



The Gazette



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LYING IN STATE OF SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL, IN WESTMINSTER HALL

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 photograph on the cover is the lying-in-state of Sir Winston Churchill in the Westminster Hall. With the passing of a great man, what lies ahead? To many of the older ones, it may seem the end of many things, and feel we have lost a personal friend. But to the younger ones, life, with its many new and exciting opportunities, could be an even greater era; so the torch is passed on to keep burning brightly.

The Association welcomes many new members this year, particularly from those in training, and hope they will remain members for the rest of their natural lives either in or out of the Corps, so please add "continuity" to the motto "Friendship."

The Brighton Branch was born on 5th January, 1965. A long and happy life to it.

Our warmest congratulations to all our members who received awards in the New Year's Honours, and to all those who have been successful in recent examinations.

LETTERS OF APPRECIATION

Once again I am writing to thank our many members who sent us gifts of goods or money to help with our Christmas parcels. When you read the following extracts from letters, you will realise what joy these parcels bring.

May I add my own thanks, as without your help we could not continue to send anything like the number we do.

* * *

"... I seem to have outlived all my contemporaries and receive so little mail—but all the year I look forward to your parcel at Christmas. . . ."

“... Your Christmas parcel brings us such joy, it is as good as going out for Christmas Day—something in the parcel for breakfast, dinner, tea and supper—perhaps better, because I know it will be something I like. . . .”

“... When your parcel arrives, I feel like a child with a Christmas stocking. I put it on my table and look at it for days before I open it—it is the only parcel I ever receive, and the anticipation is wonderful. . . .”

“... Thank you for the lovely parcel. It is kindnesses like these that make us all realise that the word “Friendship” is more than just a word on our Badge. There are still people in a world that is always in a hurry, who pause and spare time to supply goods or help to pack parcels, or in some ways make it possible to bring joy and a feeling of being wanted to someone old, ill or lonely. . . .”

E. H. MILLS
(Friends Secretary).

Queen Mary's House: Christmas 1965

Through the medium of the GAZETTE we would like to express the gratitude of the Wardens and residents of Queen Mary's House for the wonderful generosity shown towards us at Christmas by both serving and non-serving members of the Q.A.R.A.N.C. and friends.

Christmas was a very happy and cheerful occasion with the Christmas Tree lighted and the lounge, where tea was served, gay with holly and flowers. After tea the gifts so beautifully wrapped were given to the residents amid great excitement, and received with much pleasure.

Christmas Day, as usual, passed happily with the traditional Christmas dinner served at 1 p.m., and after, all listened to Her Majesty The Queen's speech to the Commonwealth, before the “not so young” retired for their siesta with, we hope, happy memories of old times and the joy of still being remembered.

We send our best wishes to all for a bright and happy New Year.

MRS. A. DICKSON AND MISS E. K. WORVELL
(Wardens).

VOLUME FOUR OF THE “GAZETTE”

Messrs' Wilding have kindly agreed to bind Volume 4 of the GAZETTE at a special rate of 27s. 6d. a volume. Members wishing to have their GAZETTES bound should send them to the Gen. Secretary, Haig House, 26 Eccleston Square, S.W.1, clearly marked with their name and address, by 5th May, 1965.

A few spare copies of the GAZETTE can be purchased at 1s. each, and a limited number of complete new volumes at £2. Orders will be dealt with in strict rotation.

FORTHCOMING EVENTS

Q.A.R.A.N.C. Association Annual General Meeting 1965

The 17th Annual General Meeting of the Q.A.R.A.N.C. Association will be held this year at the Cafe Royal, Regent Street, Piccadilly, London, on Saturday, July 3rd, at 2.30 p.m. (prior to the Reunion). Members wishing to attend please notify us when applying for Reunion tickets, and the agenda will be sent.

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

Term-expired members are:

Miss M. Roberts, A.R.R.C. (Vice-Chairman).

Colonel B. M. Fitzpatrick, R.R.C.

Miss D. C. Bridges, C.B.E., R.R.C.

Mrs. W. M. Winstanley.

All are eligible for re-nomination with their consent.

Please send your nomination or re-nomination early, and remember that it must state that the member nominated has agreed to stand.

20th Annual Reunion, 1965

The Annual Reunion will be held at the Cafe Royal, Regent Street, London, on Saturday, 3rd July, 1965, at 4 p.m. Tickets for members and guests, 12s. 6d. each; for non-members eligible to join the Association, 15s.

As last year, we extend a special welcome to husbands and other guests not eligible for membership.

Please apply as soon as possible for tickets, giving names of both members and guests, and enclosing a large stamped addressed envelope to: Reunion, Q.A.R.A.N.C. Association, Haig House, 26 Eccleston Square, London, S.W.1.

Queen Mary's House Fund

The Annual General Meeting of Queen Mary's House Fund will be held at 11.30 a.m. on 20th May, 1965, at Kirkland House, Whitehall, London, S.W.1.

FORTHCOMING SPORTS EVENTS

TABLE TENNIS TOURNAMENT: Wednesday, 10th March, 1965.

MEDFORTH AND GILLESPIE CHALLENGE TENNIS TOURNAMENT

FINALS: Wednesday, 7th July, 1965.

CORPS SPORTS ATHLETIC MEETING: Thursday, 8th July, 1965.

R.A.M.C./R.A.D.C. SWIMMING GALA: Thursday, 24th June, 1965.

NURSING INTER-SERVICES TENNIS TOURNAMENT: At Royal Naval Hospital, Haslar, on 21st July, 1965.

Tea Arrangements, 7th and 8th July

At the Annual General Meeting of the Corps Sports Club, it was decided that for the 1965 Tennis and Sports Days, to be held at the Depot and T.E., there would be no charge for tea to retired Q.A's or the parents of serving members.

In order to make adequate catering arrangements, names of those attending should be forwarded to the Corps Sports Officer, Depot and T.E., Q.A.R.A.N.C., Hindhead, Surrey, by 21st June, 1965.

NEWS FROM UNITS AND BRANCHES

Combined Units, Aldershot

On the very kind invitation of Lt.-Col. M. P. A. Albrecht, the Combined Units, Aldershot, held their autumn raffle in the Q.A.R.A.N.C. Officers' Mess, Louise Margaret Hospital, on Thursday, 29th October, 1964.

A considerable number of handsome prizes were donated by combined units and retired members. There was quite a large number of retired members present, and after a delicious tea and meeting of old friends, tickets were drawn and prizes distributed between retired and serving members. The proceeds from the raffle amounted to £70.

A Christmas tea party was held in Gun Hill House on 17th December, followed by a Carol Service in Saint Luke's Chapel at 6 o'clock in the evening. Lessons were read by :

Colonel H. Talbot, L./R.A.M.C.
Major J. M. Waters, Q.A.R.A.N.C.
Sgt. K. Y. Pargin, Q.A.R.A.N.C.
Pte. L. M. Tebbutt, Q.A.R.A.N.C.
Sgt. D. J. Ingram, R.A.M.C.
Cpl. M. Grey, Q.A.R.A.N.C.

Unfortunately it was a cold, foggy afternoon, and many of our retired members returned home before the Service took place for fear of not getting home at all.

Millbank Branch

In November about eighty members attended a meeting in the Welfare Department at the Q.A. Military Hospital for the raffle draw. Dame Louisa Wilkinson, D.B.E., R.R.C., very graciously drew out the lucky numbers, and each member drew a number for her prize. There were over a hundred very nice prizes, and a profitable evening was had by all. At the end Brigadier M. Turner, M.B.E., R.R.C., proposed a vote of thanks to Dame Louisa and her workers.

In January we had a film show, but this was disappointing, as only nine members turned up to see an excellent film.

L.136.

Bournemouth Branch

Not so much a tea party, more a way of exchanging Christmas greetings would better describe the December meeting at the Linden Hall Hotel.

The gift stall was elegantly presided over by the chairman and helpers. Her presence drew buyers like a magnet, and the merchandise was disposed of in record time.

Although just being there was sufficient to show their loyal support, members were generous in the seasonable gifts they brought. The Bovington effort was in the form of confectionery, which must have taken days to prepare, and a tray of toys for which we were most grateful. The Hon. Secretary, who has an eagle eye for newcomers, kept vigil and welcomed additional members and guests. Among the latter, two gentlemen, whose military air could not entirely be disguised by their civilian garb, endeavoured to slip in unobtrusively. Tea was then served, and the popular beverage acted like a magic potion to stimulated conversation.

Major Stonham and Mrs. E. M. C. Duff set up their apparatus and showed films of the Holy Land in glorious technicolour. Alternately they gave a running commentary, spicing the photographs with anecdotes of personal experiences *en route* and recollections of their own years in Palestine.

The customary votes of thanks brought a pleasant party to a happy conclusion. The treasurer announced that the Bazaar had yielded £27 towards Branch funds.

K. A. TYE.

Brighton Branch

This was opened on January 5th, 1965, when a meeting was held in the Union Church Institute, Queen Square, Brighton. Nineteen of the thirty members were able to attend and were welcomed by Mrs. Freeman, the Chairman. The members of the Committee were elected and the date of the first Committee meeting arranged. The next Branch meeting was also arranged. It was agreed that, having elected a Treasurer, we should give her some funds to administer, so a Bring and Buy Sale is being held on March 24th in the same hall. Tea was then provided, and the members were able to meet old friends and make new ones. It was gratifying to know the new Branch has started by living up to the Association motto, one member writing afterwards, "Everyone was so friendly."

Anyone wishing to join us, please write to the Secretary—name and address on back cover.

Future meetings being arranged:

May 26th. Coach tour to Leonardslee

July 21st. 7.30 p.m., when members' holiday films will be shown.

Singapore Branch

On the 30th October, 1964, we held a Jumble Sale in aid of the Association, and this was very well supported.

The sale was due to open at 3 p.m., and was held in the Church Hall in the grounds of B.M.H. By 2.15 the queue outside the hall was about fifty strong and included all the various races to be seen out here. Helpers who arrived during the few minutes prior to the opening had difficulty in finding the door due to the various shapes and sizes of the eager buyers!

