



# The Gazette



*By courtesy of the Nursing Mirror*

PRIZE WINNER! A "Mod & Rocker" Doll

## *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 E. M. TURNER, M.B.E., R.R.C., Q.H.N.S.  
*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

The year 1964 was a year to be remembered, The Association reached the membership target of 2,000 and of course, we had a General Election, on which not being a political journal, we need make no further comment. With regard to our membership, unfortunately we have not reached 2,000 taking the GAZETTE. What about making this the target for 1965.

As so little news has come from Branches, we presume that all members' minds have been occupied with the Election. Now no excuses in February please, just news and views addressed to the Editor.

It is hoped to form a Brighton Branch of the Association, so anyone interested please contact the General Secretary at Headquarters.

We send our congratulations to all who have been successful in examinations and courses, and wish all our members a Very Happy Christmas and may the New Year be a prosperous and peaceful one.

## CHAIRMAN'S CHRISTMAS MESSAGE

DEAR MEMBERS,

It is indeed gratifying that you have re-elected me Chairman for the third time of office and I assure you I will continue to do my best to serve you as you would wish.

It is indeed good to see the Association so alive and growing and I am delighted that we have reached our target of 2,000 members.

There is however no room for complacency, we must continue to grow, so that we can remain active and useful.

I am very grateful to all those who have helped us in the past and hope they will continue to do so in the future.



Let us encourage others to share our responsibility and privilege, of lending a helping hand to those colleagues less fortunate than ourselves, as well as offering the Hand of Friendship to all.

I would like to wish you all a Joyous Christmas and a very Happy and Peaceful New Year.

Yours sincerely,

E.W.R. WARNER

### FIELD OF REMEMBRANCE

The dedication ceremony at the Field of Remembrance this year was an unique occasion as for the first time it was attended by a member of the Royal Family.

Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother was present and planted the British Legion Cross. After the dedication Her Majesty walked through the Field speaking to various representatives and stopped at the Q.A.R.A.N.C. Association plot to speak to Major Bassett who, with Lieut. Drew, Cpl. Stewart and Pte. Scott, represented Serving members from Millbank.

Afterwards, Dame Louisa Wilkinson led the Service at our plot, Major Bassett planted the Q.A.I.M.N.S. Cross; Miss M. Roberts, Matron of St. Peter's Hospital, Chertsey and our Vice-Chairman, planted the T.A.N.S. Cross; Mrs. C. Jones (remembered by her friends as Peggy Blake) the Q.A.I.M.N.S. Reserve Cross, and Miss D. Ware the one in remembrance of V.A.D.'s who served with us.

Many members joined us this year, amongst them Brigadier Turner, D.A.N.S., and Lt.-Col. Warner, our Chairman.

### ANNUAL CORPS COCKTAIL PARTY

The Officers of the Corps held their annual Cocktail Party at the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, on 21st October, 1964. Her Royal Highness the Princess Margaret, their Colonel-in-Chief, honoured them with her presence and was received on her arrival by the Colonel Commandant, Brigadier Dame Monica Golding, D.B.E., R.R.C., and the Matron-in-Chief, Brigadier E. M. Turner, M.B.E., R.R.C., Q.H.N.S.

In the Governors' Apartment, where the many guests were assembled, Lt. Mills presented Her Royal Highness with a bouquet of pink roses, gentian, freesias and violets. This looked charming with the slim fitting cream and gold frock she was wearing.

Among the many guests present were Dame Louisa Wilkinson and the Headquarters of the Association was represented by Lt.-Col. E. Warner, Major Mudge and Mrs. Burt. As always it was a most delightful evening, the magnificent surroundings lending enchantment to the friendly atmosphere.

## THE NURSING INTER-SERVICES TENNIS TOURNAMENT

The Nursing Inter-Services Tennis Tournament was held this year at the R.A.F. Hospital, Ely, Cambridge, on 22nd July, 1964.

Captain E. M. Steel and Lieutenant A. Cranwell (Catterick Military Hospital) represented the Corps and looked charming in their matching tennis dresses. They played a spirited match but were unfortunately outpointed by the Naval representatives, who won the Championship.



P.M.R.A.F.N.S.

Q.A.R.A.N.C.

Q.A.R.N.N.S.

After an enjoyable tea in the grounds of the Nursing Officers' Mess, the Cup was presented by the Matron-in-Chief of the P.M.R.A.F.N.S.

### RESULTS

*Winners:* Queen Alexandra's Royal Naval Nursing Service.

*Runners-up:* Queen Alexandra's Royal Army Nursing Service.

### RESULTS OF THE Q.A.R.A.N.C. EVENT AT THE R.A.M.C./R.A.D.C. SWIMMING GALA, 1964

Seven officers and fifteen other ranks competed in the Q.A.R.A.N.C. events at the R.A.M.C./R.A.D.C. Swimming Gala held in Aldershot on 9th July, 1964.

The results were as follows:

*Q.A.R.A.N.C. Other Ranks Championship (66 $\frac{2}{3}$  yds. Free Style)—*

*Winner:* Q/Pte. Wyles (Preliminary Training School). Time 45.9 secs.



*2nd Place:* Q/Pte. Beadle (Royal Herbert Hospital, Woolwich).  
*3rd Place:* Q/Pte. Edminson (Military Hospital, Shorncliffe).  
*Q.A.R.A.N.C. Officers Championship (66 $\frac{2}{3}$  yds. Free Style)—*  
*Winner:* Lieut. F. Llewellyn (Queen Alexandra Hospital, Millbank). Time 54 secs.  
*2nd Place:* Lieut. S. Doldy (Queen Alexandra Hospital, Millbank).

## NEWS FROM BRANCHES

### Millbank Branch

The Branch has met twice since the last time of going to press. In July we had a very enjoyable evening at Tombola and were able to welcome our new Chairman, Lt.-Col. Winny, R.R.C.

At the September meeting we had a Whist Drive and very sadly said goodbye to our Hon. Treasurer, Major M. Gara, who has been posted to Malacca, and had been a hard-worker for the past three years. We wish her every success during her tour of duty there.

H. HAMBLIN

### Bournemouth Branch

For the Annual Luncheon Party of the Bournemouth Belles, the sun shone brilliantly, infusing a gay and happy atmosphere into the rooms of the Linden Hall Hotel, where we met once again.

Dame Louisa Wilkinson was our guest speaker, and after a very good lunch, gave us an interesting and amusing account of the trials, tribulations and growing pains which the Association suffered in its early days when she was the first administrator.

Forty-two members of the branch were present and as other guests, we entertained Lt.-Col. M. A. Thompson, the Matron of R.V.H. Netley and Captain Simpson, also from there.

Unfortunately, the Commandant of the Depot was on leave but we welcomed as her representative Major B. Goodrick Clarke.

There were many renewals of friendship and the time went almost too quickly.

Before sitting down to lunch we had foregathered in an ante-room so that everyone could mingle and find amongst the crowd friends of other days.

Dame Monica Golding, our Chairman, received the guests and gave them a warm welcome and at the end expressed the hope that even more members would be present next year.

## NEWS FROM NEW ZEALAND

### Miss Sarah Bickford

On 4th May, 1964, Miss Sarah Bickford, one of the few remaining ex-Princess Christian sisters, celebrated her 99th birthday at the Caughey Preston Rest Home, Remuera, Auckland, New Zealand. Lt.-Colonel M. K. Thomson visited her and says what an alert,

sprightly, old lady she was, having a very active brain, remarkable memory and such a sense of humour. Miss Bickford was interested to hear of the Corps and recalled experiences and places in which she had served in Africa during the Boer War and in Malta during the 1914-18 War.



Lt.-Colonel M. K. Thomson snapped with Miss Bickford during her 99th birthday celebrations.

