



# The Gazette



DAME LOUISA WILKINSON, D.B.E., R.R.C.,  
wearing presentation badge

## *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.

*Vice-Patrons:* DAME KATHARINE H. JONES, D.B.E., R.R.C. AND BAR.  
MISS C. M. ROY, C.B.E., R.R.C., M.M.

*President:* BRIGADIER F. B. COZENS, R.R.C., *Director Army Nursing  
Services.*

*Chairman:* LT. COL. E. W. R. WARNER, R.R.C. (Rtd.).

*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

I was not a little surprised when I was told that many Short Service Commissioned Officers, under the mistaken impression that they can no longer belong, discontinue their membership of the Association when they leave the Corps on marriage, or termination of their active list service. The aim of the Association is to keep all who have served in the Q.A.R.A.N.C. together, motivated by the word "Friendship."

In the Corps, even in a few short years one meets, works and parts with so many, some whose friendship we have cherished for a time, but after parting the rush of life sweeps in and we lose touch. By membership of the Association we can keep in touch, with members still serving and with others through a local branch, if one happens to be in our area.

We need you to strengthen and enlarge the branches. So many have passed this way!

Most of us find that when once we have served in Her Majesty's Forces there is always a lingering nostalgia when we meet another with the same experience.

We will welcome also an account of your activities on your return to civilian life to add variety to the GAZETTE.

On leaving the Corps officers are advised to write to the secretary of their nearest branch (see list on the back of the outside cover of the GAZETTE) to find out the place and the dates of the meetings.

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It is with great pride that we look forward to the building of our new Depot on such a lovely site distinguished by its Royal associations. Aldershot, as the home of the Army in the past, is well known



to most of us, past and present. The Royal Pavilion, as a Royal Residence is also known, so most Association members will have the satisfaction of "Being in the picture." To complete the picture it will be the responsibility of the GAZETTE to publish photographs of the Depot when built.

EDITOR.

### Q.A.R.A.N.C. ASSOCIATION ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

The 14th Annual General Meeting of the Q.A.R.A.N.C. Association was held on June 30th, 1962, at the Connaught Rooms, Holborn.

The President, Brigadier F. B. Cozens, was in the Chair and there were 60 members present. Lieut.-Colonel Warner, Chairman of the Association, reported on the activities of the past year and thanked Committee Members and honorary officers for their help.

Total membership had not increased because the 200 new members had been offset by those whose subscriptions had lapsed, many of them members leaving the Corps, who mistakenly think they are no longer eligible.

The Treasurer, Miss Baldock presented the audited accounts ; the generous donations received had enabled us to spend over £3,000 on benevolence and she thanked all concerned.

Miss Cannon, seconded by Miss Bridges, proposed a vote of thanks to the Chairman and Treasurer for their reports and very efficient work on behalf of the Association.

### ELECTION OF CENTRAL COMMITTEE

Result of the voting was as follows:

*Chairman:* Lieut.-Colonel E. W. R. Warner, R.R.C. (re-elected).

*Members:* Lieut.-Colonel E. F. W. M. Jolly, R.R.C. (re-elected),  
Colonel K. M. Blair, R.R.C., Miss H. Hamblin.

Brigadier Cozens pointed out that very few nominations had been received and asked members to make an effort to send in more next year. She thanked the retiring members, Lieut.-Colonel Widger and Miss Turner, for their help during the past two years.

There being no other business the meeting was closed.

Miss Hind, on behalf of all present, thanked Brigadier Cozens for presiding at this meeting.

### Q.A.R.A.N.C. ASSOCIATION REUNION

The 17th Annual Reunion of the Q.A.R.A.N.C. Association was held in the Connaught Rooms, London, W.C.1, on Saturday, 30th June, 1962, from 4 p.m. to 7 p.m.

This was a most enjoyable Reunion and particularly memorable because of the presentation made to the Founder and Administrator of the Association, Dame Louisa Wilkinson. With a few well-chosen



Brigadier F. B. Cozens presenting the Cup to Q/Pte. Frances Llewellyn.

words expressing the respect and affection in which Dame Louisa is held by all who know or know of her, Mrs. Mills, Friends' Secretary, presented Dame Louisa with a small token—a gold enamelled Q.A. Association badge with the crown and the "A" picked out in diamonds. It will be remembered that Dame Louisa originally designed the Association badge.

A cheque, the balance of contributions made by members from all over the world was given to Dame Louisa to enable her to buy something for herself which she would not otherwise have. A blue leather bound book with "Dame Louisa 1962" in gold lettering on the cover was also presented. In the book were written the words spoken by Mrs. Mills and extracts from some of the letters expressing pleasure at being given the opportunity to participate in this gift. All members present were invited to sign their names in the book.

The presentation was a surprise to Dame Louisa, who said, "You have taken my breath away, for once I am without words." And after prolonged applause, "Thank you very much indeed."



The Q.A.R.A.N.C. Association Sports Cup awarded annually to the serving officer or other rank who has contributed most to games and sports in Q.A.R.A.N.C. was awarded to Pte. Frances Llewellyn. Pte Llewellyn arrived at Southampton from Singapore in the morning and was hustled into plain clothes and up to London from Aldershot to receive this cup personally. She was rather a stunned young woman and though looking immaculate, said, "I'm not even ironed!"

Life is full of surprises and unexpected joys. One hundred and eighty of us had the pleasure of being at the 17th Annual Reunion in this our Jubilee year. We shall always feel sorry for the members who were unavoidably absent. They missed a treat.

P. G. BENNETT.

### NOTICES

The Q.A.R.A.N.C. Association, Headquarters Offices, at Haig House, 26 Eccleston Square, London, S.W.1, will be closed during August. Urgent matters may be sent by post when they will be attended to once a week.

Christmas approaches once again and Mrs. Mills, Hon. Friends Secretary, will be pleased to receive any gifts of food, toilet articles, and other small gifts which always give pleasure to the recipient. Will readers please send or give them to the Hon. Friends Secretary, Haig House, 26 Eccleston Square, London, S.W.1, by the end of November, 1962.

### Queen Mary's House, St. Leonard's-on-Sea

Can any of our members suggest or recommend anyone for the post of Assistant Warden at Queen Mary's House?

A trained nurse is not necessary, but someone is required who can take charge during the absence of the Warden and has the kindly temperament and ability to give the members of Queen Mary's House that extra spoiling to which their age entitles them.

The salary is modest, £175 per annum, but a really comfortable home is provided and the post should suit anyone who requires a little extra salary to help out her income and who has a genuine liking for elderly ladies.

Applications should be made to:

Hon. Secretary,  
Queen Mary's House Fund,  
(AMD4),  
Lansdowne House,  
Berkeley Square,  
London, W.1

## Florence Nightingale Fair

The Florence Nightingale Fair which was held in the Chelsea Town Hall on 16-17th May, included tableaux produced by the Queen Alexandra Military Hospital, Millbank and Royal Herbert Hospital, Woolwich.

The tableaux contrasted wards of 1854 and 1962 and proved a great attraction to the public. It was visited by press photographers, T.V. and Movietone News and appeared in the T.V. programme *Town and Around* and in the Movietone News Cinemas the following week.

Those taking part included Major M. Gara, who was in charge of the 1962 ward, Private M. Edwards, Q.A.R.A.N.C. nurse in the 1962 ward. Privates J. O'Connell and T. A. Last, R.A.M.C., took it in turn to act patient and staff. Captain J. Roberts was Florence Nightingale and Corporal C. E. Temporli was the nurse in the Scutari Ward. One orthopaedic patient from the Royal Herbert Hospital was dressed in nightshirt and nightcap, and another in balaclava uniform. The make-up including false beards was done by S/Sgt. Marks, R.A.M.C.

The settings were designed by Douglas Whelan, Esq., display consultant, Eastern Command.

Florence Nightingale relics were lent by the Q.A.R.A.N.C. Museum, St. Thomas's Hospital and the R.A.M.C. Museum and The Field Training Centre R.A.M.C. produced most of the furnishings for the Scutari Ward.

OAKHURST,  
INNHAMPS WOOD,  
CROWBOROUGH,  
SUSSEX.

3rd July, 1962.

To all my Association friends I do want to send most sincere thanks for the gifts so suddenly showered on me out of the blue! I still feel somewhat dumbfounded by it all and cannot begin to tell you how much I appreciate the affectionate regard expressed in this way. It is very heart-warming.

The jewelled Association badge is lovely. I am very proud to wear it as your gift and will treasure the book of signatures and representative extracts from your letters.

The cheque I am to spend personally made me gasp, but here is my tentative list for probable choice:

Garden lounge chairs—to encourage me to lounge.

Television—which I have not got.

Radio set—mine is on its last legs.

Fur coat—do not possess one at present.

Pearl necklace and ear-rings—perhaps.



How could anyone adequately meet these circumstances in words? I can only say, "Thank you one and all."

LOUISA WILKINSON.

## NEWS FROM THE BRANCHES

### Millbank Branch

The Annual General Meeting of the Branch was held on Wednesday, 7th March, and there were 46 members present. Col. Lewis, our Chairman, welcomed all members and we were very pleased to have the Director and Col. E. Pullom, R.R.C., with us. The Chairman gave an account of last year's activities, Officers and Committee were elected and a programme of meetings for the current year drawn up.