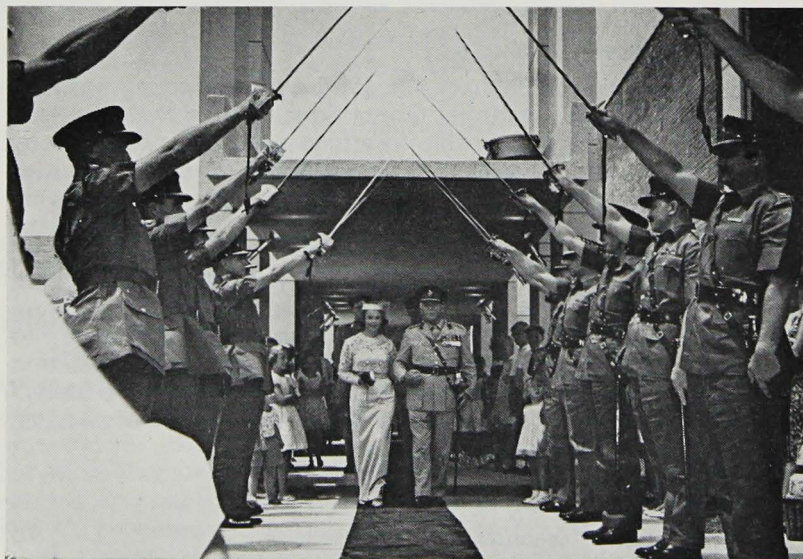
At 2.55 p.m. Lt.-Colonel Gordon, R.R.C., opened the doors—or rather tried to—being in two halves: she managed to open one and the “buyers” came through the door and nearly pushed poor Matron over. Eventually the sellers at the various counters were glad to see that she had survived the ordeal!

At four o'clock all the many articles had been sold and we sat down to count the money in cents—and finally we reached the grand total of \$540.

After many weeks of hard work, we felt well rewarded.

Terendak Camp's Wedding of the Year

The wedding of the year at Terendak Camp, thirteen miles from Malacca, took place on August 8th, 1964, where the Commander of the 28th Commonwealth Brigade, Brigadier R. B. Dawson, was married to a nursing sister, Major Doreen Margaret Bickford.



Brigadier R. B. Dawson, D.S.O. and Major D. H. Brickford.

The bride, who was a member of the Queen Alexandra's Royal Army Nursing Corps, was attached to the British Military Hospital in Singapore.

The wedding ceremony, which took place in the camp's Church of the Holy Trinity, was conducted by the Senior Chaplain, Rev. J. G. M. W. Murphy.

The bride was given away by the Commanding Officer of the British Military Hospital, Singapore, Col. R. L. Marks, L./Royal Army Medical Corps.

The best man was Lt.-Colonel R. H. Gurr, Commanding Officer of the 1st Bn. Royal New Zealand Infantry Regiment, stationed at the camp.

Senior Officers from the Brigade formed the guard of honour at the Church.

The reception was held at the residence of Lt.-Colonel Gurr. Among the large gathering were the New Zealand High Commissioner, Mr. R. H. Wade, and his wife, and Toh Puan Tan Cheng Lock and her daughter.

The Governor of Malacca, Tun Haji Abdul Malek Bin Yusuf, and Toh Puan Fatimah also attended the reception.

Brigadier Dawson met Major Bickford just before Christmas last year, when she was stationed at Terendak Camp.

New Zealand Branch

The New Zealand Branch of the Q.A. Association has had a happy and successful year.

The Annual Picnic and General Meeting was held at the home of one of the members, Mrs. Moir, at Castor Bay, in February, and everyone spent a very enjoyable day.

The meeting passed a vote of thanks to the retiring Chairman, Mrs. A. Hadfield, and the Secretary, Mrs. M. Ross, for the wonderful work they had done for the Branch. Lt.-Col. M. K. Thomson and Miss M. C. Thomson were elected as Chairman and Secretary respectively to succeed them.

In July there was an afternoon function at the home of the Chairman, and an auction was held, the proceeds of which were sent to the Association Christmas Fund.

The Annual Cocktail Party, held at the N.Z. Retired Army Sisters' Club Rooms in October, was a great success, and was attended by members and their friends and official guests.

The Branch sends greetings and good wishes to all other Branches.

THE STATE FUNERAL OF SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL

On Thursday, January 28th, Captain Wordsworth, Sergeant Robertson and nine students from P.T.S. travelled to London in order to represent the Corps at the funeral of Sir Winston Churchill on January 30th.

We stayed at Millhill with girls of the other Services, at the hospitality of the W.R.A.C. We were able to compare notes with the other girls, and have come to the unanimous conclusion that we are spoilt at P.T.S. in every way.

Before going to London we had had three days of intensive drill and were on the square again on Thursday afternoon and Friday morning at Millhill. Here we gained a foretaste of the conditions we would have on the Saturday. Friday afternoon was spent pressing uniforms and cleaning shoes. Everybody had an early night.

We left Millhill at 7.40 on Saturday morning, and were in our positions on Ludgate Hill, lining the route, by 9.15. A stream of cars passed us bearing the many statesmen and representatives who were attending the funeral. The crowds were able to enlighten us as to whom the cars contained!



As Minister of War in 1919, when visiting a Unit, Sir Winston Churchill talks to the Nursing Staff

Do you recognise anyone, if so please inform us.

The most moving time of the day, in fact of many of our lives, was when the procession moved slowly up Ludgate Hill, the climax of which was the passing of the gun carriage at 10.50 precisely.

We stood down, briefly, after the procession had gone into St. Paul's Cathedral but were back in our positions at 11.20. The cars bearing the celebrities streamed back down Ludgate Hill. Then suddenly it was finished. We were left with very cold feet and aching muscles, but a tremendous feeling of pride at being able to play a part, albeit small, in the nation's tribute to a great man.

This experience is something that none of us will ever be able to forget, and in years to come we will be able to say, with pride, "I took part in the funeral of that great man, Sir Winston Churchill."

P.T.S.

YPRES REVISITED

It was an almost irresistible impulse, not perhaps very strongly resisted, that took me last August to Belgium, to visit the now legendary country round Ypres, and places whose names were for so long on the lips of us older ones, but of which, near as we once were, our view was only a distant one.

On the journey this time, it was hard to realise that fifty years separated me from the callow young nurse, in very new uniform, so proud to be a staff nurse of No. 9 General Hospital. In the mild mid-August of 1914, we disembarked at Le Havre and slowly and triumphantly proceeded on by train to Rouen. After much journeying to and fro while our Expeditionary Force retreated at Mons, held the enemy at the Marne and pressed on to the Aisne, we first functioned as a hospital at Nantes, and very fortunate we were to be at work, a going concern, while many general hospitals were still unestablished.

After Nantes, with the first snow of the bitter 1914 winter, we started what was soon a busy and hard-working hospital under canvas a few miles out from Rouen. One could not have believed that life in tents with a full twelve inches of snow could be happy and quite bearably comfortable—but so it was. Then came some arduous days at a Casualty Clearing Station not many miles behind the line, while our troops fought the elements as well as the enemy at Loos. Later still came the distressing experience of nursing gassed casualties in the days before gas masks were heard of, or any warning system in the front line brought into use. Sad as it all was at the time, valuable lessons were learnt in these Casualty Clearing Stations by the help of which many lives were saved in later wars. Perhaps the days and nights that stand out most in my mind were those spent at Poperinghe during the third battle of Ypres—days of ceaseless striving to do all one could—so little! for the exhausted wounded and sick who seemed to come in a never-ending stream from the front line, through the Clearing Stations and later to be loaded on to the ambulance trains that came, so to speak, up to the front door at Remy siding.

Today the scars left from 1918 have to be searched for. Comparatively little material damage was done here in the second war, and reconstruction has been very complete. Ypres, once level with the water-logged ground, has been charmingly rebuilt, and, incidentally, renamed Ieper. Poperinghe, once but a little battered and desolate village street, is now a prosperous and busy small town, with Toc H still an oasis of peace and rest to all who pass as it once was to all our troops. Today everywhere we see tree-bordered roads, pastures, orchards, cornfields, miles of level market-garden ground from one village to the next, all cared for and cultivated to the last inch. Incidentally, to see cows being milked by hand into a wooden pail in the open fields recalled with a shock one's distant childhood days. And only now a short stretch of road at a time, are the Napoleonic pave blocks perfect for marching regiments and horse-drawn guns, being replaced by the macadamised surface suitable for today's traffic.

Except for the many cemeteries, the country must be much as our first line troops saw it in 1914, before war's devastation reduced it to a desert.

Out of Ypres by the Menin Road—for so many officers and men their last journey, from 1914 onwards always a dreaded and dangerous stretch of road—one passes under a lovely and dignified Memorial Arch, recording the names of those of our troops killed in the district who have no known graves; and these names number over 55,000. To hear Last Post sounded from the Arch, echoing over the ramparts, as I heard it and as it has been sounded these many years, was to know sorrow and loss and pride immeasurable.

Everywhere one was met by friendliness and kindness, and one rejoiced to hear at first hand of help given to our airmen and escaping prisoners of the last war, pursuing their risky way Home—help as dangerous to the helper as the lack of it to our men.

A charming little English Church, St. George's, was built at Ypres in 1927, almost in the shadow of the Cloth Hall, and is used and loved by many beside the small British community still residing there.

I found many other Contemptibles than myself making the quiet and solitary pilgrimage. A sentimental journey perhaps, but unforgettable, and how well worth while!

E. W. CROFT.

MODERN LABOUR-SAVING DEVICES

(continued)

Well, here we are home in Australia, and there lies that pile of washing, and NO washer man, alas! I morosely survey my wash-house, and decide that we just cannot manage with the few mod. cons. therein. At my suggestion that we try to get hold of a woman to help us, the men throw up their hands in horror, and say, "But

NO 'woman' would work for you in THAT," and yet the darlings are expecting their washing and ironing to be done for them each week just the same!

But who's this coming into the picture? Why, RUTH, of course! SHE has a washing-machine, and we can bring our clothes around to her place. . . . Wonderful idea! Well, now we have the car, someone can drive me around to Ruth's . . . and later bring back the wet wash. The lot falls on poor Sister in her time off from hospital. Poor child . . . no wonder she rebels sometimes . . . especially as I demand her presence while the washing process is going on. You see, Ruth is just about as much a mechanic as I am—and I am nervous with other folks' machines. Of course there is the story of my sewing machine which went wrong up in the hills once, in India. I could *not* get it right, so decided that the long trip downhill of 600 miles might automatically put it right. Such is my knowledge and faith in machines! Well, down in Azamgarh was that great pile of sheets waiting to be "torn down the middle" and mended, and the wretched machine had not improved at all in the change of climate! It seemed worse, if anything—and in my exasperation, muttering, "Drat the thing," I hit the machine with my cutting-out scissors . . . and the thing has gone perfectly for twenty years without the least bother at all! All the same I was not really game to try the same trick on Ruth's washing machine if anything happened to go wrong while I was there. . . .

