs and beaches, which were the pride of the Turkish residents.

In this part of Turkey, at least, mixed bathing is not encouraged, women and girls having the morning for their bathe and the men arriving later in the day. All along the beaches this morning the ladies were deporting themselves in the water. "For goodness sake, look at that," I begged Margaret. "What on earth are they wearing," for many of the modest women were dressed in a long loose garment, rather like an old fashioned nightgown reaching to well below their knees, and having elbow length sleeves. Some of the younger girls did wear smart swimming suits but there certainly were no Bikinis!

Many families had built little summer huts on the beaches in order to escape the heat of the city, a great number of these looked very comfortable; but further along away from these homes, we saw tumbledown brushwood hovels or tents in which dwelt a gipsy-like people, whose women wore gaily patterned cotton pantaloons, and who pulled up a corner of their head scarves to hide the lower

part of their faces as we passed for we had men in the boat with us.

Beaches gave way to high cliffs which stood deep in the sea, over these poured the mountain torrents making waterfalls like great curtains, the sun catching their spray turning it into tiny coloured rainbows as they reached the sea. When we tried to bathe in the vicinity of these falls we found it an unique experience, because the fresh cold water did not immediately mix with the warm salt sea, but floated upon the top so that one's face was cooled while the rest of one's body remained comfortably warm.

We landed at Lara beach for a picnic. As I sat down a young Turkish woman wearing khaki battle-blouse and slacks, with a Red Crescent badge upon her arm came up to me and invited me to join her under her sun umbrella. She told me in broken English, that she was a Turkish trained nurse from an Ankara Hospital, and that with her husband, a doctor from the same hospital and two friends, was working for the Government, by going out into the poor villages and teaching the people hygiene, and giving them medicine and monetary help.

A cocktail party had been arranged in order that we might meet the Governor of the Province, and the Mayor of Antalya, together with many of the prominent citizens and their wives, at the Club, that evening. The Tourist Agent introduced us all to the Governor and the Mayor, after which we circulated among the other guests. At first it seemed that it was going to be difficult to talk with these smiling people, but we found that a few spoke a little English, while many others were fluent in French or German in addition to their native Turkish, and as most of our party could manage at least a few words of both these languages, conversation was soon in full swing. The party was so obviously being enjoyed by all the guests that the Governor issued an invitation to all who were there to meet again as his guests on the last evening of the tour.

Rapidly the days passed, swimming in the warm sea, sight-seeing in old Antalya, visiting mosques and museums or walking in the narrow streets of the suk. Sometimes we hired the arabas and were driven out into the countryside to view the citrus groves and the fertile farmlands which prosper on this coastal plain.

Everywhere we went we were greeted as friends and invited to visit people. This all helped to make this holiday so memorable.

One day the local hunt invited the men of the party out shooting and suggested that perhaps the ladies might like to accompany them in the bus, and then go on to a shady place among the mountains where they could sit beside the headwaters of a river which welled up out of the earth there. This would be a delightful spot for a picnic and the men could come there later to join them. Everyone thought that this was an excellent idea, although the news that we would have to get up at half-past three in the morning came as rather a shock.

Getting up early is not really my idea of pleasure, but once out in the fresh cool morning air, watching the sun rise, a great red disc,

from behind the deep purple mountains fully repaid any effort made. Slowly its rays touched the highest peaks, guiding them and spreading downwards until even the foothills and valleys were bathed in its golden light.

We drove through some forest land and out on to a moor, where almost immediately grouse were sighted. The bus was hurriedly stopped and the men and boys, together with guns, bags, and one very fat hound (certainly a Heinz 57 Varieties dog) descended and tramped off, their progress marked by the banging of guns.

We drove on until we reached a shady place beneath a huge mulberry tree. Picnic hampers were unloaded, melons, beer and bottles of water were placed into the spring to cool, much to the interest of a large flotilla of ducks, who investigated these strange articles thoroughly.

Further out in the water grew a large bed of white waterlilies, which we all admired. A rough looking countryman standing near slipped off his clothes and waded waist deep into the water, gathered an armful which he presented to us with all the grace of a courtier.