Unfortunately, three months after the birthday, Miss Bickford fell and broke her leg. She passed away the following day. Everyone who knew her was most distressed and she will be sadly missed. The funeral service was held in the Cathedral and was attended by representatives of the Q.A. Association New Zealand Branch, the New Zealand retired Sisters Association and members of the New Zealand Trained Nurses Association, to do honour to this wonderful old lady.

#### **THE HON OFFICERS OF HEADQUARTERS OF THE ASSOCIATION**

This photograph, taken at the Annual Reunion, is of the Hon. Officers at Headquarters who look after our interests. They are: Miss Baldock (Treasurer), Col. Douglass (Editor, GAZETTE), Lt.-Col. Warner (Chairman), Col. Rose (Secretary), Dame Louisa





*By courtesy of the Nursing Mirror*

Wilkinson (Founder Administrator), Miss Holmes (Secretary for the Branches), Mrs. Mills (Friends' Secretary), Major Mudge (Asst. Editor, *GAZETTE*), Miss Hind (Secretary for H.Q. Membership List).

### **A LIGHTHEARTED VISIT TO THE LONDON NURSING EXHIBITION**

"I've not been to the Exhibition for years! Shall we go?" So it was arranged and after minor setbacks such as mislaying the tickets and then going round in circles looking for a parking place, we finally arrived at Seymour Hall.

In duty bound we went first to the Q.A.R.A.N.C. stall and chatted with the Q.A. representative; we admired the posters, the new pamphlets and the globe with Q.A. stations marked in coloured lights. Alas! many old lights have disappeared—but have we really a place in the centre of Australia? I would have liked that posting!

We then went down to the Exhibition proper in the main hall. The modern uniform for Matrons had a place of honour and with its open work yoke was very pleasing, how does the modern Matron conceal the shoulder straps of her undies, or has she dispensed with them all?

I had forgotten the many stalls with free samples of drugs to cure one's rheumatism, indigestion and other indelicate ills to which one's flesh is heir, and was intrigued anew.



A couple of Spanish-dressed dolls brought us up short. New Uniforms? No! A sherry for diabetics. We required no pressing to taste this and a generous measure was poured out; after all, one never knows—we might require this one day. Feeling refreshed we pressed on and duly admired feeding bottles for babies with cleft palate and a wonderful acrilan pad like sheepskin for prevention of bedsores, washable too!

The exhibition of needlework filled me with awe—when do nurses find time to do such wonderful stitchery? A mod and rocker doll, complete in every detail from little black bra and lace panties under the pullover and jeans, to black glasses with white rims in the coatpockets and tranquilisers in the shoulder bag, was a work of art. She even had her trousseau displayed and it had all been made by a nun (photograph on cover). Some amazement had been expressed that nuns should know such details about the modern girl, but this particular nun smiled and said they probably knew more than most people: she had worked in a home for drug addicts and, alas, young girls were amongst her patients.

A stall displaying reducing tablets drew me to it as a needle to a magnet. It must have been popular as it had run out of literature and only one copy was available giving the gen about the tablets.

“Are there any free samples?” a voice beside me asked hopefully—only to receive a rather cold answer in the negative. Remembering my intense dislike of swallowing tablets I decided to keep my extra pounds *avoirdupois* a little longer.

Disposable bedpans were on show (for hospital use only as they require a special disposal machine) and work out at approximately threepence a time. I do hope no one tells British Railways!

Beds with gadgets to facilitate nursing always fascinate me and with visions of elderly, not-so-slim, relatives possibly needing my ministrations one day, I enquired the price. At £85 a bed, it must be for rich nursing homes only; I shall have to develop muscles for lifting!

Then a wonderful display of tiny gold watches, complete with second hand (shades of the Big Ben of my training days!) had me wavering. I really did need a new watch but a rooted objection to hire purchase and the memory of my last rates bill still unpaid helped me to resist this temptation.

But bookstalls, of course, are irresistible and we both browsed happily amongst the amazing number of text books for nurses—old ones brought up to date, new ones we had never heard of and pocket dictionaries three times the size they were in our young day.

The modern nurse is required to have much theoretical knowledge but her needs are certainly catered for. There is even a book on arithmetic with problems to aid her, such as this: “A 40-bedded ward had ten patients discharged on Monday, half on Tuesday and third on Thursday and took in twenty-five during the week. How many empty beds on Saturday?” I am sure I should have cheated and scuttled round the ward Saturday morning counting empties.



By this time, somewhat exhausted, we called it a day and repaired to the canteen where fortified by the knowledge that our pockets were bulging with samples of Bisodol, we tackled large helpings of steak and kidney pie with veg. If necessary we can always buy those reducing tablets! L.125

## **No. 2 BRITISH GENERAL HOSPITAL**

REUNION DINNER ON SATURDAY, 17TH OCTOBER, 1964, HELD AT  
V.A.D. LADIES CLUB, 44 GREAT CUMBERLAND PLACE, W.1

Approximately sixty members of the Unit were present and after an excellent dinner, this year's Chairman, Freddie Hanna, welcomed us with a delightful witty speech that really only Freddie could accomplish. Following the response made by Miss Pye Baker, and the delivering messages from absent members, many experiences were recalled and it was obvious that the old No. 2 spirit was still there. How the time passed and it was only with luck that many caught the last bus or train home.

Among the many sisters present was Miss Ridley, all the way from Australia, the first time she has been in U.K. for sixteen years, and the time coincided with the reunion. A happy thought.

Next year's Chairman will be Pye Baker, and the date 16th October, 1965, rendezvous location unchanged. So, old No. 2, don't forget and the unavoidable absentees including Miss Bessie Jones, Miss Bridges, Mac, Hay and Fehners, good luck and health, and let's all try and make it.

## **INDEPENDENCE**

In our ever-changing world of progress in our colonies it is often our privilege as Q.A.R.A.N.C. to be present at the Independence of a country.

This, when it happens to me, always gives a feeling of intense pride.

In two countries I have had such a privilege, Singapore and Kenya, and each time I have always held uppermost in my thoughts the brave and far-seeing men who first set foot in these countries to pave the way for others.

All our social services reflected—the police, fire services, medical services, all a pattern of our own way of life in Britain given with such fervour to help our colonies in the future.

As we depart we have set a pattern, perhaps the end product will not always conform with ours, but at least we have the satisfaction of knowing that we planted many seeds.

All this brings to mind of one of our ward ayahs, who had temporarily been replacing one who had been on sick leave. Work is highly

prized in Kenya and for her it would be a return to the Kikuyu reserve.

Margaret was only 17, this was her first situation, and as she departed—turban on her head, small bundle of possessions in her hand, she turned with a smile—“Goodbye, I shall never forget”.

So if there is a certain sadness in our “handing over” one can rest assured that there will be many, like our little African girl, who will “never forget”.

MAJOR M. PEEL

### PRIZE-GIVING

Prizes and certificates were presented to student nurses of the Cambridge Military Hospital on Wednesday, 1st July. Presentations were made by Miss B. N. Fawkes, Education Officer of the General Nursing Council for England and Wales, who was introduced by the Commanding Officer, Col. J. J. Sullivan, O.B.E.

Afterwards, Miss Fawkes congratulated the students and pointed out the varied opportunities open to them on completing basic training. She said that Army-trained nurses had the advantage of overseas service giving them a broad outlook generally. Miss Fawkes was thanked by Matron, Lt.-Col. A. M. Hey, M.B.E., R.R.C.

A very satisfactory report was given on nurse training by the Senior Sister Tutor, Major J. M. Waters.

At the end of the occasion bouquets were presented to Miss Fawkes, Matron and Sister Tutor by three Q.A.R.A.N.C. student nurses, Ptes. Parrott, McSporran and Taylor.