How thankful we were all the same for the use of that washing-machine, and how we wasted Ruth's time as we gossiped in the wash-house or in the bakeyard in the sun, or sat in her kitchen having the usual cup of tea—to say nothing of the good things Ruth can cook! Really "Yum yum"!

Very shortly before we were to sail on our return to India came the news that we would be staying another year in Australia. Would that we had known months before: we might have bought a washing-machine for ourselves! But we would have missed those gossips with Ruth, I can tell you! Soon came the time when Ruth was to move away from Ivanhoe . . . with her washing-machine too! Many family councils were held at the James house hold over the matter of washing-machines, . . . and at last it was decided that all joining together we could manage it . . . especially as I had already an offer of a buyer for the machine when we eventually broke up our home and went to India.

Can you just imagine my feelings at the thought that I, even I, would be like those glorious advertisements I had seen while in India in the home papers—you know: the housewife looking all lovely and spick and span in dainty frilled apron getting on with all the other work in her modern house (well, not quite *that* when I think of our old 100-year temporary home). But, you know, everything going swimmingly as the machine gets on with the washing and, with a touch of a button, more or less, it even spin-dries all the

clothes for you. Can you imagine my joyous feelings? After all these years of dhobis and their worries . . . to have such a wonderful thing of my own . . . to work for me?

What excitement in the James family when THE THING arrived. Now, here is a very funny thing about *men*! When the washing had to be done in a dark old wash-house with no wringer and heavy wet sheets had to be dragged across from the copper some distance from the tubs, men were either away or had very urgent work on hand in the Great World Outside! But come *the machine*—and even after dinner at night, they insist on—just listen—actually doing the washing for me. Of course I was the mug where machines were concerned, I know . . . and they were just doing it so that they could *teach* me. But, gee, what a wonderful feeling it was to have to look for something to wash! Such was their enthusiasm!

At first the machine was kept and used in our big old kitchen until a cement floor had been made in the wash-house for it. Oh, yes, didn't my son know all about cementing—hadn't he done it for three long, weary blistering—in more ways than one, I am led to understand—months during one varsity summer holidays? (I believe the job was concreting the paths in the Kew Cemetery or something as doleful). However, I left that entirely to him . . . and, of course, it was left . . . for some weeks, at least!

Now, as with all beginners, of course, some mistakes, small ones, were made—even by the men—but, thinking that, after all, the washing was being done for me, I cheerfully mopped up the linoleum on the kitchen floor. It made it look quite nice too, for, in parenthesis, I must tell you that often enough this old house of ours is treated just like those other advertisements we see in the papers of certain patent foods—they, like my house, are often “untouched by human hand.” So, as I say, it was a “good thing” to have to wipe up part of that great expanse of kitchen floor . . . and I said nothing!

Came the great day when our “Sister” had her first full day off from hospital—and she knew all about washing-machines and spin-driers. As usual for nurses on their “day off,” she had a late breakfast still in her dressing gown—this being summer weather, and, seeing that lovely new gleaming machine against the wall, she simply could not resist showing her mother all about washing-machines! It is amazing how mothers these days, according to their children I mean, know just absolute nothing, isn't it? However, I did mildly say that you had to be careful to empty the machine of water before turning on the spin-drier. Of course it was a foolish remark to make to one who was used to things like a Bendix or a Thor—and ours was only a Turner! Now, of course you all know that the superior Bendix is more automatic than the plebian little Turner! Just as the advertisements say, you just set the thing, and then go away until the clothes are almost dry and ready to hang out. But with ours the lid must be removed and the washing action changed by hand to spin-drying, after you have remembered to empty the machine of water

by setting the automatic pump going. Well, anyway, after she had finished, I was to have my first real try with no men in the way to help me with good advice. According to the advertisements I was clad in a charming summery dress, with a dainty frilled plastic apron, just ready to carry on with the dinner as the washing was doing itself. *Lovely!*

Out came the book of instructions—we would follow them to the very letter, and my darling daughter set to work to get the machine filled with water, and then went off to gather her washing together. (Now in this house we have only two power points—one in the very front room on the second of our four levels, and another in the dining room on the first level along a passage from the kitchen . . . that one we were to use with a very long borrowed flex, and it meant a real journey to turn it off and on. But our kind men had arranged a small switch board for us nearer the machine.)

I returned to the kitchen to find that, of course, the hose from the hot water tap had slipped out of the machine—has that ever happened to you, dear reader? And, well, plenty of hot water was flowing over the kitchen floor. I yelled for that daughter of mine up on the fourth level to come down. . . . But I laughingly got hold of the mop, and said that, after all, well, wasn't it a labour-saving device, and it would be an easy way of cleaning my kitchen floor? But by the time I had finished the vast floor space I felt it really was too much of a "good thing" . . . and not, definitely not, my usual routine to wash the kitchen floor actually three times during one week . . . I could not keep it up at that pace, now could I? Had it been a tiny modern kitchen, perhaps I would not have grumbled. So away I went, still feeling gay and dainty in my little frilled apron and summer frock . . . soon I would be switching that button on and off, and the washing would be doing itself for me. A picture I remember from an edition of *Punch* occurred to my amused mind of two women having tea together, and one has her hand outstretched to turn on the new radio . . . and with a fatuous look on her face she is saying, "They say this is automatic . . . but you do have to press a button, don't you?"

I suppose you have all seen those wonderful fireworks they sometimes put on for some jollification, paid for from our taxes? Have you see a catherine wheel? What a glorious sight it is! It looks like multi-coloured liquid fire spinning around faster than the eye can follow, spraying out wonderful trails of scintillating sparks in ever-widening graceful curves. . . .

I was blithely stepping down the little stairway from the hall into the little passage and about to enter the kitchen when in a flash. . . . For a single moment I thought I was seeing one of those catherine wheels—not in the usual vertical position, but, strange to say, in a vast horizontal circle. Then the impact struck me, and in that flash I was no longer fit for the gay advertisements for washing

machines, but a bedraggled mess, streaming water from head to foot, even while I opened my mouth to yell to the other pillar of water which was my daughter, "Turn it off!" My words were drowned . . . what apt expressions our journalists do use . . . literally drowned. On and on sped that giant catherine wheel in ever-widening colour circles while, after I had recovered my breath from the force of the impact, I tottered and struggled, pouring streams of water, along the passage to the dining room to turn off the switch, even while my poor daughter was groping . . . so much nearer to the centre of the mad wheel of water . . . to find the small switch-board. Then . . . dead and awful silence on the watery deep . . . broken at last only by our gales of laughter as we collapsed into two wet chairs to shake with mirth—while I vainly tried to say, "I told you so."

But all too soon, as I surveyed the floor, my heart hardened . . . and going outside I unhung the nice clean floor mop drying in the sun and brought it in, saying, "Labour Saving Devices, indeed! This is too much of a good thing. . . . I refuse to wash this kitchen floor four times in one week. . . . You were doing the washing . . . this water is all yours!" In spite of the long job over that vaster area of floor this time, we every now and then dissolved into helpless laughter at the thought of the two of us and the madly spinning whirlwind of water. "Well, anyway," said my daughter, "it is a good job we have just finished putting up those plastic curtains over that long shelf." . . . And I agreed—for had not the only spot in the kitchen during THE FLOOD been a little patch of that gay summer dress of mine under the bright little frilled plastic apron, while the rest of me was the Niagara Falls? Little did we know what we were talking about, though . . . little did we reckon on the force of gravity—horizontal at that—or, rather, the force of the spin drier working on a machine full of water; and they do say . . . a little water goes a long way. . . .

After the long process of drying the floor we happened to look under the plastic curtains for a saucepan to cook our lunch, and to our surprise it was exceedingly wet . . . and so was everything on that long plastic curtained shelf—including, of course, the newly laid clean paper . . . a sodden and sorry looking mess. So all that had to be done out again. The open shelf above the sink, too, was wet and all our shining new row of saucepans. . . .

Anyway, that spot of lunch was clearly indicated at this stage. And we set about getting it

Now you know that in all your kitchens you have certain shelves where you store *dry* things—I mean, things like flour sifters, patty pans, paper or otherwise, towers of basins, etc. We do too . . . and you can imagine our horror when we opened that large cupboard—and you must remember that everything is outsize in this old house—to find everything, yes, everything, swimming in water—every plate and dish of that new dinner and tea set I had bought for Azamgarh held water—six of everything, of course . . . you just

cannot imagine how many things hold water when it is forced into a closed cupboard by a spin drier! That was another hour's work, I could see. . . .

I dare say, too, you all have those drawers in your kitchen full of nice neat little divisions to hold spoons, egg-beaters, tin-openers, and all the gadgets for use in your kitchen . . . Enough said . . . This one also was a large drawer full of many divisions . . . the drawer next to it held all our clean tea-towels, so lately washed, of course, by my helpful men—table napkins, hand towels, and starched aprons . . . not all with frills . . . need I go on? You will all understand.

Labour Saving Devices . . . I thought sadly . . . a completely clean kitchen inside and out certainly . . . but still no washing done.

But I must tell you that when at last I did eventually use our washing-machine all by myself, alone, and in the wash-house, well . . . truly, everything went swimmingly!

NAIROBI

The B.M.H. Nairobi closed in December 1964. For twenty-five years there had been a British Military Hospital at Kabete, five miles from the centre of Nairobi, the first being No. 1 General Hospital. Throughout the years many changes took place, although a few of the original buildings were still in use up to December 1964. What grew more beautiful were the lovely jacaranda trees and the other flowering trees and shrubs within the hospital compound. All who have been stationed there will always remember them.



The hospital and equipment were taken over by the Kenya Medical Department, who were planning to open there an orthopaedic hospital. It was thought that the Q.A.R.A.N.C. officers' mess would be ideally suited for a Preliminary Nurse Training School.

It was sad to see the wards close one by one until at last all stood empty and locked. Perhaps the people who really felt that they had lost something were the civilian members of the Q.A.R.A.N.C. Association. As serving members, many had met their husbands there, and all had memories of busy but happy times.

The Kenya Branch of the Association was inaugurated in June 1951, the first chairman being Lt.-Colonel N. F. deB. Bampton, R.R.C. There were thirty-six members; and by 1956 the numbers had risen to seventy-six, forty-eight being civilian members. Since 1956 the numbers have gradually decreased. For various reasons many members have had to leave Kenya. Twenty-three members are now left to carry on the Branch.