Some of us, feeling restless, went for a walk, but there was very little shade and the heat was oppressive. After a while we sat down on the stony mountainside to rest, but not for long! A smart silver and black snake slithered from beneath a bush to join us. Consternation! We left.

When we returned to the rendezvous we found that the tables had been set. Everything eatable was placed upon the cloth. There were a few plates and a little cutlery, but not nearly enough. Loaves of bread were pulled into large pieces and dealt round, the bottles rescued from the realm of the ducks. All was ready when the tired hunting party arrived with a fair bag of birds and a hare. Everyone fell to. I managed to secure both a plate and a fork, but many of the others found that fingers had been invented first and were in some instances more useful. It was a hilarious meal, songs were sung with gusto and the local hunters, tiredness forgotten, gave us an energetic exhibition of folk dancing.

Antalya has everything to attract a camera fiend, and as I am one of these beings, I wanted a good record of our trip, so one afternoon Margaret and I made our way down to the harbour where I hoped to obtain some good pictures. I finally found what I considered the best view point and took my photographs, and returned to where I had left Margaret, I found her talking to two pretty girls. They introduced themselves to us by saying that they were students of Istanbul University, learning English, which they intended to teach in Turkish schools when qualified. If they did well they would get a scholarship to America for two years. They asked us to join them on the morrow in order that they could show us more of their city, and also have an opportunity to speak English with us.

We met them next day as arranged, and were taken to admire the very lovely public gardens which we were assured were the best in Turkey, "better than those of Istanbul or Ankara".

When it got hot they took us to a beautiful swimming place, among the rocks, both girls swam like fishes, and wore up-to-date costumes. One was the daughter of a doctor, and her mother was also in swimming, she was introduced to me. She spoke German well and I was able to understand quite a lot of what she said, and to reply haltingly. We were sorry when the time came to leave them.

Friday dawned once more. "Come along Win. Get up. You know that you have got your packing to do. Wake up." Margaret shook my sleeping form. Pack! I did not want to at all. I wanted to stay longer in this friendly country, but alas! Once more we and our suitcases were stowed into the bus and off we went to the Airport, past Hadrien's Gateway into the city, and the grooved minaret, over the last humpback bridge and into the garden of the Customs House.

Here we waited for the plane bringing the next party of tourists to arrive and to take us back. A drone in the distance, a roar overhead and then a cloud of dust. The plane taxied across the rough field towards us. It stopped and the new arrivals stepped forth, looking curiously at our very tanned faces, obviously wondering how we had enjoyed our holiday and whether they were going to do so. There was no time for questions. We climbed into the waiting plane and were soon bumping over the uneven surface of the airfield, and then into the air headed over the coast, bound for Nicosia once more.

WINIFRED G. I. HOBBS (L.577)

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PROMOTIONS

Captain to Major

April: B. Spencer (19th).

May: J. McLoughlin (14th), D. M. Wilson (28th).

June: H. Cattnach (4th), J. F. Herbert (11th), J. Parsons (19th).

July: E. M. Hancock (10th), B. McMillan (11th).

August: E. M. Hewson, A.R.R.C. (13th).

September: E. Roche (14th).

Lieutenant to Captain

April: D. M. G. Bickford (22nd), K. M. Horner (22nd).

May: M. O. Jackson (4th), M. L. Cooper (10th), M. Sword (20th), E. M. F. Hazell (25th), I. A. O'Shee (27th), J. Newsome (27th), J. A. Evans (27th), V. A. Horsefield (27th), J. E. Pease (27th), A. McCain (27th), B. M. Waterman (30th), A. M. Quigley (31st).

June: B. Brewster (5th), C. M. M. Holmes (30th).

July: D. J. Ashworth (18th).

August: J. M. Harker (5th), M. M. Ledger (17th), T. M. Adams (25th), E. M. O'Brien (27th).

September: M. J. Slidders (2nd), M. J. Joyce (9th), M. E. Hitchcock (9th), B. M. Price (9th), D. A. M. Flint (9th), D. Hills (9th), M. Henderson (9th), S. E. O'Dea (9th), E. A. Davies (9th), A. B. Miles (11th), M. Foster (14th), J. Leigh (23rd), P. I. Rayner (29th).

