



# The Gazette



COLONEL E. MACKNESS, R.R.C., Q.A.R.A.N.C.

## *Queen Alexandra's Royal Army Nursing Corps Association*

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

## *Patron*

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS MARGARET, C.I., G.C.V.O.,  
COLONEL-IN-CHIEF, Q.A.R.A.N.C.

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## *GAZETTE Readers'*

*Representative:* MRS. D. M. HAMMOND, EX-T.A.N.S.

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## EDITORIAL

Often Association members change their addresses without notifying us, so that the undelivered GAZETTES are returned to the Association Headquarters in London. We have partly solved this problem by sending the returned GAZETTES to the branches concerned, as they can often find the member. In future, we will be grateful if branch secretaries will help us by sending the new address when they have contacted the member, to the Q.A.R.A.N.C. Association Headquarters, in London. We will then notify the publishers.

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With the rise in prison inmates, it is essential that every practical scheme to check the development of the habitual offender is examined. Those who have carried out a prison sentence must not be driven together as a class by the suspicion and indifference of existing society, to form a hard core. Besides help to find work, they must be accepted back into society by ordinary men and women and so made, "Not to feel different, therefore, not to act in a different manner." Man is a gregarious animal, the need to "belong" is a fundamental one.

Organisations such as "Langley House" are the thin edge of the wedge; this was driven in further by the recommendations of the Pakenham/Thompson Committee on the creation of a Director of After Care for ex-prisoners, and yet a little further, by Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery in his maiden speech in the House of Lords—this after fifteen years of silence.

It is hoped that by establishing such a scheme on a wide scale some protection to society may result.

EDITOR.



## PHOTOGRAPH ON THE COVER

The photograph on the cover is of Col. E. Mackaness, R.R.C., Editor of THE GAZETTE. Col. Mackaness is D.D.A.N.S. Eastern Command which in itself is a very arduous occupation, and her offer to take on the editorship of our gazette must mean a great sacrifice of her spare time. We are only too pleased to accept this very generous offer and already realise what a splendid editor she is and hope we shall persuade her to continue this for a long time to come.

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## MESSAGE FROM BRIGADIER DAME MONICA JOHNSON, D.B.E., R.R.C. (RETIRED), TO THE CHAIRMAN OF THE Q.A.R.A.N.C. ASSOCIATION

Please convey to all members of the Q.A.R.A.N.C. Association my sincerest thanks and appreciation for their warm good wishes on my forthcoming marriage, which were conveyed to me in writing by the chairman and verbally by the President, on the happy occasion of the Annual Reunion.

MONICA JOHNSON.

## ITEMS OF INTEREST

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

“The Matron-in-Chief and Director of Army Nursing Services on behalf of all ranks of Queen Alexandra's Royal Army Nursing Corps, present her humble duty and most loyal greetings to Her Royal Highness The Princess Margaret, their Colonel-in-Chief, on the occasion of Queen Alexandra Day, 27th March, 1961.”

The following message was received in reply:—

“DEAR COLONEL DOUGLASS,

“Thank you very much for your letter of 24th March. I have conveyed the message which you enclosed to Princess Margaret, and Her Royal Highness has asked me to say how very much she appreciated the greetings which you sent on behalf of the Matron and Director of Army Nursing Services and all ranks of Queen Alexandra's Royal Army Nursing Corps, on the occasion of Queen Alexandra Day.

“Yours sincerely,  
(Signed) IRIS PEAKE,  
*Lady-in-Waiting.*”

The following message was sent to Her Royal Highness The Princess Margaret on 29th May, 1961:—

“The Colonel Commandant and all members of Queen Alexandra's Royal Army Nursing Corps rejoice in the news of the forthcoming happy event, and send their best wishes to Her Royal Highness The Princess Margaret, their Colonel-in-Chief.”

Brigadier F. B. Cozens, R.R.C., Q.H.N.S., has just completed a tour of the Far East, which included visits to Pakistan, India, Nepal, Australia and U.S.A.

A display of Q.A.R.A.N.C. uniform was shown to Her Majesty The Queen at Buckingham Palace on Tuesday, 28th March, 1961. Col. D. W. Douglass, R.R.C., D.D.A.N.S. (A.M.D. 4) was in attendance.

The Q.A.R.A.N.C. Prize for 1960 has been awarded to Q/1002868 Private C. Mills, Q.A.R.A.N.C.

Ten Q.A.R.A.N.C. Other Ranks were successful in passing the State Final Examination in February, 1961.

## NEWS FROM THE BRANCHES

### South of Scotland Branch

The Eleventh Annual General Meeting of the South of Scotland Branch was held in the Overseas Club, Glasgow, on Saturday, 25th February, 1961.

The meeting was attended by twenty-three members. A number of our members were prevented from attending by illness.

The business part of the meeting was attended to, and the Annual Report was read. The Branch now has seventy members (annual), plus sixteen Life Members.

The Annual Dinner was held in October, 1960, in the Grosvenor Hotel, Glasgow, monthly meetings being held during the winter months in Edinburgh and Glasgow.

Known sick members have been visited, and Easter and Christmas gifts given to deserving members.

Miss Gray Buchanan has again kindly invited members to visit her on May 13th, 1961.

The meeting over, a Bring and Buy Sale was held, which realised almost £50. After the sale, members foregathered for afternoon tea.

L. M. HARLEY.

### New Zealand Branch

Lt.-Col. Kathleen Thomson, R.R.C., Q.A.R.A.N.C., wrote to us here in Auckland telling us that Brigadier Dame Monica Johnson, D.B.E., R.R.C., was travelling to Melbourne to the International Conference of Nurses, and might be staying in Auckland for a few days.

Mrs. Hatfield, our branch chairman, met Dame Monica on the ship on Saturday, February 25th, and spent an enjoyable two hours on board with her. On Monday, February 27th, Dame Monica met and had morning tea with members of the Association, in the club of the N.Z. Returned Sisters Association. Miss M. Dunmore represented the N.Z. Sisters.

Afterwards Dame Monica toured Auckland, visited a patient in Middlemore Hospital whom she had known overseas, and visited the N.Z. Army camp and hospital at Papakura and the hospital at the Devonport naval base.



On Tuesday she left *en route* to Wellington, and there Miss C. McDonald, Principal Matron, Royal New Zealand Nursing Corps, was planning a meeting with her for the Wellington members of our Association.

For us in New Zealand, so far away from the centre of things, it was most enjoyable meeting such a distinguished member of the Corps in "our own place," as it were; perhaps others may "pass through" too—we do hope so.

M. Ross, A/N.Z. 18.

### CORPS DAY IN BENGHAZI

In Benghazi this year our Corps Day was celebrated by a series of events, commencing with a Church Service which was held on Sunday, 19th March, to which all ex-members of the Q.A.R.A.N.C. and their families were invited. The Service was taken by Padre Gilmore, the Regimental Padre to the 1st Bn. Royal Scots, The Royal Regiment. It was nice to see the Commanding Officer and other members of the R.A.M.C. present.

On the 26th March a picnic was arranged for our 4 Q.A.R.A.N.C. Other Ranks. It was decided that we would visit Tocra. The weather was very doubtful at first, as there was a sandstorm blowing, but fate was kind to us, and almost as soon as we left the town the sky cleared. It was a good time of year to visit Tocra, which boasts an old Moorish ruined castle built on a most picturesque site by the sea.