The May Meeting was held on the 9th, and in the afternoon, which proved quite popular as it enabled so many of the members who are unable to attend the evening sessions to come and meet their friends.

This meeting was a Bring and Buy Sale, which was a huge success and we made £24/15/0 during the afternoon.

The next Meeting is on July 4th, at 7.30 p.m., when we are having a Cookery Demonstration and then either a Beetle Drive or Tombola on September 5th. We will be pleased to welcome any Association Members living in or near London who have not joined the Branch to date.

HILDA HAMBLIN (L.136).

## CORPS DAY, 1960

"When I survey the Wondrous Cross"—the opening line of this famous hymn will often recall to many of us the simple, but moving ceremony which took place this year at Shorncliffe Garrison Church, during our Corps Day Celebrations.

Whilst the congregation sang, accompanied by the band of the Queen's Royal Irish Hussars, L/Cpl. Straker, Q.A.R.A.N.C., slowly walked through the assembly to hang our newly blessed shield. As the hymn ended, the shield was placed appropriately between those of the Royal Army Medical Corps and the Royal Army Chaplains' Department, and her clear voice rang out with the words, "To the Glory of God," striking deeply into the hearts of those present, probably bringing to their minds the work this young student nurse would be undertaking in her newly chosen career. Following this came the Q.A.R.A.N.C. Collect and then the Corps Hymn, "Sub Cruce Candida."

A strong Q.A.R.A.N.C. contingent attended the service, and I think we were all proud to know that our shield would be there, alongside those of other regiments and corps, to remind the people of Shorncliffe of the many who serve "Under the White Cross."

K. DIXON.

**CELEBRATION OF Q.A.R.A.N.C. DIAMOND JUBILEE  
(1902-1962) AT THE DEPOT  
SUNDAY, 25TH MARCH, 1962**

This was a day of special importance at the Depot as we were all prepared to celebrate in a fitting manner the Diamond Jubilee of our Corps.

Invitations in writing and by word had gone out to all ex-members whom we knew were within reasonable travelling distance and letters were sent to relatives of all newly-joined recruits, there were also a number of invitations to local units and we were delighted that our Director was one of the first to accept.

The day started bright and sunny, one of the best that 1962 had yet produced.

Being a Sunday, domestic staff were almost non-existent, so all the Depot Staff were about bright and early to put the finishing touches to the floral arrangements and refreshments, all prepared well in advance.

Our celebrations started with a service at Longmoor Garrison Church, which with the recent acquisition of a Unit Minibus, is attended regularly, especially by the Recruits, as part of their fourteen-day Course is to attend a Garrison Church Service. The congregation was one of the largest at this Church for many months, as members of the Corps, both past and present, Officers and Other Ranks, including relatives and friends forgathered from all directions.

The Padre, the Rev. E. Sims, who has only very recently taken up his first appointment with the Chaplain's Department, was much surprised to find that his first official Corps service was for ladies. The lesson was read by Lt.-Col. Trood, officiating for the Commandant, who having had a spell in bed, found her voice production was not suitable for the occasion.

Following the service, cars were quickly filled for the return journey to the Depot. At the entrance to the Officers' Mess, guests were received by Capt. Rowley, wearing the uniform of today, and Capt. Molloy, dressed as a Q.A. of 1902, she looked charming but was incidentally quickly checked by a retired member of the Corps for being incorrectly dressed, as she was wearing a Staff Nurses' dress with a silver instead of a bronze medal.

We were delighted to have Miss Phoebe Steele with us as she was the one guest who could span the sixty years all but two, having joined the Q.A.'s in 1904.

Refreshments in the Mess began with Sherry, followed by a Wine and Cheese Buffet, planned by Capt. Rowley and served in the Ante Room. This was so thoroughly enjoyed that we were reluctant to bring it to an end (it must be admitted that it finished at tea time!).





Capt. P. M. Molloy and Capt. M. G. M. Rowley

The Other Ranks, too, returned to the Depot with their relatives, and while they were enjoying an excellent lunch, Brigadier Cozens, accompanied by Lt.-Col. Long and escorted by Capt. Molloy and Sgt. Jackson, made a tour of the Dining Hall to meet the guests. It was found that some of the relatives were delighted to revisit the area as they had spent part of their active service in Longmoor Garrison. After lunch, the Museum, of which we are justly proud, proved the greatest attraction. As the guests departed, tired but happy, there seemed no doubt that they had a most enjoyable day of reunion.

### **Millbank Branch**

**JULY MEETING.** This took place at 20 John Islip Street on Wednesday 4th. There were 21 members present and apologies were received from many others. We were given a Cookery Demonstration arranged by Mr. Sinkins of the Ecclestan Place Branch of the London Electricity Board. A very up-to-date electric stove had been installed

and all the ingredients for the dishes demonstrated were provided by the Board.

Simple supper dishes were demonstrated and included fish scallops, a method of using up left-overs, egg and bacon pie, egg mornay and gooseberry fool, also souffle omelet with jam. Egg whites were rapidly mixed in a Kenwood Mixer while the gooseberries were even more rapidly liquified. The aroma of the cooking was more than appetising and the dishes when finished very attractive and really made one's mouth water, but unhappily we were not allowed to taste.

The next Meeting will be at 7.30 p.m., on Wednesday, September 5th, when we hope that many more members will be present.

HILDA HAMBLIN (L.136).

### OBITUARY

MISS S. F. DAVIES, R.R.C.—LATE MATRON Q.A.I.M.N.S.)

There will be many who will be sad to know of the passing of Miss S. F. Davies, whom we knew in bygone days. I first met her in Nowshera, India, where she always showed tolerance, understanding and kindness to me, a mere staff nurse in those days, and was always ready to help and advise me if there were any difficulties to be overcome. Later I met her again as matron of the Cambridge Hospital, Aldershot. How she loved to get a foursome together for tennis in the afternoon or to have one collect as many detective stories as one could gather for her to enjoy "reading in bed."

Since her retirement we have always kept in touch, when she was Resident at Queen Mary's House, Fleet, and latterly at Queen Mary's House, St. Leonards-on-Sea, where I know she will be greatly missed by her many friends. I shall miss her letters and her acts of kindness, but as she told me of her failing sight one must be thankful that she was spared a life of darkness. It would have worried her greatly having to be dependant upon others as she was always so independent and liked to be self-supporting.

When I look back and think of her years of devoted service, it seems in a way coincidental, that Miss Davies's last journey should take place on the Diamond Jubilee Day of the Q.A.I.M.N.S./Q.A.R.A.N.C. I can only hope that for the journey the day was as gloriously bright and sunny as it was here.

E. M. SOMERVILLE.

LIEUT.-COLONEL H. F. McFEAT, R.R.C.

It was with much regret we read of the death of Lieut-Colonel H. F. McFeat, R.R.C., ex-Q.A.R.A.N.C., who died in a Glasgow Nursing Home in April 1962, aged 68 years. She served abroad in Palestine, China and India and became Principal Matron with the East Africa Forces during the war and was twice decorated with the Royal Red Cross.



MISS C. F. FOSTER, Q.A.I.M.N.S./R.

Miss Foster died in a hospital in Paisley, on 27th March, 1962, after a short illness, having reached the age of seventy-eight years a few weeks before her death.

At the outbreak of the first World War she joined the Q.A.I.M.N.S. Reserve and served in the Middle East and in hospital ships until the war ended, when she went to Canada and spent several years there engaged in private nursing.

Returning to this country shortly before 1939 and re-joining the Q.A.I.M.N.S. Reserve she again rendered devoted service in various home stations throughout World War II.

She became a member of the South of Scotland Branch of the Q.A.R.A.N.C. Association soon after it was formed and was one of the most regular attenders of the branch meetings.

The Association has lost a loyal, generous and enthusiastic supporter who will be greatly missed by all who knew her.

C.M.R.

MRS. R. JENKINSON

Mrs. R. Jenkinson, 95 Taunton Head, Ashton-under-Lyne, was a member of the Q.A.R.A.N.C. Association who died at her home on March 6th, 1962. She was very proud of her membership of the Association and her work as a Queen Alexandra Nurse during 1914-1918 War.

*(Sent in by her niece, MRS. M. BAGUELL).*

**ANNUAL CORPS TENNIS TOURNAMENT AND SPORTS MEETING**

AT THE DEPOT AND T.E. HINDHEAD, ON 13TH AND 14TH JUNE, 1962

The 13th June this year saw the gathering of Q.A.'s at the Depot, from all over the United Kingdom to attend the Annual Corps Tennis and Sports Days.

During the morning of Wednesday, which was fine and warm, the area around the tennis courts was a scene of colourful activity as the tents, chairs and flowers were given the final touches and the Corps flag raised.

Just before two o'clock the cars began to arrive, greetings were exchanged and guests shown to their seats.

Play began shortly afterwards (the semi-finals and finals in the Medforth and Gillespie Tournaments). During the course of the afternoon a momentary diversion was caused by the outbreak of a heath fire of some size beyond the far boundary of the Sports Field, the fire was quickly brought under control by the Unit fire party and the civilian fire brigade.