PERIOD 1ST APRIL, 1957—30TH SEPTEMBER, 1957

To Warrant Officers Class One

Stephenson M.

To Warrant Officer Class Two

Stevenson, P.

To Staff Sergeants

Marriott E. D., McPherson P., Smith H.

To Sergeant

Queenen S.R., Browning M. I.

To Corporal

Lyne J. M., Hamilton M. A. D., Mills I. M., Evans M., Doherty J. M., Creaner R. K. M., Baird S., Baird H., Luxton M. J. E., Lazenby E. P. E., Cragg J. L., Peacock E. B., Wood S. M., Morton P., Cully D., White J. Davies A., Hall M. K., Hatt M. R., Cook J., Sutherland A. K., Jarman A. A., O'Brien B., Curry M. B., Andrew S. E., Horsman O. M. T., Finch A. M., Mountain M. M. F., Olsen E. M., Kelley A. D., Cairns J. W., Hinks M. E., Sterry E. J., Chambers L., Green J. I., Yorke S. M., Ruck R., Olsen J., Phillips P. S., Lyons M. M., Powell A., Davies A. A., Bovell T. M., Cotton G., Fox N. D.

APPOINTMENTS

Cozens, Lieut.-Colonel F. B., A.R.R.C., to British Military Hospital, Nicosia, as Matron, on 4th April, 1957.

Pullom, Lieut.-Colonel E., A.R.R.C., to Military Hospital, Catterick, as Matron, on 1st September, 1957.

HONOURS AND AWARDS

17TH OPERATIONAL LIST FOR MALAYA—SUPP. TO *London Gazette*, 28TH MAY, 1957

Campbell, Captain K. D., A.R.R.C.

Reynolds, Captain E. M., M.I.D.

BIRTHDAY HONOURS LIST

Bennett, Major P. G., R.R.C.

Carroll, Major H. M., A.R.R.C.

Tibbs, Major L. M., A.R.R.C.

Hewson, Captain E. M., A.R.R.C.

STATE FINAL EXAMINATIONS

Eight other ranks of Q.A.R.A.N.C. were successful in passing the State Final Examination in February, and fifteen in June 1957.

RETIREMENTS AND RESIGNATIONS

May: Captain E. Keelan (15th), Lieutenant D. E. Wardlaw (22nd).

June: Major M. C. R. Herkis (1st).

July: Captain J. C. Thomas (3rd), Lieutenant T. A. Hall (5th), Captain E. M. Kerr (20th), Captain E. M. Latchford (30th).

August: Major J. Macdonald, A.R.R.C. (12th), Captain D. Armstrong (14th).

MARRIAGES

McWilliam, Miss E. P., to A. G. Monk, Esq., in London, on 18th July.

Frew, Miss M., to C. R. S. Allsop, Esq., in Claremont, Western Australia, on 10th August, 1957.

Gillings, J. M. (Q.A.I.M.N.S., Retd.), to W. G. Norman, Esq., on 26th June, 1957, at St. Michael's Church, Framlingham.

Rispin, Lt. D., to J. Skull, Esq., on 1st April, 1957, at Westminster, London.

Rouseliere, Lt. B. M. B. C. De La, to Major B. S. Cooper, R.A.S.C., on 2nd April, 1957, at Amounderness, Lancaster.

Ether, Lt. E. H., to Capt. D. Shaw, Royal Corps of Signals, on 15th April, 1957, at Beirut, Lebanon.

Coxon, Lt. K. A., to Capt. J. Ridge, Royal Corps of Signals, on 24th April, 1957, at Berwick-on-Tweed.

Dumphy, Lt. J. to Capt. D. G. Chambers, R.A.M.C., on 25th April, 1957, at Nicosia, Cyprus.

Sexton, Lt. C. M., to C. D. Walker, Esq., on 27th April, 1957, at Wandsworth, London.