*Photograph by kind permission of the Aldershot News*



## CERTIFICATES AWARDED

*Operating Theatre Technician, Class II:* L/Cpl. Kendrick, R.A.M.C.  
*Army Male Nurse, Class II:* Pte. Hearth, R.A.M.C.  
*Army Nurse, Class II:* Pte. Bentley, Pte. Davison, Cpl. Bargin, Cpl. Roberts, Cpl. Wyllie (all Q.A.R.A.N.C.).  
*Army Male Nurse, Class I:* Pte. Lang, Pte. Wilcox (R.A.M.C.).  
*Army Nurse, Class I:* Cpl. O'Donnell, Cpl. Stansfield (Q.A.R.A.N.C.).  
*Army Trained Nurse:* L/Cpl. Howard (R.A.M.C.); Sgt. Thatcher, Cpl. Dixon (Q.A.R.A.N.C.).  
*Passed Final State Examination and Qualified Army Trained Nurse:* Cpl. Cassidy (R.A.M.C.); Sgt. Broadhead, Sgt. Day, Sgt. Nairn, Sgt. Rooke (Q.A.R.A.N.C.).

## PRIZES AWARDED

### NURSING INTRODUCTORY COURSE

*Matron's Prize:* Pte. Duncan (Q.A.R.A.N.C.).  
*Tutor's Prize:* Pte. Donnelly (Q.A.R.A.N.C.).

#### 1ST YEAR—

*1st Prize (tied):* ... Pte. Hearth, R.A.M.C.  
... Pte. Stuart-Lyon, Q.A.R.A.N.C.  
*2nd Prize* ... ... Pte. Edwards, Q.A.R.A.N.C.  
*3rd Prize* ... ... Pte. Kennedy, R.A.M.C.

#### 2ND YEAR—

*1st Prize (tied)* ... Cpl. Pargin, Q.A.R.A.N.C.  
... Pte. Willman, R.A.M.C.  
*2nd Prize* ... ... Pte. Davison, Q.A.R.A.N.C.

#### 3RD YEAR—

*Medicine* ... ... Pte. Lang, R.A.M.C.  
*Surgery* ... ... Cpl. Stansfield, Q.A.R.A.N.C.  
*Practical Nursing*... Cpl. Cassidy, R.A.M.C.

## A VISIT FROM AN OLD FRIEND

We had a delightful break in the office routine when, very unexpectedly, Mrs. Michalik (better known as Mrs. Neidzwiecka to many of us) paid us a brief visit.

Mrs. Michalik came to town from Stroud just for the day for a family celebration but could not pass Haig House without calling to see us and tell us of her new life as a doctor's wife! Very different from clerical assistant to the Association!



We were delighted to see how well she looked in spite of the very busy life she now leads and we extracted a promise that she would try and bring her husband to the next reunion. This attractive picture was taken on her wedding day last year.

### **THE TIDWORTH AFFAIR, OR "HOW BAZAAR CAN YOU GET!"**

There are many who have only heard of the Q.A.R.A.N.C. Officers' Mess at Tidworth, so perhaps with the wish to inspire envy and to arouse their curiosity, I shall tell them to turn to any Guide Book illustrating the Stately Homes of England and then they will get a true idea of the beautiful setting for our Bazaar.

At night, it becomes mysterious and prior to the 21st August the Mess contained many more secrets than usual. Whispers and snatches of conversation wafted here and there. The more acute ears heard vague murmurs of ponies and patchwork, or perhaps distracted calculations that sounded like: If a loaf and a half, feeds a soldier and a half, how many pints of milk will we order for the Tea Stall? Whispers grew to a crescendo until it was impossible to ignore any longer the fact that you too must get your knitting needles out of storage and jumble out of moth balls.

The sleeping habits of our organisers gave rise to speculation! We suspected that our chief organiser, Lt.-Col. K. Roberts, did not go to bed at all during the weeks prior to "The Big Day", as she



always seemed to have something new to show the Night Staff after the Report in the morning and signs of her industry were always in evidence scattered around her flat.

Major Burroughs tossed fitfully throughout the night amidst a sea of raffle tickets (even selling them did not reduce their number) as she still had to cope with the counterfoils. However, her strenuous efforts were well-rewarded and we were safely launched with a floater of £112. Apart from this her dreams must have been a confusion of marquees, cups, tables, saucers and chairs, in fact the essential extras that are taken for granted.

We wondered if Major Murphy had attended a Senior Pirates' Course, as she slept with one eye open, guarding her precious hoard of bottles acquired by "friendly persuasion". Her tin trunk certainly looked like a treasure trove with its haul of wine, pickles, whisky and shampoo. Snatches of "Yo, Ho, Ho, I've no bottles of rum", were heard floating from her room, but in spite of this bad luck, her "spirits" remained high.

Friday, 21st August, dawned bright and clear, and the Mess garden was soon a hive of activity as final preparations got off to an early start. At 1.45 p.m. the stalls were almost fully dressed and the goodies for the tea being swiftly arranged. In fact everything was in order except the Q.A's. who made a mad dash en masse to change from working clothes into more suitable attire prior to the fete being declared open by Mrs. A. M. Buchanan, wife of our Commanding Officer.

Not even the beautiful bouquet presented by Q/Pte. Mitchell could rival the splendour of her truly delightful hat which caused many a gasp of envy from the breathless Q.A's.

Each officer contributed an article for each stall, including a number of officers posted before the 21st August.

From the moment of opening the organisers were assured of a great success, with the sunshine and holiday atmosphere, all the stalls happily doing a very brisk trade.

The element of chance attracted many to the bottle stall, keeping Major Murphy and Captain Thomson busy, and the sight of folks winning a bottle of whisky for a shilling inspired others to squander 10/-, only to giggle hysterically when eventually they came away clutching a bottle of *HP Sauce*.

Major Morton and her staff had a fine collection of dolls of all nations who smiled down smugly as they imagined the chaos that could be caused if they chose this moment to create an international incident. The Midwives, seemingly unaware of the tense situation, shamelessly encouraged the children to ask their parents for presents.

The toy stall, run by the Q.A.R.A.N.C. Other Ranks, was equally popular. The girls had made a splendid effort, encouraged and helped by Sgts. Wood and Sharp, whilst the lads (R.A.M.C.) had provided a variety of side-shows which added to the festive air. Pte. and Mrs. Titley brought one of their Welsh ponies along and

gave at least thirty children rides in perfect safety, and the evening was not long enough to avoid disappointment to some.

One corner of the lawn had a definite air of "vogue", displaying the almost latest fashions (last word) and the January Sales were a very poor second, as eager buyers haggled over priceless bargains. The two models, Captains O' Pinnions and P. Jones, strove to suit everyone's taste.

Captains Anderson and Rance, in the Tea Marquee, provided welcome refreshment and a chance to sit and renew old acquaintances.

In spite of the warmth of the day people could not resist buying the beautifully-knitted garments and other delightful items displayed by Lt.-Col. Roberts and Major Wilmshurst, who were kept on their toes, making sure everyone received the correct change.

Add to all this the cake stall, under the supervision of Miss Grimshaw and Major McDonnel, the Ice Cream stall—Miss Thomas, cool drinks organised by Mr. Sinclair, and you will see that there was plenty of opportunity for our buyers to get rid of any sixpences hiding in a dark corner of their purses.

Soon the last cake was sold and the last bottle won, the raffle winners wandered slowly homeward proudly exhibiting their prizes, leaving behind them a happy contented Mess who had reached their target of £284.

A big thank you to all who gave so generously.

CAPT. D. ANDERSON

### HAVE YOU HEARD THESE?

While parking a car just before the election:

Three small boys, playing in the road, said one, "Let's go to the green". Approximately aged nine replied, "Yes, it will all be changed next year. My Dad is not going to work so many hours, get more money, we are going to have a car and a house with a garden". "Why?" said one youngster. "I don't rightly know", was the reply, "but it is something to do with a man called Wilson".