The Matron of the hospital held the appointment of chairman, and the hospital was often the centre for meetings and activities. The civilian members gave kindness and hospitality to the ever-changing serving members, and being the more static group, brought to the Branch a feeling of permanency and continuity.

In a country and at a time when personal problems were and still are numerous and the future uncertain, they have continued to give their support and help generously to the Association. They hope that, in spite of the small membership, to keep the Branch active.

The photograph was taken at a pre-lunch party given by the civilian members and held at the home of Mrs. Barber prior to the departure from Kenya of the Q.A.R.A.N.C. officers.

E.H.L.

VENICE

Impressions by a Member

Do we see what we are looking for? After waiting until I was over eighty, I had the good fortune to be given the entire cost of a visit to Venice. In May last year a B.E.A. plane transported me in complete comfort from London Airport, and in three and a half hours I was there watching early dawn rising over the Alps. A coach from Treviso Airport, a Vaporetti, *via* the Lagoon for some two and a half miles, and the courier took us to our hotel, where at 6 a.m. breakfast was ready. The garden facing the Lagoon was full of flowers, the larches and dactura trees in full bloom, white starlike blossoms with gold centres. After breakfast a short run in the tram and the Vaporetti took us to the St. Mark's—my wish had come true! In these days when so many go to Venice, they will remember the quick ferry, the perfect weather, the enjoyment of wearing real summer clothes, and the arrival at St. Mark's.

One was awed by the superb colouring, the brilliance of the gold in the mosaics, the semi-precious stones, the marbles, the statuary, the whole a fitting monument to the Apostle, St. Mark. Over the main entrance are the four famous bronze horses, shining in the sun. These are of Greek workmanship of the time of Alexander the Great, and were brought to Venice as the spoils of war from the racecourse at Constantinople in 1204. They were at one time stolen. The basilica of St. Mark's was built in 832 A.D. as a resting place for the Evangelist, St. Mark, the patron saint of Venice, whose body was brought from Alexandria, in Egypt.

To tour at will amongst the priceless paintings in the famous churches, palaces and galleries is a feast of joy. Perhaps the first joy is the Palace of the Doges, the highest expression of the glory, splendour and the power that was once Venice, the residence of the Chief Magistrates. The first palace was constructed in 814 A.D., but was rebuilt several times from 1309 to 1577. The face of the palace is white and pink stone, the statuary and art on every hand bewilders one with beauty; Tiepolo, Veronese Bassano, Tintoretto and the paintings of numerous other artists. In the chapel of the palace is a beautiful marble group of the Virgin and Child with Angels, by Sansovino. The Bridge of Sighs can be seen—so-called because it served as a passage for men going to the cells to execution. The Rialto bridge, built of stone by Da Fonte in 1588, leads to a road with interesting shops on each side, stretching for over a mile.

Gondolas, the ancient means of transport, are black, slender, graceful and adorned with polished brass horses and gay cushions. They are cleverly manipulated from the stern by the picturesque gondoliers. One which we saw was rowed by four gondoliers, two on each side; it carried a draped and flowered covered coffin, and they were conveying this to the cemetery steps.

The Ca'd' Oro, the Golden House, is another magnificent palace in Venetian Gothic style, dating from 1421, with marvellous marble work by Bartolomeo Bon. It contains the art collection, the Galleria Franchetti. A visit to the Golden House gives one some idea of the magnificence of a dwelling of a Venetian patrician of the fifteenth century. It contains busts by Vittorio, the famous Venus by Tiziana, the Madona by Francesco Botticini, sculpture by Lompardo and Laurana, Vandyck's Portrait of a Nobleman, and works by numerous other artists. The gilded ceilings are of real gold, not gold leaf, I am told.

The English Church in San Vio we reached by water at 11 a.m. on Sunday. The Consul came and told us that the English chaplain had been delayed. He apologised, unlocked the church for us, and pointed out the memorial to Wagner and other interesting things.

The Accademia nearby has the most important collection of paintings in Venice: Bellini Giorione's "The Storm," Tintoretto, Titian, Veronese, Carpaccio and many others. One could spend weeks looking at the masterpieces.

Our impression of the Piazza was of colour, gaiety, good orchestral music, pigeons and happy folk touring as we were. Charmingly dressed people, many honeymoon couples sitting round the tables, and summer all the time. We heard no jazz and saw no bikinis or jeans. We heard much happy laughter, and cameras were busy. A visit to the famous Murano glass factory with its priceless chandeliers, vases and other glass objects was a feast for the eyes. We watched the men manipulating molten glass into figures. In Burano the Convent girls were making exquisite lace.

Our week went by in a flash, but the memories remain. Surely young folk should make a point of seeing Venice to store up beauty for all their lives. We found kindness on all hands, the food was good, ice creams and peaches were abundant, the lemon tea delicious. Hot and cold baths were plentiful.

Venice, with a population of 323,000, is built on many islands divided by 150 canals and spanned by numerous bridges. A quiet is noticeable in the absence of motor cars. The Vaporetti conveyed one to Elizabetta, the landing stage for the Lido. How misleading the name "Lido" is! The island is some five or six miles long and a mile wide. The Santa Maria Elizabetta Avenue runs along one side, facing the Lagoon, to the famous bathing establishments. The Avenue is wide and lined with shops and hotels. On the Lagoon-side, shady trees and cool, white marble seats invite one to sit and watch the glorious sunsets. One of my friends was an artist studying at the Tate Gallery. We sat spellbound one evening for the glory of the sunset reflected in the Lagoon was almost unbelievable. There are many other wonderful memories which space is too limited to describe.

N.S.T.

MORE EXTRACTS FROM MRS. PEEL'S "LIFE'S ENCHANTED CUP"

Letters received by the Milk Control Board during the War

1. Please send me a form for cheap milk as I am expecting mother.
2. Please send me a form for milk having children at a reduced price.
3. Will you please me a form for cheap milk? I have a baby two months old and didn't know anything about it until a friend told me.
4. Sorry I have been so long filling up my form but I have been in bed with my two-weeks old baby and didn't know it was running out until the milkman told me.
5. I have a baby 13 months old, thanking you for same.

ISLAND IN THE SUN

Many visitors to and people who work in Hong Kong find that it is a place of bustle and hustle and NOISE! With an enormous building programme in the cities of Victoria and Kowloon, every quarter of a mile there is a house being knocked down, or there is pile-driving going on to lay foundations for new blocks and sky-scrapers.

Few people, then, are as lucky as I, to work on a small island which stands in the west of Hong Kong Harbour—Stonecutters.

On this island, some three square miles wide, about forty-five Navy and Army families live and work; thus for the weeks I was detached for morning duties, I enjoyed a sort of “district nurse” existence away from the hospital routine.

My duties were many as, being so cut off, I treated Chinese coolies, gardeners, amahs, including the Service families, for everything from a “small cold in the head” to fingers chopped off and snake bites.

At first it was very strange to be the only “medical authority,” but I soon got used to coping with emergencies as they came. The bitterest blow to my nursing prestige was the small five-year-old boy who tearfully informed his mother, after gazing at my red epaulettes, that he “didn’t want the policewoman to give him his cholera injection”!

When the time came for me to leave Stonecutters, I was sorry to say good-bye to this peaceful little island in the sun.

H. T. CAHILL.

NEWS OF AN OLD FRIEND

3 QUEEN’S DRIVE,
DUNEDIN, C.2,
NEW ZEALAND.
November 1964.

MY VERY DEAR FRIENDS,

When I read this poem earlier in the year, I thought at once, this will be just right to start my overdue-belated letter to you. Here it is:

“To dear Saint Paul
Incarceration did not matter at all.
Whenever he was in jail
He got caught up on his mail.”

I have been fondly hoping that I might have a long sea voyage or be where there are no telephones or such distractions, so I have gone on procrastinating. I never did think I would break my ankle—however, if I am to get caught up on my mail, I have two or three weeks which will be next best to incarceration—though fortunately not in jail!

I feel very guilty; for over the months, in some cases years, your sorrows and joys have been mine, and for your generous forgiveness

I crave, as I try to remind you of my present address in the hope that you won't play tit-for-tat and also give you my personal news in this form just to bring you up to date.

In my last newsletter dated two or more years ago, I appeared as an astronette, for I had visited as many folk as I could in various parts of the world. "A great deal of water has run under the bridge" since then, and I have settled down at home here with my two older sisters who carry their years well, both mentally and physically, so my job is not only to keep up with them, but try to keep a little ahead! I still drive our getting-to-be-old car (an Austin 40), but it runs well and suits my sisters as they don't have to bend too low (as newer cars demand), and they can get in and out quite easily. Now that I am seventy, the law demands that I go "up" for my driving licence every year, insisting on a comprehensive health certificate each time. I hope to carry on driving for some time to come—we'll see! My two sisters are very fond of car outings, so they have missed Betty Lorimer, who has been most generous in taking them where they want to go—I will have to turn over a new leaf, for most of their excursions with me have been to "drop" them at the church, or at the Y.W.C.A., or at a friend's home, then pick them up later and bring them home. They are a remarkable pair, and I never miss a detailed account of what has been said, who said it, and just what they think of everything. It is all very entertaining, though I have no doubts that their "young" sister should be showing signs of maturity, not levity.

Why don't you come to see us? We live "down-under," and the gorgeous surf that crashes on to our clean white sandy beaches is icy cold—no land between us and the South Pole.

A few friends from other parts have come to Dunedin and have endured our climate, loved our scenery and, I hope, our people. It is so aggravating for me to learn very often that Dunedin has been "off the beaten track" for my tourist friends, but I trust that when you make your plans, you will insist on coming to Dunedin!

All glimpses of friends from abroad who include the South Island of New Zealand on their itinerary are a fine tonic to us all.

It is wonderful how one settles down, and one of my delights continues to be sharing my home with overseas students who come to study in Dunedin. They are young, proud of their countries, and share their talents and customs so generously with us. Some of you who read this letter will remember us and the Y.W.C.A. One World Club with the theme song, "No man is an island." We may live "down-under," but with such a mixture of God's children, we certainly don't feel isolated any more, and we hope all feel at home.

As we grow older we realise the influence of our past friendships and are thankful. Memories crowd in and you are part of them and never think, wherever you are, that you are forgotten. Folk like me have a funny way of telling you so—I wish I were a better letter writer, for I know what a joy it is to receive. What can I do or say but thank God for all those friends whom I can't mention here?