The wild flowers were abundant both at Tocra and on the roadside on the way there, their colourfulness and the greenness of the grass was a source of great pleasure to us, for much of the year in Benghazi there is no grass and very few flowers due to the great heat.

We picnicked near the castle with the sea stretching away into the distance ahead of us and the hills in the background.

After a most enjoyable meal and some liquid refreshment, we set off again to go up to the Tocra pass, which goes through the hills on the road to Cyrene. We drove to the top, the road being built in typical Italian style winding and twisting all the way; once there and at intervals on the road up, we gazed on the most heavenly views of wooded hills and valleys with the plain stretching towards the sea.

We were all truly sorry when we eventually found it was time for us to turn back on the road to Benghazi, but felt we had all benefited from the lovely fresh air and sunshine.

On the evening of Corps Day we held a cocktail party in the Officers' Mess, to which we invited the R.A.M.C., ex-Q.A.R.A.N.C. and other Officers and their wives; after this we visited our Q.A.R.A.N.C. Other Ranks in their sitting-room, as they were holding a small party for their friends.

C. M. HOLMES.

## Q.A.R.A.N.C. CORPS SPORTS NEWS

### Table Tennis

Pte. E. M. Brown, Q.A.R.A.N.C. from the Queen Alexandra Military Hospital, Millbank, won the Individual Finals of the Army (Women's) Table Tennis Tournament, held at the W.R.A.C. Depot, Guildford, on Friday, 14th April, 1961.

This sport was officially recognised by the recent formation of the Army (Women's) Table Tennis Association, the first President being Major General W. A. Robinson, O.B.E., late R.A.M.C., and the first Chairman, Lieut.-Colonel P. G. Bennett, R.R.C., Q.A.R.A.N.C.

The gift of a handsome cup has been presented for this event by Major General E. A. Robinson.

### Q.A.R.A.N.C. Swimming Championships—25th May, 1961.

A number of Other Ranks took part in the Q.A.R.A.N.C. Championship at the R.A.M.C./R.A.D.C. Swimming Gala at the Military Swimming Baths, Aldershot, on the 25th May, 1961.

*Winner:* Pte. Fourie, of Preliminary Training School, Aldershot.

### Corps Tennis Championship Tournament—28th June, 1961.

#### MEDFORTH CUP SINGLES CHAMPIONSHIP

*Winner:* Pte. Sutherland P. A., of Royal Herbert Hospital, Woolwich.

*Runner-Up:* Capt. P. C. Davis, of Connaught Military Hospital, Bramshott.

#### GILLESPIE CUP DOUBLES CHAMPIONSHIP

*Winners:* Capt P. C. Davis, of Connaught Military Hospital.

Pte. Sutherland P. A., of Royal Herbert Hospital.

*Runners-Up:* Lieut C. Keaveny, of Royal Herbert Hospital.

Pte. Horder-Despard S., of Royal Herbert Hospital.

The Corps Tennis Tournament was held once again in glorious sunshine at the Depot & T.E. Q.A.R.A.N.C.

Brigadier B. Cozens, R.R.C., Q.A.R.A.N.C., welcomed all present and asked Miss Medforth to present the Cups and Prizes.

There was great enthusiasm among the competitors and all played extremely well, helping to make the meeting a very enjoyable afternoon for the spectators.

### Corps Sports Athletic Meeting—29th June, 1961

#### WINNERS

*Victor Ludorum Cup*—Best all-Rounder: Pte. Green of Military Hospital, Colchester.

Stirling Cup, 880 yds (3 points): Pte. Green.

Trophy Event, Long Jump (3 points): Pte. Green.

2nd Place, 440 yds. (2 points): Pte. Green.

Total: 8 points.

Johnson Cup, 100 yds., Championship Race: Pte Sloman, P.T.S.

Coronation Cup, 440 yds. Championship Race: Pte. Sloman, P.T.S.

Throwing the Javelin Trophy Event: Capt. Davis, Connaught Military Hosp.

R.A.M.C. Cup, 220 yds.: Capt. Davies, Connaught Military Hospital.

Cocking Cup, High Jump: Pte. Dove-Edwin, Queen Alexander Hospital, Millbank.

Throwing the Discus: Pte. Barker, Military Hospital, Wheatley.

Inter Unit Relay Race: Ptes. Atkins, Sendall, Henderson, Sloman, all P.T.S.



#### New Records Created at this Year's Meeting

880 yds., Pte. Green, Military Hospital, Colchester, time 2 min. 54 sec. Previous record held by L/Cpl. Stewart of the Depot & T.E. Q.A.R.A.N.C., in 1954, 3 min. 17 sec.

440 yds., Pte. Sloman, P.T.S. Aldershot, 1 min. 14.5 sec. Previous record held by Cpl. Blythers, Millbank, 1 min. 16 sec.

220 yds., Capt. Davis of the Connaught Military Hospital, time 29.7 sec. Improving on her own record set up last year, 30 sec.

The Corps Sports Athletic events were held in brilliant hot sunshine at the Depot & T.E. Q.A.R.A.N.C., on 29th June, 1961. It was indeed, most pleasing to see so many present and past members of the Corps visiting, and old friends meeting again.

Brigadier Cozens, R.R.C., welcomed all present and presented the Cups and Prizes to the winners, but asked Colonel Cocking, R.R.C. (retired), to present her Cup, "The Cocking Cup," to the winner of the High Jump event.

The competitors gave a good display in all events, looking very smart in the Sporting Outfit, and making the afternoon a success.

Three records were broken: 880 yds., 220 yds., 440 yds.

Music was played by the Band of the R.A.M.C., and a splendid tea served in the Officer's Mess, and Other Ranks in their amenity hut. Altogether a very pleasant, and enjoyable afternoon.

M. LEDGER.

### THE SOUTHERN CAMEROONS

On August 31st, 1960, five Q.A.R.A.N.C. Officers, the senior of whom was Major V. Lane, boarded H.M.T. *Devonshire* on their way to the Army's newest commitment, the Southern Cameroons, in West Africa, to accompany the King's Own Border Regiment, together with the supporting Corps. They were attached to the 2 Bde. Group Medical Coy. R.A.M.C., under the command of Lieut.-Colonel H. W. Peck, R.A.M.C. The voyage was very pleasant but uneventful; the only land sighted on the way was the Canary Islands and Dakar, where we put in to refuel and to take on water.

On September 13th we first sighted the shores of the Southern Cameroons. We could see only a dense mass of green interspersed with lighter patches: this, we later discovered to be banana plantations. H.M.T. *Devonshire* slowly made her way into Victoria Bay, the first troopship to anchor and the largest ship to have put in there during the past five years. As we steamed in, we had one of the best views of Mount Cameroon—even her peak was visible. Disembarkation took three days, due to the number of lighters available for unloading and the hampering effect of a six-foot swell for most of the day. We disembarked on the second day, wondering meantime to what we had come, as all we could see from the ship was a collection of galvanised iron roofs, which gave the impression of a shanty town. We landed on the wharf at Bota carrying our umbrellas, which appeared sober beside the multi-coloured umbrellas of the advance party. The journey from the dockside to Buea, the main town, was made by Landrover across twenty-five miles of what in England would be termed an unclassified road, to a height of 3,500 feet up the side of Mount Cameroon. On arrival, added to the other trials, we found that the whole camp was a sea of mud, so that one could not venture forth without Wellington boots and an umbrella.