\* \* \*

One afternoon, after visiting an institution, a specialist found he had a puncture of one wheel of his car, so he had to change the wheel.

He put the four wheel bolts in the hub cap, but on turning round stood on the cap and away rolled the bolts down a drain grid. Nothing for it but to walk a couple of miles to the nearest garage when one of the inmates who was looking on said, "Why don't you take one of the four bolts off the other three wheels and then drive quietly down to the garage and get four more".

Much impressed, the specialist remarked, "I find it hard to believe that you are a lunatic".

"Lunatic I may be", was the reply, "but I am not a fool".



## THE CAMPHILL VILLAGES ASSOCIATION

Since the passing of the Mental Health Act, local authorities have been taking a more active interest in the problems of mentally-handicapped people. But, as always, financial restrictions and bureaucratic methods have, in many areas, failed to result in any major improvements in the lot of these unfortunate people. It is, therefore, very heartening to hear of an organisation which has evolved the perfect answer to the problem. It is even more heartening to learn that this has been achieved by a small group of dedicated people who, by starting in a small way with some financial help from interested outsiders, have now established an organisation where mentally handicapped people can live a useful and productive life.

The Camphill Village Trust is a non-profit company formed to provide working communities where mentally handicapped people can find the security of a family life, the satisfaction of a job of work and a normal social background. The Trust, instead of relying on a problematical income from private and organised charity, is forming independent village communities whose upkeep can be met by making use of the surprisingly considerable skill and talent of the handicapped villagers who live and work in these communities. At present there are three such villages—Botton in Yorkshire, Newton Dee in Aberdeenshire and The Grange in Gloucestershire. The oldest of these is Botton, and is worth looking at in some detail. It covers an area of 280 acres, mostly farmland. Its houses, cottages, farms and workshops provide the setting for both the work- and home-lives of its villagers. Most of the houses are occupied by married couples with their children, forming the nucleus of a home-life which is shared with five to ten mentally handicapped young people. Each household receives a sum per month per head which has to buy food and cover the day-to-day expenditure. This sum is made up of a Ministry of Labour Deficiency Grant (for those villagers who are registered) income from the various projects mentioned below and, for the time being, from donations. All the people who live in the community work together for the community. Botton has farms, market gardens, a forestry department, workshops for soft toys, glass engraving, joinery, weaving and candle-making, and a village store. Much of the produce of the farms and market gardens naturally goes straight back to the villagers, and the surplus is sold in the open market. The workshops turn out work of an amazingly high standard (the engraved glass has won an award of the Design Centre) which is sold on a normal commercial basis to well-known London and Provincial stores. The income from these sales helps to cover the day-to-day expenses of the Village, and is used to improve facilities. In this manner it is hoped that Botton will eventually become entirely self-supporting. But life at Botton is not all work. In the evenings every household has organised activities)—films and puppet shows, dancing and singing, gospel study, etc., and on free afternoons the villagers are encouraged to go walking on the moors or to visit the neighbour-

ing towns and the sea-side. In this way the mentally handicapped people are able to lead a full and worthwhile life.

The pattern of life at Botton is, of course, repeated at the other villages, and similar establishments exist in S. Africa, U.S.A., Switzerland, Germany and many other countries, so it is not surprising that many people feel they would like to help financially. Having read this please do not dismiss this article as just another appeal to your charity. Naturally, as with any Registered Charity, contributions are welcomed. But the real need at present is to make more people aware of the existence of the Trust. To this end the Camphill Villages Association has been formed. This Association is concerned only with publicity and fund-raising, so leaving the members of the Trust free to devote their time and energy to the enlargement and improvement of the villages. The waiting list for admission is long, so new houses and workshops are needed. Some local authorities have appreciated the value to the community of these villages, and have assisted building projects by grants and loans. But it is important that the control should remain in the hands of the idealistic people who have devoted their lives to this cause. This means that the more mundane, but equally important matters of finance and publicity must be the concern of the more commercially-minded members of the Camphill Villages Association.

If this article has aroused your interest, and you feel that this work should be encouraged, will you please write to: The Camphill Villages Association, Delrow House, Aldenham, Watford, Herts.

L478

### THE JAPANESE INN

We arrived at the Inn at exactly 7 a.m. Even at that inconvenient hour we were made very welcome. There was an air of bustling activity, heralding the stirring of a well-organised household.

An enclosed courtyard gave an air of seclusion to an otherwise well-populated area. The steps leading into the Inn were arrayed with shoes of all descriptions. Ours soon joined the array. A Japanese woman, dressed in a work-a-day kimono, bowed many times and brought forward two pairs of heelless slippers. We were shown into a small westernised room.

We waited awhile, feeling cold and very tired after our most uncomfortable overnight journey from Nikko. Soon the Japanese lady returned, smiling and bowing. She placed on the table two small wicker baskets containing tightly wrung, steaming-hot towels. In front of us, she placed tumblers of hot green tea, and two sugared sweet-meats.

A Japanese youth appeared, and sat with us whilst we sipped the warming fluid. He explained that he was the son of the proprietor of the Inn. He spoke good English and asked us how long we wished to stay. He was most courteous and friendly. After awhile he



suggested that we should have our bath before the other clients, explaining that it was communal.

I was the first to go along to the bath. An old Japanese man in western-style clothing bowed me along, and outside the bathroom he pointed to a notice in English, which told me to make use of the small wooden tubs to soap myself with. I was then instructed to shower before entering the bath. One must be absolutely clean before entering, because the sole purpose of using it, is to relax, and many people use the same water. The bath was like a small, miniature swimming pool made of marble, and a foot below the level of the water there was a ledge to sit on. The water was so hot that it took me quite awhile to get used to it. I tried running cold water from the huge chromium taps, but the bath was so big that it made very little difference. I emerged looking like a boiled lobster.

Whilst Joan took her turn, I was shown to our room upstairs. On the threshold, I was again asked to remove my footwear, so off came my slippers. I trod carefully on to the rice-paper floor, soft and well-padded, and passed through a paper partition into a room sparsely furnished, with a very low cherry-wood table and a cushion on the floor at either side. On the right of each cushion was a padded arm-rest and at the head a back rest. On the wall was a picture of painted bamboo. In the corner was a tall, beautifully carved bamboo stand, and on it stood a wicker basket, containing three single carnations, white, pink and red, representing heaven, man and earth.

I ventured into a small recess, which looked out on to a Japanese garden below. In the corner of the recess was a wash basin with modern chromium fittings, hot and cold water, a mirror with neon lighting just above, and on a glass rack stood a bottle of milk of magnesia, talcum powder and a comb.

I ordered an English breakfast. Feeling so tired after our nocturnal experiences, we had decided not to experiment gastronomically. We enjoyed the eggs and bacon and toast and strawberry jam.

Very much refreshed, we said "Goodbye" to our little Japanese lady. We ordered sukiaki for our evening meal, and set forth to explore Kyoto.

After having only coffee and a bun for lunch, we were very hungry when we returned to the Inn at 6 p.m. Preparations for the sukiaki began, as soon as we arrived. Our little lady in the kimono, with murmurings of broken English and many bowings, padded backwards and forwards in her linen clove-hoof socks and a more elegant kimono than her morning wear. Her obi sat snugly just above the waist line.

The sukiaki was to be cooked before us. We were intrigued with the charcoal burner which she placed on the low table. She poured some colourless oil into a round handle-less frying pan. It sizzled whilst she dropped into it very thinly sliced, fresh, red beef. This was allowed to cook gently. Added to it were shreds of chopped onions and mushrooms, bamboo shoots, spaghetti, and nameless

Japanese vegetables. A soft batter rose spongy and succulent. Watching all this cooked before us was almost too much. We were almost dribbling saliva, by the time we were allowed to tuck in. An egg was cracked into a small china bowl, and into this raw, beaten fluid, was dropped first of all the beef, hot and sizzling, and then the vegetables, just a little at a time. We ate it with chopsticks. A small dish of rice was also put before us and a dish of spiced and pickled onions. Large white napkins had been produced, which we had taken out of outsize, carved, bamboo holders.