Words fail me to tell of all friends, the older who carry on still with brave hearts but have to "slow up a little" (like me), and of the younger, carrying on in near and distant places. God bless you all. May you have health, understanding, patience and peace in your hearts.

As I write, Betty Lorimer is in Japan as a lecturer in a U.N. course on "The Conduct of Penal Institutions"—enjoying the experience very much. She will be home for Christmas, and has exciting plans for the future. I give you three guesses! Rewa Begg, another niece, is producing this letter for me, and I wish you knew her too. She, too, is a grand companion and never blinks an eye when her aunt suggests a seeming impossibility. And, *hey presto!* this "here" letter is an example! All these are a small indication of the goodness and mercy that follow me.

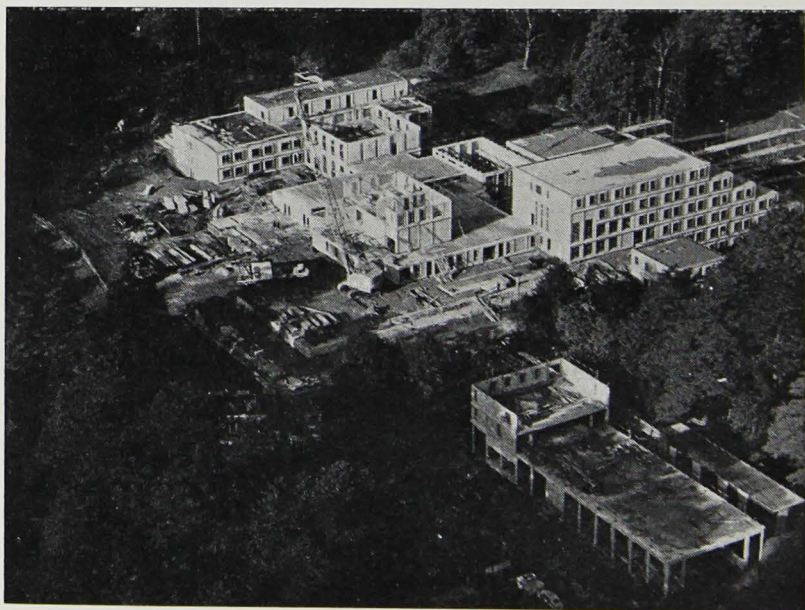
I could wish for you, my friends, young and old, to know God in human terms. What we love in our friends is a glimpse of what God is like—what does it feel to be like God for me and your other friends?

With loving greetings from my two sisters (the "aunties" to many of you) and from Betty too.

Not omitting always your friend,

JEAN BEGG.

(Extracts from her letter).



PROGRESSING

A photograph of the progress made in the building of the new Q.A.R.A.N.C. Depot in Aldershot. It is hoped that it will be ready for occupation by the end of the year

OUR TRIP TO SAIGON, HONG KONG AND JAPAN

After nine months' saving and waiting, the day came at last when my three friends and I were to set off on our much-talked-about trip to Japan.

The thirteenth is supposed to be an unlucky number, and indeed the 13th July was a dull rainy day, but that did not bother us in the least. We were ready to say goodbye, for now, to the B.M.H.

The excitement mounted when we reached the quayside and saw the beautiful *Laos*, our home for the next month. I was looking forward very much to be able to practise my French again—because the boat was a French liner. We soon settled down into our twin cabins.

The liner was swarming with all nationalities, but, of course, the French were in the majority. *Oh la la!*

At 11 p.m. we watched *les matelots* pull up the gangway, and soon after, all we could see were the dim lights of Singapore fade away into the distance.

The next morning we were awakened by the sound of "*Bonjour,*" "*Ca va,*" and felt really at home. It was a beautiful day, the sun beating down fiercely on the dark blue sea. After a quick swim we were invited to celebrate "*La Bastille.*" The captain and all the officers were at the cocktail party—we drank champagne like water that day! To finish the celebration there was a dance that night, which was very enjoyable once we learnt to dance the French way.

It did not take long to reach Saigon because the next day we were sailing up the muddy river. We passed a few gun-boats, but when we reached Saigon it looked peaceful. Our stay there was enjoyable: we visited places of interest, had a look around the shops, but did not buy anything because we had been warned not to. The traffic was an eye opener, and the taxi drivers seemed to ignore the pedestrian crossings. It was just too bad if you got in their way!

After two days of lazing in the sun, swimming, enjoying the French food, and wine, eventually we reached Hong Kong. Much to our surprise, it did justice to the beautiful postcards we had seen and admired. We docked at Kowloon—the mainland—but it did not take us long to cross over to Hong Kong by the ferry. We visited the New Territories and saw the people in national costume, who for one dollar posed for a photograph! In the distance we could see the border of Red China. The floating restaurants in Aberdeen were a beautiful sight, but living conditions there were terrible. That night we took the train up to the Peak, and what a sight to see when you are up there! We had to pinch ourselves to realise it was not a dream or fairy tale but reality.

We nearly missed the ship because of a traffic jam and were thankful when we got back to find it was still there.

It took two and a half days to get to Kobe, our first stop in Japan. During that time we were kept pretty busy with a Japanese

phrase book, and on many occasions said "Arigato" when we should have said "Thank you."

After much trouble with health authorities, we finally docked at Kobe. We went on a tour of Kobe, but did not find it very interesting. The next morning we took the train to Kyoto—the old capital of Japan. The tour around Kyoto proved to be very interesting indeed. We went to a kimono fashion show and it was delightful. The Japanese girls looked absolutely divine in it, and we thought to ourselves, maybe we could wear one—so everybody bought one.

That night we took the night train to Tokyo, and what a journey! The bunks were about one foot between each other, and it was mixed sleepers. After a disturbed, sleepless night we reached Tokyo—and when we got to the Japanese hotel where we were sleeping overnight we were so exhausted that we all rushed for a nice bath. But! we were in Japan and had to do as the Japanese do—use the communal bath! The hotel was very nice: there were no chairs in the rooms, and the table was about six inches off the floor. Everything looked spotlessly clean. The rooms were air-conditioned too.

Dinner was served by Japanese girls wearing their kimonos, and it was rather a performance because every time they entered the room they had to take their shoes off, do various little bows up and down and waltz in gracefully. Some of us enjoyed the meal, but it was not very comfortable squat on a cushion. After the meal they removed the table and put two mattresses on the floor: that was our sleeping accommodation for the night!

The main shopping centre of Tokyo, Ginza, had much to offer: the shops were beautifully decorated, and everything very modern. The Japanese people were very helpful, even though they could not speak English. We met a student who was so pleased to practise the language that he took us to see the biggest Buddha in the world at Kawakina and also the beach, where the Olympic yachting race was to be held—it stretched for miles and miles, and was packed with people.

The next day we set off for Mount Fuji, the pride of the Japanese people. After a two-and-a-half hour journey by train we got to the station and from there took a taxi up to the top of the mountain. It was a bit cloudy, but the view was magnificent. We could see all the lakes around. We took a lot of photographs, and by the time we were ready to go, found out that the taxi had gone. There we were stranded on the top of Fuji. There were buses, but the queue was so long that we gave up hope. We had to catch a train at five to get back to Tokyo, so we accepted an offer by a Japanese family to go back with them as they had a car.

Tokyo by night was a sight indeed; again it looked like the postcards we had seen. We went to a geisha show and tea-ceremony which were both very entertaining. We did shopping and bought many souvenirs. From Tokyo we took the train to Yokohama, and went back on board the ship that night. Much too soon we had to

say "Sayonara" to Japan. Nearly the whole population of Yokohama came to see the ship off, there were streamers all over the ship and the pier.

Another three days at sea before we got back to Hong Kong. The novelty of possessing a kimono made us pluck up courage to wear it to a dance one night, much to the surprise of the Japanese on board. There was never a dull moment, we were always on the go, swimming or playing deck tennis or other games. My friends by this time were really brown and proud of their sun tan.

We were expecting two typhoons, but much to the disappointment of everyone on board except me, we did not meet either. We spent another two days in Hong Kong and three days in Saigon, and it then suddenly dawned on us that our vacation was coming to an end.

Saigon was rather quiet, even though there was much talk about the Americans bombing North Vietnam the same night and they were expecting trouble. We were told that Saigon looked like a little Paris, but we could not confirm that as we have not been there. The Vietnamese costume looked very feminine, but I did not think the same of it when I saw the girls riding a bicycle!

From Saigon to Singapore the sea was very rough and, much to my annoyance, I had to spend a day in bed with seasickness—in any case I did need a rest after the hectic three weeks we had spent travelling.

Yes, we were back at Singapore in no time. The officers on board were quite prepared to take us to Marseilles, but on second thoughts we decided to go back and relieve the girls who had been working so hard during the curfew in Singapore!

Au revoir.

J. N. PILLAY, PTE. (Q/1004360).

TYPHOON STORY

Wanda . . . Mary . . . Ida . . . Sally . . . Not the names of girls, but of typhoons. *All* typhoons have feminine names.

If you were to ask a man why this should be, you would be told that a typhoon behaves unpredictably, veering off its course as easily as a woman changes her mind. And it can be equally nasty.

"Nasty" is an anaemic word for such a display of rage and indigestion on the part of Nature. Here in Hong Kong the journalists prefer something a little more full-blooded like "killer," "murderously vicious" and "paralysingly-destructive." The most unusual adjective so far has been "gentle." This was awarded to Typhoon Viola, which killed no one and transformed the Colony's water supply.

Water is the silver lining to an otherwise dark cloud. After an acute—or chronic—water shortage, people here endure typhoons philosophically as a welcome change from drought. The rain

usually falls in torrents, streaking thirsty hills with leaping streams, filling gaping reservoirs and merging sky and sea into a colourless, featureless blur. But too much rain on high ground causes landslides and loosens huge boulders which topple relentlessly downwards. Typhoons that end water rationing can also bring violent death, especially if you live in a squatter's hut or happen to meet a gale-borne neon sign.

Newspapers and radio have told of the disasters following this season's typhoons in Hong Kong. Photographs of scythed scaffolding fallen trees and collapsed houses look like the results of a wartime air raid. And, like the war, when bomb stories followed the bombs, so typhoon stories succeed typhoons. This, small compared to many, is the story of Typhoon Ruby and B.M.H. Bowen Road.

