



# The Gazette



MISS M. ROBERTS, A.R.R.C.

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

## *Patron*

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS MARGARET, C.I., G.C.V.O.,  
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*Vice-Chairman:* MISS M. ROBERTS, A.R.R.C. *Matron, St. Peter's Hospital,  
Chertsey.*

*GAZETTE Readers'  
Representative:* MRS. D. M. HAMMOND. EX-T.A.N.S.

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## EDITORIAL

Again we have the honour of a Royal visit to report, this time an informal visit by H.R.H. Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, to the United Nursing Services Club, on the afternoon of 13th December 1960, when tea was served; Alexandra Lady Worsley was in attendance. About seventy members were present.

This club was set up after the first world war for the use of the Nursing Services of the Crown, but it will soon lose its identity unless more serving and ex-officers give it their support. It is residential, conveniently situated, attractively decorated and the meals are both excellent and low priced. An early dinner can be arranged on request for members going to a theatre. For particulars write to:—

The Secretary,  
United Nursing Services Club,  
40 South Street, London, W.1.

The article "The Divided City" (Berlin 1960) is likely to be of interest to many readers as it is a good description of the two sections of Berlin. Naturally enough, the Russian Zone strikes one as bleak when compared with the thriving Western Zone. but it is also recognisable as a faithful account of conditions as seen on a visit paid *early in 1956*. For them time seems to stand still.

EDITOR.

MISS M. ROBERTS, A.R.R.C.

The photograph on the cover is of our vice-chairman, Miss M. Roberts.

Miss Roberts, who served with the T.A.N.S. during the War is now Matron of St. Peter's Hospital, Chertsey. She has been Vice-Chairman of the Association for nearly two years and as Chairman of the Finance and Grants Committee has been a great help to all of us.

**SPECIAL MESSAGE TO THE SERVING SECTION**

This is the end of the first year in which we have had a separate Serving Section. On the whole it is working satisfactorily, although there has been much more work for Headquarters than was anticipated. We are grateful to the units who have sent us such neat, correctly filled-in returns. Please may we ask all serving section members to help us by remembering their S.S. numbers? It would save us hours of work if they would do this.

**ST. PETER'S HOSPITAL, CHERTSEY**

A new School of Nursing and Nurses' Recreation Hall was opened at St. Peter's Hospital, Chertsey, on Thursday, 10th November, 1960, by the Rt. Hon. The Viscount Mackintosh of Halifax, D.L., LL.D., after the opening, the presentation of prizes and certificates took place.

The recreation hall was built partly from the funds raised by the nurses themselves arranging money-raising functions, it is a very fine building large enough for a badminton court, the long sides are built of glass so it is very bright; at one end is a stage with rooms behind to allow of theatrical productions.

The new School of Nursing is in a mansion which has been adapted for this purpose and includes classrooms for the Preliminary Training School and Student Nurses and living accommodation (sharing rooms) for P.T.S. students. It is a spacious mansion, the Matron also has new quarters in this house: it is built high and has long views of the countryside from its windows.

It was a very happy occasion attended by parents and friends who filled the Recreation Hall for the prize-giving and who afterwards drove to the new School of Nursing to see over it and to enjoy the tea provided.

P. BENNETT.

## NATIONAL HOSPITAL RESERVE EXERCISE "ALTOGETHER HEAVE"

PART I.—SATURDAY, 24TH SEPTEMBER, 1960

*(Extract and photographs by the kind permission of Wolverhampton Civil Defence Corps Magazine)*

"Sir Alexander Drummond opened the exercise by addressing a Conference. He was followed by eminent speakers on Nursing, Medical Care, and the Psychological Aspects of First Aid. The general theme of these talks showed that although the Civil Defence problem is a vast one, modern society possesses the means with which the problems can be tackled, provided that it learns how to use available modern materials and production methods, and provided that it trains a vast number of people in the basic essentials in First Aid and Home Nursing.



PART OF THE R.A.M.C. SECTION OF THE WOLVERHAMPTON HOSPITAL COMMITTEE EXERCISE "ALTOGETHER HEAVE."

"After the Conference we saw a series of remarkable demonstrations such as that given by the Army Adviser in Anaesthetics (Lt.-Col. Stephens) who demonstrated how an untrained person, after as little as 30 minutes instruction, could with safety give a general anaesthetic."

## Light Rescue for the Ambulance and First Aid Section



### NEWS FROM THE BRANCHES

#### **The Cambridge Hospital, Aldershot**

After a quiet summer as far as branch activities were concerned, members decided they would like to go to a matinee performance at the Theatre Royal, Windsor. The play chosen was a new comedy, *Out of this World*. Twenty of us set out by coach on the 20th October, undeterred by the frightful rain.

The play, which was set in Paris was light and amusing, it was beautifully staged and Miss Odile Versois made a delightful leading lady.

After the performance, we had tea at "Fullers"—most satisfying! The rain was still teeming down but we had a safe homeward journey and everyone agreed that it had been a most enjoyable afternoon.

The serving officers of the branch are helping to finish off 1960 by entertaining the ex-service members to tea at Gunhill House, Aldershot, in December. At this party, the Christmas draw will be made and some lucky person will win the first prize of a transistor radio set and Headquarters Fund will benefit by a further contribution from the branch.

J. M. ORFORD, L.512.

### **The Manchester Branch**

When we heard that the Military Hospital in Chester was closing down, we asked Miss Quinn, the secretary of the Chester Branch, if she thought it would be wiser to change from Chester to Manchester, the latter being more central for many people in N.W. England.

Miss Quinn and Miss Gannon, Assistant Matron of the Manchester Royal Infirmary, went into consultation with the result that an inaugural meeting was arranged by Miss Gannon, at the Manchester Royal on February 8th, and a most successful social afternoon with tea ensued. Twenty-five members were present, eight of whom are new members.

Miss Gannon has consented to be Chairman and Lieut-Colonel Mellor (Retd.), Vice-Chairman of the new Manchester Branch; Miss Quinn has agreed to remain as secretary and Miss Harley and Miss Harrison, who were on the Chester Branch Committee, are also willing to remain on this one. Miss Grimshaw has offered to help with the financial side and we hope she will continue as treasurer.

The Branch Annual General Meeting will be held on April 8th at which it is hoped to bring the committee up to full strength.

In saying good-bye to Chester as a Branch, we know that we are not saying good-bye to its members as we hope all will be absorbed into other branches and as many as possible by Manchester Branch, but we would like to thank Chester for all its help to us at H.Q., including the Benevolent Funds, and particularly to thank Miss Quinn for the wonderful work she has done in keeping the Branch together. In her capable hands we have no fears for the new branch, we are sure it will prove a highly successful undertaking and send our best wishes for many happy meetings.

Any members who wish to join Manchester Branch and have not already done so, please write to:—

Miss G. Quinn,  
Cartref,  
Ormonde Road, Chester.

### **New Zealand Branch**

The New Zealand Branch held a cocktail party late in October attended by most of the Auckland Members and their friends. During the evening Miss Marjory Markwell was presented with a small gift from the branch as a token of our appreciation of all the work she has put in during the last two years as secretary.

Miss Markwell was married on November 19th to Mr. Gordon G. Ross and we are all happy that her new home is still in the Auckland district. She has invited us to hold our Annual Picnic there.

A. E. HATFIELD.

We are delighted to hear that the Secretary, New Zealand Branch (formerly Miss M. Markwell) has recently been married and wish her and her husband every happiness in their new life.

EDITOR.

### **REPORT ON THE CORPS TABLE TENNIS TOURNAMENT**

The Annual Table Tennis Tournament was held at the Depot and T.E. Q.A.R.A.N.C. on the 1st March, 1961. Twelve Units sent representatives and there were eighteen Competitors.

Colonel E. Mackaness, R.R.C., Q.A.R.A.N.C., very kindly presented the prizes on behalf of Brigadier Cozens, R.R.C., Q.A.R.A.N.C., who is on a tour of the Hospitals in the Far East, and commented on the excellent standard of Table Tennis displayed.

We congratulate Pte. Brown, from Queen Alexandra's Military Hospital, Millbank, the winner for the second year in succession, she played an excellent game and will be representing the Corps in the Inter-Service's Women's Table Tennis Tournament to be held in Aldershot in April, 1961.

The runner-up was Pte. Barker, from the Royal Herbert Hospital, Woolwich. she too played well.

M. LEDGER.

### **DEDICATION OF THE FLAG OF THE QUEEN ALEXANDRA ROYAL ARMY NURSING CORPS AT THE GARRISON CHURCH OF CHRIST THE KING**

In the Garrison Church at Tripoli, are hung the flags of many Regiments and Corps who have served in the area. One was missing, that of the Queen Alexandra's Royal Army Nursing Corps. Our Matron, Major E. F. Davies suggested, and we all agreed, that our flag should take its place alongside the others.