Walsh, Lt. T. M., to B. A. Skilbeck, Esq., on 27th April, 1957, at Morden, Surrey.

Forward, Lt. M. J., to J. T. Ryan, Esq., on 4th May, 1957, at Nanyuki, Kenya.

Manders, Lt. M. D. E., to S. R. Finnis, Esq., on 4th May, 1957, at Bexhill, Sussex.

Herkis, Major M. C. R., to C. Sykes, Esq., on 1st June, 1957, at Edinburgh.

Blair, Lt. J. F., to F/Lt. M. A. Gee, on 1st June, 1957, at Sunderland.

Score, Lt. J. E. A., to Lt. H. Forbes, R.A.M.C., on 1st June, 1957, at Powerstock, Dorset.

Tucker, Lt. B. J., to J. E. Foulkes, Esq., on 1st June, 1957, at Exmouth, Devon.

Jenkins, Lt. S. M., to Lt. C. R. Davies, R.A.S.C., on 4th June, 1957, at Kowloon, Hong Kong.

Parry-Jones, Lt. M., to Flt.-Lt. C. E. F. Cooper, R.A.F., on 6th June, 1957, at Gibraltar.

Gay, Lt. M. T., to D. M. Lockwood, Esq., on 10th June, 1957, at St. Mary Cray, Kent.

Mangan, Lt. C. P., to K. H. T. Perrin, Esq., on 20th June, 1957, at Freetown, Sierra Leone.

Nuttall, Lt. M. L., to Lt. M. Yemm, Manchester Regt., on 22nd June, 1957, at Rinteln, B.A.O.R.

Buckley, Lt. A. M., to M. M. Hood, Esq., on 13th July, 1957, at Nairobi.

Walker, Lt. M. M., to Lt. D. M. Edgcombe, R.N., on 3rd August, 1957, at Famagusta, Cyprus.

Walker, Lt. K. M., to Lt. P. J. F. White, Royal Corps of Signals, on 8th August, 1957, at Paddington, London.

Richards, Lt. S., to P. M. Eshelby, Esq., on 10th August, 1957, at York.

Stubbings, Lt. H. M., to Lt. G. T. Cliff, R.A.S.C., on 10th August, 1957, at Tripoli.

Taylor, Lt. B., to J. Gettings, Esq., on 14th August, 1957, at Darlington.

Whitehurst, Lt. L., to 2/Lt. R. J. Kenyon, A.C.C., on 14th August, 1957, at Richmond, Yorkshire.

Wood, Lt. S. D., to A. B. Laing, Esq., on 24th August, 1957, at Felixstowe, Suffolk.

O'Shea, Capt. B., to Capt. A. E. Frankland, R.E., on 31st August, 1957, at Tanglin, Singapore.

Ferguson, Lt. H., to Dr. P. A. Barker, on 7th September, 1957, at Alnwick, Northumberland.

Le Marquand, Capt. D. M., to Capt. J. M. Hunter, R.A.E.C., on 9th September, 1957, at Jersey, Channel Isles.

Caldon, Lt. A., to F/O. G. W. Stockdale, R.A.F., on 14th September, 1957, at Bournemouth.

Turner, Lt. G. E., to Lt. J. A. T. K. Buchan-Hepburn, King's Dragoon Guards, on 21st September, 1957, at Heskett-in-the-Forest, Cumberland.

Moore, Pte. M. P., to Mr. J. K. Jones, on 21st March, 1957.

Brown, Pte. K., to Cpl. P. Grace, R.A.M.C., on 30th March, 1957.

Barter, Pte. J. I., to Pte. Underwood, A.C.C., on 30th March, 1957.

Williams, Pte. P. J., to L.A.C. Vujcich, R.N.Z.A.F., on 27th April, 1957.

Green, Pte. I., to Mr. J. A. Parsonage on 13th April, 1957.

Langrish, A/Cpl. D. J., to Sgt. C. J. Pearce, R.A.O.C., on 18th May, 1957.

Eddy, Cpl. S. M., to Pte. K. G. Day, A.C.C., on 11th May, 1957.