We were so hungry, but we became far too full long before we had demolished half. We were gently encouraged by our little hostess, who sat watching us eat, ready to hand little dishes of spiced this and that, and to add from the frying pan further helpings. We became very adept at using our chopsticks, mostly because we were too hungry to think too much about them. We heaved a sigh of deep contentment and leaned against the backrests. The little lady vanished, taking with her the frying pan and stove, but quickly appeared again with two dishes of the largest Muscatel grapes I have ever seen, green and luscious and juicy. We sat for a quite while afterwards, sipping green tea with immense contentment and chatting nonchalantly.

Later our little lady returned to say once more that we could bath. I was the first to go, whilst Joan ordered the saki—a Japanese wine which is served hot. Once more I returned looking like a boiled lobster. I was dressed in a cotton kimono and over the top a padded darker one. Meanwhile Joan went for her bath, and I settled easily into my bed, which had been unrolled for me on the floor. I was inundated with a feeling of absolute contentment, warmth, and after a few sips of the warming saki, with complete happiness! This hot, pleasant wine was served in separate, narrow-necked flasks which were most deceiving. They looked small, but seemed to hold an unending supply which I sipped from a tiny china dish. In no time I was asleep. Once awake, I found myself being quickly ushered into the bath before it once more became communal. On the way to the bathroom I passed men and women at the wash basins in their kimonos, the women cleaning their teeth alongside the men who were shaving.

Once more, in our room, with the bedding cleared away, we sat down to a Japanese breakfast of rice, fruit, fried eggs, spiced pickled vegetables and green tea.

We were presented with a long piece of blue, hand-woven material to hang from the ceiling in our home. It had an attractive Japanese girl painted onto it with underneath the name of the hotel.

We were bowed out of the hotel by the proprietor and his wife and son. Also our little Japanese lady came to see us off. On the steps of the hotel were rows of well-polished shoes, and alongside were the longest bone shoe horns I have ever seen. We put *our* shoes on and climbed into a waiting taxi.

JOYCE C. HAMILTON



## THE D.D.T. D.T's.

### Song of a drunken mosquito

I'm flying round in circles,  
I've been crawling up the wall,  
My legs are all ataxic,  
I'll inevitably fall,  
If once I land upon my back  
I'll not get up at all  
For I've got the D.D.T. D.T's.

An awful lean  
Anophelene  
Looking for a place to suck  
I flew around all night  
But never got a bite  
I really was completely out of luck.

First I tried the horses  
But blunted my proboscis  
Never were there hides so tough!  
Next I found a sheep,  
In its fleece I tried to creep,  
But got my wings all tangled in the fluff.

Then feeling all forlorn,  
Just before the dawn,  
At last I smelt a *man* within a hut!  
So I hummed a lyric  
For antropo's what I'm philic.  
Oh! what a luscious bloody glut!

Pleasantly distended,  
To the ceiling I ascended,  
And landed on some D.D.T.  
My mother was resistant  
(But my father was persistant),  
I wonder what's my M.L.D.?

If I should succumb,  
A different tune I'll hum  
And nobody will weep or send a wreath.  
But if I should survive  
To leave this room alive.  
There'll be a Busvine and a Nashing of the teeth!

I'm flying round in circles,  
I've been crawling up the wall  
My legs are all ataxic,  
I'll inevitably fall.  
If once I land upon my back  
I'll not get up at all  
For I've got the D.D.T. D.T's.

*(By kind permission of Dame Katherine Jones)*

### Q.A.R.A.N.C. UNDER AGE APPLICANTS

It has been noted that a high percentage of potential applicants for the Queen Alexandra's Royal Army Nursing Corps are between the ages of 16 and 17, and as yet not old enough to be enlisted. As this means quite a delay between the age of leaving school and enlistment age, quite a number of these girls get disheartened and take up some other means of employment, thus, when they become of age, they are established in their employment and are no longer interested in a nursing career. After a great deal of consideration the young women in the Bristol area were written to (having previously applied for information) and invited to attend a monthly meeting, during which films, lectures and questions about the Corps could be discussed at leisure. The response was favourable and our biggest enemy was "holidays", however, it was decided to hold the first meeting on Friday, 8th August, 1964, at 7 p.m.

The meeting was opened by the Recruiting Officer, Capt. J. Nixon, W.R.A.C., and Sergeant Trickey, W.R.A.C., showed the Corps film, *Under the White Cross*, this was followed by questions being answered by Capt. Nixon and myself. The audience was small but has shown dividends, we had one enlistment and have another young woman of age but wished to discuss the matter with her parents before making a final decision. Our next meeting on September 11th will include a lecture about the history of the Corps, for which Capt. Durham, Q.A.R.A.N.C., the Curator of the Museum at the Depot, is kindly allowing us to borrow some items of interest to have on show. Parents are beginning to show an interest and it is hoped to establish a good relationship with them.

For further meetings we have been able to get the kind co-operation of the R.A.M.C., R.A.D.C. and Q.A.R.A.N.C. Territorial Army personnel. We have a Medical Officer, Dental Officer and two Q.A.R.A.N.C. Nursing Officers, who have kindly offered their services, this, needless to say, has given us a great deal of encouragement.

It is hoped to be able to hold a Social Evening during December to enable us to mix more freely with the parents and potential recruits, perhaps a little of the "human aspect" may pay dividends and show our interest in Christmas festivities.



This may one day prove to be a very practical way of introducing young women to the nursing profession and may eventually become an established Q.A.R.A.N.C. Underage Club or Organization when they can enroll as a member. These youngsters of today are our potential Nursing Officers of tomorrow.

V. N. DANEILS

### CONTACT

The photograph below is of Miss Mary E. Theobald, Q.A.I.M.-N.S. (retired) and Sgt.-Major Fairfax, taken at St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington. Miss Theobald nursed him during the war and here he is presenting her with the coat-hanger he received when he was discharged from hospital at that time.

The Association was instrumental in enabling Mr. Fairfax to contact Miss Theobald, which he had been trying to do for the past 24 years.



*Bp courtesy of the Nursing Mirror*

### MODERN LABOUR-SAVING DEVICES

One of our special joys, when we are in India, is to scan the home papers, and enjoy the advertisements. Especially do we women look for the pictures of all those wonderful modern labour-saving devices, and we love to dream of the time when we shall be "home" and, leaving behind the "Amenities of India", perhaps we too, will live for a short time in one of those convenient modern dream houses!

That little expression, "Amenities of India", is not my own, and I feel I should explain it perhaps. Without for one moment detracting from the real pleasure of coming home in India to find the dinner ready (old goat tho' it may be) . . . and the joy of walking away after eating it, and hearing distant sounds of washing-up going on without

our help . . . I must tell you that on arrival "home" in Australia from India this time, I was asked by one dear soul how I was feeling, and she was sure I must be missing the "Amenities of India". . . at the moment perhaps I was not feeling at my best . . . or I was still thrilling over my apple-green bathroom with its shiny hot and cold water taps . . . all working, too . . . and I gently pointed out that, "in our home in India all our water has to be drawn up by hand from a deep well, both for the house, and for the garden, every day of the year, and it is one man's job to do this". Quite easy it looks too, and very picturesque, until you yourself try to get the bucket down to water level . . . fill it with a flick of your unaccustomed wrist . . . (you will be surprised if you look down to see how very buoyant that iron bucket is!), draw it up without spilling it, by lowering the other end of the rope hanging over a kind of wheel above your head, and then cleverly tipping the water, by another expert flick of the wrist, into the channel, or into the waiting ubiquitous kerosene tin, or "canister" as it is called there. All this has to be done, by the way, standing—if you *can* stand there—on a very wet and slippery log of wood placed right across that yawning abyss!