For the first three months we worked in temporary wards, the medical cases being nursed in three Nissen huts, which each held ten beds. The huts were lit by Tilly lamps. Water for any purpose was drawn from a water tender which was parked in the roadway outside. If hot water was needed, it was heated on a paraffin stove, which was guaranteed to cover anyone sitting or lying nearby with smuts. During this period the surgical cases were nursed in the Cameroons Development Corporation Hospital at Tiko, a small town at sea level, near the River Mungo.

The surgical unit was completed first: it contained two wards with four beds each, an X-ray department, a kitchen, and sleeping accommodation for seven personnel.

The medical patients were moved from their temporary quarters a week before Christmas. On Christmas Day, the Hospital, which is known as "The Station Hospital, Buea," was opened officially by the Force Commander, Lieut.-Colonel Robinson. This hospital consists of twenty beds, split up into two wards of five beds, the remainder being single wards, or wards containing two beds, plus all the usual supporting departments. The hospital is one of the few places in the camp with hot and cold running water and two bathrooms, so the patients thoroughly enjoy the pleasure of a hot bath during their stay.

The staff are able to visit two other places "up country" where troops are stationed; in each place there is a Medical Reception Station. Kumba, fifty miles away, has a crater lake, and Bamenda is two hundred and eighty miles distant. We travel by R.A.F. plane. When necessary, patients are transferred from "up country" down to us by Casevac plane, also from us "up country" *en route* to the U.K.

On Christmas Eve the five of us, aided by the Medical Officers and Officers from the Regiment, went round the wards singing carols: we wore our scarlet capes for this occasion. A Christmas tree had been obtained and decorated, so Christmas Day was spent in the traditional manner with gifts for the patients and the serving of the patients' Christmas dinner, after which the Officers proceeded to the company dining room to serve the company meal.

Shopping facilities are very limited with little competition in Victoria, twenty-five miles away. There is only one shop which sells cosmetics and clothing; even so, we look forward to our shopping expeditions.

No one has their own means of transport, so it is difficult to get from one place to another except by military transport. However, everyone is very helpful, and we usually get to the beach about once a week. Two beaches are mainly used, known as "Mile 6," which is six miles from Bota along the coast, and "Mile 11," eleven miles away where there is surf and a two-mile stretch of sand. Unfortunately the sand is black and sticky, due to its volcanic origin.

A. HOWITT.



## BLOOD, SWEAT AND TOIL

### Nurses in War

BROADCAST IN JOHANNESBURG IN 1942 BY BRIGADIER R. OGIER WARD,  
D.S.O., O.B.E., M.C., T.D.

*Consulting Surgeon to the East African Command*

Tonight I want to pay tribute. I have seen a good deal of war. I have been in three wars; moreover, I have witnessed four great retreats, and it is in retreat that every branch of all the services is tested most hardily. The tribute which I wish to pay is to the nursing sisters of the army.

In the Balkan War of 1912-1913 I served with the Red Cross in Turkey, and there I saw the peasant population of Macedonia and Thrace streaming into Constantinople, in flight before the victorious armies of Bulgaria, Serbia and Greece. Turkey in those days was quite unable to provide any medical services for her wounded or her refugees; she cared nothing for nursing. Thousands died.

In the Great War of 1914-1918 I was a gunner officer in the Honourable Artillery Company. In France I commanded an eighteen-pounder battery for two years, and in this period included the retreat forced upon us by the Germans in March, 1918. Now in this still greater war I am a surgeon.

When Dunkirk was over, the enemy turned south to complete the defeat of France and Britain. The casualty clearing station of which I was in charge served the slender British Force retreating through Rouen to the coastal ports of Brittany.

In 1942 I spent ten days in Tobruk while the enemy were closing in upon it, just before it fell. The grim events which followed brought anxious days to the Delta and to Cairo. Retreat compels great sacrifices. Four retreats are a lot; I shall not see any more.

Italy's entry into the war brought anxious times to Kenya, but also a great response from its European and its African population: all lent a willing hand. Hospitals had to be got ready and nurses found to staff them. This was not easy, but many women who had given up nursing, often to get married, came forward once again. Even so, our largest hospital, one of more than a thousand beds, had for some time only fourteen nursing sisters in its wards and operating theatres. They worked grandly, and by so doing won through a difficult time, and so did the V.A.D's, who have always proved their quality both in this war and the last. There was a great demand for nurses then, and there is a greater demand today. As the war continues, the commitments of the medical services grow greater and greater; this inevitably draws nurses from civilian employment, where, however, the need for them still remains. Some nurses become casualties: they get ill, some from East Africa have been lost at sea. We honour their memory. And in other parts of the world nurses have been taken prisoner or been killed or wounded. A greater number have been wounded by arrows, arrows loosed by a smiling

boy; many of the wounds have been very serious, and some quite mortal as far as nursing is concerned. Well, we must not complain of that, but it is an important fact which has to be taken into account by those responsible for keeping up the number of nurses in the army.

When we are ill we demand much from the nurses who care for us: we all know that. But I sometimes doubt if it is quite realised how much is asked of nursing sisters in time of war. Some people seem to think of nursing in war as chiefly an adventure for sturdy young women, who, of course, work hard, but know all about enjoying themselves when they are off duty. In this war I have watched the work of nursing sisters in France, in Egypt, and in East Africa. I know our debt to them is great, and still it grows.

From November, 1939, until the last days in France, I served in a general hospital situated about seven miles from Dieppe. In times of peace English people know Dieppe as a gay seaside resort, which can be reached from our south coast in three hours by cross-Channel steamer; but it was a different place in those winter months. Our hospital stood on high, wind-swept ground; there were no buildings of any sort for it was composed entirely of tent marquees. That winter proved to be one of extreme severity, with snow and many days of bitter gales and hard frosts.

The nursing staff lived in an old chateau. It was certainly picturesque, but it offered few comforts, and was very crowded. In the smaller rooms two or three sisters had to be accommodated, and more in the somewhat larger ones. In the early days there were not even curtain partitions between the beds, and there was only one bathroom. Bit by bit conditions were somewhat improved, but this was only possible to the extent of putting up Nissen huts in the orchard as dormitories. Many of the sisters were no longer young, they had been members of the Territorial Nursing Reserve, and were called up when the war began. The younger women were full of praise for them. "They stick it out better than we do," they said.

Yet conditions were very hard. The day began and ended with a tramp through snow and slush, about half a mile of it, to get to the tented wards. Nursing in those wards was far from easy, for there was no running water, the few coal burning stoves could not maintain much warmth, and for many months by night the only light was from hurricane lamps. Under such conditions life is not pleasant, and when the beds are filled mostly with cases of minor maladies, there is little of professional interest to keep you on your toes. Things are often like that in war!