Palmer, Pte. P. J., to L/Cpl. Lloyd, R.M.P., on 8th June, 1957.

Gourlay, Cpl. A. E., to L.A.C. R. M. Morrow, R.A.A.F., on 8th June, 1957.

Gay, Cpl. P. M. V., to L/Cpl. P. B. Bates, R.A.M.C., on 6th April, 1957.

Manson, Pte. M., to Pte. C. R. Timms, R.A.M.C., on 4th June, 1957.

Ledgard, Pte. N., to Pte. K. K. Kienas, Canadian Army, on 16th June, 1957.

Wafford, Pte. P. M. R., to Pte. R. Sheppard, R.A.M.C., on 1st June, 1957.

Taylor, Pte. V., to Mr. R. Portefe, on 1st June, 1957.

Gaylor, Sgt. J., to Cpl. A. Hodson, R.A.M.C., on 22nd March, 1957.

Ormiston, Pte. M. A. D., to Mr. J. A. Hodkinson, on 20th April, 1957.

Scougal, Pte. A., to L/Cpl. J. Morgan, R.A.M.C., on 20th April, 1957.

Sones, Cpl. J. M., to Sgt. R. J. Dickson, R.A.M.C., on 27th April, 1957.

Stringer, Pte. R., to Mr. N. Rees, on 25th May, 1957.

Oliver, Pte. N. M., to Mr. R. A. George, on 24th May, 1957.

McGarry, Cpl. J., to Mr. J. L. Preece, on 9th March, 1957.

Remmer, Pte. J., to Mr. R. Musgrave, on 18th May, 1957.

Brown, Pte. F. R., to Mr. A. C. A. Horne, 14th September, 1957.

Coggins, Pte. M., to Mr. W. E. Hawkins, 7th September, 1957.

Taylor, A/Sgt. E. M., to Sgt. D. Yelles, R.E.M.E., 6th July, 1957.

Reid, Pte. C. W. S., to Mr. Holliday, 22nd August, 1957.

O'Sullivan, Pte., to Pte. D. S. Kochan, R.C.A.M.C., 5th September, 1957.

Emerson, Pte. M. C., to Pte. S. S. Marriatt, 6th July, 1957.
 Wyatt, Pte. P. L., to Mr. R. Stanley, 20th July, 1957.
 Padwick, Pte. M. V. A., to Pte. P. F. Monaghan, A.C.C., 3rd August, 1957.
 Wilshaw, Pte. J., to Pte. J. C. Cooke, R.A.M.C., 10th August, 1957.
 Van Neck, Pte. M. E., to Pte. C. A. Roust, 14th August, 1957.
 Rees, Pte. M. A., to Mr. J. McCaffrey, on 7th September, 1957.
 Hamilton, Cpl. M. A. D., to Mr. D. R. C. Walpole, on 29th June, 1957.
 Watson, Cpl. M. A., to Mr. D. A. Wheeler, on 9th August, 1957.
 Morton, Cpl. P., to Cpl. C. E. Hall, on 5th August, 1957.
 Mullett, Pte. A. R., to Mr. W. S. Squire, on 24th August, 1957.
 Horner, Pte. B., to Tpr. R. Evison, on 31st August, 1957.
 Doig, Pte. M. F., to Mr. B. J. Johnson, on 7th September, 1957.
 Hall, Cpl. M. K., to Mr. R. E. Clynch, on 6th July, 1957.
 Langrish, Cpl. D. J., to Sgt. C. A. Pearse on 18th May, 1957 (Amendment).
 O'Halleron, Pte. F., to Dvr. R. G. Allen, R.A.S.C., on 8th June, 1957.
 Defries, Pte. D. J., to Pte. S. Brettle, R.A.M.C., on 15th June, 1957.
 Davies, Pte. C., to Pte. E. Kimpton, on 8th June, 1957.
 White, Pte. N., to Cpl. G. Hutton, R.A.M.C., 21st June, 1957.
 Robinson, Pte. K., to L/Cpl. J. R. Greig, R.E., on 6th June, 1957.
 Robinson, Cpl. C. N., to Sgt. J. Wood, R.M.P., on 6th July, 1957.
 Ward, Pte. V. D., to L/Cpl. G. Fairlie, R.A.M.C., 20th July, 1957.
 Coles, Pte. J. P., to Mr. C. Gunner, 17th July, 1957.
 Taylor, Pte. J., to Dvr. D. G. Welch, R.A.S.C., on 24th August, 1957.
 Wooley, Pte. N. L., to Sgt. R. S. Worthing, 20th August, 1957.