The fire out, interest once more was concentrated on the tennis match which had been going on, the players happily unaware of the happenings outside the court boundaries.

The semi-finals over, thoughts turned to tea and the strawberries and cream traditionally provided on this occasion. After tea, the finals in both tournaments were played—both matches were exciting and much enjoyed by all present. Miss Medforth, who much to our pleasure was with us, made the presentation of the cups and trophies to the successful competitors and said how much she had enjoyed being with us all again. Two very newly-joined recruits completed the delightful little ceremony by presenting Miss Medforth and our Director, Brigadier Cozens, with a bouquet of flowers giving a charming “old world” bob as they did so.

Before our special guests were allowed to go the photographer took some groups of the winners together with Miss Medforth, Brigadier Cozens and the Commandant, Lt.-Col. E. C. Long.

#### WINNERS OF THE MEDFORTH AND GILLESPIE CUPS IN 1962

*Medforth Cup*: Capt. Davis (Cambridge Military Hospital).

*Gillespie Cup*: Capt. Davis (Cambridge Military Hospital), Lieut. Morris (B.A.O.R. Munster).

*Medforth Cup*: Runner-up—Lieut. D. G. M. Anderson (Military Hospital, Bovington).

*Gillespie Cup*: Runners-up—Lieuts. D. G. M. Anderson and Y. H. Robinson (Military Hospital Bovington).

The next morning was once again dry and sunny, though somewhat blustery. The excitement and activity was now transferred to the Sports Field where the qualifying heats in the track were being run off; there having been an encouraging number of entries which meant that some elimination was necessary before the afternoon.

Our guests arrived shortly after lunch. We were most fortunate in having Major Webb and Major Smith, both of the R.A.M.C., the one being our compere, the other on hand to give help with any and all the small but important problems which inevitably occur on an occasion such as this.

The children's race had thirteen entrants, each received a prize for having successfully reached the winning post! It must be recorded that there was no need on this occasion to call for a photo-finish. The Commandant dispensed iced lollies as the well-earned prizes.

At the conclusion of the programme Dame Monica Golding, our Colonel Commandant, who accompanied by her husband, had been with us on both days, made the presentation of the cups, trophies and medals, aided by Brigadier Cozens and the Commandant, Lieut.-Col. E. C. Long.

This year the P.T.S. nearly swept the board, their star performer, Pte. Duff, who is clearly an athlete of some experience, qualifying with a total of eleven points to win the Victor Ludorum Cup in 1962.



#### WINNERS, 1962

<i>Victor Ludorum Cup (best all-rounder):</i>	Pte. Duff, P.T.S. Aldershot
<i>Stirling Cup (880 yards)</i> ... ..	Pte. Duff, P.T.S. Aldershot
<i>Coronation Cup (440 yards)</i> ... ..	Pte. Duff, P.T.S. Aldershot
<i>Trophy Event (Long Jump)</i> ... ..	Pte. Duff, P.T.S. Aldershot
<i>High Jump (2nd placing)</i> ... ..	Pte. Duff, P.T.S. Aldershot

#### TOTAL OF ELEVEN POINTS TO WIN IN 1962

<i>Johnson Cup (100 yards)</i> ... ..	Pte. Swain, P.T.S. Aldershot
<i>R.A.M.C. Cup (220 yards)</i> ... ..	Pte. Laing, P.T.S. Aldershot
<i>Cocking Cup (High Jump)</i> ... ..	Pte. Sendell, Military Hosp. Colchester.
<i>Trophy Event (Throwing the Discus)</i> ...	Pte. Charles, Military Hosp. Tidworth.

### THE PENANG BOTANICAL GARDENS

The Botanic Gardens in the East are usually the centre of horticulture, forming a resort, training gardeners, supplying plants and giving advice and assistance in horticultural matters. First and foremost they exist to further botanical ends.

Penang Botanical Gardens were established in 1884. Lack of funds and proper direction during the Japanese occupation allowed nature to gain a strangling hold, and upon re-occupation by the British in 1945 a formidable task awaited attention. Since then a thorough survey has taken place. Collections have been re-grouped and a general reorganisation has been put into operation.

These Botanic Gardens, which lie about five miles from Georgetown, are completely surrounded by evergreen, jungle clad hills, far from the bustle and noise of modern industry and speed. The silence there is almost complete, except for the waterfall splashing and cascading down into the rocky jungle stream, and the naughty chattering of monkeys in the trees.

Immediately inside the entrance of the Gardens there is a fine avenue of Penaga, or Ceylon Ironwood. These trees are conical in shape and produce large, white, fragrant flowers with bright yellow stamens. The ferns are an amazing sight, some being as tall as trees. Huge clumps of bamboos exhibit brilliant yellow stems.

One wends one's way past smooth lawns, a jungle stream dividing them looks beautifully clear and cool. The stream leads to the reservoir. In one of the most secluded parts of the garden is a charming lily pond, which is approached by a shady jungle path and surrounded by tropical trees, large tree ferns and creepers. The water lilies are cupped into close folds, large, pink and delightful to the eye.

A huge Banyan tree, which is common in India, spreads over a considerable area because of its hanging roots. When the roots reach the ground they become thick and stalwart, supporting the long branches of the tree.

English herbaceous plants, such as lupin, hollyhock, peony, pyrethrum, carnation and marigold occupy one large bed. Beyond them are the Poinsettias, the Malvaviscus (pink, white and red), the Hibiscus, Turncras, Jatrophas and many others.

In the garden is a Rain tree which is usually planted as a roadside tree. This one in the garden, is of particular interest on account of the Giant Malayan Orchid which grows upon the trunk and produces long spikes of large yellow-orange flowers, mottled with dull red.

On the banks of the jungle stream is the Travellers' Palm. This tree is actually not a palm but a member of the banana family, it is thus called because the large hollow spaces between the sheaf of leaf stalks form receptacles into which considerable quantities of secreted water is stored.

Monkeys chatter in the trees. One old monkey looks around with a curious disinterest, another swings his way from one branch to another chasing and teasing his brother. The tiniest, dearest little monkey, perches alone rather precariously on one slender branch. He seems all eyes. His mother, suddenly realising that he is missing, swings towards him, cuffs his ears, grabs him and swings away to safer quarters. Another monkey tries to steal the baby whilst mum's back is turned, but she turns just in time and once more grabs her child to her, screeching and jabbering and fighting off the intruder. The old monkey still sits, wisely keeping out of any fights, and turning an unchivalrous blind eye.

The Bird's Nest Fern is interesting because it has very large fronds which overlap and together form a hollow nest. Dead leaves from other trees fall into the nest where they decay and provide food for the roots of the fern. The roots form an enormous spongy mass which holds water for a long while after the rain.

Standing out from the edge of the jungle is a Crypteronia tree bearing a large leafed strangling fig. The fig started as a seedling which found its way into the fork of the tree, lodging there and gradually developing a strangling root system. Finally it replaces the original tree.

There is a garden called "The Succulent Garden." The succulents apparently are Aloes of various kinds. The juice from the leaves is used to prepare the bitter drug aloes which has been used medicinally from ancient times.

Glimpses of the large waterfall are caught half-way up the side of the hill. One admires the quiet beauty of the sloping, smooth lawns and the rustic bridges crossing the gurgling jungle streams. How much more beautiful it must be in the freshness of an early morning.

JOYCE HAMILTON.



## THE ROYAL PAVILION, ALDERSHOT

The grounds of The Royal Pavilion are a Royal residence and, in consequence their use, still subject to Her Majesty's formal approval, must not be delayed once formal approval has been given.

*These words were written in the Minutes of a Meeting held at the War Office in December, 1959.*

This is the site of the future Depot and Training Establishment, Q.A.R.A.N.C., and when completed, will combine with the Preliminary Nurse Training School, from which it has been separated since it moved to the old Isolation Hospital at Aldershot in 1955.

The new Depot will actually rise from the same site as that of the Royal Pavilion.