But the work has to be done—and well done it was by nursing sisters, young and old. I am sure that each one of them was sustained in that cold and dreary winter by a consciousness that she could in no way serve her country better than by carrying on in good heart, preparing for a war which could not but be long, which must somehow be won, and yet seemed scarcely to have begun.



East Africa is a grand place for the visitor, a fine climate, plenty of sport, and a tradition of generous hospitality. But in war it is not quite the same. The wide expanses which hold their own special charm seem now to the nursing sister to mean a long term of duty in some place far remote from the ordinary amenities of colonial life; places that take a week to reach by road convoy, and when once there you have got to make the best of things for the next six months at least. Of course it is something of an adventure to travel and live in tropical Africa, but after two or three years of it, most people long for home.

Egypt, we are apt to think of as a land full of beauty, of palm trees and great monuments, of good hotels and pleasant relaxations. But no one in their sane senses would choose to spend a summer in Egypt. Indeed, the greatest tribute to Cleopatra's charms is surely that she could keep Anthony by her side when the hot weather had begun.

Yet the hospitals in the Middle East have to be kept going, and none know what this entails better than the nursing sisters. Work must be done and done well, though the desert burns with heat, though dust storms rage through the lines of tents or huts. Sweltering heat by day and no hope of cooling breezes until the night is far spent. No hope that tomorrow's dawn will bring any different day, or that by the end of it anyone will feel less weary.

Through these long years our nursing sisters all over the world have endured these things with fortitude. None know better the full meaning of the words, "Toil and sweat." Those sisters of the Middle East who served in Tobruk lived a different sort of life. Once upon a time Tobruk must have been a pleasant place. True, the water tastes like Epsom Salts, but the sky is clear and the sea a lovely blue. The rocky creeks provide ideal places for a picnic and a bathe, and a fresh breeze from the sea makes it as nice a seaside resort as is to be found in that part of the Mediterranean. But when I saw it, its charms were lessoned, for wrecks lay in the harbour, blasted buildings bordered its streets, and too often the hours of darkness were not hours for sleep.

In the many months in which the battle swayed to and fro around Tobruk, none lived under more strain or showed more endurance than the nursing sisters of No. 62 General Hospital. This was lodged in buildings erected before the war by the Italians as barracks for the town, and because it was well suited for the work, and because nothing else was available it had to be used; unfortunately it was hardly a quarter of a mile from the harbour. The enemy did not wish to bomb it; indeed, I feel sure they tried to avoid it, but it could not entirely escape—the walls were pox-marked by splinters.

Troops engaged against the enemy in the field invariably face much greater hazards, but they are men, soldiers put there that they may impose still greater hazards upon the enemy. On one day the battle goes against them, on another it may be they who have the

upper hand; what they have received they now return, and more besides. But life for these nursing sisters held no such respite, nothing less than complete victory in Tunisia could ensure their safety, and that victory was still far distant.

So long as daylight lasts, hard work has to be done by doctors and sisters and nursing orderlies. In the morning the convoys arrive. Some are sick, some but slightly wounded, others shattered beyond hope. All must receive attention, be cleaned, clothed and fed, and many are too ill or too weary to be able to do much for themselves. The receiving room, the passages leading from it to the operating theatres, and to the X-ray department and to the wards, are filled with stretchers. Blood and sweat and toil. Well, a hospital ship will come in soon, and the majority will be shifted to places more comfortable. But the hospital staff must stay; when the morning's work is done, no chance of an afternoon off for the sisters, no hope of a visit to the shops, a restful hour whilst the coiffeuse works her mysteries, or tea and a talk with some dear friend. Far from it: the best is a walk through shattered streets out into the countryside strewn with dispersed or smashed up lorries. Is there to be an evening off, the cinema, or dinner and a dance? Tobruk spends its nights in a different fashion. The sun sets, the moon rises in a flawless setting of tropic sky and sea. A hard day's work is over, just such another lies ahead, and a good night's sleep will give the weary hospital staff the strength to face it in good heart.

But a distant droning cadence can be heard and steadily it grows. Bombers are approaching Tobruk. Those not on duty must drag themselves from their beds, no time to tidy up, just time to get below ground, not into well-proofed dugouts, for only shelter trenches are available; and the night staff, they must stay at their posts and try to show a calm which they cannot feel. At such a time their patients need all that they can give, for many are quite helpless, and having already suffered greatly, cannot endure much more. It was like this only a few nights ago; it will happen again a few nights hence. The luck has held so far, how much longer can it hold? Brave women those!

Well, Tobruk was recaptured and Tripoli cleared of the enemy. All Africa free once more. Sicily in Allied hands, Italy invaded, onwards to Rome, to the Alps, invasion of Germany from the east, the south, the west. To Berlin. The triumph of 1918 repeated? No, say rather many times exceeded—but at how much greater a cost. . . .

The tumult and the shouting dies . . .  
The captains and the kings depart.  
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget.



Well, after 1918 we forgot easily enough. Are we going to forget again this time? That the aggressor can be sure of initial success. The horrors of retreat, the great efforts and the vast host of men and output of material required to redeem initial defeats.

Are we once more to forget that those who think only of money and easy living are rightly regarded by the rest of the world as unworthy to survive? That those who, whilst they protest liberty, will not sacrifice some personal freedom to ensure that liberty itself stands unassailed, that such as these will always be mistaken by the Hun, for a people effete and easily to be eaten up.

This war is not over yet, and I doubt if it can be won without the most terrible sacrifices that the British Commonwealth and Empire has ever yet been called upon to pay, sacrifices piled up upon an altar whereon are heaped also the dead of her allies and her enemies. And when it is won, are we going again to forget? Or are we determined that no sacrifice is too great if by the making of it, war can be forever put away.

When I was young the great adventure which war provided subdued most other thoughts. But now I see only the receiving room, the corridors, the operating theatre, and rows of beds and stretchers, around them sisters doing what may be done for the best of our young manhood.

Everywhere toil and sweat and blood, and for those at home who have so long endured all these things in full measure—for those there are also tears.

## AROUND THE WORLD TOUR

CARRIED OUT BY BRIGADIER F. B. COZENS, R.R.S., MATRON-IN-CHIEF  
AND DIRECTOR OF ARMY NURSING SERVICES

On 1st March I left England by B.O.A.C. Comet in order to attend the International Council of Nurses Congress being held in Melbourne, and also to carry out a tour of visits to our hospitals in Nepal and the Far East. I had in my possession a round-the-world ticket and invitations from the Directors General Army Medical Services of Pakistan, India and America, to visit their hospitals and see for myself something of the nurse training within the Armed Forces in these countries.

The next afternoon I reached Karachi, where I was met by Lieut.-Commander Dyer, Matron of the Naval Hospital. That night I was entertained at a party where I met many representatives of both the medical and the nursing professions; this was followed by a dinner at the Nursing Officers' Mess.

Next day, before leaving for Rawalpindi, I toured the Services' Hospital and was able to see also something of the welfare work done for the families in the station.

Rawalpindi is to be the capital city of Pakistan. Colonel C. Maudsley, who is the last of the Q.A.R.A.N.C. Officers to be seconded to the Pakistan Armed Forces, is working there at the Army Headquarters. On my arrival she had arranged for me to see not only the work in Service Hospitals, but had arranged visits to the Government and Mission Hospitals, and also to schools where a little recruiting is done to find suitable girls to train in Service Hospitals. After a week in Pakistan, from Lahore, I flew by Pakistan Airways to India, where I travelled around for three weeks visiting Delhi, Bombay, Agra, Poona and Lucknow.