OVERSEAS POSTINGS

B.A.O.R.

Majors:—E. Taylor, H. M. Carroll, B. M. Robertson, E. M. C. Rowston,
 E. Quinton, L. M. Egan, M. M. Mount, B. S. Hackett, Ray, G. E. Jones.

Captains:—J. Smith, M. Potter, K. T. Brassey, J. Ballantyne, B. Molohan,
 E. Roche.

Lieuts.:—D. M. Archer, M. P. Barrows, M. E. Cardwell, J. Fish, I. V. Graham,
 P. M. Lapham, J. de L. McQuown, N. A. Nason, M. T. O'Hagan, I. F. B.
 Barrie, M. Moses, E. Spencer, P. A. M. Cassidy, K. E. Hirst, M. C. Lynch,
 B. Terry, B. P. Murphy, S. M. Lawson, P. M. Molloy, M. B. Murphy,
 T. C. Noddy, A. Timbey, Bevan, Pindar, Nicholson, Toomey.

S/Sgt. A. E. Blake.

Cpls.:—M. M. Cowie, N. Dean, S. M. Yorke.

Ptes.:—I. Baxendale, B. Caswell, V. A. Charity, J. M. Johns, E. Wilkie,
 F. E. McDowall, M. A. Logan, Moorhouse, H. M. Connatty, C. M.
 Lloyd, P. J. Rickard, B. Smith, E. F. Cambell, K. Otterburn, G. A.
 Francis, M. A. Harrison, M. Moffatt, R. Pindar.

M.E.L.F.

Lieut.-Colonel F. B. Cozens.

Majors:—E. F. Shine, E. Phillipson, Rowles, M. A. Hey.

Captains:—B. Spencer, J. McDonnell, E. M. G. Scott, H. Lofthouse.

Lieuts.:—M. M. Walker, E. Boyle, P. Conway, M. A. Somerville, H. T.
 Bateman, N. M. Funnell, P. M. Murphy, M. Hughes, M. Dodds, M. J.
 Daish, S. M. Jackson, E. A. Schofield, C. K. M. Adams.

Cpls.:—B. E. Byford, S. Williams.

Ptes.:—M. Gordon, G. G. McMeekin, J. Canning, M. Crawley, B. E.
 Griffiths, I. Lewis, V. Morphew, P. Price.

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

Majors:—E. Carter, Greene, B. Turner.

Captains:—M. Stack, C. W. A. Fawcett, G. R. Dawe, W. E. Hubble, A. I. Welch, Norman, B. D. Newton.

Lieuts.:—D. M. E. Hammond, R. H. Cage, B. G. Burwell, A. M. Cross, K. M. Lane, S. M. Smart, S. M. Macauley, M. J. Joyce, J. Boylan, S. Clapham, M. A. Geraghty, M. K. Kelly, A. H. Nisbet, S. M. Blows, M. Crowe, M. J. Dooley, M. Dent, M. Stevens.

Sgt. S. M. Buchholz.

Cpls.:—J. M. Kirby, J. L. Cragg.

Ptes.:—P. J. Bennett, M. Freeguard, R. Davey, B. Finch, M. Mountain, J. E. Alexander, E. S. Braithwaite, C. R. Wardroper, J. H. Loader, T. M. Morris, C. Arthur, V. Devany, E. J. Letts, E. Royle, J. Sowter, J. Spalding, S. Sylvester, E. Walker, Burns, Pearl, McDonald, MacDade, Watterson.

Ghana

Majors:—M. M. Morris, C. M. Bokenham.

Lieuts.:—D. B. Butcher, E. M. Madin, M. Rees.