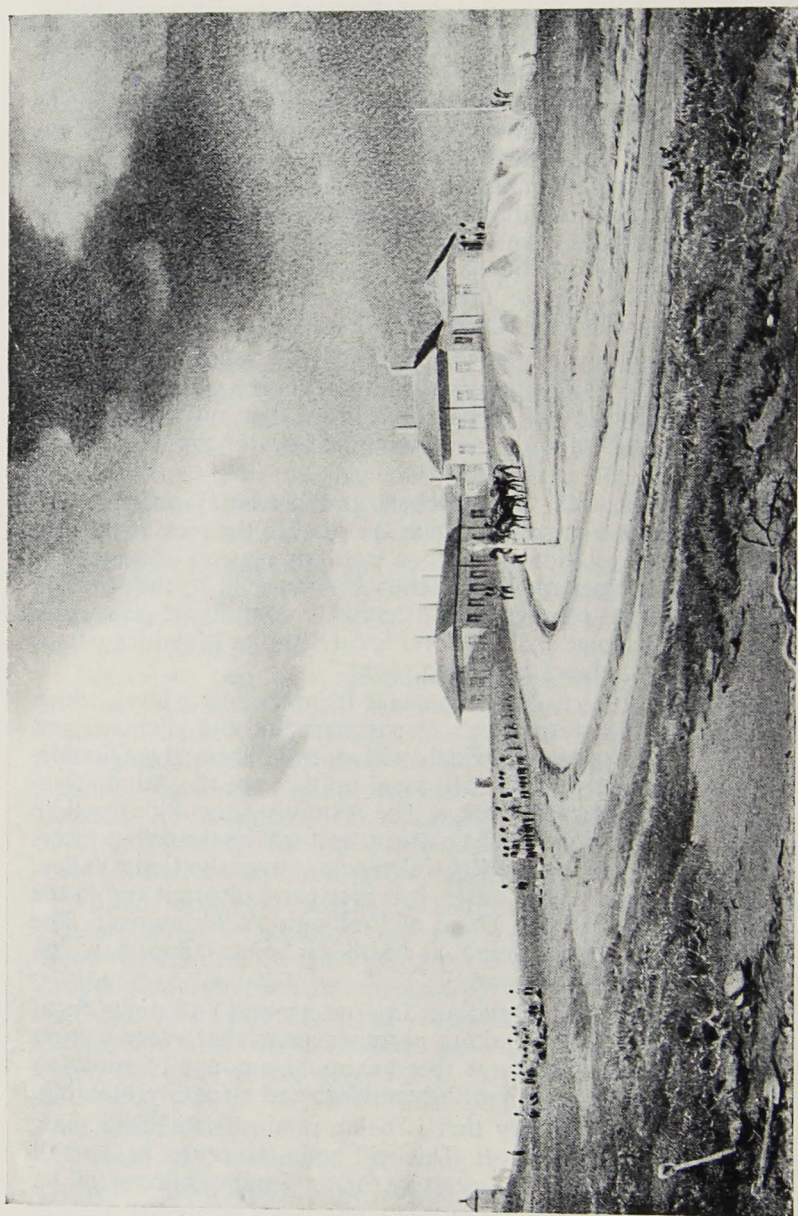
The Royal Pavilion, originally known as the Queen's Pavilion, situated off the Farnborough Road, opposite the West Cavalry Barracks, is today secluded by a plantation of firs and unseen from the main road. Without any doubt it is the most unpretentious of any Royal Residence in the United Kingdom. It was designed and built in 1855 as a temporary residence for Queen Victoria whilst visiting "The Division in Aldershot." The site was chosen by the Prince Consort who, on 2nd April, 1855, accompanied by Lord Hardinge, Major-General Sir Frederick Smith and Lieutenant Nicholson, R.E., inspected a number of sites, and the Prince, well satisfied with his final choice, insisted on its being marked out before the party left the site, and that following the Prince's instructions, Lieut. Nicholson rode round the site with a bundle of pea sticks, dropping them at intervals to make the boundary.

On the 10th June, 1855, Queen Victoria first visited Aldershot, for an inspection of "The Camp" and a review of troops, after which the Royal party took refreshment at The Pavilion, work having been pushed forward to complete the building sufficiently for the occasion. A large circular tent was also erected for the occasion and the meal was sent from Windsor.

Queen Victoria first stayed at the new Royal Residence in April, 1856, when she visited Aldershot on the completion of "The Camp."

The *Illustrated London News* of April 2nd, 1856, gave a dreary description: "The building forms three sides of a square and in its ground plan resembles Buckingham Palace before some later improvements. On every side there is a waste of boggy moor, dreary and repellent in its aspect. In the distance are the black huts of 'The Camp,' quite in keeping with the moor on which they stand, and in the foreground is a long narrow piece of muddy water called the Basingstoke Canal."

H.R.H. The Duke of Cambridge, however, had a different view, for on 19th April, 1856, he entered in his diary: "Breakfasted with



"THE ROYAL PAVILION ALDERSHOT"

By kind permission of Gale & Polden.

(Reproduced in colour in 'The Story of Aldershot')



the Antrim Rifles, and went up to the Queen's Pavilion. It is really very nice and nicely furnished and fitted up."

The Queen, too, became very attached to her residence at Aldershot, and on 23rd August, 1859, she wrote "Left the dear cozy Pavilion at Aldershot with regret."

The Royal Pavilion has changed but little in the passing years. The trees and rhododendron bushes, planted to screen the low Pavilion from the sun, and to intercept the clouds of dust from the Long Valley, have grown and thickened. The carriage drive winds in a gradual ascent of about thirty feet to the terrace where the Pavilion stands; there are wide lawns edged with beds of heather. There is a goldfish pond at the rear of the building, which was installed whilst the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester were in residence between 1935 and 1939, when the Duke was a student at Sandhurst.

With the building of the Depot for Queen Alexandra's Royal Army Nursing Corps, the grounds will remain very much as they are today. The Pavilion will disappear, but in the new and very modern building which will take its place some features of the past will be retained.

Records state that "the kitchen and servants' quarters are situated in detached buildings which are sited to the rear of the east wing at a lower level, down the slope from the plateau on which the main building is situated. The kitchen is connected to the Pavilion by an underground passage, which halfway along has a glass roof. It is along this passage that the food is carried to a lift which comes up to the servery behind the dining room."

The Depot too, is to have a passage from the lower level, which will lead to the Quartermaster's Department and the kitchens, and there will be a service lift, which will operate from the Quartermaster's Department and kitchen area, up through the Administrative Offices to the Medical Centre. The Administrative Block will be built on the highest point of the plateau, and will be the centre piece, from which there will be a delightful view out over the Long Valley, which is no longer a boggy waste. It is green and pleasant and in the landscape can be seen the Duke of Wellington's Monument. The G.O.C.'s house is close at hand, and also All Saints' Church, which will be used by the new Depot.

The remainder of the buildings fan out around and down from the plateau, the architects taking particular care that every section will be so planned as to have the maximum amount of sunshine and view from this most delightfully modern and attractive building.

Another piece of history that is being retained is a Chili pine, planted by the Prince Consort. This will be in the centre of a small open area, around which the quarters for the Senior Officers will be built in bungalow style.

On the lower level, formerly occupied by the servants and kitchens, will be the gymnasium and drill shed, and there also will be

the Parade Ground, very conveniently placed to the Drill Shed, and surrounded by pine trees.

The architects have studied the site in great detail. They have visited the Prince Consort Library, close at hand, to learn something of the history, and have found pleasure in retaining the atmosphere of this pleasant though modest residence.

The Q.A.R.A.N.C. have long required a new Depot. Various buildings in various places have been considered. I feel sure that the Corps has done well in waiting and that we will be proud to live and work in such surroundings in the future.

C. LONG.

### VISIT TO NEW ZEALAND

On the 25th February, 1961, at 7.15 p.m. I arrived at King's Wharf, Auckland. It was a lovely evening, the sky was blue with floating clouds and small white craft were sailing in Waitemata Harbour, which reflected the blue of the sky. In the picturesque speech of the Moaris this harbour is known as "The sea of sparkling waters," an apt and lyrical description which can best convey the beauty of the sun playing upon the surface of the moving water.

I did not expect to be met on my arrival, but a surprise awaited me for there, on the quayside was the familiar grey and scarlet uniform of the N.Z.R.A.N.C., in the person of Major Iris Frazer. At once I felt at home.

Before we tied up a gentleman joined Major Frazer, later I discovered he was Hamish Watson, the brother of Colonel Nancy Watson, Q.A.R.A.N.C. (Retd.). The gangway was lowered, together they came aboard and gave me a most warm welcome to New Zealand. My first encounter was just over when a lady arrived, Mrs. Hatfield, the chairman of the Auckland Branch of the Q.A. Association, and another wonderful welcome with an invitation to meet some of the Association members at the club on Monday morning.

I disembarked at 10 a.m. on Sunday and was taken off by Hamish Watson to stay at his home, en route we visited the beautiful War Memorial Gardens on the top of a hill and through the Domain. The flowers, flowering trees and shrubs were a joy to behold. Having met Anne, his wife and a charming young friend Christine, aged nine, I was regaled with tea, sandwiches and cake. After that we went off again, this time to the top of Mt. Eden (649 ft.) to see a grand panoramic view of the city suburbs, both harbours, the islands and Rangitoto Island.

From there, up to One Tree Hill, through Cornwall Park where we had a good lunch, then to Ellerslie Race Course to see the flowers. Home for a rest and a cup of tea, before taking off again at 5.30 p.m. to the Waitakerie Ranges where I saw a Tui, a typical New Zealand bird.



Most of the houses are the bungalow type made of weather board and gaily painted, particularly the roofs, so one looks down or around on white, red, pink, green, mauve and beige. With the luxuriant greenery and colours of the flowers it is a most attractive city with a glimpse of the sea and the islands.

On Monday morning I left at 9.15 a.m. and was taken to the Tourist Bureau to collect my detailed itinerary, tickets and mail, and on to the shipping agency to see about getting my trunk to Melbourne. I was then set down outside the R.S.A. (Returned Soldiers' Association) building where the Q.A. Association have their club. I was met by a reporter from the *N.Z. Herald* and a photographer and had the pleasure of meeting about ten members of the Association. On my arrival I was presented with a lovely spray of roses.

Over light refreshments there was so much to talk about, Iris Frazer joined us and later took me out to Middlemore Hospital to see an old friend of mine. While I was there I paid a courtesy call on the matron, Miss Barker, had a cup of tea with her and at 3.30 p.m., departed for Papakura, the N.Z. Army Training Camp, where Iris is matron.