In Delhi Miss Gardiner, Matron-in-Chief, Indian Service, accompanied me on my tour. I had many warm enquiries for Dame Louisa Wilkinson, Dame Ann Thompson and Miss Patterson. Matrons asked me my impression of the present standards in their hospitals—were the present standards up to those kept by the Q.A.'s in the old days? Never having served further east than Palestine during my service, it was not possible for me to make comparisons. My impression of the Services Hospitals was that their standard of organisation and cleanliness was very high indeed, the wards were full, busy and contained excellent experience for nurse training.

Training nurses within the Armed Forces was commenced in 1950 at three centres, Delhi, Poona and Lucknow. There are approximately thirty student nurses in each of the schools of nursing, and their training follows very much the same pattern as in our own Corps. The classrooms and practical demonstration rooms are good, and their sleeping accommodation appeared very comfortable and well kept. On completion of training, the nurses are commissioned into the Armed Forces Nursing Service and may be posted anywhere in India or overseas; some are stationed in the Congo with a General Hospital.

During my time in India it was also possible to do a little sight-seeing, such as visiting the Taj Mahal in Agra and the Residency in Lucknow; the latter is well preserved, and the gardens were looking beautiful. It was obvious that this monument, to those who perished in the Mutiny, was being carefully preserved.

From Lucknow I flew by Indian Airways to Katmandu, where I was met by Colonel Fitzpatrick, D.D.A.N.S., Far East Command. The hospital in Nepal for Gurkha soldiers is at Dharan, at the foot of the Himalayan Mountains, about one and a half hour's journey by air from Katmandu.

After my visit we were unable to return to Katmandu to catch our air connection on to Calcutta as a sand storm had blown up, making conditions unfit for the aircraft to land on the airstrip; instead, we had to make a thirty-six hours journey by train to Calcutta, crossing the Ganges by steamship. Colonel Fitzpatrick and I were fortunate in having Major Milne and Dr. Bannerjee, who were travelling on business to Calcutta, as escorts for the journey. Being experienced in travelling in this area, they attended



to many details which made the journey for us more comfortable than if we had travelled on our own.

From Calcutta we flew to Hong Kong, coming down for a few minutes only at Bangkok on the way.

When planning the programme, it was arranged that I should spend Easter in Hong Kong. This turned out to be a very happy arrangement: the weather was perfect, and I had time to recuperate after my travels in the exhausting heat of India. Lieut.-Colonel Margo Turner, Matron of the B.M.H., Bowen Road, was on sick leave, so she very kindly drove me round the island in her car sight-seeing. It was good to be in the company of so many Q.A. friends, and I felt sorry when the time came to fly off again, this time to Singapore and then on to Malaya.

In Singapore I visited the British Military Hospital and the hospitals at Kamunting, Kinrara and Kluang, in Malaya. Throughout the Far East I found the Q.A.R.A.N.C., both Officers and Other Ranks, in good heart, working hard to overcome many difficulties in order that the patients should be contented and well nursed. I heard many remarks of appreciation from Senior Officers and ex-patients on behalf of either individual nurses or the hospital staff as a whole.

On the 14th April I left by QANTAS Air Line for Australia to attend the International Council of Nurses Congress. On the aircraft there were several others on their way to attend the Congress, including Dame Alice Lowrey, Matron-in-Chief P.M.R.A.F.N.S.

We reached Darwin at 02.30 hours for refuelling, and while waiting in the transit lounge, four young Australian nurses came to talk to us. Later I discovered that all aircraft and ships were being met by nurses. They gave such warm-hearted words of welcome to the travellers attending the Congress.

I will not mention the business conducted by the Congress here: it has already been well written-up in the Nursing Press.

On arrival in Melbourne we were met by Lieut.-Colonel Doig, Matron-in-Chief Designate R.A.A.N.C., and Wing-Officer McRae of the R.A.A.F.N.S. It was a week crammed with activity and opportunities to renew old friendships and old acquaintances and to make new ones.

One day Dame Monica Johnson gave a small luncheon party at the "Returned Nurses Club," where Major Heather Kirkwood, Q.A.R.A.N.C. (Retd.), is Secretary. Lieut.-Colonel Joan Paige, R.A.A.N.C., who many of us met while she was on a course with us in the U.K., was one of the guests. The Serving Officers of the R.A.A.N.C. gave a cocktail party one evening. I was also invited to parties given by the Victoria Branch of the Q.A.R.A.N.C. Association and the Australian Returned Nurses Club; on both occasions I was delighted to meet so many retired members who had served in the two Great Wars.



"BRIGADIER F. B. COZENS, R.R.C. — In the Far East"



When the Congress ended, I stayed in Melbourne for a few more days; then on to Canberra for two days. Canberra is the future capital city of Australia: already it is possible to visualise the architect's plan. Trees of various hues and colouring have been chosen so that, together with the buildings, every aspect will be a pleasure to the eye, whether viewed from a hill top or from street level. It will be a charming town in which to live.

On Saturday, 29th April, the plane took off from Sidney at 19.00 hours, touching down in the Fiji Islands and Honolulu; it arrived at San Francisco at 18.00 hours on Saturday, 29th April. On this journey I caught up with the day I had gradually lost by hours, mostly at night, during the journey from England moving East, but I never caught up with the loss of sleep. (It took two days leave to do this on my return to England).

In San Francisco I saw the Letterman Hospitals and we were taken afterwards on a tour along the coast road and to the Muir Forrester to see the famous redwood trees.

My next stop was San Antonio, in Texas, where I was entertained by the Officers of the Army Nurse Corps. The Brook Medical Centre consists of a large hospital, together with departments equivalent to the R.A.M.C. and Q.A.R.A.N.C. Depots. I was taken by helicopter to visit a tented hospital undergoing annual training in the field, rather reminiscent of the D.G.'s exercise at Mytchett.

The Nursing Officers at the Brook gave me the most enthusiastic welcome and extended warm-hearted hospitality; I was entertained to dinner in the old style of the early settlers and the following evening to a Spanish meal on a boat sailing on a river in the centre of the town.

I had the opportunity to address a group of Nursing Officers who were attending a course of instruction similar to our Senior Officers' Course. After telling them about our Corps, I was presented with a certificate signed by the Governor of Texas commissioning me an Honorary Citizen of Texas.

I had three days in Washington, and was able to see the Walter Reed Military Hospital. I was interested to see the President's Suite. The Matron suggested that I should see it, as General Eisenhower had left that day and the dust sheets would be replaced until another V.I.P. patient required the accommodation.

My last day was crammed with sight-seeing in Washington. Unfortunately it poured with rain for most of the day.

On Sunday, before starting on the last lap of the journey home, Colonel Grainger Reid, R.A.M.C., now the Medical Representative at the British Embassy, and his two charming daughters took me to a Service in the Cathedral, then finally saw me off at the airport.

As I touched down at London Airport, I had spanned the globe.