The Dedication Ceremony took place immediately before Morning Service on Sunday, 11th December, 1960. We were pleased to have Colonel K. M. Blair, D.D.A.N.S., M.E.L.F., with us on this occasion, and to have the support of the Band of the Royal



Irish Fusiliers. All Ranks off-duty attended the service. As we stood to attention in the Church the Rev. K. E. Jackson, Chaplain to the British Military Hospital, Tripoli, lifted the folded flag from the Credence Table, and presented it to the Rev. E. C. W. Knight, Senior Chaplain, who received it with these words:

“In the Name of God, Amen.

“We do receive this flag into the House of God to take its place alongside these other Units who have served with Honours in this Land; to remind us of duty done in the cause of Humanity and still being offered wherever there is need; may it rest as a memorial and example to those who will come after.”

The flag was placed on the Altar and unfolded, the dedication proceeded.

“We do dedicate and set apart from all profane use this flag that it may be a symbol in this place of service rendered in the Sight of God to the wounded, the sick and the stricken in body and in mind.

“In the Name of the Father and of the Son and the Holy Spirit. Amen.”

Next we heard the Collect of the Queen Alexandra's Royal Army Nursing Corps. The stillness which followed, was broken by a fanfare of trumpets, after which the Band played our Corps March. It was a proud moment standing there with our flag hanging in front of the Altar in full view of the Congregation. For a while we were linked in thought with all who had served in the Corps here, and in other lands, and to some for whom this was indeed, a memorial.

U. MANSFIELD.

### VISIT BY DAME MONICA JOHNSON, D.B.E., R.R.C., TO THE Q.A.R.A.N.C. OFFICERS' MESS, JAMAICA

Early in January our Matron, Major Carson, R.R.C., received a letter which gave great pleasure to all members of the Q.A.R.A.N.C. Officers' Mess, Jamaica. It was from Dame Monica Johnson, D.B.E., R.R.C., to say that she was on a cruising holiday to Australia and New Zealand. Her ship, the *Port Launceston* would be calling at Kingston, Jamaica, to load and unload cargo. She hoped that during this time she would be able to visit the British Military Hospital.

A phone call to the shipping agents on the morning of January 26th gave the news that the *Port Launceston* was actually nearing the island, and would dock during the afternoon. Alas, these arrangements did not coincide with those made by the “Clerk of the Weather.” Soon after mid-day the Trade winds began to blow vigorously rendering the trip to the ship too dangerous for the pilot to undertake. The *Port Launceston* had, therefore, to anchor far off shore. As dusk fell we could see three lighted ships lying far out,

waiting for the wind and sea to abate and allow the pilot to guide them safely to the quay. Which one, we wondered, was Dame Monica's floating home.

Next morning early the weather relented, and Major Carson was able to meet Dame Monica and bring her up to the Mess for a visit of four days.

After a short rest Dame Monica was driven out to the hospital, and introduced to the Officer Commanding, Lieut.-Colonel Walsh, and Officers, R.A.M.C., before making a tour of the wards and departments.

All the Q.A.R.A.N.C. Other Ranks in this unit are Jamaican women. They are locally enlisted and do not serve outside their homeland, but they are very keen members of our Corps. Very smart they looked in their uniforms, their dark faces breaking into bright smiles as Dame Monica spoke to each one individually. She congratulated the successful candidates who had just received the results of the Corp examinations. This made the day a memorable one for them all.

In the wards, gay with tropical flowers, fair European and dark West Indian faces beamed with pleasure as she went from bed to bed, meeting and chatting to the men, women and children, who lay in them. One small girl enquired excitedly "Is it the Queen coming to see us."

Kingston lies on a low coastal plain, and is very hot and sticky, but 4,000 feet up, behind it, on a spur of the Blue Mountains, lies the Army Camp of Newcastle. Very peaceful and cool. The road up to it is extremely steep and winding but very picturesque. Bamboos, twenty feet high, palms, poincianas, breadfruit and a multitude of other tropical trees cloth the mountain side, yet none of them are indigenous to the island. Beautiful vistas of land and sea in the heat haze far below.

The car climbed round a last point of rock to a parade ground, now used for training recruits to the West Indian Regiment, which forms a level space above which stands the Officers' Mess. Here Dame Monica lunched and then rested in the lovely garden, watching the tiny humming birds, no larger than big butterflies feeding in the flowering shrubs.

Next morning was a busy one for Dame Monica, visiting the shops of Kingston. Driving through the narrow streets thronged with gaily dressed people, and rendered dangerous by the multitude of wheeled vehicles, ranging from vast American cars which filled the tiny streets from side to side, to wobbly-wheeled donkey carts and bicycles ridden by members of a population who seemed determined to be run over by any one else on wheels who was willing to do this. And they all were!

Lunch over, Major Carson drove Dame Monica and two of the Nursing Officers out to the remains of the old city of Port Royal,

once the stronghold of the bold buccaneer, Sir Henry Morgan, who, after his days as a pirate were finished became the respected Governor of the island!

They visited his ruined fort, now part of the local police barracks. Also the church where an old coloured woman showed them some of the silver looted, and used, by Sir Henry, now kept in the church. She also pointed out the grave, in the churchyard, of a man who it said on the tombstone, was swallowed up by an earthquake but thrown out of the sea again and lived for many years after to tell the tale before death finally overtook him.

A curious tilted structure caught Dame Monica's eye—The Giddy House—once an Artillery Store, now so tipped by an earthquake that it is a real feat to walk straight across its sloping floor. However Dame Monica succeeded but other members only managed to stagger drunkenly along. Perhaps she still had her "sea legs."

Round the dark shining table lighted by red candles and gay with scarlet poinsettias, the four members of the mess gathered that evening, in their white sharkskin uniform, for a Mess Dinner with Dame Monica as Guest of Honour. Later still she was able to meet their many friends from the garrison who came to visit and greet her.

Sunday dawned bright and sunny, Dame Monica joined us in worship in the cool lovely garrison church with its very fine choir and its pipe organ superbly played by an old white-haired negro.

Service over she was driven towards the wild mountainous heart of the island. Passed colourful Spanish Town, surrounded by great sugar cane and banana plantations, into the green, winding coolness of Bog Walk, a scenic road followed the course of the Rio Cobre, as far as the Tropicana Country Club, where the time was passed quietly resting and reading beside the blue waters of the swimming pool. Around lay the mountains, purple in the heat haze, and the dark leaved orange trees with their burden of vivid coloured fruit.

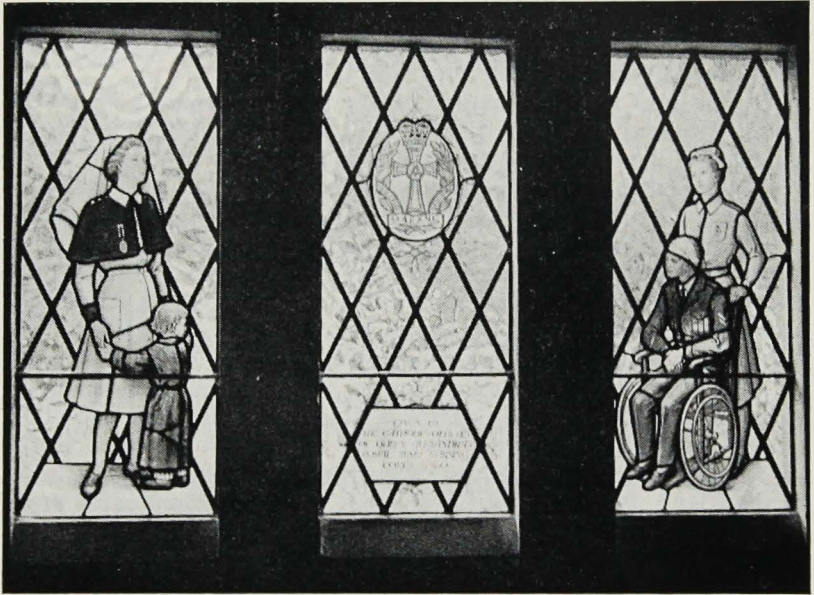
Back in the mess, after dinner we were able to show Dame Monica colour slides of other parts of the island, and also scenes from America and Mexico taken by mess members during their leaves; we are all keen photographers and have a projector to show them on the wall.

Early next morning Dame Monica returned to her ship, only to find that it was not sailing until late at night, so after a visit to the famous Kingston straw market she returned to the mess where we were all delighted to be able to have her with us for a few more hours, and to listen to her most interesting stories of her many experiences.