I was taken round the hospital, had a wash and brush up, then together we returned to Auckland and over the new bridge to Devonport, the Naval Station, where Matron Wilson met us and conducted us to the wardroom where I was introduced to the Commodore and other officers present. After drinks, Iris and I followed Mary Wilson and one of her sisters to her own home at Torbay for supper. Iris then took me all the way back to Mt. Eden, where we arrived at 10 p.m. So ended another day.

Tuesday, 28th February, 1961, I started my tour of New Zealand. Hamish Watson took me to the Coach Station. I felt quite sad at leaving, Anne and he had made me so very welcome.

I had a front seat in the coach and we left at 11.15 a.m. for Waitono via Hamilton (128 miles). Owing to a breakdown we were delayed for an hour and finally arrived about 6 p.m. at the Waitono Hotel, which is situated in a glorious spot on the brow of a hill, the gardens are a riot of colour and beauty.

After an excellent dinner I set off with a party at 7.45 p.m. to see the Waitono Caves; there are three, but I went only to the Glow Worm Cave, a subterranean wonderland. Passing through many chambers and long galleries, all stalactites and stalagmites, we descended to the Grotto. Ten in a boat, all lights were extinguished, silence was ordered and the guide pulled the boat along by a wire. We were spell-bound by the myriad of minute greenish lamps of the glow worms forming a complete canopy on the different ceiling heights of the cave. Words are inadequate to describe such wondrous beauty and one came away feeling very humble as well as inspired by the marvellous works of the creator.

Wednesday, 1st March, 1961, at 9 a.m., I left by taxi for Rotorua (97 miles). The driver and a gentleman travelling, having discovered that I was interested in everything, were most helpful and pointed out anything of interest on the way. I even saw a Pukeko, a beautiful blue swamp hen and her chicks. They took me to see the Fairy Rainbow Springs, crystal clear trout pools where I actually fed the trout with raw liver, almost losing my fingers on occasion. We called in at Ohinimutu Maori village, saw the church, walked over the hot earth where I had my first sight of steam coming up through the ground. A real thermal area.

I arrived at the Grand Hotel in time for lunch, a very pleasant hotel, Victorian in the large public rooms and in the old part, but I had a comfortable room with bath-room in the new wing. I rested in the afternoon as it was very warm and after tea walked through the gardens. I saw the steam coming up in all directions, bubbling boiling water, hot springs which feed several special baths.

That evening Miss Ruth Holland, a friend of Hamish, called to see me; she was very good to me throughout my stay. She lives with her mother, aged 83 years but still very active. Her father was the Judge of Rotorua and learnt the Maori language so Ruth knows everyone and every nook and cranny of the place. That evening I attended a Maori concert, it was most interesting.

The next day, March 2nd, 1961, I went on an all-day tour leaving at 8.45 a.m. and returning at 4.45 p.m., travelling by coach and launches (two), a three-mile walk and altogether covering 42 miles of the most interesting part of the thermal region. We left the coach at Waimangie and had tea before leaving with the guide on our 2½ mile walk, mostly downhill.

The tea-house occupies the site of the hotel which was completely destroyed by the eruption of the Waimangie Geyser in 1903 when only four lives were lost. This is on the major volcanic line of New Zealand and indeed on the Pacific major volcanic line also.

We stopped first to see the Geyser Lake, the world's largest boiling lake, six acres in area the temperature being 210 degrees Fahrenheit on the surface and 315 degrees Fahrenheit below. Later we passed on down the tract and saw the Frying Pan Lake filled with boiling mud, then across the Southern Bluff to the Inferno Crater, another hot lake 162 degrees Fahrenheit which has a sinister deposit, hence its name: it flows for three days and after a fortnight the level drops and the deposit is left in the basin.

We came next to the Iodine Pool, the Warbrick Terraces (named after a famous guide) with lovely colouring from the various mineral deposits, brown, green, white and orange. All along the line we saw pools of boiling mud, numerous vents emitting steam and hot earth yet, despite all this, there was lovely green vegetation and trees around. Even luscious blackberries! Finally we arrived at Lake Rotomahana where we embarked on a trim launch with a different guide. Whilst eating our picnic lunch we fed the gulls, saw numerous



black swans, pied stilts and many kinds of duck on the water. This is a warm lake passing the site of the famous pink and white terraces destroyed in the Tarawera Eruption in 1886, since then the waters have been heated by boiling springs rising from the floor of the lake.

We passed the Steaming Cliffs and sailed into the Star Hill Crater, 1,000 ft. deep. Mt. Tarawera (3,770 ft.) rises from the far shore looking very peaceful. It has erupted, but less violently in 1903, 1917 and 1951. We disembarked on the other shore and had a pleasant half mile walk through the bush, where I saw fantails and the Tui bird. We then embarked on a larger launch for the seven mile journey across Lake Tarawera, famous for its trout fishing, here we had a closer view of the mountain and of the enormous crater which split the top.

At the jetty we boarded our coach again, stopping at Te Wairoa, site of a Maori village which was completely buried by the eruption. Parts of it have been excavated and 147 Maoris and 6 Europeans are known to have been killed.

It seemed strange to see a keg of cheese 85 years old, still quite obviously cheese, and a few pieces of English china, Wedgwood vases etc. After tea we proceeded back to Rotorua, passing the Green and Blue Lakes, appropriately named due to the deposits giving them their colouring.

According to Maori history Mt. Tarawera erupted violently in 1100, it consisted originally of three mountains 17 miles long with 22 active volcanoes. On June 10th, 1886, it erupted and devastated 1,200 square miles; it was 15 years before vegetation reappeared.

On the 3rd March, 1961, Ruth Holland came to collect me at 9 a.m. and told me to hurry because the Pohutu Geyser was in action. It is quite unpredictable, people wait for hours, sometimes for a couple of days before it shoots a 60 ft. plume of scalding water high into the sky. We arrived in time to see her maximum effort which only lasts about 30 minutes.

We then met "Rangi," the celebrated Maori guide, who was taking a party round Whakarewarewa, the model Maori village. Ruth knows her very well so I was extremely fortunate to be invited to join her party. First we visited her own house outside the village, it was full of interest and we were shown the intricate carving done by her father, a truly wonderful craftsman. She showed us a chisel made of green-stone, the flax cut with a cowrie shell to make skirts for the women, the cloaks made of flax and covered with kaka feathers (only for those of high birth), and old spears which were also used as staves.

After passing through the village we went on past boiling mud pools, some greasy, some black, one called the Porridge Pot, and thence to an inhabited village where the natural hot water and steam are used by the Maoris exclusively for cooking their food, washing their clothes and bathing. We passed their Meeting House and on into the modern world by way of their gateway which is a memorial to Maoris who fell in the last war.

It was now noon and very hot. We went in Ruth's car to the airport to meet her aunt, 81 years of age, who was flying up from Wellington for a holiday. I had a glorious cold shandy on arrival at their home then Ruth took me right to the top of Mt. Ngongotaha (2,554 ft.) to see a magnificent view of the lake and the countryside for miles around.

That evening at 7.45 p.m. Ruth took her mother, aunt and me for a drive round the lake to see the lights of Rotorua.

On the 4th March, 1961, I left the hotel at 7.45 a.m. and travelled by coach to Taupo, 53 miles through varying types of countryside and arrived at the Lake Hotel about 10.15 a.m. Taupo is a very quiet and peaceful spot on the shores of the largest lake in New Zealand, 25 miles long, 17 miles wide and 1,211 ft. above sea-level. It is renowned for its fishing, particularly trout.

Sunday, March 5th, I was taken by a nice English couple staying in the hotel to a dear little Presbyterian church for morning service. After lunch, as arranged, I went by taxi in the company of an American lady to Wairaki ("The waters of adorning") renowned for its thermal wonders.

Three years ago the New Zealand Government commenced an investigation into the possibility of harnessing geo-thermal steam to provide electric power. Already a bore is being used for the purpose of heating and cooking in the large Government Tourist Hotel.

We went in a mini-bus to the Geyser Valley at 2.30 p.m. and in steady rain walked one and a quarter miles up hill and down dale clothed in mackintoshes and thick shoes. We were guided by a lovely Maori girl who showed us the Champagne Cauldron, Dragon's Mouth, Twin Pools and many other vividly coloured pools, variegated earths and petrified trees, etc., caused by this out-pouring of steam from the bowels of the earth. It was an amazing but somewhat frightening tour.

After dinner it was still raining so I decided not to go and see the Blowhole, a powerful jet of steam erupting at a pressure of about 180 lbs. per square inch.

On the 6th March I was fortunate to be offered a lift to the Chateau Tangariro, some 70 miles away, by a very nice couple from Auckland, so we went off by car about 9.30 a.m. It was a most varied drive going for miles along the eastern shores of Lake Taupo, then through Earthquake Gorge, over a pumice plateau and then a steady climb over the tussock highlands through the National Park, gaining excellent views of Mt. Tangariro and Mt. Ngauruhoe, the latter a smoking volcano 7,515 ft. and finally reaching The Chateau, a super-hotel nestling on the forest clad flanks of Mt. Ruapehu (9,715 ft.). This is the ski-ing paradise of the North Island.