Malta

Majors:—E. M. Stonham, D. F. Austin.

Capt. C. Bayman.

Lieuts.:—P. R. Duffy, A. Clark, E. Johnson.

Gibraltar

Major E. Longworth.

Lieuts.:—T. M. Adams, P. Mellis.

Bermuda

Major F. M. Sands.

West Africa

Majors:—E. F. Bryan, M. H. Macpherson.

Captain R. Sutton.

Lieuts.:—J. A. Williams, C. M. Birtles, E. M. Grubb.

East Africa

Major R. M. Hinchey.

REVERSION TO HOME ESTABLISHMENT

B.A.O.R.

Majors:—A. M. Adkins, E. Longworth, L. M. Tibbs, D. Hancock, A. F. Greene.

Captains:—P. E. Fitzgerald, M. E. Conlon, G. R. Dawe, J. M. Steer, Latchford, Roche, I. P. Davies.

Lieuts.:—M. H. Bryce, C. P. Ford, D. G. Simpson, N. I. Thomas, Scroggie, P. Murphy, H. Langthorne, Stakelum, Cashin, R. E. Andress.

Cpls.:—S. Eddy, J. O. Billett, D. A. Le Neveu, Bray, Kempton, Smith.

Ptes.:—M. M. Cowie, R. I. Pearce, N. M. Robertson, N. Ledguard, Mutton, McEgan, Holliday (*nee* Reed), L. Steel, Peters, Caven, Montgomery, Worthington (*nee* Woolley), Kockan (*nee* O'Sullivan), V. G. Martin, Walker.

M.E.L.F.

Majors:—H. Heafey, E. K. Wood, D. F. Duckworth, E. O. Bassett, A O'Garra, G. S. Ray.

Captains:—E. Keelan, J. N. Runyard.

Lieuts.:—G. H. Waddell, D. E. Wardlaw, A. Belcher, T. A. Hall, M. Ness, Z. M. Gilmore, H. Ferguson, A. C. Crombie, B. Ireland, S. M. McElroy.

Sgt. L. Lewis.

Cpls.:—Ruth, N. Hatt.

A/Cpl. J. M. Bovell.

L/Cpl. G. E. Dinmore.

A/L/Cpl. Daniels.

Ptes.:—M. S. Wilson, M. Spann, E. Davis, V. D. V. A. Archer, Kernan, Drummond, Rigby, Cotton, Rees, Blatchford.

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

Majors:—J. Gahan, M. Clarke, M. M. Trood.

Captains:—K. Grimshaw, I. H. Reid, P. V. Peake-Cottam, L. K. P. Marshall, K. Grimshaw, Longden.

Lieuts.:—D. R. Ingleton, E. J. Griffiths, M. Gray, J. M. Cumberland, K. J. Minion, G. E. Turner, S. D. Wood, I. R. Beale, J. Glover, S. Richards, L. Garvey, V. J. Smith, B. D. Pickett, Greenup, T. H. Gardner, Henderson, T. B. Cochrane, B. Munchin, Randall, Cruickshank.

Cpls.:—S. Chamberlain, F. M. Kennaugh, Glen, Kelly, J. L. Payne, Cameron

Ptes.:—M. Southwell, J. E. Ord, B. Ord, J. H. Leech, J. Murphy, E. Cook, H. M. Russhworth, M. P. Fuller, Gummer, H. Rouse, Anderson.

West Africa

Majors:—E. H. Thompson, C. M. McMinn.

Captains:—J. A. Newton, M. N. Agius.

Ghana

Lieut.-Colonel E. Pullom.

Major A. M. Hey.

Lieuts.:—M. D. P. Reid, B. J. Tucker.

East Africa

Lieut.-Colonel Condon.

Major A. Jones.

Captain E. Morgan.

Lieuts.:—J. D. Bagnal-Oakley, J. Gudgeon, D. Taylor, D. N. Morton, M. Paddon.

Malta

Majors:—J. Carson, M. K. Daly.

Captain C. M. Bayman.

Lieuts.:—J. Thompson, J. Thundercliffe, Todman.