F. B. COZENS

## A PILGRIMAGE TO OBERAMMERGAU

After spending several days in the beautiful city of Salzburg, often referred to as the "heart of the heart of Europe," and particularly famous in that it is the home of Mozart, the famous composer, we set out by coach for the village of Oberammergau to see the famous Passion Play. In spite of journeying in pouring rain, with the mountains all but hidden by a grey mist, there was a growing sense of excitement as we neared our destination, passing, en route, the great Benedictine Monastery of Ettal, which is closely linked with the Passion Play and its history. We had read much about the village and its history. We had seen scenes from the Play on television, and now the moment for which we had waited so long had arrived. We were in Oberammergau.

There can be few people who have not heard something of the village and its moving story. How that some 600 years ago, the great plague swept through Southern Germany, taking its dread toll of human life, with little scientific knowledge of either the disease or its cure. In order to try and stop its spread, towns and villages were sealed off, and an edict sent forth that no-one should enter or leave the stricken areas. In spite of this edict, however, one young man, hearing that his mother was ill, crept into Oberammergau under cover of darkness, bringing with him the dreaded scourge, in consequence of which, many homes were stricken and many families bereaved.

Believing intensely that only the power of God could lift the plague, the villagers met together for prayer, and made a solemn vow that if He would lift the plague, then, and every following ten years, for as long as the village existed, the story of the Passion of Our Lord would be re-enacted, the eternal story of the love which conquers suffering and death. It is recorded that the plague quickly died out in that area, and except for one or two occasions, when the country has been ravaged by war, this vow has been solemnly kept. To-day, with the ever increasing transport facilities, by land, sea and air, people come from the four corners of the earth to see the Play. To give some idea of the numbers thronging into Oberammergau this year, from May to September there are four performances each week. The theatre seats 5,500 people, and every performance was fully booked before the Play commenced. The greatest drama in human history still has a strange compelling power, and some of the people in the hotel in which I stayed had flown by Comet from New York just to see the Play, and were returning the following day.

What of the village itself? In spite of the tremendous growth of the tourist trade, the place remains singularly unspoilt. With its beautifully painted houses and shops, with its gentle stream flowing through the village street, guarded by the hills which surround it, and dominated by the onion-shaped tower of its beautiful Church, one senses a timeless peace which nothing seriously disturbs.



The basic industry of the village is that of wood-carving, and every shop and home displays the most exquisite carvings of characters and scenes from the Immortal Story.

The most modern touch of the village architecture is seen in the Theatre, which was built to replace a temporary one which was used for centuries, and dismantled after each season. The increasing number of people wishing to see the Play necessitated a more commodous and permanent building. This new building accomodates 5,500 people, the most interesting feature being that although the vast auditorium is covered, the stage itself is an "open air" one. Set, as it is, against the background of the hills surrounding Oberammergau, makes an ideal setting for the Play, reminding one, as it does, of the hills of Palestine.

The total population of the village numbers some 5,000 people, of whom more than 1,000 take part in the play, and it is very interesting to see men and boys walking round the streets with long hair and beards, which have been allowed to grow for the 18 months preceding the Play. No artificial aids or make-up are used and the people concerned do all possible to look like the characters they represent. To qualify for a part in the Play, the villagers of Oberammergau must have either been born there, or been resident for 20 years.

Another interesting feature is that on the days when there is no performance, the players return to their normal occupations, and it is somewhat strange to be served in shops and hotels by people one comes to know as Herod, Caiphus, Mary, etc.

At last the great moment arrives and we follow the great crowds towards the theatre for the first part of the Play which commences at 8.0 a.m., and goes on to 11.30 a.m. There is a break for lunch, after which the second part goes on from 2.0 p.m. to 5.30 p.m. We were warned to take cushions as the seats tend to become a little hard towards the end of such a long sitting. For my part, I was much too engrossed in the performance to be conscious of this.

So to the Play itself. This begins with the entry of Christ into Jerusalem, and from then the story unfolds right through to the Ascension. A choir of fifty voices led us into each scene with the most glorious singing, and so, in narrative and music we moved through the events of Passion Week. The tables of the moneylenders, and those who sold doves were overturned in the Courts of the Temple. The doves, released from their cages, soared over the heads of the audience and away to the hills to freedom.

Let us look at the characters themselves. The Christus presented Our Lord as the strong, virile character he obviously was, and one saw something of the impregnable force of love which nothing can ultimately defeat or destroy. One entered into His sufferings and death, and realized, perhaps in an entirely new way, what the redemption of the world cost the Incarnate Son of God. Caiphus and Annas, the High Priests, resolved at all costs to preserve the *status quo*, even though it meant a fake trial and an inhuman death

for the One whose sole sin was that He went about, doing good. The beautiful pathos of Mary, the Mother of Jesus, who in spite of her pain and agony, followed Him right through the events of the week to the Cross itself, hearing again in her heart the voice of Simeon, who at the reception of Jesus into the Temple said to her "A sword shall pierce thine own heart."

The shining gratitude and devotion of Mary Magdalene. He had done so much for her, and all she could do in return was to give Him all she had; this giving was symbolised by the breaking of the precious box of ointment over His feet at the Last Supper. The struggle of Pilate, torn between a sense of fair-play, exemplified by his words "I find no fault in this Man," but who, when his own position was threatened, took the coward's way out and washed his hands of the whole affair, giving Jesus to the mob to do with as they would.

Perhaps the most outstanding performance was played by Judas—a name which has entered our vocabulary as an expression of vile betrayal. And yet, perhaps for the first time, one saw the terrible remorse which came from knowing he had begun a series of events which had far more terrible consequences than anything he could have envisaged, a remorse that made him fling away his ill-gotten gains and led him to a suicide's grave. If only the remorse had been repentance, he might have been another Peter. The scene in the Upper Room when the great act of humility was re-enacted and Jesus stooped to wash the feet of His disciples—the lowest expression of service, followed by the inauguration of the New Covenant between God and man, symbolised with the broken bread and the outpoured wine.

Finally the figure of the Christ Himself, 5,500 people were so silent that one could hear the song of the birds and the rustle of the wind in the trees as one witnessed the struggle in the Garden of Gethsemane, and hear the dreadful cry, torn from a breaking heart, "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me," quickly followed by the cry of triumph, "Nevertheless, not my will but thine be done." The battle was fought and won there, and as he arose from the ground one sensed the peace that had come to him and the renewal of strength to go forward along the "via dolorosa." We saw the dreadful scourging, and heard the wild cries of the populace for his death. The world had made its choice, a robber and not the Son of God.

And so the Cross was laid upon him. Weakened by the strain of the mock trials, lacerated by the scourging, twice he falls. The second time, Joseph of Arithmea, a visitor to the city, was dragooned by the Roman guards, and forced to carry the Cross for the rest of the way. The lovely traditional touch when Veronica, the woman he had cured of the issue of blood when all the doctors had failed, holds out her handkerchief that he might wipe away the blood and sweat from his face. He receives it gratefully, and when it is returned it bears the imprint of the face it has cleansed.