W. G. I. HOBBS, L.577.

## THE Q.A.R.A.N.C. STAINED-GLASS WINDOW

This was installed as anticipated in July 1960 in the Garrison Church of St. Patrick & St. George (R.C.) Tidworth. It is impossible to convey in black and white the beauty of the work which has been so excellently executed.



## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

DEAR COLONEL MACKANESS,

The Residents have asked me to write a letter of thanks to all those members of the Q.A.R.A.N.C. Association and individual messes, also the senior members of the Corps for their very generous gifts and wishes sent this Christmas—though each gift has been acknowledged. They would appreciate it, if this could be published in the next issue of the GAZETTE, along with their good wishes and heartfelt thanks for a bright and prosperous New Year.

Enclosed is a letter from Miss Stevens on their behalf which I also would like published.

Thanking you all and with all good wishes for the New Year.

Yours sincerely,  
ADA DICKSON (Warden).

26th December, 1960.

I feel so full of gladness about our wonderful Christmas—I know that the Q.A.R.A.N.C. Association means sincere friendship and certainly we residents of Queen Mary's House fully realize this and at Christmas time kind gifts sent to us all as a "family" and to each one a personal gift too. We all feel we have had a lovely, homelike, Christmas. I wish we could have had a coloured picture of our Christmas tea party, Christmas tree and all, we had a very happy time from Christmas Eve to Boxing Day.

CECILIA STEVENS.

### OBITUARY

**Miss A. F. Thom, R.R.C., T.A.N.S.** Death notified in August Edition of the GAZETTE.

Miss Thom mobilised with the 15th Scottish then transferred to No. 19 General Hospital and went overseas with the unit in October 1940, serving in the Canal Zone near Ismalia for some time. From there she was transferred to No. 2 General Hospital at Kassasin as Assistant Matron, but later was appointed Matron of that unit.

After the battle of El Alamein, in October 1942, she proceeded with the unit to Tripoli, North Africa. In August 1943 she had the misfortune to trip over one of the tent ropes while paying a visit to the wards and injured her leg, which was already rather painful owing to rheumatoid arthritis. She was then invalided to No. 8 General Hospital, Alexandria, and after a period of convalescence she was transferred to No. 13 General Hospital, Suez, as Matron, remaining there until her period of duty in the Middle East was finished, she finally returned to this country in 1944. In 1945 she was the means of forming a branch of the Association in Aberdeen, she remained Secretary until some time before her death.

G. M. BROWN.

**MISS ELIZABETH ROSS, A.R.R.C.**

The passing of Elizabeth Ross will evoke in many Q.A.s and T.A.s minds the memory of a most kindly, gracious lady whose great object in life appeared to be 'service to others' thus achieving the highest of all life's motives, namely "God first, others next, yourself last."

During her total service of twenty-one years and ten months in Q.A.I.M.N.S.(R.), the four years war service in No. 63 General Hospital, Helmieh, M.E.L.F., will be remembered by most of us because it was here that she was the senior Home Sister of one of our largest hospitals (1,800 beds) and where the Q.A. Mess was used as a Transit Camp for other units serving in that widely

scattered theatre of war. Her unfailing kindness to the busy nursing staff of that unit and also to those who made it their temporary home will always be gratefully remembered by those of us who had the privilege of serving with her. One always associates also her love of all animals, particularly cats and dogs.

The many nursing officers who were married from that unit will doubtless recall their wedding morning breakfast tray, daintily set out on one of Sister Ross's own pretty traycloths, a wee posy of flowers, often real orange blossom, and a small personal gift. This surely must have meant more than ever to the recipient who was so many thousands of miles from home on such an auspicious day.

Her interest in the Corps remained and although living in Herefordshire, she managed to attend many of the Q.A. Reunions, and was also present at the opening of the Q.A.R.A.N.C. Museum by our Colonel-in-Chief, Her Royal Highness The Princess Margaret.

In 1959 she was very ill with anaemia and fortunately was able to be treated at our Queen Alexandra Military Hospital, Millbank, and later went to Osborne House, and no one was more appreciative of the kindness and care extended to her as an ex-Q.A.

One Sunday evening whilst in Leominster Priory Church, Miss Ross had a cerebral haemorrhage and was taken to the local hospital where, nine days later, on 8th November, 1960, without regaining consciousness she peacefully passed through 'The Door' to most surely await her reward of hearing:—"Well done thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of your Lord."

C.M.J.

### NATURE LORE AND LEGEND

Together with "all that is beautiful and of good report" many strange and even awesome ideas and beliefs have grown around the marvels of nature. To the great French scientist Louis Pasteur, we owe the final falsification of the amazing belief in spontaneous generation first propounded by Aristotle in the 4th Century B.C. That our forefathers could accept this theory of life arising from dead matter, of rain storms bringing frogs to earth, and barnacles forming from their parent rocks seems incredible in the light of Pasteur's proved reproductive science. Life creates life as truly as beauty begets beauty, no less than evil fathers its own self, not only in the physical but also metaphysical and spiritual spheres.

Nature has no sphere in which this reproductive process is more wonderfully developed than in her plant kingdom. Seed time and harvest and winter sleep lead to spring's awakening and summer's fulfilment. In past ages our "rude forefathers" equally with the learned and those of high estate, developed and collected the vast store of fact and fable found in our nature histories and anthologies. Perhaps the lore and legend associated with our national emblems will best illustrate just one field in which legend flourishes.

Pride of place belongs to the Rose. The Greeks and other Southern Europeans believed this flower originated as a beautiful girl; the Arabs that it arose from a drop of perspiration from Mohammed's Brow. Many nations and races have worn the rose as their battle emblem from the Romans to our own War of the Roses, 1455-1485, when Henry Tudor united the White Rose of York and the Red Rose of Lancaster in our Tudor Rose, ever since used on royal and national occasions in heraldry and design, and woven on the coronation robes of our Queen.

It is held that the Scottish thistle was first claimed as a national emblem under King Achaius in 809 A.D. Later legend asserts that the marauding Danish army advancing barefoot to surprise the sleeping Scots gave the alarm when one of their number trod on a thistle. Yet another story states that a former Queen fixed thistles to her helmet crying "Wha daur meddle wi' me?" James V certainly used it in 1540 and James VII, who was James II of England, instituted the senior British Order of Chivalry, the Order of the Thistle, with the collar of its regalia decorated with alternating thistles and rue. This Scottish thistle, together with the Welsh and Irish emblems were also woven on to the coronation robes.

The leek has greater historical claim than the more romantic daffodil as the emblem of Wales. In 604 A.D. St. David, patron Saint of Wales, caused his countrymen under King Cadwallader to distinguish themselves from their Saxon foes by wearing a leek in their caps. Shakespeare writes of the Welsh wearing leeks at the battle of Poitiers upon St. David's Day—*Henry V*, 4, 7. It has also been suggested that Welshmen "beautify their hats with verdant leek" from the custom, at the ancient Cymoith when farmers initially helped in ploughing the land, of contributing leeks to the common repast.

The daffodil was introduced in the 20th Century by nationals considering the leek to be vulgar. The common name is a corruption of the French asphodel, earlier affodil, whence daffodil—that immortal asphodel of the poets said to cover the Elysian fields and delight the spirits of the dead. The flowering season explains the name of the wild daffodil, the Lent lily, immortalised by the Wordsworths.

The small yellow-flowering trefoil is claimed as the true Irish shamrock. It is said that St. Patrick, when preaching to his Irish people, found they had difficulty in understanding the meaning of the Trinity. The Saint picked a shamrock leaf and demonstrated its three heart-shaped leaflets forming one leaf—Three in One and One in Three, the Trinity. Few Irish people fail to flourish their shamrock emblems on St. Patrick's Day, the 17th March—the 17th of Old Ireland.

It is impossible to do full justice to the wealth of nature lore and legend available to us. The vast stores connected with the Virgin Mary, with romance and poetry, with medicine and witchcraft, to name but a few, provide worthwhile fields of exploration. Those inspired to explore will be well rewarded.

I. M. SPEIGHT, A/SS/411.

## DAY TRIP TO BARCE

We all congregated at Benghazi railway station at 7.15 a.m. There were five little girls in bright red dresses, seven little boys in brightly coloured shirts, all spruce and tidy, Miss Holton, the Matron of the Benghazi Orphanage—for all these children were orphans—and myself.

Into the train they tumbled, all very excited at the thought of a day out, and exactly at 7.30 a.m. the train pulled out of the station and off we started on our three and a half hour journey to Barce. One might think that there was not much to see but there were all the people to watch on the Berka road and, oh, what joy, four aeroplanes on the ground at Benina Airport. During the course of the next couple of hours five times the call went up "Tha'lab"—"Fox". In between times we were entertained to various songs by the children from the Libyan National Anthem to "Baa Baa Black Sheep," "Little Brown Jug" and "My Fair Lady."