Typhoon Ruby took days to reach Hong Kong. From an embryo as a "non-tropical storm" to the full-blown maturity of a typhoon, it advanced over hundreds of miles. Heralded by storm warnings issued by the Royal Observatory, storm signals and by lightening fanning out from behind the baleful clouds, Ruby was very near us by Saturday, 5th September.

The typhoon's arrival coincided with that of the Olympic Torch on its way to Tokyo. In spite of increasing rain and wind, the flame, borne across the harbour and through crowded streets to the Civic Centre, shone with a fierce brightness. But its departure along the now bedraggled triumphal route had to be delayed until the typhoon had passed. Until then the flame burned, guarded and secure, within the Civic Centre, while waves from the encroaching sea washed into the foyer, casting up long, discouraged fish like offerings of atonement. On Saturday morning the wind, which had been blowing the litter across the streets and tugging at the caps of Q.A's going on duty, rested to keep its strength for greater things. There was a stillness in the air which only a newly arrived optimist would not have recognised as sinister. The last, late junks and sampans scurried for the crowded typhoon shelters like commuters running for a rush-hour train; the harbour seemed almost bare of ships, the roads of traffic.

Typhoon preparations in the B.M.H. were completed as far as possible. Every ward was shuttered behind its emptied balconies. Inside some, the patients lying in surroundings flanked by the potted palms and cane furniture brought in from the balconies, needed only the music of frisking violins to complete the genteel aura of Palm Court. Nearly all the Chinese and married British staff had gone home, those living across in Kowloon leaving early to catch the ferries which still surged defiantly across the swilling water. A team of soldiers from the South Wales Borderers, always present at typhoon time to help around the buildings and grounds, clumped cheerfully on their rounds, moving furniture and carpets or checking that as much as possible was secured.

By 11.45 a.m., when on a normal Saturday, people are thinking of the week-end and hoping it will stay fine, Typhoon Ruby was already rampant, and the No. 10 storm signal hoisted, showing the arrival of hurricane-force winds. Every fifteen minutes, competing with the tube-train roar of the wind and interspersed by hearty music, the radios repeated warnings and announcements.

Like B.M.H. Mount Kellett, higher up the Peak, and enduring a furious battering while winds tore through the Q.A.R.A.N.C. Officers' Mess there like a rioting mob searching out victims, BMH Bowen Road was also facing winds that seemed almost solid. They screeched through the shuttered wards, broke windows, sucked the extractor fan out of the company kitchen, and threw the heavy kitchen furniture about; they raged and tore at anyone attempting the corridors; they scalped several palm trees in the grounds or uprooted them with the same violence that bent or felled some of the tall steel perimeter lights. The locked door of the pay office was burst open and part of its roof fell off, giving double entry to the flooding rain. The laboratory roof and that of the R.A.M.C. Other Rank Quarters shed their tiles like expertly dealt playing cards while the gale forced in yet more rain, creating dangerous, saturated havoc.

Even more of a target for Typhoon Ruby was Uphill House, the recently converted and newly decorated Q.A.R.A.N.C. Nurses' Quarters. In hurricane-force winds, the roof felting was torn off and flung aside like orange peel, allowing a niagara of rain to cascade into the pretty, freshly painted and furnished rooms. From the other side of the steep road the roof of the engineer's office was lifted and hurled across, shattering against and caving in the side of the so-recently white and immaculate Uphill House, now as battered as a wrecked houseboat.

To the refugees from Uphill House, the thought of a cup of coffee was warming and comforting. Accordingly, they squelched across to the NAAFI, a popular place in any weather. The typhoon continued to rage past the Colony, while lengthening announcements of blocked roads, collapsed buildings and landslides were read over the radio, and through the tumult, the strident klaxon of an ambulance could sometimes be heard. To its present occupants, the NAAFI seemed a haven. But the shelter it provided was very temporary. Without warning, half its tiled roof clattered off into the yard behind, where the tiles were blown about like ice cream papers on a breezy bank holiday. Soon afterwards the rest of the roof disintegrated, while the shelterers ran for more permanent cover, their coffee untasted.

Later, when the winds had quieted before their next attack, the nurses who were sent across to Uphill House to rescue their possessions, salvaged and packed them hurriedly. Meanwhile, helpers kept the lapping waters from riding within the rooms by sweeping them briskly into the corridor, where they flowed in a river to the waterfall on the front steps. The ubiquitous South

Wales Borderers, as cheerful as ever, moved furniture or carried baggage through the deluge for the soaking procession that splashed its way to Alexandra House or to Families Ward, where temporary accommodation had been arranged.

For long after the typhoon had passed, the torrents of rain persisted, filling the hospital's static water tank to an unfamiliar level and leaving inches of water on many floors to be scooped up or squeegeed away by the weary staff. But there was a gradual relaxation everywhere as Ruby hurtled northwards to China. During Sunday, while storm signals were lowered and weather forecasts brightened, the routine of Hong Kong, like that of the BMH, returned to as near the normal as trailing telephone lines, loose electric cables and blocked roads would allow.

Ferries crossed to and from Kowloon again, junks and sampans prised themselves out of the crammed typhoon shelters to sail stiffly across the sullen water, ships returned to their berths and, on the narrowed roads, the traffic moved with unusual decorum. Typhoon Ruby had left.

Since Ruby's departure, other typhoons have threatened, bypassed or attacked us. Their names, recurring in weather forecasts, sound like the roll-call of a girls' school. Sally, Tilda, Wilda, Anita, Billie, Clara and Dot have all had their turn. The black storm signal pendant at the mast of the local naval shore station has travelled up and down it like a yo yo. And the sun, the biggest attraction of a Far East posting, has been as elusive as if this was a British summer.

It is pleasant to look back upon—and forward to—a summer at home. Even if the days are chilly and the sun withdrawn, there at least we have the privilege of grumbling at the rain. And, if the wind is strong, someone may lose his hat, but not his roof. There too, Wanda . . . Mary . . . Ida . . . Sally . . . are not the names of typhoons, but of girls.

ANN RUNDLE (A/55/915).

OBITUARIES

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL MARY V. INNES, O.B.E., R.R.C.

The untimely death of Mary Innes on 3rd January, 1965, came as a great shock to her many friends, and left them with a feeling of irreplaceable loss. It does not seem possible that one who was so vital, and had such a capacity for living, can have been taken from us so soon. Mary had the knack of making friends wherever she went, of keeping in touch with them, and so often organising them to do things they had no intention of doing.

I first met Mary in 1940 at Hatfield House when we were waiting to go to the Middle East. After arriving in Egypt, the unit was split, some of us going to Palestine and others remaining in the Canal Zone. Mary, stationed at 27th General Hospital at Tel-el-Kabir,

would arrive in Cairo for breakfast with those on leave from Palestine. One of my vivid memories is of meeting her in the doorway of the Y.W.C.A. in Jerusalem ; she was going for a ride round the walls of the old city on a donkey. Little did we think then that some twenty years later she would become such a well-known figure in the city and in the Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan.

In the spring of 1943 Mary was posted to the hospital ship *Oranje* and later transferred to the *Talamba* prior to the invasion of Sicily. What actually happened when the *Talamba* was bombed, few people know, but Mary got her patients into a boat and sailed away "without losing her veil or getting her feet wet"—the only comment I have heard her make on an incident that ended in her being awarded the O.B.E.

For the next two years I did not see Mary again, but at the end of the war she remained in the Service and took the Nurse Tutor's course at the Royal College of Nursing and was eventually posted to Germany. On the outbreak of the Korean war, Mary was posted to Japan and returned from there with the R.R.C., again being very reticent about her experiences.

The rest of Mary's service was spent either at the Depot, the Preliminary Training Establishment, or at Queen Alexandra's Military Hospital, Millbank.

On leaving the Service, Mary was for eighteen months Principal Tutor at St. Margaret's Hospital, Epping.

During this period of her life, Mary's outstanding qualities were her courage, her kindness, her zest for life, and her great desire to pack as much into life as possible. She must be remembered by other ranks, orderlies and student nurses for her concern for their welfare and great desire to teach them, and the ease with which they could approach her. In my own hospital where she took the Final Hospital Examination in nursing, for many years she always took great pains to find out how much the candidate knew, not how little.

In July 1961 Mary went to Jordan to pioneer a Nursing Service for the Jordan Arab Army. And in September 1962, the first school commenced with an almost equal number of Christian and Muslim students. That Muslim girls were allowed to enter for nurse training in the Army speaks highly of Mary's qualities of tact and understanding, and of the high esteem in which she was held in Jordan. Despite the fact that many Jordanians speak fluent English, Mary quickly learned to speak Arabic, and then to read and write it. She learned their customs and their ways, and held them in great respect. In this way she soon made many friends and endeared herself not only to the Army but to the civilians as well.

Last year the Jordan Army Nursing Service received Royal Recognition when H.R.H. Princess Muna Al Hussein became their Colonel-in-Chief, and attended the "Capping" ceremony of the young nurses, the first to be held in the presence of Royalty. Her

many friends in Jordan were stunned by the news of her death, for although she had been ill since July and had had treatment in England during the summer months she was thought to be on holiday, prior to serving another three years in Jordan.

She was flown back to Millbank a few days after reporting sick, and died a month later.

The card attached to the wreath from H.R.H. Princess Muna Al Hussein said, "How Jordan will miss you." I think it is true to echo this and simply say, "How your friends will miss you."

M.R.

MRS. A. L. MORTIMER GRIFFIN, S.R.N.

We regret to announce the death of Mrs. Mortimer Griffin on 7th January. This well-loved figure in the nursing world had enjoyed an interesting and varied career since her training days at University College Hospital in the nineties. Between spells of private nursing she served at the Royal Marsden Hospital as Night Superintendent, with the French Red Cross, as a ship's nursing sister, and in the T.A.N.S. in Palestine during the First World War.

As secretary of the Junius S. Morgan Benevolent Fund from 1938 to 1955, Mrs. Mortimer Griffin worked unsparingly, and was remembered with gratitude by hundreds of applicants for the Fund's assistance. From 1938 until her death she was a member of the management committee of the other charity associated with The Royal National Pension Fund for Nurses—the Nurses' Memorial to King Edward VII. She was a founder member of the Royal College of Nursing and a member of the Cowdray Club from 1922.

In all these activities and fields of endeavour she made her mark as a wise yet humorous counsellor, and a happy and energetic administrator.