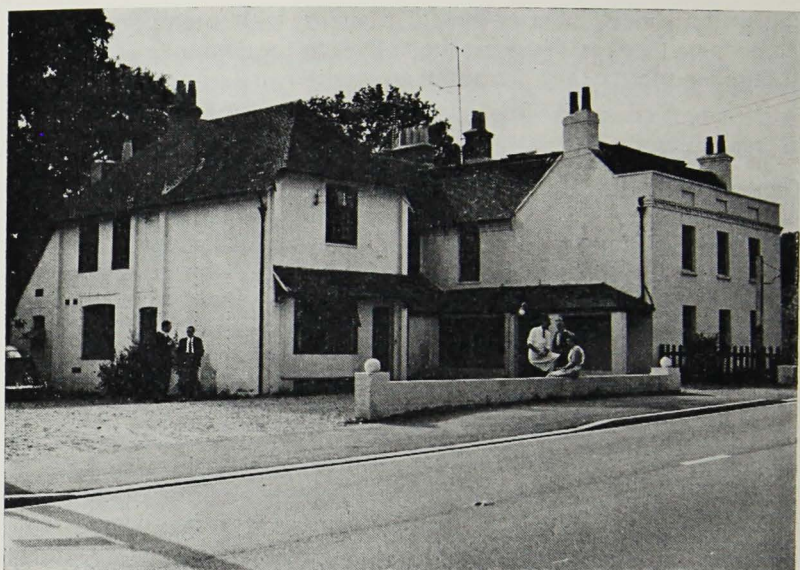


To the glorious music of a Bach Chorale, the curtains come down. As the choir moves off and the singing dies away the curtains re-open and once more we are at the place which is called Calvary. Here we see the three crosses with their human burdens, the central figure wearing a crown of thorns. The soldiers jeer and play dice for his garments; Mary, his Mother, with John, the beloved disciple stands watching, the Roman Centurian looks on with awe and wonderment as the last dying words come from the Central Cross. "Father, forgive them." He commits to the care of his friend his beloved Mother—there is the crash of thunder and a vivid flash of lightning, followed by a silence. Then echoing round the great auditorium comes a cry of triumph "It is finished." and the head falls forward on his chest. As the scriptures record it, "He gave up the Ghost."

No-one witnessing this great drama, whatever his beliefs, could possibly have remained unmoved, and the atmosphere in that great crowd was one of silent worship as one felt the echo of the Centurian's words "Surely this man was the Son of God." The body is lowered from the Cross to the music of a funeral chorale, and given into the keeping of Joseph of Arimathea, who had begged permission of Pilate to bury it in his own family tomb—the tomb in the Garden. Easter Day, and the coming to the Tomb of Mary Magdalene with the women. The meeting with the Messenger, and hearing the wonderful words, "He is not here, He is risen." Then her encounter with the Risen Lord Himself. Finally, the day of Ascension, when we saw what represented the whole host of heaven, kneeling in adoration as the Ascended Christ was received back into Glory, and the accompaniment of the Choir with its final Hallelujah Chorus.

This pilgrimage to Oberammergau was an unforgettable experience. So movingly, yet so realistically, we witnessed the portrayal of the Old, Old Story, which is for ever new. The story of the love which gives to the uttermost; the love which conquered suffering, death, and the worst that the powers of evil could do. The story which revealed again what is the Hope of the World in this and every generation. We too knew, in a deeper way that "truly this Man was the Son of God"

V. ELMORE (*Chaplain's Assistant*).



## INNKEEPERS FOR GOD

GEOFFREY HOWARD VISITS LANGLEY HOUSE

**Once the house of Charlotte Yonge, the 19th century Christian writer and now the centre of a new Christian Endeavour.**

“Where do I go from here?” That is the question asked by the majority of the 130 men who every morning are released from Britain’s gaols.

It is a question of the utmost importance not only to themselves but to society generally. For, often lacking a helping hand to guide them through the first difficult weeks of freedom, without means, without anywhere to live and their minds dulled by a period of almost monastic existence, they may soon succumb to the very temptations which first landed them in trouble.

Recently, I met four such men. Between them they had spent over a hundred years in prison. But now here they were, only a few weeks out of gaol, returning at the end of the day from a good job to a welcoming meal and all the comforts of a normal home.

I was visiting Langley House in the Hampshire village of Otterbourne. It is here, for many years the home of Charlotte Yonge, the 19th century novelist and writer on Christianity, that the opening chapters of a new story with a strongly Christian theme are being written.

Its authors are the members of Team K of Christian Teamwork; the fast developing organisation of mainly business and professional men and women which believes in putting Christian principles into *practice*. At Langley House it is doing just this by providing dis-



charged prisoners, most of them Christians, with a temporary home from where they can re-adjust themselves to the demands of the often unfamiliar society they are about to re-enter.

#### FIRST CONTACTS

Here they find themselves among friends. There's John Dodd, the General Secretary of the Langley House Trust. For many years a prison visitor, he has also experienced imprisonment himself. Today a broadly built fourteen-stoner, there was a time when as a prisoner of the Japanese he weighed less than six. It is Dodd who makes the first contacts with the men awaiting release, helps them to find employment and stands by them through what, for them, can often be the embarrassing formalities of the Labour Exchange.

Then there are Mr. and Mrs. Pitkin. Before coming to Otterbourne, for some years these two had thrown open the doors of their own home to discharged prisoners. Now, with their teenage son and daughter, they are continuing this truly Christian work at Langley House. From the moment a man first arrives, their welcome leaves him in no doubt that he is being accepted without question as a member of the family. As such, while he is naturally expected to pull his weight with various domestic chores and not to upset the even tempo of family life, he retains full independence. He contributes towards his keep and comes and goes as he wishes. For him this is to be "home" in the true sense of the word.

#### INDEPENDENCE

During the coming weeks, or, if necessary, months, John Dodd, the Pitkins and others like Oliver Stott, with years of experience of prison social work, will try to help him, patiently and unobtrusively, to regain that spirit of independence and responsibility without which the problems ahead of him may never be satisfactorily solved. Then, when and if this has been achieved, they will try to find him suitable lodgings or, whenever possible, help him to return to his family.

Since Langley House first opened its doors in the summer of 1959, over seventy discharged prisoners have taken advantage of its hospitality. Some measure of the success of the project can be found in the fact that of this number less than ten per cent have returned to their former way of life and eventual re-imprisonment.

To Tom Reynolds (he insists I use his full name), one of the men I met during my visit and who has spent thirty of his fifty-four years in prison. Langley House has been a haven on more than one occasion. Since leaving prison after serving a ten-year sentence for robbery and violence, he has twice had to leave home because of marital disagreements. "If ever a man had cause to bless the name of Langley House, that man is myself," he said. "But for it, being each time practically destitute, with no money, no job and no home, I would have returned through force of circumstances to my old evil way of living."

## NO "STRINGS"

Tom was converted to Christianity while in prison in 1955. Upon release he was soon to discover that his new-found faith was unacceptable to the way of life of those with whom he had to live. Langley House not only found him work but allowed him to develop his Christian experience.

The latter opportunity is there for all the residents of the house but as Tom pointed out: "No attempt whatsoever is made to try and force Christianity upon anyone. Men are free to go to Church or stay away. The same rule applies to the short family prayers held each evening by Mr. and Mrs. Pitkin."