At 11.10 a.m. we pulled into Barce having collected various passengers en route.

Having got two very large baskets with picnic lunch we did not feel like carrying it very far. However the Station-master, very kindly allowed us to leave all our accessories in his office. The next move was to tour Barce town. We started off from the station, the Matron, myself and twelve little boys and girls but before we had got very far down the street the twelve little boys and girls had become first twenty-four and then thirty-four little boys and girls. We felt rather like the Pied Piper of Hamelin—collecting children as we went.

Having spent an hour or more looking round we decided that lunch was next on the programme. Back we went to the station, and not being able to find a suitable place under the trees we decided to have our lunch in the train, but on entering the station-master's office to collect the food he very kindly took us to the back of the office where there was a very fine large room cool and empty. Sayad Ramadan asked "Kuwayis Mongoria?" and to our great joy the room was ours for the next hour. Quickly a few chairs were brought in, a bucket of clean water and all our paraphernalia. A blanket was spread on the floor and each child was handed out a neat little bag containing its picnic lunch—sardine roll, cheese roll, jam roll, hard boiled egg, tomatoes, apple and fruit juice. Silence reigned for a short time.

Having collected our bits and pieces and thanked our friend the Stationmaster we then had another short walk round Barce and managed to buy twelve lollipops. Just before 2 p.m. we entered the train again which left almost at once on our return trip.

At first there seemed plenty to watch from the windows but after an hour or so, one by one the little bodies lay on the seats or on top of each other, for sleep had caught up with them. Miss Holton told me that at 5 a.m. all the children were dressed and had got their own



breakfast and were ready to depart. One or two of the boys who had managed to keep awake were having a rough and tumble on the floor but otherwise the journey back was uneventfully completed under the care of the driver and the ticket collector who kept a watchful eye on us to see that everyone was comfortable.

So ended a most enjoyable day which was made possible by the kindness of the Nazir of Communications and his staff to whom all of us are very grateful.

A. SHAW.

### THE IMPERIAL WAR MUSEUM

There is a most unusual Museum not very far from Millbank where, in historic surroundings, the history of the twentieth-century conflicts is recorded. When you visit the Imperial War Museum in Lambeth Road, on a site which was once a portion of St. George's Fields, you will not find any glorification of war, but a simple remembrance of two of the most devastating periods of British History and references to smaller and more confined emergencies.

Heroism and gallantry naturally are part of the story and exhibits concerning the two highest awards, the Victoria Cross and the George Cross, the recipients of these and many other decorations, their deeds, and the medals themselves are distributed through the Museum. These form one of the many facets of the wars which are the concern of the Museum and its Trustees.

The Imperial War Museum was founded by the War Cabinet in 1917, and established by Act of Parliament in 1920 as a Memorial to the efforts and sacrifices of the men and women of the British Empire in the Great War, 1914-1918. Later the terms of reference were considerably broadened due to the advent of the Second World War and the subsequent conflicts, to form a record of the two World Wars and all operations since August, 1914, in which the Forces of the British Commonwealth have been engaged.

The Galleries and Reference Departments open to the public are a veritable storehouse of information and the aim of the Museum is to place before all who are interested a record and place of study of every aspect of the life of the men and women, service and civilian, during those years, the social, political and economic effects on all peoples; the operations on land, sea and in the air; the equipment, uniforms, insignia and traditions of the Forces.

In the words of H.M. King George V when, accompanied by H.M. Queen Mary (both of whom always showed great interest in the Museum), he opened the Museum to the public in June, 1920:

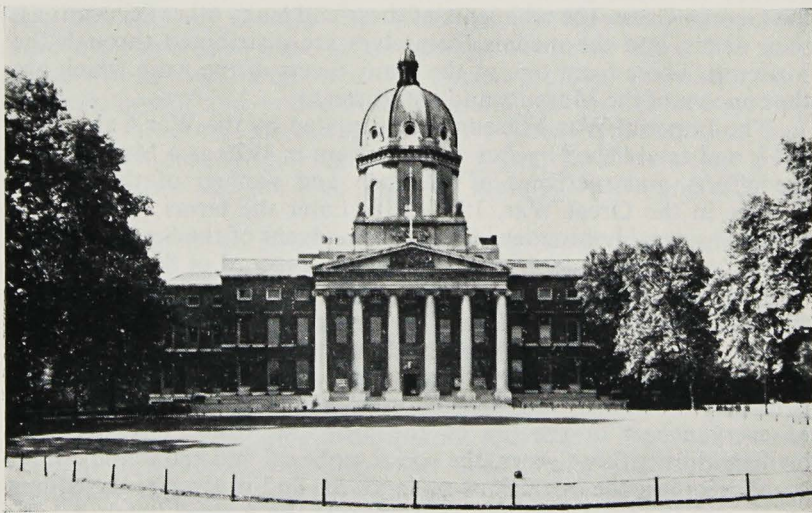
“... it stands, not for a group of trophies won from a beaten enemy, not for a symbol of the pride of victory but as an embodiment and a lasting record of common effort and common sacrifice...”

In the galleries are exhibited every conceivable type of equipment, naval, military and aeronautical which it is possible to display in one building. In many cases the actual pieces are there, albeit in

somewhat incongruous surroundings, and there are many models showing the ships, aircraft, armoured fighting vehicles and other military paraphernalia; also there is a large number of dioramas depicting incidents of the campaigns, sidelights on aspects of the wars, of the unexpected and sometimes homely tasks involved.

Throughout the galleries are uniforms, personal equipment, medals and insignia of the Services and illustrative material, artistic and photographic.

In the Army Gallery are many famous guns, large and small of both wars and later campaigns. Here too, are actual aircraft of the 1914-1918 era; an R.E.8 (a "Harry Tate" to those who flew her), and the Sopwith Camel flown by Lieut. Culley when he shot down the German Zeppelin, L.53. The Trench warfare collection includes many relics and models reminding the visitor of life in Flanders. Do have a look at the small representation of an officers' dug-out—it is complete in every detail, even to the rat! Elsewhere are dioramas of Ypres, the Landing at Gallipoli and an assault by Royal Marine Commandos on an enemy-held coastline.



IMPERIAL WAR MUSEUM

The Naval exhibits include the gun from H.M.S. *Chester* served so gallantly and tragically by young Jack Cornwell, V.C., an Italian Human Torpedo, a German one-man submarine, many ships' models and souvenirs of the battles in which the Royal and Merchant Navies fought.

Beyond the Naval Gallery can be found the special displays representing the Royal Marines, the Home Guard and firearms. the pipeline under the ocean is described in map, diagram and model.

Among the aeronautical items are a Battle of Britain Spitfire, a Fairey Swordfish (the "Stringbag") and the forward portion of the fuselage of a Lancaster bomber. Aircraft engines, British and foreign, briefing models used to prepare for famous raids are here too. Among the model aeroplanes, have a special look at the de Havilland Mosquito and the Gloster Gladiator of Malta fame; both are particularly accurate cutaway models. The weapons used by the Germans against this country take their place, among them being a Flying Bomb and a V.-2. Examples of other former enemy equipments are contained in various cases in the appropriate galleries.

The distaff side is far from forgotten. One gallery is devoted to the many activities of women in Service and Civilian capacities. The Q.A.I.M.N.S. have their niche amid the uniforms, models and pictures and souvenirs of both wars. We are fortunate to be able to show the uniforms of Dame Katherine H. Jones, and a portrait of Miss Wade, Principal Matron of a general hospital by Doris Zinkestein. A special case contains relics of Nurse Cavell and there is also a bust by Sir. G. Frampton.

The Red Cross, Civil Defence, land girls, policewomen and munitions workers all have been remembered. Take a close look at the huge tapestry hung on one of the walls—it tells the story of a great number of different organisations in 1939-45 and was made by members of the Women's Institutes.

Both the Reference Library and the Photographs Library contain items of interest concerning the Womens' Services; the Reference Library of over 80,000 volumes includes many works by and about women and their experiences and also unit histories and periodicals.

The works of art in the Museum collection of some 8,000 items are unique. Not only are the pictures and sculpture the work of many notable artists of the day, but nearly all are eye-witness records. Orpen, Sargent, Ardizzone, Stanley Spencer, Graham Sutherland and Dame Laura Knight are among those represented on the walls of the Picture Galleries. Portrait busts by Sir Jacob Epstein are also displayed.