R. BRAMMALL (*Secretary, R.N.P.F.N.*).

HONOURS AND AWARDS

R.R.C.: Lt.-Col. M. M. Winny
Lt.-Col. M. P. A. Albrecht
A.R.R.C.: Major B. Jones
Major M. Waddington

BIRTH

McELROY (*née* Connolly), wife of Mr. H. McElroy, a son, Liam James Thomas, on the 24th August, 1964.

DEATHS

SHEPHERD, MISS NELLIE, died on 21st December, 1964, at Thelwall, Lancs. She served in U.K. and Middle East 1914-18. Aged 82 years.

BEGG, MISS M. R., died in June, 1964. She served in the Q.A.I.M.N.S. (R.) 1945-1947.

SCHLIEMAR, MISS SOPHIE, died 17th January, 1965, in Madeira.
 SHAFTO, MISS B. C., died on Sunday, 22nd November, 1964, at Edinburgh.
 LONG, MISS KATHLEEN, ex-Q.A.I.M.N.S., died 11th November, 1964.
 WILKINS, LT.-COLONEL LEONORA ROSE, R.R.C., died 1st December, 1964, at Malmesbury. She served in Q.A.R.A.N.C. from 1925 to 1950.
 BRETT, MRS. MARIAN (*née* Barlow) died on 4th January, 1965. Late Q.A.I.M.N.S., India.
 INNES, LT.-COLONEL VIOLET MARY, O.B.E., R.R.C., died on 3rd January, 1965, at Queen Alexandra Military Hospital. Late of the Q.A.R.A.N.C.
 GRIFFITHS, MRS. MORTIMER A. L., died on 7th January, 1965. She served in the T.A.N.S. in Palestine during the First World War.
 MORGAN, MISS MARTHA EVANGELINE, ex-Q.A.I.M.N.S. Res., died on 31st January, 1965, at Marie Louisa Club, Sunninghill, after a long illness.
 KILLERY, MISS EVELYN S., A.R.R.C., Matron Q.A.I.M.N.S. Rtd., died 27th November, 1964 in County Dublin after a long illness.

STATE FINAL EXAMINATIONS, OCTOBER 1964

Aitken, Angela Wright	Brockway (<i>née</i> Renshaw), Dorothy Joyce
Boyd, Isabella	Brunner, Mary
Cini, Manuella	Chalmers, Margaret
Dixon, Jean Elizabeth	Dodson, Dyna Kay
Green, Gillian Ann	Eddington, Ann
Harilihan, Mary	Hare, Eleanor Kathleen
Lake, Maureen	Huffer, Mary Elizabeth
Lindsey-Sands, Daphne Rosaleen	Johnson, Susan
Mackay, June	Leaming-Hudson, Barbara
O'Collaghan, Catherine	McClay, Agnes
Paul, Margaret McClyment	McDonald, Margaret
Perrin, Sandra Mary	Pillay, Jill Ann Nancy
Philbrick, Auril Victoria	Schofield, Ann
Potter, Edna Mary	Sullivan, Patricia Maureen
Rix, Margaret Ann	Mallely, Mary Margaret
Selby (<i>née</i> Sendell), Barbara Mary	Merniechia, Marie Merese
Sharp, Edith	Walk, Janet Myrtle
Barr, Allison Kathleen	Wilk, Doreen

PASSED MIDWIFERY PART I, NOVEMBER 1964

Lieut. A. C. Pratt	Cpl. E. H. Ashworth
Lieut. V. A. Bridgeman	Pte. P. E. Day
Lieut. D. Luckett	Pte. L. A. Parker
Sgt. M. J. Cochrane	Capt. M. C. J. Russell
Cpl. M. A. Lenihan	Lieut. P. M. Smith
Cpl. I. M. Gummer	

PASSED MIDWIFERY PART II, DECEMBER 1964

Major A. T. E. M. Howitt	Lieut. C. A. Pollard
Lieut. J. E. Goodier	

CENTRAL MIDWIVES BOARD PART I, FEBRUARY 1965

Capt. J. D. Lang	Lieut. J. N. Wilson
Lieut. M. I. Booth	(Sgt. J. N. Wilson)
	Sgt. E. E. Steevens

APPOINTMENT OF SENIOR OFFICERS

Lieut.-Col. E. Ballesty, appointed Matron, B.M.H. Dhekelia.
 Lieut.-Col. L. Dodsley, appointed Matron, B.M.H. Rinteln.
 Lieut.-Col. E. F. Porritt, appointed Matron, Military Hospital, Colchester.

PROMOTION—REGULAR OFFICERS

To Lieutenant-Colonel

Major F. M. Sands.

To Major

Captains: J. M. Woods, 13.10.64; M. E. Smart, 13.10.64; E. K. O'Sullivan, 10.11.64; A. T. E. M. Howitt, 13.12.64; M. J. McDermott, 5.1.65; J. A. Crook-Williams (*née* Gadd), 12.11.64; C. J. Moores (*née* Gilman), 19.12.64; G. D. Champion (*née* Stott), 19.12.64; P. Champion (*née* Jones), 19.12.64; E. E. Harrington, 6.1.65; Y. E. Driffield (*née* Groves), 9.1.65; W. B. Jackson, 29.1.65; M. Crow, 1.1.65; P. R. Parnham, 1.1.65; H. Whitewell, 1.1.65; P. V. Sanders, 1.1.65.

To Captains

Lieutenants: E. P. Lever (*née* Hughes), 23.9.64; P. V. Bullock (*née* Archbold), 31.10.64; D. R. Martenson (*née* Harrington), 14.11.64; S. M. Gordon, 5.11.64; A. Hunter, 26.11.64; J. Shaw, 27.11.64; K. Klokk (*née* Blaksley), 9.12.64; O. P. Joss, 7.1.65; U. Bray, 7.1.65; J. P. Eve (*née* Meikle), 9.1.65; P. C. Pitt (*née* Pratt), 23.1.65; H. M. Wright, 2.10.64; G. M. England, 3.10.64; S. R. Daldy, 4.10.64; S. Burns, 8.10.64; D. Flattery, 8.10.64; K. M. Gaines, 8.10.64; M. M. F. McNeil, 8.10.64; B. E. Pearson, 8.10.64; M. M. Roberts, 8.10.64; J. M. Stevens, 8.10.64; G. T. Mark-Herbert, 10.10.64; M. Maddick, 12.10.64; H. M. Lintott, 14.10.64; S. A. Bockett, 13.10.64; I. C. P. McMahon, 8.11.64; A. M. T. Burke, 26.11.64; S. G. Campbell, 26.11.64; P. O'Donnell, 26.11.64; P. E. Wheable, 26.11.64; O. Chadwick, 4.12.64; M. McPherson, 19.12.64; H. M. Corbett, 7.1.65; S. M. Fitzpatrick, 7.1.65; E. Howey, 7.1.65; M. E. Morton, 7.1.65; T. A. O'Rourke, 7.1.65; M. E. Pedley, 7.1.65; E. B. T. Sweeney, 7.1.65; J. R. Vernon, 7.1.65; J. D. Lang, 25.1.65.

RETIREMENT OF REGULAR OFFICERS

Lieutenant-Colonel M. E. Lewis, 15.1.65.

Majors: M. E. Taylor, 27.12.64; M. Sword, 1.10.64.

Captains: E. Johnston (*née* Robinson), 4.11.64; J. A. Sweet (*née* Bell), 10.10.64.

SHORT SERVICE COMMISSIONED OFFICERS

Captains: M. M. Cosgrove (*née* Doyle), 29.9.64; O. M. Donald, 5.10.64; D. Patton, 5.10.64; D. T. A. Clarke, 5.10.64; H. A. M. McLaurin, 9.10.64; P. R. Neville, 9.10.64; N. Metcalf, 1.11.64; J. Philip, 6.11.64.

POSTINGS OVERSEAS—OFFICERS

BETWEEN SEPTEMBER 1964 AND JANUARY 1965
TO F.A.R.E.L.F.

To B.M.H. Singapore

Captains: P. J. Morley, V. J. Smith.

Lieutenants: M. E. Morton, J. M. Acons, W. M. Burgess, E. E. Tighe, A. C. Moore, D. C. M. T. Patchett, J. P. Skelton, J. Ryans, S. L. Robinson.

To B.M.H. Kamunting

Captain M. J. McDermott.

Lieutenants: M. H. Macarthur, P. M. Wilson.

To B.M.H. Terendak

Major M. A. Gara.

Lieutenants: K. M. Brown, V. A. Bridgman.

To B.M.H. Cameron Highlands

Major C. B. Fraser.

To B.M.H. Kluang

Major K. Duncan.

Lieutenant P. J. Elliott.

To Kuching

Captain J. V. Grieve.

To Hong Kong

Major G. M. Clarke.

Captain A. Tidey.

Lieutenant G. B. M. Goodwin.

POSTINGS OVERSEAS—OFFICERS

M.E.L.F.

To Dhekelia

Lieutenant-Colonel E. Ballesty.

Major J. O. E. Moriarty.

Captain J. Baylan.

Lieutenants: E. Straughan, F. Hooton, A. M. Forbes.

To Benghazi

Lieutenants: M. Haffenden, B. Watkins.

**REGULAR OFFICERS REVERTED TO HOME
ESTABLISHMENT**

BETWEEN OCTOBER 1964 AND JANUARY 1965

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

From Singapore

Major H. Cattenach To Q.A.M.H. Millbank

Captain M. J. Roberts To Cambridge Military Hospital

From Kluang

Major E. A. Thomson To P.T.S., Aldershot

Captain B. M. Coveney Military Hospital, Colchester

From Terendak

Major K. M. Dallas To B.M.H. Rinteln

Captain M. T. Rees To Military Hospital, Colchester

From Kamunting

Major M. E. Warrilow To Military Hospital, Tidworth

Major S. R. Todman To Cambridge Military Hospital, Aldershot

From Cameron Highlands

Major M. E. Seabrook To Q.A.M.H. Millbank

From Hong Kong

Major M. Stack To R.H.H. Woolwich

M.E.L.F.

From Dhekelia

Major M. M. Bridgwater To Military Hospital, Colchester

Major M. C. O'Sullivan To Q.A.M.H. Millbank

Captain P. Elliot To Military Hospital, Catterick

From Tripoli

Lieut.-Colonel B. M. Robertson... .. To B.M.H. Iserlohn

From Benghazi

Lieut.-Colonel E. H. Litherland... .. To H.Q. Eastern Command

Major N. Marson... .. To Depot and T.E. Q.A.R.A.N.C.