I found this combination of spiritual and practical help, without any strings attached, one of the most striking aspects of life at Langley House. Another is the way in which the friendship fostered beneath its roof is sustained long after a man has left its shelter. One man, with twenty-five years in prison behind him, having regained his confidence, felt that he must return to his home in the north and try to re-build his family's life to a Christian pattern. But meanwhile such a task had assumed superhuman proportions. He found that his twenty-year-old daughter had taken to the streets and was having a bad influence on her fifteen-year-old sister. In order to save the latter he had her made a ward of court. This angered the rest of the family and soon he found himself homeless again. In a fit of depression he once more resorted to crime, was caught and faced the possibility of a fourteen-year sentence this time. But now he had friends who knew he had a supreme effort to go straight. John Dodd spoke for him at his trial and as a result he received a comparatively light sentence of two years; a sentence he started furthermore with an assurance that, when he comes out, Langley House will be waiting to welcome him.

## HAPPY ENDINGS

The majority of stories which begin at Langley House, however, have a happier ending and some of these do not start at the moment a man leaves prison. There was the case of the brilliant young man with maths and physics qualifications up to degree standard. A bad relationship between himself and his father drove him to theft and eventually a prison sentence. After release he found difficulty in getting any worthwhile work and this, added to even worse relations with his father than before, was driving him to despair. Then Langley House came to his rescue, found him a technical job with excellent prospects and today he is happily settled—a different man.

As might be expected, the work being done by the people behind this project calls for a great amount of faith, tact and patience. There are times when the Pitkins find themselves on the edge of a volcano. Over-sensitivity, temperament, bitterness, deep-seated ferocity are all qualities the ex-prisoner may be slow to lose and it only needs a small spark to cause an explosion.



Then again, some of the men gain a false confidence after they have been in a job only a short while. Fancying they can now earn more elsewhere they leave it and John Dodd sees hours of consultation on their behalf with personnel managers come to nothing. Further, his hopes for gaining employment for others with a particular firm may be diminished.

Nevertheless the work goes on. There is only room for a dozen ex-prisoners at a time at Langley House and, fired by the success of the scheme, its organisers now hope to extend their activities to other parts of the country.

If they receive the support, both spiritual and financial, which they deserve, one of the country's most acute social problems will be greatly lessened, thanks to these "Innkeepers for God".

*Republished by courtesy of the "Church Illustrated."*

### A GEM OF A SHOP

In the near future, Service wives at Aldershot will do their shopping in a glass diamond—for that is the design of the Naafi shop destined for the garrison town.

Part of Aldershot's military rebuilding scheme programme scheduled to start next month (April), the Naafi shop-with-a-difference, will sparkle with the best of everything that's modern—from its high curving roof above to the pram park below. An extra glitter will be added by the liberal use of glass in the building. A special glazing process will keep the sun's rays from spoiling the goods.

### RETURNED GAZETTES

Mrs. E. I. Wilson, 35 French Road, Catterick Camp, York.

Lieut. M. P. Rea, c/o Glyn Mills & Co., Kirkland House, Whitehall, London, S.W.1. (New address please ; now Mrs. Richard).

Miss J. A. Newton, Glemper, 57 Merrylee Road, Newlands, Glasgow.

Miss J. L. M. Clark, 3 Huntingdon Drive, The Park, Nottingham.

Miss D. M. Clayton, Brookfield House, Adlington, Cheshire.

Mrs. M. Coull, Flat 21, Fountains Park, Netley Abbey, Southampton.

### PERSONAL

**Change of Address** with effect from September 1st, 1961:

COLONEL L. M. ROSE, R.R.C., Retd., Rookwood, Tylers Green, Cuckfield, Sussex.

### DEATHS

**Daniels**, Mrs. M. H., L.631, died March 26th, 1961.

**Gabriel**, Mrs. M. W. (*née* Minogue), passed away on April 24th, 1961, after a short illness. She was a Life Member, L.576, of the Q.A.R.A.N.C. Association in New South Wales, Australia, Branch.

**Homer**, Miss Eileen, died June 1st, 1961, in Dublin. Late Lady Superintendent Q.A.I.M.N.S.

- Roberts, Miss F. N., R.R.C. and Bar, three times Mentioned in Despatches 1914-1918, died on June 2nd, 1961, at Clacton-on-Sea. Late Matron Q.A.I.M.N.S.
- Gron, Mrs. M. A. C., R.R.C., died recently (date unknown). Served with Q.A.I.M.N.S./R. in South Africa during the Boer War, received the Queen's and King's Medals for her service. She served in casualty clearing stations in France during World War I.
- Dunn, Mrs. F. S., died on 6th January, 1961.

## MARRIAGES

- Wight, Lt. A. M., to Mr. L. Bergman at Kuala Lumpur on 21.1.61.
- Grant, Lt. O. P., to Mr. H. T. Dodd at Gibraltar on 31.12.60.
- Niven, Lt. H., to Dr. A. O. Langlands at Saltcoats on 14.1.61.
- Pearson, Capt. A., to Dr. M. P. Smith at Filey on 4.2.61.
- Butler, Capt. B. M., to Mr. J. R. Ibell at Newton Abbot on 4.2.61.
- Potter, Major L., to Mr. J. Holland at Hammersmith on 4.2.61.
- Whiteside, Lt. M., to Capt. C. Dulake, R.A.M.C., at Kuala Lumpur on 8.2.61.
- Geraghty, Lt. M. N., to 2/Lt. J. D. Harrop at Edinburgh on 1.2.61.
- Stewart, Capt. I. M., to Mr. B. Wilson at Loch Gilhead on 18.2.61.
- Lindsaye, Major J., to Mr. S. Davison at Peking on 18.1.61.
- Bates, Lt. J. C. M., to Lt. R. Tait, R.A.E.C., at Belfast on 3.3.61.
- Rowston, Major E. M. C., to Mr. D. V. Duff at Kensington on 24.5.61.
- Wilson, Major D. M., to Brigadier A. N. Moon, late R.A.D.C., at Aldershot on 10.6.61.
- Conolly, Captain V. M., to M. A. Cooke, Esq., on 3rd June, 1961.
- De Wardt, Miss G. M., to Dr. P. B. Poole, on April 14th, 1961.
- Bradley, Miss O., To —. House, Esq., on April 6th, 1961.

## PROMOTIONS

### REGULAR OFFICERS

#### To Lieutenant Colonels

Majors:—M. M. Winny, A.R.R.C., 12.2.61; H. M. Grant, 1.4.61.

#### To Major

Captains:—J. M. Steer, 28.9.60; R. Sutton, 23.2.61; M. Waddington, 11.4.61.

#### To Captain

Lieutenants:—P. C. Davis, 27.2.61; D. E. Brooker, 24.4.61; V. J. Smith, 2.5.61; M. P. Miller, 15.5.61.

### SHORT SERVICE

#### To Captain

Lieutenants:—F. E. McLaurin, 2.4.61; C. Morrison, 3.4.61; B. Stack, 24.4.61; D. E. T. Davies, 15.5.61.

## RETIREMENTS AND RESIGNATIONS

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1st APRIL, 1961, to 30th JUNE, 1961

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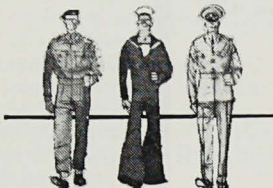
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