There is so much I cannot describe,—the cases giving a glimpse of the Royal Family's activities in war-time, the campaigns in the deserts of North Africa and Mesopotamia, the jungles of Malaya and Burma, the Prisoners of War camps and the work of the Resistance forces—but all have their place. It is possible only to mention the collection of historic documents and posters, and to suggest that the visitor looks out for the little piece of paper, signed by "A. Hitler" brought back from Munich by Mr. Chamberlain in 1938, the Instrument of Surrender of 1945 and the most famous recruiting poster of all—"Your Country needs YOU."

Finally, I must say a word or two about the actual building where you will find all this history.

The Museum came to Lambeth Road in 1936, having been an orphan housed in temporary quarters at the Crystal Palace and

later in the Western Galleries of the Imperial Institute. This dignified rather sombre edifice is all that remains of the Bethlem Royal Hospital's third building. Opened in 1815, after the hospital (which has its origins in 1247 with the foundation of the Priory of the Order of the Star of Bethlehem by Simon Fitzmary, and which later became the Hospital of St. Mary in Bethlemin Bishopsgate), had moved from the previous site in Moorfields. In 1930, the Bethlem Royal Hospital again moved to more salubrious surroundings in West Wickham, and Viscount Rothermere purchased the vacant buildings and grounds. He caused all the patients' wings and most of the hospital to be demolished to enlarge the park which he then presented to the London County Council, especially for children's use, in memory of his mother, Geraldine Mary Harmsworth. The central building was offered to and accepted by the Government as the permanent home of the Imperial War Museum. This present building includes the original frontage, some additions of 1846 (the dome and chapel, not open to the public) and 1896. Above the main entrance on the portico is the latin inscription recalling the foundation of the Bethlem Royal Hospital by public subscription during the reign of Henry VIII, who had, at the Dissolution, granted by deed of covenant the buildings of the old hospital to the City of London, "that the Mayor, commonalty, and citizens and their successors should be masters, rulers, governors of the hospital called Bethlem" for the care and housing of lunatics.

In the Entrance Hall is a small case of relics of the building and its history. Above the Sales Stall is a stone from Moorfields bearing a quotation from the 127th Psalm.

When you have some free time in London, come and see for yourselves—the Museum staff will be pleased to help you in any way and will try to make your visit both worthwhile and interesting.

ROSE E. B. COOMBS (Librarian),  
The Imperial War Museum.

### ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

The Annual General Meeting of the Q.A.R.A.N.C. Association will be held at the Connaught Rooms, Great Queen Street, Holborn, London, W.C.2, on Saturday, June 24th, 1961, at 2.30 p.m., prior to the Reunion.

Members wishing to attend please notify us when applying for Reunion tickets, and agenda will be sent.

The most important business of the meeting will be the election of Vice-Chairman and three members to fill vacancies on the Central Committee.

Term expired members are: Miss M. Roberts, Vice-Chairman; Mrs. W. M. Winstanley; Miss S. P. White; Miss F. Holmes.

All are eligible for renomination with their consent, nominations are required as early as possible.

All nominations or re-nominations must state that the member nominated has agreed to stand.

## REUNION

Saturday 24th June, 1961. The Connaught Rooms, Great Queen Street, Holborn, W.C.2. Tickets: 12/6 Members; 15/- Non-Members.

Members wishing to bring friends (not eligible for membership) may take extra tickets at 12/6d.

Owing to the necessity of informing the management of the number to be present, tickets cannot be sold at the door.

We are going to try this year to allocate seats, so that friends may sit at the same table. When applying for your ticket, please indicate if you wish to sit near another member. The latest date for application of tickets is Monday, 12th June, 1961.

### Millbank Branch

The Branch met on Wednesday, 4th January at 7.30 p.m., at 20 John Islip Street and there were 16 members present in spite of its nearness to Christmas. One or two members had gone to Eccleston Square thinking that as H.Q. had moved it meant the branch had done so also, but no, we are Millbank Branch and as such we stay. A Beetle Drive was the excitement of the evening and it really was very exciting as the beetle was so long in revealing himself that we almost despaired of ever finishing one round. Prizes had been donated by Serving Members and at the end of the evening the lucky members were Major Mudge 1st, prize for the highest score and Lt.-Col. Lewis 2nd prize with Mrs. Hastings getting a prize for the lowest score. Proceeds of the evening were 12/3 to Benevolent Fund.

The Branch held their Annual General Meeting on Wednesday, 1st March, which was a great gathering of the clans. Forty-three members were present which included a good number of Serving as well as the civilian members. Lt.-Col. Lewis was in the chair and welcomed the members saying how very nice it was to see so many present. The Financial statement was approved, which is very healthy in spite of the Branch's donations to the various benevolent schemes.

Election of Officers and Committee was made and the following were elected: Chairman, Lt.-Col. M. Lewis; Vice-Chairman, Mrs. W. M. Winstanley; Hon. Treasurer, Major J. Godschaik; Hon. Secretary, Miss Hilda Hamblin; Committee, Col. Jolly, R.R.C., Major Mudge, A.R.R.C., Mrs. MacManus, Mrs. Marriott and Pte. V. E. Legge.

It was decided to continue to have our meetings on the first Wednesday of each alternate month at 7.30 p.m., at 20 John Islip Street, the next being on May 3rd. Among the various things we hope to do at these meetings are: Tombola, a talk on Travel (where and how to spend our holidays), a beauty demonstration, bring and buy sale, and if one of these fail then a cookery demonstration.

We would be very pleased to welcome any members in the London area who are not already members of the Branch to our meetings, and hope that you will just come along, make yourselves known and then have your names added to our list so that you can be informed of all activities. There is no extra subscription, the object of the branches is to foster "Friendship."

HILDA HAMBLIN, L.136.

**In Malaya they learn to survive on . . .**

### **SKINNED FROGS AND LIZARDS' TAILS**

*(Reprinted by kind permission of N.A.A.F.I. Review)*

Hors d'oeuvre: seaweed and water lily salad with breadfruit. Entree: raw white ants with skinned frog, lizard tails and toasted cricket. Dessert: boiled tapioca plant and coconut milk.

This kind of diet may not be the tastiest in the world but for someone lost in the jungle it could mean the difference between life and death.

Each year 1,000 airmen and airwomen learn how to survive in the jungle in General Service Training Courses held at R.A.F. Station, Fraser's Hill, 5,000 feet up in the mountains of Selangor State.

The reason junglecraft is included in the syllabus, states Camp C.O. Flight-Lieutenant D. Poole, is that anyone might be stranded in the jungle, where the chances of surviving depend on familiarity with conditions there.

### **BAMBOO BOON**

The pupils are taught that the most useful raw material in the jungle is bamboo. It provides water and fuel, parts of it can be eaten and it can be used for knocking up a simple lean-to shelter, or an elaborate bungalow.

If that isn't variety enough, bamboo can provide furniture, household tools, weapons, cooking pots, traps and rafts.

Other food abounds—if it's known where to look and how to cook. Many plants and insects are poisonous, others can sustain life. The most scarce treat is meat, and the course teaches airmen to catch their dinner with bamboo traps and fish hooks made from pins and wire. And for those really hard up for meat and two veg., there are always tasty wood-beetle grubs in decaying trees.

At the end of each course at Fraser's Hill, pupils practise what has been preached. They split into teams and go to clearings six miles in the jungle. Then instructors leave them to find their way back home using a compass and the junglecraft they have learned.

## THE DIVIDED CITY—BERLIN, 1960

It is difficult for anyone living outside this city to have any conception of the life and conditions which exist here. It is equally difficult to give a comprehensive picture of such a subject in a short article. I will endeavour however to give an outline of Berlin 1960 in spite of this fact.

After the second World War, Berlin was divided among the Great Powers. At first France was not included, but at a later date Britain gave her part of what had become the British Sector. Thus it is that Great Britain, America and France hold two thirds of the city, forming what is known as the Western Sector of Berlin, while Russia ruthlessly dominates the remaining third or Eastern Sector and draws it relentlessly behind the iron curtain.

A glance at a map of Germany will show Berlin to be over 150 miles within the Russian Zone and only connected with the western world by a single railway line, a road, and a strictly patrolled air corridor. All of these could be speedily closed at the whim of the unpredictable Soviet authorities, cutting the city off entirely from the Western Allies. One can say truly that West Berlin is an isolated island of freedom behind the Iron Curtain and, as such, it is unique.

Since World War II, West Berlin has made wonderful progress towards recovery. From the desolation huge blocks of flats, airy and modern, tower towards the sky. Great departmental stores, as well as innumerable smaller shops have come into being. Industry, with all its ramifications forges ahead calling for vast office and factory buildings. Hotels, restaurants, night clubs, picture houses and theatres bring life and gaiety to the once dying city. Colleges and schools, though still not sufficient in number, are rapidly being rebuilt to educate the young Berlin citizen of the future.