You try to carry two kerosene tins filled with water—try carrying *one* even—all the way to the house. Then carry them up the steep stone steps on to the flat roof, then on around the corner, along and up more steps, and lift the filled kerosene tin, again with a flick of the other wrist, I think, and tip all the water you have left into a large earthenware jar some two or more feet high, and two or three feet across. If you can do even that last trick without overbalancing, either on to the hard stone floor or into the water jar, or even knocking the earthenware jar with the kerosene tin, so that it is shattered, and all the water in both vessels is lost, well, then you ought to stop listening to this!

Meanwhile I presume your other self is downstairs out in the open trying to light a fire under the other kerosene tin to heat the water, "Boiling hot, now, Waterman", for your bath. When that is done, and I might add that no axe in India is ever anything but plain blunt . . . then carry that hot water upstairs and along the roof and up those steep steps and tip it . . . flick of the wrist again . . . into the waiting tin tub on the stone floor. Perhaps "waiting" is hardly the appropriate word to use here . . . for these tin tubs have a nasty habit of moving away from you as you rest the blackened kerosene tin on the edge of the tub during this pouring process! Well, now you deserve to enjoy your bath, for you will have already been in a bath of honest sweat at the first pull of that well-rope. No, you can't lie down properly in a tin tub. . . well, of course didn't you know that you can't get a lather from this water? and the soap floats in a scum on the top of the bath water. And have you forgotten that as soon as you have dried yourself all over after your bath, you will be just as wet as ever with perspiration?

But to return to the "Amenities of India". . . fortunately we have



one of these, and he is one of my very faithful servants—bless him—even if I do have to pay him and almost clothe him too. How often do I think of him, still faithful to his job there thro' fair weather and foul—mostly the latter—and I, here in Australia, only have to turn on a shiny tap in an apple-green bathroom.

Blessed "Amenity!" . . . it is because of you and your faithful help that we have been able to stay in India so long!

Ah, yes . . . how we miss our "dhobi" on our first day in Australia . . . here we are, unpacking all our clothes, and however careful we have been, there is a beastly-looking pile of soiled clothes to be washed and ironed . . . where is our "dhobi"? . . . just to come . . . count all the garments, and take them away from our sight. What a feeling of self-righteousness it gives one to "have the washing out of the way"! How nice they look when he returns them after some days, all folded up so carefully, and ironed wonderfully—much better than I could do myself, believe me! Of course our visitors from overseas look at us with envious eyes when their washing comes back all neatly piled and washed and ironed . . . surely *this* is one of the "Amenities of India"? . . . our washerman!

"Yes, all correc . . . hey, dhobi! What is this? *Where* is my best traycloth. Not a sign of it? You must have left it in your house . . ."

"No, Memsahib, they are *all* here . . . everyone you counted out to me last week".

"But, dhobi, how can that be . . . here . . . I have written them all down in front of you . . . six traycloths, and here are only five".

You argue and argue, you sigh heavily and give it up . . . you will *never* see your best traycloth again, and you think of your washerman as he beats the clothes on his big stone on the river bank . . . your traycloth may be miles away down stream by now for all you know . . . or it may be in some strange way counted into someone else's wash . . . *No, oh no*, never is anything missing from the wash of any of our visitors . . . that is *not* done!

In exasperation I let him go, and set about putting the clothes to freshen in the hot sunlight . . . for alas, the smell of his hut still strongly clings to them. I open them all out and hang them right in the strong sunshine . . .

But *what* is this? My husband's best new Palm Beach suitings . . . just new, and to last for many a long year! A burn-hole right in the front of the trouser leg . . . you can never hide *that*. *Drat* that dhobi . . . just you wait until he comes again . . . I'll give him a piece of my mind . . . and in two languages too . . . a mixture can be very effective at times . . . they *will* use those great heavy old-fashioned charcoal irons . . . well, just what else can they use, I ask you.

And how often just a tiny spot of red coal will fall out . . . and of course, the old dhobi is just expert in folding garments and hiding his faults. Then, of course, I think wearily, he will only say "It was there before you gave them to me to wash . . . the Sahib must have been smoking cigarettes"—tho' he jolly well knows that he doesn't.

But, goodness gracious, what ever is *that*? A rickshaw passing

along the road, and in it is my friend and neighbour. Heavens, I know she was ill in bed only this morning . . . something's up . . . I must pop over and ask her when I see her return.

Next day in my Indian neighbour's house: "What ever were you doing yesterday flying along in that rickshaw when you should have been lying on your bed?" I asked her. She answers, "*That dohbi*. What do you think? My friend from the city came to see me yesterday, and on her way here what should she see but *my best sari* going along the road to the bazaar on the dhobi's wife . . . you know, my lovely sari embroidered by my daughter . . . none other like it in the town . . . I was after her, believe me!"

While commiserating with my neighbour, I had to rejoice inwardly that the wife of the dhobi being a village woman did not wear frocks, nor would anything of mine be suitable to be worn by her eldest daughter! If I do send anything to the wash which I think might be remotely useful to that lady or her family I insist on the article being washed and returned the same day!

If you saw the dhobi's hut . . . perhaps the very cleanest in the village . . . you would not be surprised that we trust greatly to the cleansing power of India's sun. How do we know that our sheets are not used to wrap around the dhobi's ailing son? Is his poor little son in the last stages of T.B.? Or is smallpox in that village? We hear it is already in the city. Has he put our bundle down on the muddy ground—amoebic and bacillary dysentery are, with hookworm, endemic in our district. Is this the season when cholera can break out at any moment? (Certainly we are all, yearly and sometimes half-yearly, innoculated for these things.)

Oh, yes. This was headed "Modern Labour-saving Devices" wasn't it? I have got rather off the track somehow, haven't I? Never mind. I'll come back to that another day perhaps, as the glossies say *to be continued* in our next.

ANON.

### ITEMS OF INTEREST

Miss Agnes Patterson, late T.A.N.S., has retired and is now living in Yorkshire.

\* \* \*

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

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

The following gracious reply was received:—

I deeply appreciate your kind message. I send my warmest thanks to you and All Ranks of Queen Alexandra's Royal Army Nursing Corps for your good wishes. .

MARGARET,  
Colonel-in-Chief



## OBITUARY

MISS HELEN LAWFORD, O.B.E., R.R.C.

Miss Lawford was the first Matron Q.A.I.M.N.S. I served under—and as it happened—the last.

From Everleigh Manor in Wiltshire she led us through France and the Mediterranean to the Middle East in Sarafand, Jerusalem and Haifa. From these Base Hospitals we were eventually dispersed throughout this “theatre of war” and others further East for the duration of hostilities.

I was fortunate to be able to keep in touch with her during the ensuing campaign. She was always so ready to help and listen to everyone of us at any time, whether she was on or off duty. When we formed No. 12 General Hospital at Everleigh Manor at the outbreak of war, we were eighty nursing sisters, practically all Reservists or Territorials with little or no knowledge of military procedure. It was no easy task for her to “guide” a group of women coming from different training schools, some with years of civilian hospital experience in all branches of nursing—and all unknown to her. This she accomplished with the help of Miss (now Dame) Helen Gillespie, her “second in command” at the time.

On repatriation in November 1944, I was posted to the Royal Victoria Hospital (then at Westbury, Wilts.) to find Miss Lawford there as Matron, and so until my release in the following year we found many happy memories to talk over.

I was looking forward to visiting her home in the Isle of Wight in November and so it was with great sorrow that I read of her departure in April.

In her gentle fashion she was beloved of many and an example to all of us who were with her. As for myself, there is a vacant place amongst the dreams of “the days that were” and I am very proud to say that I began and ended my “service for the duration” with Miss Lawford.

