



The Gazette



LT.-COLONEL E. F. DAVIES, R.R.C.

Queen Alexandra's Royal Army Nursing Corps Association

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

Patron

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS MARGARET, C.I., G.C.V.O
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Chertsey*

GAZETTE Readers'

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

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EDITORIAL

To one and all a Very Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year. According to Old Moore it looks as though the situation will be unchanged. We certainly hope not with regard to our Branches, as this year, we have had so little news from them. Do make a New Year's resolution to send us items from time to time so that other members of the Association know that you really are an active Branch.

At this very expensive time of the year don't please pay your annual subscription twice, but **please do** pay it **once** on 1st January. We really will be most grateful.

It is hoped early in the New Year to form a Branch of the Association in Northern Ireland and in the St. Leonard's area— anyone interested in joining either of these Branches please contact:
Northern Ireland—

Major M. Heaney, Q.A.R.A.N.C.,
Matron,
Military Wing,
Musgrave Park Hospital,
Balmoral,
Belfast 9,
Northern Ireland.

St. Leonard's Area—

Lt.-Col. E. W. F. R. Jolly (Retd.),
Flat 4,
120 Dorset Road,
Bexhill-on-Sea,
Sussex.

Our very warmest congratulations to all those who have been successful in examinations and courses.

PHOTOGRAPH ON THE COVER

The photograph on the cover is of our new Chairman, Lt.-Col. E. F. Davies, R.R.C. (Retd.), who is well known to many serving and retired members. The last position she held in the Q.A.'s was Matron, Royal Herbert Hospital, Woolwich, and for the past year Col. Davies has been a member of the Central Committee.

THE CHAIRMAN'S MESSAGE

DEAR MEMBERS,

I would like first to thank you, and say how much I appreciate the honour you have done me, in choosing me as Chairman for the current period, and to promise my best endeavours always for the good of the Association.

Although our motto is relevant throughout the year, it is perhaps especially so at this season, when we all think of our friends at home and overseas, sending cards and letters and good wishes.

Perhaps there is some member in your area, village, or Unit, who is feeling rather alone, because they have recently arrived. It may be her first Christmas in the Corps, and away from home. She may recently have married, and moved with her husband to a new district, or just retired after many years of Service life, and be tackling living alone for the first time. In the case of one of our senior members perhaps, obliged to leave her home, and learn to live in a community again.

This gives us a wonderful opportunity to hold out the Hand of Friendship, search out, and give a special greeting and welcome, to new members in our midst.

So, I would wish you all, everywhere, the true joy of Christmas, and a peaceful and happy New Year.

Yours sincerely,

E. FREDA DAVIES.

ADVANCE NOTICE

The Annual Reunion will be on Saturday, 17th June, 1967, at the usual place, that is The Cafe Royal, Regent Street, London, S.W.1., and the cost remains unchanged, *i.e.* 12/6 for Members and 15/- to non-members.

FIELD OF REMEMBRANCE

Once again serving and retired members of the Army Nursing Services met at Westminster Abbey on November 10th for the Dedication Ceremony of the Field of Remembrance.

Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother was present at the ceremony and afterwards as she visited the plots, stopped to speak to the Matron-in-Chief, Dame Margot Turner, who afterwards led the service at our plot.

The Queen Mother said how nice it was to see so many younger members of the Corps at the Service.

The crosses were laid by Major Thomas, Lt.-Col. E. F. Davies, Miss D. Bridges and Mrs. M. Prior.

ANNUAL CORPS COCKTAIL PARTY

The Officers of the Corps held their annual Cocktail Party at the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, on 21st October, 1966. Her Royal Highness The Princess Margaret, their Colonel-in-Chief, was greeted on arrival by the Colonel Commandant, Brigadier Dame Barbara Cozens, D.B.E., R.R.C., and the Matron-in-Chief, Brigadier Dame Margot Turner, D.B.E., R.R.C., Q.H.N.S.

In the Governors' Apartment, where the guests were assembled, Lieut. S. Stanley presented Her Royal Highness with a bouquet of yellow rose buds and pink freesias, which looked charming with her sleeveless off-white brocade dress. A mink hat trimmed with white tails completed the ensemble.

The Headquarters of the Association was represented by Lt.-Col. E. F. Davies, Chairman, Miss Roberts and Mrs. Hammond.

NEWS FROM THE BRANCHES

Millbank Branch

In July the Branch met at the Hospital, where we were shown a film, *Challenge and Reward*. It was very interesting and colourful and although really a recruiting film it made us long to be young again and able to start our training with the Corps and travel by air to Hong Kong. This was quite well attended in spite of it being the holiday season.