Walking, or driving, in West Berlin gives the impression, not of one mighty city, but of many small towns linked together by woodland, gardens and water. For Berlin, before the war, had grown and engulfed the nearby towns and villages such as Spandau and Charlottenburg, so embracing within its boundaries the Grunewald, the small woods around them and the lovely lakes which, hidden among the trees, are formed by the meanderings of the river Spree. Standing on one of the many tiny, sandy beaches surrounded by stately trees where, during the summer, the West Berliners sun-bathe or swim in the blue waters of the lake, it is very difficult to realize that one is only a few minutes' walk from the civic centre. Gracious mansions of wealthy Berlin merchants can be glimpsed from the many yachts and pleasure craft which glide past in their hundreds when the sun shines. Great black barges pass through the lakes and canals on their way to Czechoslovakia from Hamburg or Cuxhaven braving the dangers of the Communist dominated countries through which they must pass to bring their cargoes of coal or old iron safely to harbour.

The shops are crowded with luxury goods as well as the everyday necessities of life and do a brisk trade. People look happy and prosperous. Smart clothes are the rule rather than the exception although, as many German women have rather difficult figures, these do not always achieve the same results as if worn by the elegant French mademoiselles in the Champs-Élysées. This may be due to the fact that the cafes and restaurants are always crowded and offer a wonderful variety of foods including huge cream cakes of which the Berliners seem inordinately fond. They often have as many as three with their cup of tea or coffee and add extra cream to them. Many streets are very wide and often difficult to cross as there are so many private cars in addition to buses, trams and taxis. There are still ruins, of course, and also great empty spaces which have been left after the rubble from the bombed buildings was cleared, but these are rapidly disappearing. One sees streets of workmen's flats but never a slum and never a person who looks poor or under-nourished.

Military personnel are permitted to go into the Russian Sector if in uniform and on special tours that are run by the W.V.S., these are always well patronised. For some of the West Berliners however it would be difficult and even dangerous to venture into this drab area where, often their relatives are living, on the other side of the Brandenburg Gate which marks a point on the boundary between East and West. It is not encouraging to go to Eastern Berlin for everywhere is so drab and depressing, ruins are still the main feature of the landscape. Alas, if it is at all possible to use them, they are called "home" by those who inhabit them. Compared with the West there is very little rebuilding or clearing done. Of course there is the Stalin Allée, designed for a great thoroughfare and built in six months by the inhabitants of East Germany on the orders of their Russian masters. But this fantastic street, like a film set, is only one block thick, behind which still lie the grim ruins. It has huge modern shops above which are blocks of flats for the good Communist party members. Walking down it one is struck by the expensive but poor quality goods displayed. No smart clothes here, all are very utility. An exception must be made in this statement in the case of china and glassware which appears excellent.

In theory the value of the East and the West Deutsch Mark is the same, but in fact for every West Deutsch Mark you receive four East Deutsch Marks. However, this does not benefit the West Berliner for he cannot make a purchase in the East Sector without what is known as a house card which only an East Berliner may hold.

Cultural centres such as Sports Halls and the Opera House have been rebuilt and the people are encouraged to visit them. There are some restaurants but they are both expensive and drab. The people look furtive and unhappy although well nourished. One cannot help noticing the lack of laughter and freedom in holding happy conversation with each other, Peoples' Police are everywhere in their green uniforms—watching!



Here it is easy to cross the streets for few people can afford, or are allowed to amass sufficient money, to buy cars. Money must go to the State and woe betide the hapless man or woman who unaccountably produces the required Deutsch Marks and tries to obtain a permit to purchase the desired article; his story had better be good or the State Prison will have yet another lodger.

It is easy to learn the Party slogans as they are written up in large red letters on buildings and hoardings giving praise to the Peoples' Democratic Republic. One cannot walk very far without being confronted by these eye-catching monstrosities.

As one passes down the Unter Den Linden, the famous pre-war street, "Under the Limes," one cannot help the feeling of tragedy and sadness as one sees the ruins of the once historic and lovely buildings that had lined its wide avenue. There they stand, stark and abandoned all these years after the war has ended. No one attempts to clear the debris. Only nature has tried to hide the scars with her plants and wild flowers which have taken root within these gaunt, tottering shells. Alas, as winter approaches even this cloak of brightness is withdrawn as the flowers wither, the leaves fall and lie rotting, leaving ugliness and desolation to rule supreme.

Back through the Brandenburg Gate, where the East does meet West, the fountains play before the Congress Hall, great cars slide silently along the wide avenues, people laugh and talk on the Tiergarten, builders hasten to complete more, yet more, homes and shops, Berliners hurry to work, home or school. In the Kurfurstendamm, Berlin's Oxford Street, there are displayed the very latest Paris and London fashions. One is thankful to have returned and cannot fail to understand why it is that, every month, men, women and children in their hundreds, yes, often thousands, leave their homes, relations, friends and all that they possess, to come and seek asylum as penniless refugees in the West to live as free people once again.

W. G. I. HOBBS, L.577.

## MIDNIGHT IN A SYRIAN COFFEE HOUSE

by GORDON SAVAGE

*(Reprinted by kind permission of "Naafi Review")*

Today Syria is a member of the Arab Union. In the West we think of it as just one of Nasser's satellites, with a suspicion of leanings towards the Iron Curtain. This was not so when I served there as a Field Security Sergeant in 1952.

Our section was based on Aleppo, and from here we would set out on a host of fantastic missions into the country several hundreds of miles in any direction, sometimes in a vehicle, of which our transport line had a crazy selection, often on a motor cycle, even sometimes on a horse.

One morning our O.C., who quite incidently is now a well-known West End auctioneer, summoned me from making a report on the local political situation and gave me orders to proceed seventy miles

to the North, to a little town on a river called Afrine. Here I was to be the British opposite number of the French Area Officer, a Major, whose pro-British sentiments were somewhat doubtful. A corporal was to go with me in a Bedford truck, and our main job would be to sound the area for opinions, check on suspected German or Vichyist sympathisers, report on the food situation, which in winter used to become desperate, and generally to make ourselves popular as Englishmen. The area was regarded as important, since it was thought possible that the German espionage centre at Alexandretta had a line of communication running through it. This we should try to locate.

#### CHIEF OF POLICE

Our journey along a good road was uneventful and we arrived in good order. Afrine looked an inviting spot. We came to rest in a small dusty clearing above the river, and were immediately surrounded by a colourful crowd of locals, whose enthusiasm threatened to overwhelm us until the town's Chief of Police intervened.

I had met this cheerful looking character before in Aleppo and knew that his happy features were belied by his pessimistic outlook. He was always convinced that the worst would happen in the future. He took me to his house and showed his store-cupboards. Every contingency was provided for. He had piles of tins of food, mostly Army Issue. In case of famine, tens of thousand of cigarettes in case tobacco should run short, even a pile of spare sheets of iron in his garden in case the roof should leak. Some years later he thought that the outlook had improved, so he sold up his store and, I am told, retired on the proceeds.

On the morning of our second day the one-eyed Kurd, who was the proprietor of our bug-infested "hotel" knocked on the door, threatening to bring down the building in the process, and in his atrocious Arabic-cum-French told us that we had a visitor.

He was also a Kurd, only slightly less noisome than our one-eyed host. He had at least been ventilated by a night in the open air and there was a certain faded barbaric splendour about his finery—crimson blouse, above black, baggy-seated trousers, the whole surmounted by the typical white, pointed Kurdish head-dress. We salaamed, and the visitor addressed us in broken English.

He was the emissary of the renowned Rachid Agha, one of the most powerful and unruly chieftains in the area, and he informed me that his master wished to see me on a matter of great importance. He wished our meeting to take place that evening in the largest of the village coffee houses.

#### SPY RING

Rachid Agha owned lands on both sides of the frontier with Turkey. Thus he was particularly interesting to us and the establishment of friendly relations with him could be very useful. Perhaps he could give us news of the Alexandretta spy ring?

Delighted with what I considered to be highly satisfactory progress, I hurried off to release one of the pigeons which we had brought with us, to announce the news of our success to Aleppo.

The evening came all too slowly, but at last, taking with us the Police Chief to act as interpreter in case the Agha spoke only Kurdish, we adjourned to the coffee house.

We sat down and ordered drinks. The place was crowded, with every rickety table occupied. Bearded patriarchs sipped coffee noisily between mediative draws upon their narghile pipes. The young wags hilariously drank arak and played back-gammon. The fug of Yenidge tobacco was acrid. The talk bubbled through the smoke and the clock-click-click of the back-gammon pieces. We sat and waited.

At last three Kurds, stooping to clear their pointed hats, entered through the low door, one of them our visitor of the morning. This individual looked searchingly round, and having obviously concluded that the coast was clear, called a word over his shoulder and advanced towards us. We stood up.