I enjoyed the rest and the bracing air and took a couple of short walks picking a few wild mountain flowers and some heather.

March 8th, at 8.45 a.m. I left this beauty spot for Wanganui, and thence by coach to Wellington, a whole day's journey of 211



miles through beech forests, good pasture land, through gorges and over downs, across plains and finally along the coastal road to enter Wellington. Here I was met at 5.45 p.m. by Miss McDonald, Principal Matron, N.Z.R.A.N.C., and taken by staff car to the Grand Hotel, where I found my mail and some gorgeous roses from my good friends in Auckland, the McGregors, and a beautiful spray of red roses from the New Zealand Royal Army Nursing Corps.

At 7.30 p.m. I was taken to the home of Colonel and Mrs. Hall where I met three charming ladies. On my way home I was taken to the top of Mt. Victoria to "See the lights."

9th March I called at Army Headquarters and was taken for a lovely picnic beyond Paekokariki, then on to friends at a large sheep station where we went up on the ranges in a land rover, a hair-raising experience. But what a magnificent view from the top!

That evening I attended a Mess Dinner at Dorset Camp (Combined Services). Then a great thrill, a personal call to my old friend with whom I trained in Guildford, Mrs. Stone, now a grandmother of four!

March 10th. After calling on the Principal Nursing Officer I had coffee with Miss Mackay (ex-Matron-in-Chief) and lunch with Mrs. Hoby and Margaret. After a visit to the Zoo to see the Kiwis fed, at 4 p.m. Miss McDonald and I flew to Nelson in South Island. That evening we were rushed off to Broadcasting House for an interview.

March 11th was a glorious day, we went off by staff car right across the island to Blenheim, had a delicious fruit lunch and emplaned for Christchurch. We were met by Major Bland (ex-Q.A.) and Lieut. Swann, Staff Captain Medical.

On March 12th I attended Holy Communion at the beautiful Cathedral. After breakfast Major Coutts took four of us for a glorious drive to Tekau Bay and Akaroa (51 miles), where we had a picnic lunch on the shore and walked to the top of the cliffs. At 7 p.m. I was off again, this time to a small mess party at Burnham Camp.

March 13th, at 9 a.m. I was taken by Capt. Swann up to see "The Takahē," a most amazing building of stone and wood executed by hand by real craftsmen, stained glass windows, coats of arms, murals depicting arts and crafts, Nelson's captains and hand-carved ceiling. Heraldry is used within and without. The whole edifice is a tribute to the genius and enterprise of Henry George Eli, founder of the Summit Road.

After a brief visit to the Princess Margaret Hospital, a beautiful modern General Hospital, I was taken to Wigram the N.Z.R.A.F. Station. After meeting the Station Commander and some of the officers, seeing the hospital and enjoying an excellent lunch in the Mess. I was taken up in a Devon Aircraft with the S.M.O. and three of the nursing officers, over Christchurch, Lyttleton Harbour, the

Canterbury Plain, through the Rakaia Gorge, over Lake Coleridge, saw the sun shining on the snow-capped peaks and then back to the station. It was a wonderful 1½ hours' flight.

After dining in the Burnham Camp Officers' Mess I was taken back to my hotel where I packed ready for my departure the next day.

March 14th, Captain Swann called for me at 10 a.m. and took me to the Canterbury Museum, one of the finest in New Zealand. The Colonists Gallery depicts a Christchurch Street as it was in the 19th century, many of the same firms are still operating.

After lunch with Colonel Dawson, the A.D.M.S., I was "seen off" at the airport for Melbourne by no less than six officers of the medical and nursing services. It was bitterly cold when the plane took off, but we soared above the clouds and I was able to see Mt. Cook and the Alps in brilliant sunshine. A wonderful ending to a most enjoyable and unforgettable 17 days in New Zealand, a very beautiful country full of the most hospitable people.

I touched down at 6.10 p.m. at Melbourne's Essendon airport in brilliant sunshine to find Kathleen and Austin James and Major-General John Clyne awaiting me with the warmest greeting ever.

DAME MONICA GOLDING.

### MIDWIFERY TRAINING IN THE ARMY

"You cannot call yourself a trained nurse until you have taken midwifery." Those words were spoken by the Matron of my training school just after I had qualified as a S.R.N. We were discussing my future career and I had just shocked her by requesting that I might be permitted to do my final year as a theatre staff nurse. She did not appear to consider theatre work as nursing and when I informed her that I was joining the Q.A.'s and had no intention of doing "Midder," well that was the last straw!

Four years after joining the army, and during that time working as a ward sister, I had cause to think of her words again. The army was starting a scheme whereby it would train its own midwives. The course was open to all Q.A. officers and to any other ranks once they had passed the Final State Examinations.

I was asked if I would like to take advantage of the scheme. Although I was not particularly interested in the work I realised that it was too good an opportunity to miss. If I returned to civilian nursing I would be able to get a much better post with the extra qualification than without it. I had also begun to realise that one could not have too much knowledge of the various branches of our profession.

Financially there were no problems because the Army would continue to pay my salary, which, depending on the rank, is considerably higher than that allowed by the Whitley Council to pupil midwives. Also once qualified, a practising midwife in the army receives 3/- a day extra as specialist pay.



I had a year to serve in the U.K. before I could hope to be posted overseas again, so having taken everything into consideration I decided that it would be a year well spent. I applied for the course and was accepted.

On May 1st, 1961, the first set of pupils arrived at the Louise Margaret Maternity Hospital, Aldershot, to commence the training for Part I. There were eight of us on the course, four officers and four sergeants.

It was strange at first working as a junior again, and as we continue to wear our normal uniforms and answer to the title of "Sister" it was rather confusing to the patients and the medical staff. We became known as "pupil-type sisters" and as such we applied ourselves to the work and lectures. The six months passed very quickly.

Although I missed not having my own ward, I became interested in, what was to me, a new branch of nursing.

Lectures were given by the medical officers and the sister tutor and the trained midwives were all very helpful in giving advice and instruction on the wards.

The standard of nursing and obstetrics was high and although I have since worked in a civilian hospital I have chosen to base most of my ideas on the practices of the Louise Margaret.

At the end of the six months we were faced with examinations. We were given the choice as to which centre we attended and I chose to go to London. The results came through and I was over the first hurdle.

It had been arranged by the army that those who wished to take Part 2 should be seconded to a civilian hospital for the training. The only proviso was that there would be two years to serve on the completion of the training. Again our salaries would continue to be paid into our banks as usual and we were to be on the attached strength of the Depot.

I went to Winchester and donned the uniform of a pupil midwife. Whereas at the Louise Margaret we retained the title of "sister" and belonged to the Mess, at Winchester we were "nurse" and lived in a nurses' home. The conditions were very different but never the less comfortable.

We were made very welcome and there was a friendly atmosphere in the department. I must admit there were times when my sense of humour was rather strained but I often laughed to myself whilst emptying the rubbish bins, "if only my 'boys' could see me now!"

The final three months of the training was on the district and it was that part that I enjoyed the most. By that time I had gained confidence in my judgment of a case and I was able to put it into practice.

Meeting the patients in their own homes was great fun and by knowing the family I felt that I knew my patient far better. You get a feeling of belonging to that family for a while as you

show off the new baby to the other children. There are extremely few homes where you do not get a very warm welcome.

The three months were soon over and once more to London for the final examinations, this time a practical one.

Although I started the training with rather luke-warm enthusiasm I have not in any way regretted my decision. Any training has its ups and downs, as we all know, but I think in this case the "ups" have easily compensated for the "downs." I for one am very pleased that the army started the scheme of training and I hope that many more will take the opportunity offered and benefit by gaining their S.C.M. while serving in the Q.A.R.A.N.C.

R. K. HICKMAN.

### FROM JAMAICA

For years the great Ceiba tree had stood, its wide branches giving welcome shade to all comers. To it, falling exhausted beneath its leafy coolness, came gangs of chained, black men and women, on their way from the slave ships, at anchor in Kingston harbour, to work on the sugar or coffee plantations high amongst the Blue Mountains of Jamaica. Wayfarers, afoot or horseback, stopped to buy fruit or rum from the higglers sitting selling and gossiping in gay groups, surrounded by donkeys and horses tethered to low branches, rooting pigs and scavenging thin-ribbed dogs. Here too, came an officer, leading his men, to sink wearily from the great heat of a Jamaican summer day, in the cool gloom.

The officer sat lost in thought, "When would the Transport dock with the men he had requested as replacements for those who had died of fever?"

Ever since the Island had been captured from the Spaniards far too many young soldiers had sickened, lingered a few days, died, and another headstone was added to the great number already in Port Royal, giving the names of those who Yellow Fever had claimed as victims.

He gave a sharp order. The tired men rose to their feet, buttoned their thick, red cloth tunics, and marched on to Kingston. Only too well they knew that they must be within the barracks, before dusk brought down the mosquitoes, which breed in the miasmas of the low-lying coastal plain, to torture them.

The officer looked back. There high above, on a mountain ledge, was the green cool spot where they had camped. In spite of the long march the men looked better for the mountain air and there had been no cases of fever. If only a permanent camp could be built up there, he felt sure that the fever, and therefore many deaths, could be eradicated. Thus he had written in his despatches over and over again, but still the Army remained below and men died in the steamy unhealthy climate, while above lay their only chance of health and longevity.