On September 7th, we set out for the new Depot at Aldershot. It was a perfect day and the roads were not too busy, in spite of the Air Show at Farnborough. We travelled in four cars of our members and were received on arrival by Miss Birtles, of the Depot staff, and after being made very welcome were escorted to the Museum, where we broused for a long time, in fact it was all so interesting that we almost had to be forcibly removed for tea, which was a gorgeous one served in the Dining Room. The Commandant visited us in the Museum and again during tea and escorted some of the members on our tour of the rooms. The Depot is built rather like a ship on which a very happy atmosphere prevailed. We very reluctantly said goodbye to our hostesses at about 5.40 p.m., and set out for home. This was a very enjoyable afternoon, during which we met all the staff of the Depot and several young Nursing Officers who were undergoing their initial training. The members extend their thanks to all who made this afternoon possible.

HILDA HAMBLIN.

Bournemouth Branch

One of the most vivacious speakers we have been privileged to hear for some time, was introduced by Dame Monica Golding at the Annual Luncheon at Linden Hall Hotel on Wednesday, October 12th.

Better known in her capacity of Chief Nursing Adviser to the Ministry of Labour in the war years, Mrs. B. Bennett, O.B.E., has been in her time, a matron, a tutor and an inveterate traveller.

It is not surprising then that because of the wide range of her activities, she chose an original and arresting topic to qualify for the One Thousand Pound Award from the International Nurses' Fund.

This, in turn, led to her journey to the West Indies on a fact-finding tour.

The task she had set herself was the investigation of the education and background of the emigrants from these islands who came to Britain in vast numbers to seek Nursing Training.

The distances Mrs. Bennett travelled among the group of islands would have exhausted a less zealous enthusiast, but so eagerly did she pursue this quest for knowledge, that the inhabitants, recognising her sincerity of purpose, opened their doors and indeed their hearts to her.

The frustrations they encountered in England were not limited to nurse training. In the language ; the food, and especially the Church, they found cause for conflict.

Indeed, one of Mrs. Bennett's meetings was like a miniature Ecumenical Council as were called together the Ministers of the Protestant, Catholic, Muslim and Hindu faiths to state their case.

Another aspect of their lives was revealed to her, in that their troubles weren't entirely West Indies versus Britain, but each separate island such as Trinidad, Tobago, Grenada had individual hostilities one against the other. On arrival in England, islanders were all loosely described as Jamaicans, which didn't suit at all.

It is far too controversial a subject to pursue in a social column but those who listened to Mrs. Bennett on Wednesday felt that her command of the subject, in these times of racial prejudice, warranted a far wider screen instead of being hidden away in retirement.

A vote of thanks to the Speaker was very graciously proposed by the Vice-Chairman, Mrs. Blenkinsop, and seconded by Mrs. Garrett.

Ten very attractive prizes donated by members were raffled by Lt.-Col. Joyce Chambers, the winning ticket being drawn by Mrs. Bennett as a final flourish.

Major Marjorie Stonham did the sums with the precision of a computer. The attendance was excellent (52) and those who were unable to be present missed one of the best events of the year.

K. A. TYE.

New Zealand

The Branch continues to prosper and the membership is now 49. Usually members meet three times during the year and in June held their Annual Bring and Buy Sale and made £66 for the Headquarters Funds.

Brighton and Hove Branch

We at Headquarters are very sorry to hear that Miss Stanley, Hon. Secretary, is ill in hospital, and we wish her a speedy recovery.

North-East Scotland Branch

We extend a warm welcome to Mrs. D. M. Moon as Hon. Secretary of the Branch. May her passage be a smooth one. Anyone who remembers her (Dot Wilson) please contact her—we know she will be very pleased for you to help swell the happy throng in North-East Scotland.

To Mrs. Donald, our very grateful thanks for all her hard work and help during her term of office.

INTER-SERVICES TENNIS TOURNAMENT

It was the good fortune of the Q.A.R.A.N.C. Depot at Aldershot, to be the hostess unit for the Inter-Services Tennis Tournament on 6th July this year.

Great preparations were made for the big day, and two officers worked far into the night arranging vast quantities of colourful and very lovely flowers.

The four "opponents" from the Q.A.R.N.N.S. and the P.M.-R.A.F.N.S. arrived in good time on July 5th and treated the members of the Depot Mess to a glimpse into the lives of our fellow nursing sisters in the Navy and Air Force. Spirits were extremely high, with no real worries about the following days' events. Our two R.A.F. sisters were sporting a magnificent sun-tan, and informed us that they were flying to Aden almost immediately after leaving the Depot.

July 6th arrived, and brought with it dark clouds which threatened to ruin our Tournament Day. Captan Taggart's ardent little prayers for sunshine seemed to be of no avail, and only the colourful hats of the spectators brightened a rather dismal day.

However, the tennis players were in excellent form, and each pair were encouraged by their respective Directors. We at the Depot were indeed honoured by the presence of the Matron-in-Chief of the P.M.R.A.F.N.S., Dame Veronica Ashworth, D.B.E., R.R.C., Q.H.N.S., the Matron-in-Chief of the Q.A.R.N.N.S., Miss Joan Woodgate, R.R.C., and of course, our own Director, Brigadier Dame Margot Turner, D.B.E., R.R.C., who presented the prizes. The Reverend Harry Golding was among the spectators present but unfortunately minus his charming wife, our Colonel Commandant, who at the time of the Tournament was in the care of the staff at the Millbank Hospital. To Dame Monica, we wish a happy convalescence at Osborne House and a speedy return to the social scene.