Ptes.:—C. A. McGregor, S. C. T. Kay.

Bermuda

Major J. Lindsaye.

Lieut. M. E. Smart.

Gibraltar

Major E. H. Litherland.

Cpl. J. Cotton.

Ptes.:—B. E. Byford, J. M. Mitchell.

DEATHS

Woollett., on September 2nd, 1957, Catherine E., late of Farnborough, retired Matron of Queen Alexandra's Imperial Military Nursing Service.

Lush, on August 15th, 1957, Rowena Jean, A.R.R.C., S.R.N., at University College Hospital, London, Ex-Q.A.I.M.N.S./R.

RETURNED GAZETTES

The following names and addresses to which the July GAZETTE was sent, were returned as "gone away" or "unknown".

Miss A. M. P. Barclay, Miss T. E. Blackburn, Mrs. V. J. B. Lawrence, Miss D. W. MacDonald, Mrs. P. Bryon, Pte. B. E. Bland, Cpl. M. K. Hall, Major A. A. M. Adkins, Major G. B. Powell, Mrs. R. E. Heemington, Capt. B. W. C. Norman, Mrs. A. M. Brown, Cpl. D. Le Neuve, Capt. M. Peel, Miss M. L. Scott, Lieut. E. M. Ord, Lieut. M. W. Bryce.

NOTICES

WANTED—a few spare copies of the GAZETTE, February, 1954. Please forward to the Assistant Editor if available.

OFFICERS' PENSION SOCIETY.—The following is an extract from a letter received.

“ THE PENNANT ”

The October number of the above which is the journal of “The Officers' Pensions Society” has been greatly enlarged and contains a number of articles which should be of great interest to officers who are likely to fall into the “Redundancy Zone”.

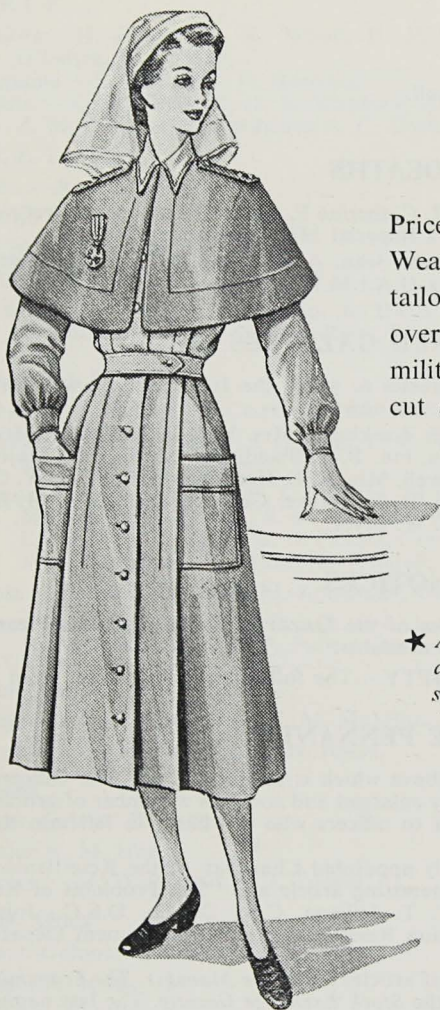
Sir Frederic Hooper, the newly appointed Chairman of the Resettlement Board has contributed a most interesting article and “The Problems of Resettlement” by Rear Admiral C. T. Jellicoe, C.B., D.S.O., D.S.C., Joint Director of the Officers' Association Resettlement and Employment Department is very helpful.

In addition there are reprints of articles from *The Manager*, *The Economist* and “Letters to a Soldier” from the *Stock Exchange Gazette*. The last named gives most valuable advice on such subjects as investment, buying a business, insurance and income tax.

It is felt that serving officers who are likely to retire in the near future, but are not yet eligible for membership of the Society, would like to have a copy of this publication. Arrangements have therefore been made by the Officers' Pensions Society for the supply of copies to non-members at a cost of 1s. 6d. each (cash with order, please).

Applications for copies should be sent to:

THE GENERAL SECRETARY
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