E. M. BURGESS (*nee* Williams)

MISS MARGARET APPLEBEE, R.R.C.

Miss Margaret Applebee, R.R.C., died suddenly on the 19th July, 1964, after a short illness.

She served for many years in Queen Alexandra's Imperial Military Nursing Service, and as Matron retired in 1949 to live in Benson, Oxford, where she continued nursing.

She was kind, gentle and selfless in the extreme, thinking only of others, never of herself. Even in the shock of her illness her last thoughts were for those she was visiting in the sick-room.

Many will remember Margaret Applebee from “the good old days”, of which she had many happy memories.

H. D. DUNCAN

MISS D. M. MARTIN, C.B.E., R.R.C.

I knew Daisy Martin very well in the past. She stayed with me at my home in North London on more than one occasion.

She had a charming personality and was popular with everyone. She followed me to the War Office in 1934 as Matron-in-Chief, Q.A.I.M.N.S.

Her passing will be deeply regretted.

M. E. MEDFORTH, C.B.E.

### DEATHS

APPLEBEE, Miss M., R.R.C., died on July 19th, 1964, after a short illness, at Churchill Hospital, Oxford. Ex-Matron Q.A.I.M.N.S. (Retd.).

MOLONY, Miss A. M. E., died on March 15th, 1964, at Rosslyn Nursing Home, Beaconsfield. Matron, Q.A.I.M.N.S. (Retd.).

MARTIN, Miss D. M., passed peacefully away on August 23rd, 1964, in hospital at Exeter, aged 77. Ex-Matron-in-Chief, Q.A.I.M.N.S.

GILLET, Mrs. A. (*nee* Shield), died on September 20th, 1964. Late T.F. Nursing Service, B.E.F., 1914-18.

### BIRTH

BOOTH (*nee* Ord), wife of Major A. I. Booth, R.A.M.C., a daughter, Judith, sister for David and Jonathan, on July 31st, 1964.

### CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Colonel J. Howe, 2 Stannells Close, Luddington, Stratford-on-Avon.

From October 29th, 1964, the address of Brigadier Dame Barbara Cozens, D.B.E., R.R.C., will be 174 Old Dover Road, Canterbury, Kent. She will be very happy to see any old friends and colleagues who may be in the district at any time.

The address of Lt.-Col. J. B. Chambers is now 934 Castle Lane, Bournemouth, Hants.

### APPOINTMENT OF SENIOR OFFICERS

Col. P. G. Bennett appointed D.D.A.N.S. F.A.R.E.L.F.

Lt.-Col. P. C. Stewart appointed Matron, R.H.H. Woolwich.

Lt.-Col. M. Fabian appointed Matron, Cambridge Military Hospital, Aldershot.

T/Lt.-Col. D. Hunt appointed Inspector of Recruiting, Q.A.R.A.N.C.

### PROMOTION—REGULAR OFFICERS

To Colonel

Lt.-Col. P. G. Bennett, R.R.C., 24.8.64.

To Lt.-Colonels

Majors:—M. Moreton, 1.6.64; B. M. Robertson, 1.7.64; M. A. Thompson, 28.7.64; M. Litherland, 1.8.64; M. Fabian, 4.8.64; M. Pratt, 28.8.64; D. Hunt, promoted T/Lt.-Col., 4.8.64.

To Major

Captain J. M. Battersby, 4.8.64.

To Captains

Lieutenants:—J. Carr, 4.6.64; A. Kell, 12.6.64; O. M. McDonald, 14.7.64; P. W. Sanders, 14.7.64; J. R. Burrell, 13.8.64; M. Diamond, 13.8.64; F. S. McCormack, 13.8.64; J. Redhead, 13.8.64; E. A. Vincent, 13.8.64; M. A. King, 13.8.64; B. P. Bohan, 19.8.64; M. J. Taylor, 13.8.64; A. M. Crick, 20.8.64; F. Bellerby, 20.8.64; M. Finch, 13.8.64; Y. E. Groves, 13.8.64; S. A. Roebuck, 8.9.64; S. A. Leach, 10.9.64; P. P. Harrington, 11.9.64.



## RETIREMENT—REGULAR OFFICERS

Lt.-Colonels:—E. F. Davies, 1.7.64; W. Delaney, 14.7.64; A. M. Hey, 1.8.64;  
A. Flanagan, 4.8.64  
Majors:—C. O'Neill, 11.6.64; F. V. Hynes, 20.7.64; W. H. Huss, 11.8.64;  
D. G. M. Dawson (*nee* Bickford), 8.8.64.  
Captain J. D. L'Estrange (*nee* Gough), 5.9.64.

## SHORT SERVICE COMMISSIONED OFFICERS

### TRANSFERRED TO R.A.R.O. ON COMPLETION OF SERVICE

Captains:—A. Mason, 2.6.64; A. L. Roberts (*nee* Squire), 6.6.64; P. J. Blackwell,  
12.6.64; J. R. Holder, 19.6.64; M. J. Congrave, 19.6.64; M. M. W. Frizelle,  
19.6.64; K. Roddam, 20.6.64; J. I. Laverick, 24.6.64; A. Kell; E. Ward;  
De Honey (*nee* Moss), 3.7.64; S. M. Williams, 8.8.64; M. H. Whitford,  
8.8.64; P. B. Murphy, 10.8.64; C. A. O'Boyle, 10.8.64; J. Beauchamp,  
10.8.64; B. A. Butcher, 10.8.64; C. E. Elias, 19.8.64; J. M. Jackson, 7.9.64;  
J. Collier, 10.9.64; M. M. Doyle, 20.9.64.

Lieutenants:—P. O. L. McCarthy (*nee* Morris), 6.6.64; A. Hales, 12.6.64;  
E. A. Knowles, 12.6.64; R. A. Thomsett (*nee* Adams), 4.7.64; D. S. Regent  
(*nee* Jeeves), 11.7.64; F. J. Thompson (*nee* Llewelyn), 1.8.64; M. Darby  
(*nee* Townsend), 22.8.64; E. L. Sullivan (*nee* Curtin), 5.9.64; M. Foster,  
10.9.64; C. T. Cullen, 10.9.64; D. A. Grant, 10.9.64; V. D. Culhane, 10.9.64;  
D. A. Pennington, 10.9.64; E. B. Hughes, 10.9.64; A. N. Tippett, 10.9.64;  
J. Frazer, 12.9.64; P. A. Davies (*nee* Smith), 26.9.64.

## OFFICERS POSTED OVERSEAS BETWEEN JULY AND SEPTEMBER, 1964

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

Majors:—A. I. Welch, M. M. Rowley, J. M. Battersby, M. L. Taylor, B. S.  
Hackett.

Captains:—F. E. Eades, E. E. Tidswell, M. C. Pettegree.

Lieutenants:—S. N. Rodgers, A. Burman, S. J. Smith, J. Gilden, G. A. Piper,  
M. J. Pitt, P. Tombs, M. A. Townsend, V. G. Collins, M. A. Agate.

### To Nairobi

Captains:—B. Stack, B. Terry.

Lieutenant A. V. Williams.

### To Benghazi

Captain A. Williams.

Lieutenants:—M. T. Ford, M. J. Smith.

### To Dhekelia

Major P. G. Burge.

Captain M. J. O'Reilly.

Lieutenants:—M. C. Burgess, B. Johnson, P. E. Greenwood, M. C. Waggott.

### To Tripoli

Lieutenants:—J. H. Smith, L. A. Long, C. P. Langlands.