Captain M. M. Bresman To B.M.H. Iserlohn

Q.A.R.A.N.C. PROMOTIONS—OTHER RANKS

1st NOVEMBER 1964 TO 28th FEBRUARY 1965

To Staff Sergeants

C. H. Jackson, R. Dobson.

To Sergeants

K. M. Robertson, M. A. Boland.

To Corporals

C. M. Palmer, A. E. Croft, S. D. Clarke, J. James, A. Lyons, J. M. Greer, L. A. Parker, E. W. Kinloch, R. Bywater, B. M. Murray, V. M. Lawlor, D. A. Sibbons, B. M. Sanger-Stevens, L. F. Jefferies, D. E. Searle, K. N. M. Haskins, A. C. Morrison, D. I. Edwards, M. B. Williams, C. E. Stuart-Lyon, C. A. Sunley, C. Onn, S. Taylor, M. Dwyer.

To L/Corporals

P. Levett, L. Jones, J. V. Garrod, L. O. Marchant, G. MacFarlane, D. Wilks, J. N. Pillay, V. A. Poole.

OTHER RANKS POSTED TO B.A.O.R. AND OVERSEAS

1st NOVEMBER 1964 TO 28th FEBRUARY 1965

To B.A.O.R.

Corporal D. K. Reed.

Privates: B. A. Browne, R. Charles-Howe, E. F. Demster, S. A. Wright, D. E. Ellis, B. A. Green, F. C. Holmes, C. Smith, J. H. Whitfield, J. P. Widdicombe, L. B. Dutton, J. E. Hardman, D. M. V. Mearns, J. Mitchell, R. M. Neilson, L. Parr, E. J. Sharples, A. Smith, M. P. Starkey, J. E. Carr, M. I. F. Guthrie, P. A. Penfold, M. M. Doyle, S. C. Smith, S. Kelsall, A. M. F. Morrissey, J. S. Wyllie, B. P. Lowe, A. Taala, H. M. Smith, D. J. Channing, J. M. Deacon, B. W. Nisbet, G. Shubrook, D. F. M. Waddell, M. Gabbitas, A. F. Gaw, D. S. Hart, J. Lawrence.

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

Corporal S. A. Mackenzie.

L/Corporal A. E. Croft.

Privates: J. M. Campbell, M. F. Dougall, M. E. Williams, P. B. M. Wright, A. C. Reid, P. A. Cross, P. A. Strickland, D. Jackson, B. C. Sturrock, S. E. Clark, M. C. Lewis, L. Maher, J. Smith, L. Clifford, M. M. Bennett.

To Cyprus

Privates: J. L. Harvey, D. J. Robinson.

To Tripoli

Privates: M. E. Jones, A. Morris, G. F. Smith.

To Benghazi

Privates: L. S. Haddon, L. M. Thorn.

To 18 Coy., R.A.M.C.

Corporals: C. James, S. M. Staple.

Privates: M. A. Chappell, S. E. Ovenden, M. Rutherford, K. N. M. Haskins, W. Metcalfe, G. M. Brookes, E. A. Davis, E. Lovell, H. Mullard, S. J. Smith, C. E. Thompson, P. A. Wise, J. A. M. Yescombe, M. M. Sands, J. M. Lambley.

To B.M.H. Munster

Privates: P. J. Clements, B. M. Keene, D. Shambrook.

To 9 Coy., R.A.M.C.

Corporals: E. S. King, M. E. Giles.

Privates: H. Hudson, E. A. Birch, V. M. Jenkins, D. P. Jones, P. K. Spinks, M. Baker, J. G. Jarvis, T. A. Lockett, J. P. Oliver, J. L. Redfern, S. Taylor, J. Thompson.

To 12 Coy., R.A.M.C.

Corporals: S. A. Atkin, I. M. Gummer.

Privates: U. M. Hunter, W. G. Smith.

To 7 Coy., R.A.M.C.

Privates: C. I. Lawrence, P. A. Blake, J. Beaton, C. Buntain, I. M. Chisholm, P. Levett.

To 20 Coy., R.A.M.C.

Corporal R. J. Ford.

Privates: M. Thatcher, S. R. Harris, E. R. Baker, H. J. Leigh.

To 10 Coy., R.A.M.C.

Private D. C. Woodhams.

To 1 Coy., R.A.M.C.

Sergeant M. J. Cochrane.

Corporals: E. A. Ashworth, P. E. Day, M. A. Lenihan, L. A. Parker.

L/Corporal P. R. Cole.

Privates: M. E. M. Pearce, S. Basneth, R. Chettri, B. Rai, S. Sinha, W. Tate, C. Thapa.

To B.M.H. Rinteln

Corporal G. Williams.

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

Private J. Williams.

To 15 Coy., R.A.M.C.

Privates: M. F. R. Bissett, J. M. Brosnan.

To W.R.A.C. School of Instruction

Corporal J. A. Wintle.

L/Corporal M. Dickinson.

To Louise Margaret Maternity Hospital

Corporal (Acting Sergeant) P. M. Sullivan.

Corporals: A. W. Aitken, C. A. Green, J. E. Peet, P. Wilson, E. Potter, H. Brunner.

Private (Acting-Corporal) A. McClay.

Privates: D. M. Bradley, S. E. Bull, S. E. Hamilton, J. N. A. Pillay, M. M. Valley, D. J. Brockway, E. I. Stagg, I. B. Trebilcock, A. P. Walker.

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

Private S. M. Green.

ADVERTISEMENTS

For sale. No. 1 Dress. Size 18 approx.; hardly worn. Apply Box 20.

For sale. Q.A.R.A.N.C. Officer's Uniform, No. 1 Dress and Greatcoat. Wetherall tailored. worn twice only. Height 5 ft. 6½ in. 34 in., 26 in., 36 in. £10 each o.n.o. Mrs. Balcombe, 15 Millfield Terrace, Sleaford, Lincsire.

For sale. Q.A.R.A.N.C. Officer's Uniform, Greatcoat and Mackintosh, fit height 5 ft. 2 in. **No. 1 and No. 2 Dress,** bust 34 in., waist 24 in. All in excellent condition. Apply Box 21.

Resident Sister required for the Administrative Staff of the Elderly Nurses' National Home, Riverside Avenue, Holdenhurst, Bournemouth. To take charge of Sick Bay, 12 beds. Large bed-sittingroom provided. Salary £565 p.a., together with emoluments valued at £235 p.a. No superannuation. Five weeks' annual leave. Apply to the Matron at the above address.

DONATIONS

JULY 1964 TO FEBRUARY 1965

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Benevolence							
Dame Katharine Jones	10	0	0	Miss K. I. Truman (for T.A.N.S.) ...	1	0	0
Mrs. E. H. Mills (for T.V. at Queen Mary's House) ...	1	0	0	Mrs. K. R. Knight (for T.A.N.S.) ...		5	0
Contributed by Serving Members—re Appeal by D.A.N.S. ...	3	10	0	Col. J. E. Mellor (4% Consolidated Stock)...	1,000	0	0
Singapore Branch (170 dollars sent) ...	19	14	11	*Mrs. M. Newman ...		10	0
Lieut. E. Fehners ...		10	0	*Mrs. G. M. Peasley ...	1	1	0
B.M.H. Nairobi (Corps Day Collections) ...	16	5	0	*Col. J. A. Dunn ...	1	0	0
B.A.O.R. (Church Collections) ...	8	12	6	*Mrs. M. Mitchley ...		5	0
Hanover Branch ...	50	0	0	*C.U.A. (Aldershot) Branch (for T.V. at Queen Mary's House)	4	0	0
Military Hospital, Tidworth ...	180	0	0				
Christmas Donations ...	251	10	8	General Purposes			
Army Benevolent Fund	250	0	0	B.M.H. Hanover ...	25	0	0
Miss M. E. Medforth ...	3	3	0	Singapore Branch (85 dollars) ...	10	10	0
Catterick Branch (for T.V. at Queen Mary's House) ...	4	10	0	C.U.A. Branch (Aldershot) ...	60	0	0
St. Andrew's Society ...	3	3	0	Hanover Branch ...	17	16	1
Miss J. Cox ...	1	0	0	Miss A. Snowdon ...	1	0	0
Millbank Branch ...	150	0	0	Miss M. V. Hind ...	1	0	0
Assistant Chaplain General's Fund, Hong Kong ...	24	1	11	Miss E. E. Milne ...		10	0
Mrs. Thaine Allen Trust	250	0	0	*P. H. Smith, Esq. ...	1	1	0
Lieut.-Col. V. M. Innes	3	2	6	*S. C. Smith, Esq. ...	1	1	0
Singapore Branch (455 dollars) ...	52	4	7	*Major E. G. B. Butterworth ...		10	0
Miss I. J. McMillan (10 dollars) ...	3	10	4	*Major G. A. Staines ...		10	0
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Miss M. Delves ...	1	1	0	*Miss E. H. Kerr ...	1	0	0
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Lieut. R. M. Palmer, 4 Victoria Court, Victoria Road, Dartmouth, Devon.
Mrs. B. M. Oakland, 133 Brooklands Lane, Seacroft, Leeds 14.
Pte. M. Sevenoaks, 25 Albany Road, St. Leonards-on-Sea.
Cpl. M. McIver, 21 Mansion Street, Glasgow N.2.
Lieut. E. B. Sweeney, 15 Icknield Drive, Ilford, Essex.
Lieut. P. M. Whittington, 374 Station Road, Dorridge, Solihull, Warwickshire.
Lieut. E. B. Pengel, 17 Woodbank Road, Cross House, nr. Kilmarnock, Ayrshire.
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The Director and staff of the Jordanian Royal Army Medical Services wish to thank all those who kindly sent messages of sympathy on the death of Col. Mary Innes, Matron of the Army Base Hospital.

A fund is being raised to commemorate her work in Jordan. The contributions will be used for the welfare of the patients or their dependents in the Base Hospital.



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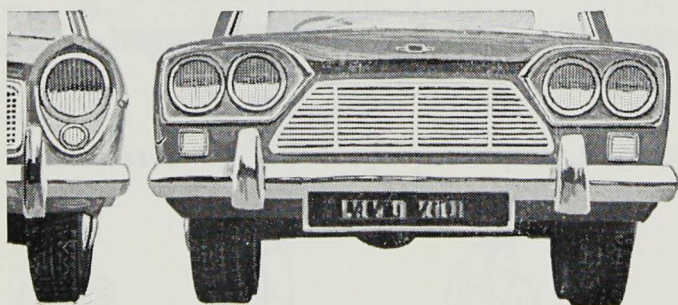
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