Suddenly his mind was made up. He would do it. He would build a permanent home for the Army, there in the hills above Kingston, and present the authorities with the *fait accompli*.

By night, a glittering question-mark of light shines above the coastal plains, to be revealed by morning's golden sunshine as red roofed, white buildings spilling down the wooded hillside high over the busy port of Kingston. This is Newcastle, the permanent camp dreamed of by the officer as he rested long ago beneath the Tree. The man, who by his initiative, saved the lives of many who came to serve their country in far-off Jamaica.

The tree has vanished, giving place to a busy suburb which commemorates its kindly shade in the name "Half Way Tree." The mosquitoes have been vanquished by men of science, while a knowledge of hygiene and general health has made Kingston a safe place in which to live.

Now after more than three hundred years the British Army was to leave Jamaica. In a few weeks' time they would hand over to the Jamaican Defence Force with whom, as the West India Regiment, they had worked side by side for so long.

Up in Newcastle recruits were training, learning to march on a barrack-square dug out from the steep mountain slope. In front of it the land fell precipitously to the city spreading like a child's toy, far below, washed by the deep blue waters of the Caribbean. Behind rose St. Catherine's Peak and a jumble of wild, lesser mountains thickly forested. To one side a high stone wall held back the loose red soil which otherwise would have obliterated the parade ground as soon as the rains fell. This wall was a colourful and inspiring sight, for upon it many Regiments and Corps had left their badges carved and painted following their service on the island.

Early in 1962 we had requested that the badge of the Queen Alexandra's Royal Army Nursing Corps be given a place upon this wall, By the beginning of March it was completed.

Jamaica is the only place where we employ locally enlisted personnel as other ranks in our Corps, of which they have been loyal members. Sadly we realised that, for them this would be their last Corps Week, and we felt that it should be one of which they could carry treasured memories for the rest of their lives. Therefore both officers and other ranks hailed with delight, Major Albrecht's suggestion that we all went to Newcastle to let the women see the badge in its place, and after which we would have a picnic higher up the mountain.

There was much excitement over the expedition because although only nineteen miles away, very few of the women had been up. Pte. Gordon claimed that she had been there, but had to confess amid laughter that she went up at night in the back of a one-ton truck to fetch down a stretcher case, and had, therefore returned in the same manner after seeing only the M.I. Room.

The day dawned sunny, as usual. Sandwiches and cakes were made and packed. By midday the rain commenced, and the mountains disappeared behind a thick veil of cloud! However, at 13.30 hrs., two officers loaded the food into their cars, the Mini-bus arrived and was soon occupied by a gay chattering party. The spare seats in cars were filled and away we went with everyone in high spirits. Sam, the dog, was, of course, a prominent member of the party.

It is a glorious drive, the road climbing ever higher as it winds its way around three hundred and sixty-five corners (it felt more to the drivers). The higher we went the more breath-taking the views in spite of mist and rain. Much of the road is frankly bad and this, together with the altitude, had an adverse effect on two of the women, but on reaching the top they soon recovered their spirits and appetites.

At first it was very damp and cold, but to our delight we found that the Camp Commandant had been very kind to us and had placed one of the houses, normally used as a holiday residence for families, at our disposal, and had told the caretaker to light a fire. The change in climate was extraordinary. Kingston had been so hot, while here we were all shivering. Quickly the logs blazed up. Tea was set out and soon everyone was seated chattering round the fire enjoying their tea. "What about our driver! Won't he be hungry?" asked thoughtful Pte. Martin, she was reassured as to his well being.

During tea the weather cleared and we were able to wander around. Those who had been up before, pointing out places of interest to the newcomers. The photographers of the party got to work, hoping (vainly as it turned out) for good results in spite of the poor light.

After five o'clock the parade ground was free, so everything was packed and we drove down to admire the badge which had been beautifully made and coloured. Very well indeed it looked up there on the wall.

Slowly we drove back down the mountain road and into Up Park Camp. As we parted, the women, their faces shining with broad smiles, told us how much they had enjoyed it. So had all of us.

However, Corps Week was not yet finished. On Sunday we were to have a Church Service, and a Coffee Party for All Ranks. Preparations went ahead. Cpl. Sealy was overheard telling one of our newest members to soak her white dress all night in chlorydil and leave it in the sun to bleach. Secretly we wondered if the poor girl would have a dress left after such drastic treatment.

We need not have worried, for on Sunday morning we found the smartest band of Q.A.R.A.N.C. other ranks that one could wish to meet, in beautifully starched, snow-white dresses, gathered on the green lawn in front of Reception, watching the Corps Flag fluttering wildly in the brisk trade winds which sweep the island at this time



of year, while awaiting inspection by their Company Officer, Lieut. Sutton.

This over, it took only a few minutes by car to reach the Garrison Church, standing peacefully beneath the wind-torn palms. Already Cpls. Bryce and Sealy, and Pte. Bedward, were ushering guests to their pews. The Garrison Commander, Brigadier D. W. Lister and his lady arrived, followed by the Naval Commander, and many others.

Softly the sound of the organ swelled through the church as the West Indian organist ran his fingers over the keyboard, while the choir moved up into the chancel. Against the dark mahogany of the altar the scarlet gladioli made a vivid patch of colour matching the cassocks and also the epaulettes of the Nursing Officers. The Lesson was read by Major Hobbs. Padre Edwards gave an inspiring sermon, and during the singing of our own hymn, Cpls. Bryce and Sealy took the collection.

We hastened back to the Hospital to be there in time to help Major Albrecht and Lieut. O'Mahony greet friends and guests who were to join us after the service, at an All Ranks Party. The Officer Commanding, Lieut.-Colonel I. A. Walsh, R.A.M.C., had very kindly given permission for this to be held on the spacious lawns. Soon a gay scene was being enacted as ladies in bright summer gowns and smart hats brought colour to the more sombre hues of the male guests. Many of the latter were of course in uniform, but there were civilian friends present also.

It gave us much pleasure to welcome representatives of All Ranks, W.R.A.C.

Very soon everyone was holding either a cup of coffee or a Jamaican Rum Punch. A table, with scarlet carnations and gladioli in silver vases, and an attractive small shield depicting the Corps Badge, made an appropriate centre piece.

It had been possible to get in touch with many of the ex-Q.A.R.A.N.C. locally enlisted personnel, and we found that they were delighted to be once more among old companions and welcomed this party as a Reunion. A number of British wives, once serving members of the Corps, were also able to be with us.

An ex-Q.A.I.M.N.S./R. member to whom we had much pleasure in extending hospitality was Miss E. Thorpe, for many years now Matron of "Belle View," a large mental hospital in Kingston. She has been doing wonderful work there for Jamaica, but is now thinking of returning to England.

There was much light-hearted talking and laughter from all ranks as old friends met and recalled past days, then as the sun reached the full power of mid-day in the tropics, slow farewells were said.

The last guest departed, the four nursing officers returned to their mess. A tempting aroma of roast duck wafted through the kitchen window and the cook's ample figure filled the doorway as

with a big smile she remarked, "Ah has youse lunch awaiting." We felt we too were ready and awaiting for it.

A loud "pop" as the wines member released the cork from the bottle of champagne brought us all to the table to drink a toast to the last Q.A.R.A.N.C. Corps Day to be held in Jamaica. The champagne had been kept until we had some important occasion to celebrate, it was a Christmas gift from our neighbour, Sir Alexander Bustamante, at that time Leader of the Opposition, in the House of Representatives, but now the Premier and shortly to be the first Prime Minister of Jamaica on the Declaration of Independence on August 6th, 1962. As we drank we wondered what the future held in store for us all, both officers and other ranks, who served together in this Island of the Caribbean.

W. G. J. HOBBS (L.577).



NO. 137 STUDENT OFFICERS COURSE—29TH JANUARY TO 20TH FEBRUARY, 1962

*Left to Right.*—Lieutenants Jackson, Murphy, Macaulay, McMahan, Elliott, Cull, Owen, Bevan, Hoskins, Goggs, Hall, O'Callaghan.

1st Official photograph taken of the No. 2 Dress.

Photograph taken on 19th February, 1962, at the Depot and T.E. Q.A.R.A.N.C., Hindhead.



## ROYAL NATIONAL PENSION FUND FOR NURSES

The Annual Meeting of the Royal National Pension Fund for Nurses was held at the Cowdray Hall, London, on 26th June, 1962. SIR CHARLES HAMBRO, K.B.E., Chairman of the Council, presided.

In its seventy-fifth year, said Sir Charles, the Pension Fund had maintained its steady progress and was in a strong financial position. He illustrated the progress by comparing the preceding year with the position of the Fund ten years before. In the last decade the assets of the Pension Fund had doubled, from eleven to twenty-two million pounds. This was a measure of the trust which its policyholders had in the Pension Fund, since it represented their accumulated savings. While the financial size of the transactions had at least doubled, he was glad to report that the expenses had risen much more slowly—by little more than half.