**REGULAR OFFICERS REVERTED TO HOME  
ESTABLISHMENT BETWEEN JULY AND SEPTEMBER, 1964**

**From F.A.R.E.L.F.**

Lt.-Col. Porritt	...	...	Posted to	Military Hospital, Colchester
Major D. M. David	...	...	"	Military Hospital, Catterick
Major E. M. Coppack	...	...	"	Q.A. Hospital, Millbank
Major M. C. E. Taylor	...	...	"	Military Hospital, Tidworth
Major J. E. Pease	...	...	"	Cambridge Military Hospital, Aldershot
Captain R. E. Jackson	...	...	"	Depot and T.E. Q.A.R.A.N.C. (Sister/Tutor Pool), Hindhead
Captain M. P. Miller	...	...	"	Royal Herbert Hospital, Woolwich

**From Nairobi**

Major M. Peel ... .. Posted to Q.A. Hospital, Millbank

**From Dhekelia**

Major I. T. Cowan ... .. Posted to B.M.H. Iserlohn

**From Tripoli**

Lt.-Col. B. M. Robertson ... .. Posted to B.M.H. Iserlohn

**EXAMINATION RESULTS**

**STATE FINAL EXAMINATION, JUNE 1964**

Thirteen Q.A.R.A.N.C. Other Ranks passed the State Final Examination.

Bennett, Helen McGuinness	Noble, Lenora Avril ( <i>nee</i> Williams)
Browne, Camilla Joy	Ottway, Helen
Duffy, Lilian Helen	Stansfield Valerie
Gill, Rosalind Ruth ( <i>nee</i> Hardie)	Stevens, Rosemarie Eveline
Lennon, Mary Teresa	Trebilock, Isabe Beryl
Mulhern, Maureen Ann	Thatcher, Shirley Patricia Rosalind
	Williams, Rosemary Anne

**PASSED MIDWIFERY PART I**

Capt. F. Bellerby	Lieut. E. P. Lynch
Capt. A. T. M. Howitt	A/Sgt. J. Broadhead
Capt. J. Waters	A/Sgt. D. A. M. Eagers
A/Sgt. K. E. Rooke	

**PASSED MIDWIFERY PART II**

Lieut. V. P. Hannagen	Lieut. C. V. L. Tucker
-----------------------	------------------------

**CLINICAL INSTRUCTORS' COURSE COMPLETED**

Major P. Downing	Capt. M. Marshall
------------------	-------------------

**SISTER TUTOR DIPLOMA**

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## MOVEMENT OF Q.A.R.A.N.C. OTHER RANKS

1ST JULY, 1964 TO 31ST OCTOBER, 1964

### To No. 1 Coy., R.A.M.C.

Privates:—A. C. Day, M. F. Dougall, S. E. Hamilton, J. A. M. Yescombe, M. J. Verracchia, M. E. Huffer, J. Pillay, R. J. White, R. Vinson, A. K. Middleton, A. Scholfield.

Corporal E. K. Hare.

### To No. 7 Coy., R.A.M.C.

Sergeant J. Mackay.

Corporals:—D. J. Barrett, D. Bradley.

Privates:—D. Lawson, K. E. Neill, A. F. Jenkin, J. Walker, D. B. Burrison, J. M. Stephenson.

### To No. 9 Coy., R.A.M.C.

L/Corporal C. O'Callaghan.

Privates:—M. Atkinson, R. M. Giubarelli, W. E. Hillerby, P. Hurley, M. A. Rix, J. McCarroll.

### To No. 10 Coy., R.A.M.C.

Privates:—D. E. Brewster, A. T. Dixon, M. G. McCormack.

### To No. 12 Coy., R.A.M.C.

Privates:—C. Kew, A. Eddington.

Corporal S. Johnson.

### To No. 15 Coy., R.A.M.C.

L/Corporal S. J. Clarke.

Private S. Grove.

### To No. 18 Coy., R.A.M.C.

Privates:—R. Crossley, V. Hooper, V. G. Briggs, M. G. Campbell, S. E. Clarke M. C. Lewis, L. Maher, J. Smith, C. A. Saul.

### To No. 20 Coy., R.A.M.C.

Corporal M. Melvor.

Privates:—C. A. Hogarth, G. Love, I. M. Kells, S. M. Perrin, M. M. McCoy, M. J. Swann, M. M. L. Grosset, H. M. P. Sherlock, M. J. Sloman, J. A. Coxon, J. A. Cousins, K. E. Jones.

### To No. 37 Coy., R.A.M.C.

Privates:—M. J. de Latour, M. G. Hall, J. M. McDougall.

### To Louise Margaret Maternity Hospital

Corporals:—V. Stansfield, R. E. Strevens, E. M. Ashworth.

### To Depot and T.E., Q.A.R.A.N.C.

S/Sergeant D. M. Holmes.

L/Corporal M. Dickinson.

Privates:—S. M. Haynes, M. M. McCoy, J. Holmes.

### To P.T.S., Q.A.R.A.N.C.

Privates:—G. MacFarlane, A. C. Morrison, S. M. Haynes.

### To Depot and T.E., R.A.D.C.

Private E. M. Green.

### To B.M.H., Rinteln

Corporal D. Leeming.

## DRAFTING PROGRAMME Q.A.R.A.N.C. OTHER RANKS

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

Corporal G. Williams.

Privates:—J. T. Metcalf, A. Morris, M. Y. Squires, J. Stewart, J. E. Jones, P. Maitland, M. E. Cowie, J. V. Garrod, M. E. Fuller, P. A. Godwin, S. Rodd, V. J. Walters, H. Budge, S. P. Bunn, S. L. Dibb, M. Donnelly, S. A. Duncan, A. R. McSparran, B. F. Parrott, A. G. Pegg, J. M. Stacey, C. M. Taylor, S. J. Woodhouse, N. C. F. Brough, S. M. Parsons, A. Carter, A. Garner, S. Bristow-Jones, R. M. Paramore, V. A. Reddish, T. A. Watkins, E. Matheison, V. McMillan, S. Middleton, C. H. Southall, M. A. Crabb, A. T. Brady, J. M. Crockett, P. Duggan, I. E. A. Erwin, P. Bhotia, P. J. Forth, E. Roka, J. Yeomans, D. Lama, K. K. Rai, S. J. Gorvett, D. Laing.

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

Privates:—A. Johnson, B. M. Chapman, E. M. E. Jordan, I. S. B. Storrie, P. I. Edwards, I. C. Jeffrey, D. E. Searle, C. E. Stuart-Lyon, D. M. Quarington, M. E. Glass, W. Wilkinson, E. Palmer, F. J. Allen, V. J. Chalke, H. N. Clancy, H. A. Cooke, M. A. Karhunen, J. I. Phillips, H. A. Rainnie, M. R. Whitaker, V. M. Wiseman, P. Thapa, B. Prophan.

### To Cyprus

Privates:—M. A. Barningham, A. M. Bradley, P. Gregson, M. Whitton, R. Bayes, J. T. Edminson, A. C. Thomson, H. Lam.

### To Benghazi

Privates:—E. D. C. Milne, A. L. Perry, J. Lynn, M. T. Sheils.

### To Tripoli

Privates:—B. E. Corrigan, G. G. Wheeler, P. A. D. Irving.

## PROMOTIONS—OTHER RANKS

### To Corporals

M. A. Seaward, 16.5.64; J. H. Whitfield, 18.6.64; B. P. Lowe, 20.6.64; C. E. Hitchman, 20.6.64; T. T. Cherkassky, 20.6.64; M. McIvor, 1.7.64; J. N. Wilson, 1.7.64; M. A. Mulhern, 1.7.64; R. E. Strevens, 1.7.64; D. K. Reed, 2.7.64; D. M. O'Shea, 2.7.64 (now discharged 10.10.64); M. I. Loveridge, 7.7.64; J. E. Peet, 9.7.64; H. Hudson, 21.7.64; J. Barber, 21.7.64; P. A. K. Hardisty, 27.7.64; C. James, 27.7.64; C. A. Green, 1.8.64; V. A. P. Ward, 8.8.64.

### To L/Corporals

V. L. Bulgin, 30.5.64; S. D. Clarke, 1.8.64.

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