Rachid Agha had to bend almost double to enter. The tales I had heard gave no inkling whatever of the spectacular reality. He towered over everything and in his tall hat must have measured over eight feet. I knew that he was supposed to have seven bullets lodged in his body, but I had not heard that he had only one arm and that the left side of his face was almost totally concealed by a sinister black patch. His blouse was of brilliant purple, lined down the front with small gold buttons. His black baggy trousers were of heavy silk and upon his feet he wore ornate red slippers with turned up toes. Hanging beneath his snowy white cumberbund was a heavy Mauser pistol. No star of the London stage has ever made a more dramatic entrance. Straight out of the Arabian Nights, Rachid Agha came towards us.

We sat down round the table after the Agha had twice rejected his chair since it threatened to collapse under his weight. He enquired after my family and I asked after his. We ordered food and I was shown his massive golden watch chain, heavy enough to anchor a battleship, and his magnificent silver knife. He was doing his utmost to impress me. He showed me that he carried all his money in golden sovereigns, many of them English and one of them specially marked, in case he should be robbed or killed, so that his followers could hunt down the possessor of the marked coin. I wondered if this was a warning.

## TWO HUGE DIAMONDS

Then I was shown two huge diamonds, and when I nearly dropped one of them, all three body guards leaned forward with their hands on their guns. The Agha smiled as I hitched up my own holster and without a word placed his Mauser on the table. I placed my own Smith and Wesson beside it. Here at least was a sign of friendship.

He launched into a long description of his robes of state, reputedly of solid gold thread, and of his ceremonial narghile, made in the year 1000 and something. The tension mounted as for three hours I sat sweating in the smoky atmosphere, waiting for him to come to the point. I had little experience, then, of the devious workings of the Oriental mind.

At midnight, when the other inmates of the coffee house had nearly all gone home. Rachid Ali leant down, for even seated he towered over us all, and whispered to my policeman. Breathlessly I waited, convinced now that he had only waited this long owing to the secrecy of his communication.

"Rachid Agha," said my friend, "wishes to know whether it would be at all possible for you to obtain for him an English cigarette lighter!"

That was it! This was the matter of importance upon which I had sent my pigeon winging half way across Northern Syria.

I wrote home for a lighter—a good one—but before it arrived Rachid Agha met his death in the last of his tribal feuds. And I still have the lighter, tucked away in an attic somewhere.

## OVERSEAS POSTINGS

### Q.A.R.A.N.C. OFFICERS

1st OCTOBER, 1960 to 31st DECEMBER, 1960

#### B.A.O.R.

Lt.-Col. E. M. Walsh.

Major E. M. G. Scott.

Captains:—M. T. Rees, S. Clapham.

Lieutenants:—McAurin F. E., B. P. M. Smyth, W. W. Thomson, A. Goodwin, C. M. Lenthal, M. P. Miller, E. A. Jones, J. Brodie, M. E. Patterson, E. M. Doyle, M. M. Stevens, P. Conway, A. W. Tuttle, J. O'Donoghue, J. Simpson, H. P. Curran, M. M. Brennan, S. D. Pippard.

#### M.E.L.F.

Lt.-Col. W. Walshe.

Majors:—M. Fort, A. O'Neill, K. N. Roberts.

Captains:—A. P. Walsh, D. M. G. Bickford, I. J. Robertson, M. L. Sullivan.

Lieutenants:—S. J. Howes, P. L. Wood, M. E. Millard, J. R. Holder, M. E. Sexton, J. Simpson.

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

Lt.-Col. E. M. Turner.

Majors:—B. Goodrick-Clark, W. Polson, A. Moran.

Captains:—B. M. E. Milford, E. B. Odell, R. Carter.

Captain B. Foreman.

Lieutenants:—J. Pickering, V. P. Druit, I. R. Doyle, M. Martin, A. K. Shaw, F. Ridley, H. Rance, M. E. Allen, J. Beauchamp, A. L. R. Frampton, M. B. Whitfield, D. Spooner, M. Cavanagh, Capt. B. Foreman.

#### Malta

Major A. O'Garra.

Captain D. Taylor.

Lieutenants:—U. M. Saunders, P. J. Rose, A. A. Young.

**Jamaica:** Major W. G. I. Hobbs, Lieut. A. O'Mahoney. **Nairobi:** Lieuts. W. R. McKechnie, J. Spencer. **Paris:** Lieut. A. A. Wallace. **Tripoli:** Lieuts. M. J. Congrave, R. Eagland. **Gibraltar:** Lieut. D. A. Buncl.

## Q.A.R.A.N.C., OTHER RANKS

1st OCTOBER, 1960 to 31st DECEMBER, 1960

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

Sgt. Gowing, U.

Privates:—Allison-Carter H., Owen M. A., Larkin M. A., Linton E. C., McDowell A. J., Mather W. A., Griffiths B. J., Lamb I. A., Roberts J. A., Parfitt G. G., Edwards R., Harrison J. A., Llewellyn F. J., Aherne D. M., Barth D. M., Mackenzie M. M., Groves S., Davison B.

### B.A.O.R.

S/Sgt. Dixon D.

Privates:—Rump E. E., Mitchell J. Y., Organ R., Robertson E. J., Morrish M.

M.E.L.F.: Privates Leigh J., Shortland V. E. **Gibraltar**: Privates Tanner A. M., Lyne R. A. **Malta**: Sgt. Wilkinson P. O. Private West M.

## REVERSION TO HOME ESTABLISHMENT

### Q.A.R.A.N.C. OFFICERS

1st OCTOBER, 1960 to 31st DECEMBER, 1960

### M.E.L.F.

Colonel J. Howe.

Lt.-Col. G. M. Willoughby.

Majors:—E. Roche, J. C. Cross, A. Flanagan, D. Gray.

Captain M. M. Rutter.

Lieutenants:—E. Logan, A. M. Guy, J. A. Hawkins, E. A. Bishop, S. G. Jones, M. Wallace, D. M. Dewhurst *née* Rich.

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

Lt.-Col. M. E. Lewis.

Majors:—J. M. S. Wilson, N. Marson, J. E. M. Godfrey.

Captains:—V. J. Church, W. Myers, F. Hyde, J. M. Waters.

Lieutenants:—M. R. Westley, K. Dixon, O. E. Pinnions, A. McQuade, J. M. Venning, C. A. Maudsley, S. M. Cooper.

### B.A.O.R.

Captains:—J. A. Francis, M. E. Munro.

Lieutenants:—S. A. Sanders, J. Field, A. Prendergast, E. A. Price, E. A. M. Mason, R. S. Archer.

**Tripoli**: Lieuts. K. Phillips, P. M. Whittington. **Nigeria**: Captain K. M. Slack, Lieut. M. Lupton. **Jamaica**: Captain N. Letch. **Gibraltar**: Captains C. E. L. Jones, B. M. Coveney, Lieut. S. R. Sisson. **Ghana**: Captain D. B. Butcher. **Malta**: Captain A. M. Dagorn. **Benghazi**: Captain E. M. Thompson, Lieut. J. D. Gough.

## Q.A.R.A.N.C., OTHER RANKS

1st OCTOBER, 1960 to 31st DECEMBER, 1960

### M.E.L.F.

Corporal Kneen P. E.

Privates:—Clauge T. A., Jackson R. H., Britts M. E., Jenkins J., Mitchell J. D.

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

Privates:—Staple P. I., Bradley N. A., Towlson A. D., Fletcher *née* Greenhalgh J., Thompson P. E., Williams C. A., Murphy R.

### B.A.O.R.

Privates Robertson K. M., Carruthers J. F., May *née* Boyland R., Morris E., Allen *née* Oxley F. D., Hickson R. A.

**Tripoli**: Pte. Newsham N. **Benghazi**: Pte. Shand P. H. **Malta**: Corporal Boyd I. **Gibraltar**: Pte. Taylor A. M.

## APPOINTMENTS

- Lt.-Colonel E. M. Walshe, A.R.R.C. Appointed Matron, British Military Hospital, Hostert, October 1960.
- Lt.-Colonel M. B. Kneebone, R.R.C. Appointed Commandant, Depot & T.E. Q.A.R.A.N.C., October 1960.
- Colonel J. Howe, R.R.C. Appointed D.D.A.N.S., Southern Command, November 1960.
- Lt.-Colonel M. E. Lewis, A.R.R.C. Appointed Matron, Queen Alexandra Hospital, Millbank, November 1960.
- Lt.-Colonel M. E. Holmes, R.R.C. Appointed A.D.A.N.S., Northern Command, January 1961.
- Lt.-Colonel W. Walshe, R.R.C. Appointed Matron, British Military Hospital, Dhekelia, November 1960.
- Miss S. Chipps, S.R.N., R.S.C.N. has been appointed Matron of Duchess of York Hospital for Babies, Manchester, she was from 1942-1946 in the Q.A.I.M.N.S. R/ in West Africa, and the hospital ship *Dorsetshire*.
- Miss M. A. M. MacInnes, R.F.N., who has been appointed Matron of Leeds Road Hospital, Bradford, she was a member of the Q.A.R.A.N.C. and Q.A.I.M.N.S. R/.
- Miss K. B. Lobley, S.R.N., B.T.A., appointed Assistant Matron at Lenham Chest Hospital, nr. Maidstone, has been a sister in Q.A.I.M.N.S. R/.