Sir Charles then referred to the favourable investment conditions of the last decade demonstrated by the high rate of interest which the assets were earning. This had enabled the Council to accept the Act ary's recommendation that record bonuses should be distributed to the with-profit policyholders. It had also caused the Council to consider very carefully what its future policy should be, since the very great majority of policies, including almost all those issued in connection with the Federated Superannuation Scheme for Nurses, were not currently entitled to share in bonuses. The Council had reached the conclusion that when future distributions of bonus were in question the fair and proper course was to extend the distribution to *all* policies. The exact way in which this decision might be put into effect had not yet been determined, but the prime objective would be to maintain the current bonus rate for with-profit policies and, so far as any additional surplus was available, as fair and equitable a distribution as possible. Regard would have to be paid to a number of factors, such as the different terms on which policies had been issued and the length of time for which they had been in force. Sir Charles stressed that any such general distribution would be relatively small—if the jam was spread more widely, it must be spread more thinly—and hoped that if all went well it would be possible to put this decision into effect at the next valuation of the Fund.

Sir Charles expressed sympathy to the Federated Scheme for the heavy loss it had sustained by the recent death of Mr. J. P. Wettenhall who, he said, had been a valiant champion and friend of nurses everywhere.

The Guest Speaker was DAME IRENE WARD, D.B.E., M.P., In a witty speech Dame Irene described some of the difficulties in the way of making an individual member's voice heard in the affairs of Parliament, but explained that there were a number of ways of influencing ministerial decisions other than by speaking on the floor of the House. Speaking on the topical question of nurses' pay, Dame Irene paid a tribute to what she regarded as the extraordinary control,

good temper, and integrity of the profession in the present difficult situation.

A vote of thanks to Dame Irene Ward, moved by Mr. R. K. Lochhead, was warmly received. MISS ESTELLE I. O. ADAMSON, O.B.E. (Matron, Western General Infirmary, Edinburgh), in a charming and sincere speech, proposed a Vote of thanks to the Chairman and Council.

### APPOINTMENTS

MISS M. BOWIE, S.R.N., S.C.M., R.S.C.N., H.V. Cert., Q.L.D.N., has been appointed Assistant Nursing Officer in Malaya to the Soldiers, Sailors and Airmen's Families Association. Miss Bowie trained at Glasgow Royal Infirmary. She spent three years during the war in the Q.A.I.M.N.S./R.

MISS E. CROWTHER, S.R.N., S.T.D. London, has been appointed Matron from Oct. 1st, at the Scarborough and Associated Hospitals, at present she is principal Tutor, Grimsby Hospital Nurse Training School. She was a member of the Q.A.I.M.N.S./R. in 1942 to 1947.

Major G. E. THOMPSON, R.R.C. Appointed Matron B.M.H. Kluang, 6th February, 1962.

Lt.-Colonel E. F. DAVIES, A.R.R.C. Appointed Matron, Royal Herbert Hospital, Woolwich, 1st March, 1962.

Major R. M. HINCHEY, R.R.C. Appointed Matron, B.M.H. Tripoli, 1st March, 1962.

Lt.-Colonel G. B. POWELL, R.R.C. Appointed Matron, Military Hospital, Colchester, 21st April, 1962.

Lt.-Colonel P. C. STEWART, R.R.C. Appointed Matron, B.M.H. Singapore, 16th April, 1962.

Major B. M. ROBERTSON, A.R.R.C. Appointed Matron, Military Hospital, Bovington, 30th April, 1962.

### ITEMS OF INTEREST

A message of loyal greetings 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, to which a gracious reply of thanks and good wishes was received from the Princess.

#### Birthday Honours

M.B.E., Major E. Ballesty, A.R.R.C.; R.R.C., Major K. M. Cross; A.R.R.C., Major V. W. Cavey; A.R.R.C., Major D. Gray.

#### C.M.B. Examination—Pass List

*C.M.B. Part 1 (May 1962).*—Lieut. C. H. Nunn, Lieut. P. M. Tibbs, Sgt. H. M. Connatty, L/A/Sgt. E. P. Gaudion, Sgt. M. A. Scott.

*C.M.B. Part 2 (June 1962).*—Lieut. P. M. Broad, Lieut. R. K. Hickman.

#### State Final Examination, February 1962

19 Q.A.R.A.N.C. other ranks passed the State Final Examination in February.

#### The Q.A.R.A.N.C. Officers' Prize for 1961

Awarded to Q/1003295 Pte. M. A. L. Smith.



## RETURNED GAZETTES

Mrs. M. J. Mason, 23 Kent Road, Gravesend, Kent.  
Mrs. M. Coull, Flat 2, Fountains Park, Netley Abbey, Southampton.  
Miss J. Welsh, 79 High Street, Hawich, Roxburgshire, Scotland.  
Miss J. A. Newton, Gleinfer, 57 Merrylee Road, Newlands, Glasgow.  
Miss B. C. Wrigley, Flat 2, Ashburn Place, London, S.W.7.

## DEATHS

WELLINGHAM, Mrs. P. R. (*née* Allen), on June 17th, 1962, at Oxford, formerly of Oxford Eye Hospital and the Q.A.I.M.N.S.  
BROWNBILL, Miss L., died on June 19th, 1962, ex-Q.A.I.M.N.S./R.  
BULMAN, Miss K. M., R.R.C., ex-Q.A.I.M.N.S., died on May 31st, 1962, at her home in London. No letters please.  
MCFEAT, Lieutenant-Colonel H. F., R.R.C., Q.A.R.A.N.C., died in a Glasgow nursing home in April 1962, aged 68.  
TEDMAN, Mrs. M., on June 8th, died suddenly at her home at Twickenham, in her 82nd year, ex-Q.A.I.M.N.S.  
WRIGLEY CROMPTON, Miss B., died suddenly in hospital on June 1962, as the result of a fracture.  
JENKINSON, Mrs. R., died at her home at Ashton under Lyne on March 5th, 1962, ex-Q.A.I.M.N.S. in the 1914-1918 war, and Association member  
FOSTER, Miss C. F., died on March 27th, 1962, in a hospital at Paisley, aged 78, ex-Q.A.I.M.N.S./R.

## ADVERTISEMENT

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## PROMOTIONS

### REGULARS

#### To Colonel

Lieut.-Colonel E. M. Turner, M.B.E., R.R.C., 4.4.62.

#### To Lieut.-Colonel

Majors: P. C. Stewart, R.R.C., 4.4.62; M. P. A. Albrecht, A.R.R.C., 1.5.62

#### To Major

Captains:—M. D. Harris, 13.3.62; F. Hyde, 12.4.62; J. M. Waters, 26.4.62.

#### To Captain

Lieutenants:—A. H. Lively, 1.2.62; P. M. Waterworth, 5.2.62; W. L. Blackmore, 11.4.62; P. M. Molloy, 16.4.62.

## RETIREMENTS AND RESIGNATIONS

### REGULARS

Colonel K. M. Blair, R.R.C., 4.4.62.

Lieut.-Colonel E. M. Walsh, A.R.R.C., 1.5.62.

Majors:—J. J. Fubini (*née* Milton), 6.1.62; M. W. Lewis, 15.4.62; E. Quinton, A.R.R.C., 23.4.62; P. M. Martin, 1.5.62.

Lieutenant E. Manning (*née* O'Brien), 23.12.61.

### SHORT SERVICE

Captains:—S. M. Hawksworth (*née* Donovan), 30.12.61; M. H. M. Paddon, 10.2.62; S. D. Pippard 25, 25.4.62; S. M. Hemphill, 23.5.62.

Lieutenants:—T. A. Hadley (*née* Blanks), 3.2.62; A. M. Fox, 4.2.62; C. A. Game, 4.2.62; P. A. Batty, 4.2.62; A. C. Foley, 4.2.62; E. A. Bishop, 5.2.62; M. B. Roche, 5.2.62; V. P. Jackson (*née* Druitt), 17.2.62; M. Hirst, 2.3.62; T. M. Hall (*née* Morris), 10.3.62; M. E. Powell (*née* Markham), 10.3.62; G. M. Divett (*née* Tomes), 24.3.62; A. Barclay (*née* Catty), 24.3.62; J. Sharp (*née* Gough), 29.3.62; M. A. Wigg, 30.3.62; K. Addison, 30.3.62; M. E. Salmon, 30.3.62; J. W. L. Kaye, 8.4.62; J. E. Newman, 8.4.62; D. Hewitson, 8.4.62; E. S. King, 8.4.62; D. S. Pelling, 8.4.62; P. E. L. Rover (*née* Fryer), 23.4.62; S. Cruickshanks (*née* Kirwan), 24.4.62; B. M. P. Smythe, 27.4.62; E. M. Doyle, 27.4.62; E. Taylor, 27.4.62; W. G. Reid, 27.4.62; M. J. Martin, 27.4.62; P. Mair, 27.4.62; F. Cairns, 30.4.62; M. A. Hendrick (*née* Considine), 5.5.62; A. R. Sheward (*née* Hopkins), 12.5.62; A. Johnson, 25.5.62; M. E. Patterson, 25.5.62; S. Anderson, 25.5.62; P. C. Cleary, 28.5.62.



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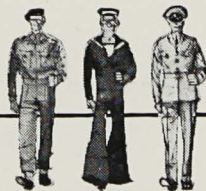
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