## PROMOTIONS

### REGULAR OFFICERS

#### To Major

Captains:—M. A. Hilliard, 26.10.60; M. H. M. Jolliffe, 27.12.60.

#### To Captain

Lieutenants:—P. R. Duffy, 31.10.60; I. M. Stewart, 28.11.60; J. Boylan, 1.1.61; P. C. Davis, 27.2.61.

### S.S.C. OFFICERS

#### To Captain

Lieutenants:—I. F. B. Barrie, 3.10.60; E. O. C. Perrott, 28.11.60; S. P. Linton, 28.11.60; A. A. Wallace, 28.11.60; R. T. Nicholson, 23.12.60; S. A. Brooks, 28.12.54; P. Gibson, 1.1.61; M. T. Harrison, 2.1.61; M. N. Morgan, 2.1.61; H. Grimshaw, 2.1.61; P. B. Murphy, 19.1.61; J. A. Williams, 25.1.61; L. E. Cowper, 27.2.61; B. Terry, 20.1.61.

### RETIREMENTS, RESIGNATIONS, ETC.

Majors:—C. E. Rowles, 8.2.61; K. J. Roberts, 18.11.60; D. E. Price, 21.10.60; F. MacDonald, A.R.R.C., 14.12.60; M. I. Wilhurst, 1.1.61; C. Moseley, A.R.R.C., 20.12.60.

Captains:—C. E. I. Jones, 2.1.61; A. M. Dagorn, 12.11.60; Molly Simmons, *née* Waddington, 28.11.60; E. M. Bowkett, *née* Munro, 11.10.60.

### ITEMS OF INTEREST

#### State Final Results

Thirteen Q.A.R.A.N.C. Other Ranks were successful in passing the State Final Examination in October 1960.

### New Year Honours

R.R.C.: Major D. F. Duckworth, Q.A.R.A.N.C., Major M. R. Fougere, Q.A.R.A.N.C.

A.R.R.C.: Major M. G. Lawrence, Q.A.R.A.N.C., Major D. J. Drury-Mettham, Q.A.R.A.N.C.

### O.B.E.

Miss T. Turner, A.R.R.C., Matron, S. Thomas's Hospital, London.

### Forthcoming Events

MEDFORTH CUP TENNIS FINALS & GILLESPIE CUP TENNIS FINALS: At Depot and T.E. Q.A.R.A.N.C., Wednesday, 28th June, 1961.

CORPS SPORTS.—At Depot and T.E. Q.A.R.A.N.C., Thursday, 29th June, 1961.

## BIRTH

On 18th November, 1960, at the Women's Hospital, Wolverhampton, to Evelyn (*née* Ord), wife of Dr. A. I. Booth, a son—David John Wilton.

## MARRIAGES

Rich, Lt. D. M., to Major J. K. Dewhurst, R.A.M.C., at Backford, Cheshire, on 1.10.1960.

Davies, Capt. E. A., to Mr. I. G. E. Davies, at Llanllwni, Carmarthen, on 1.10.1960.

Clark, Lt. M. P., to Mr. D. B. Smart, at Elgin, Scotland, on 8.10.1960.

Williams, Lt. V., to Mr. V. Dickinson, at Treuddyn, Flintshire, on 8.10.1960.

Prior, Lt. K. A., to Mr. J. Anderson, at Lewisford, Hertfordshire, on 22.10.60.

Banks, Lt. R., to Mr. R. Davies, at Wheatley Hill, Durham, on 19.11.1960.

Diery, Lt. S., to Mr. K. Edwards, at Heaton, Newcastle-on-Tyne, on 12.11.1960

Tedstill, Lt. J. M., to Major D. O. O'Leary, Gurkha Rifles, at Hong Kong, on 4.11.1960.

Waddington, Capt. M., to Capt. J. D. F. Simmons, R.A.O.C., at Singapore, on 28.11.1960.

Brown, Lt. M. J., to Mr. R. B. Grainger, at Aberdeen, Scotland, on 3.12.1960.

Rea, Lt. M. P., to F/Lt. P. J. Richard, R.N.Z.A.F., at Singapore, on 3.12.1960.

Shuel, Lt. I. E., to Capt. D. H. J. Jenkins, Cheshire Regt., at Scotby, Cumberland, on 3.12.1960.

Merriman, Capt. P. M., to Mr. E. P. Flanagan, at Singapore, on 10.12.1960.

Munro, Capt. E. M. to Mr. A. W. Bowkett, at Aldermaston, Berkshire, on 31.12.1960.

Douglas, Lt. M. T., to Mr. R. Guest at Blyth, Northumberland, on 24.12.1960.

Nash, Lt. W. M. A., to Lt.-Cdr. Bloomer, R.N., at Hong Kong on 14.12.1960.

Markwell, Miss M., to Mr. G. G. Ross, in New Zealand, on Nov. 19th, 1960.

## DEATHS

Davis, Miss M. A., R.R.C., died in January 1961, aged 95.

Hammond, Mrs. F. M., died on October 15th, 1960, in Bognor War Memorial Hospital after a short illness.

Lawrence-Smith, Miss F. A., on January 14th, 1961, late Q.A.I.M.N.S. and I.M.S.

Fair, Miss Lily, on July 30th, 1960, in Salisbury Hospital, Macheke, S. Rhodesia, aged 76. Late Q.A.I.M.N.S.R.

Hodges, Miss E., A.R.R.C., died suddenly. In 1942-45 she joined Q.A.I.M.N.S. and went to North Africa, Italy and Greece.

## DONATIONS

November, 1960—February, 1961

## Benevolence

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Miss E. B. Levay (for Christmas) ... ..	1	0	0
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Miss Medforth (for Christmas)... ..	5	0	0
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Lt.-Col. A. Dexter (for Christmas) ... ..	1	0	0
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Lt.-Col. M.B. Kneebone (for Christmas) ... ..	2	0	0
The Wives' Club (Royal Victoria Hospital Netley) ... ..	5	0	0
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Millbank Branch ... ..	70	0	0
Millbank Branch (for Christmas postage) ... ..	25	0	0
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Miss S. C. Dunne ... ..	1	10	0
Catterick Branch (for T.V. at Queen Mary's House) ... ..	3	0	0
Catterick Branch (for Christmas) ... ..	5	0	0
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Miss S. B. Burrell (for Christmas) ... ..	10	0	0
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Major V. M. Innes (for Christmas) ... ..	1	0	0
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B.M.H., Munster (for Christmas) ... ..	8	9	0
Mrs. D. H. Howell (for Christmas) ... ..	2	2	0
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Miss H. Ellison (In memory of Major N. Ellison) ... ..	2	0	0
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Miss S. B. Burrell... ..	10	0	0
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November, 1960—February, 1961

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 Miss O. Bradley, 106 Searisbruck New Road, Southport.  
 Pte. L. A. Johnston, 3 Arundel Road, Sheffield 6, Yorks.  
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 Miss S. Matheson, 58 Glendevon Place, Edinburgh 12.  
 Lieut. E. Logan, 8 Moor Bank Place, Sheffield 10, Yorks.  
 Miss J. Smellie, North Tareatua Bay of Plenty, New Zealand.  
 Miss J. Newton, Glenfer, 57 Merrylee Road, Newlands, Glasgow.  
 Lieut. E. Vickers, The Clubhouse, Woodbeak, Retford, Notts.  
 Sergt. C. Jackson, Bow Cottages, Galashiels, Selkirkshire, Scotland.

Would Miss J. A. Newton, L.435, please send her present address; all 1960 GAZETTES have been returned and she has paid for GAZETTES up to 1962.

### ARMY NURSING SERVICES MUSEUM

The Curator, Army Nursing Services Museum, would be very pleased to receive photographs of the Q.A.R.A.N.C. Tennis Tournament and Sports Day for the years 1958 and 1959 to complete her records. Any members who can help her by supplying these please write to:

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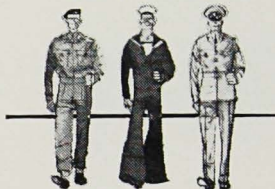
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