The Tournament commenced with the Army playing the Navy, and this promised to be a very close and exciting game. The sudden rain did not deter the contestants, but eventually even they were driven to the protection of the covered drill shed. It was obvious that the rain was going to persist for some time, so spectators and contestants retired for an early tea of freshly-made sandwiches, strawberries and cream. Hunger was satisfied and the Tournament continued, resulting in a win for the Army in the first game. As was expected, the two Army contestants, Major Myers and Captain Steel, were the heroes of the hour. The next game between the R.A.F. and the Army resulted in a win for the R.A.F. As our Director pointed out later, when presenting the prizes, some really excellent tennis was played that day, and each player gave of her very best. The final game was played between the R.A.F. and the Navy, and this was the most exciting game of all. None of the players seemed to tire, and even though the R.A.F. were declared the winners, it was no simple task to defeat the two Naval Sisters. Colonel Reynolds was an excellent umpire and he kept the score with Wimbledon-like precision.

The Director, Dame Margot Turner, presented the prizes, and who better, for she herself is known throughout the Corps, to be an excellent tennis player. In her speech, the Director thanked all the players for a very exciting tournament and all "ball-girls", umpires, linesmen, etc., for the hard work which they had done to make the day a great success.

It will be another three years before the Inter-Services Tournament is held at the Depot once again, and no doubt lots of changes will take place before that time, but the enthusiasm and competition will be there, just as it was this year.



Dame Margot Turner, Dame Veronica Ashworth and Miss Joan Woodgate with the competitors

HELPED BY THE ASSOCIATION

I thought you might like to publish the following in the next GAZETTE, to let other members of the Association know just how I have been helped by the Q.A.'s Association during my last year when seriously ill after an accident on duty in my hospital.

An injured spine—swollen and painful leg plus a walking caliper after an accident on duty, kept me in hospital for nine months, then home learning to walk again. Finances were low to non-existent. Then my plight was heard by the Q.A. Association and the idea that I should try and get away to the sun for a holiday, on advice from my surgeon.

This was then made possible by the Benevolent Fund, the whole thing made easy in a few days after I came out of Hospital. Ticket and passport ready, a suitcase packed I was on my way to the Air Terminal on the Saturday evening.

I could barely walk, was in extreme pain, was carried on and off the coach into the front seat with plenty of room for my calipered leg. Then the drive to Luton—The Skyways tour provided a wheelchair to run on to the tarmac to the Britannia Aircraft; I was put aboard first by being carried up the gangway by two strong Air officials, settled by the stewardess into a seat with the longest leg room, a footstool was provided, the plane took off at 9 p.m. and in less than three hours from Leaving London I was carried down the aircraft steps by two Majorcan Airport officials into another wheelchair to the Customs Hall at Palma—Majorca—after a minimum of formalities—I was speeding by coach to our Hotel in Palma—to a lovely room with its own bathroom and toilet and balcony facing the sea and harbour with a wonderful view of the cathedral—floodlit at night.

Next morning after breakfast in bed of tea (made with tea bags) and rolls—brioche—we were able to view the lovely scene from the verandah of the harbour—in brilliant sunshine and warm temperature of 78°F. After leaving the U.K. in the cold and rain and a temperature of 57°F. with a cold wind in November—it was wonderful to feel the warm sun on one's body and to wear cotton dresses.

I sat on this verandah and watched the hotel customers bathing in the hotel pool, watched the ships plying up and down the harbour, and revelled in the warmth and change of scenery. Although I was unable to get out and about, this did not matter. The first week I enjoyed just resting and soaking up the sun. The second week my strength improved and so did my walking capacity—so I was able to see parts of the island by train and coach—and also get from the hotel up to the town and cathedral by the island's very cheap taxi service—it cost precisely 1/2 from the hotel up into the town to the general post office—which I am sure here in the U.K. would have cost 10/- and the tipping was minimal—they do not ask for one and only take one peseta (about twopence) when you proffered the change! A far cry from English taxi habits.

AT THE COFFEE MORNING



Chairman and Warden stepping out
(Colonel Silverton and Mrs. Dickson)



The Mayor, Mrs. M. Ackland (centre), Mrs. Hollis, a N.C.W. visitor.
The others you may recognize

A wonderful memorable two weeks in Palma, Majorca, which helped me to get back my health and strength in the sun—all this with the help of the Association. This could not have been possible without the truly wonderful monetary help and the whole trip arranged from door to door, arriving back in London early in December to cold and wind after leaving a temperature of 72°F. in the Mediterranean.

Long may the Association carry on its work of true friendship and help to others.

MARY L. OTWAY.

QUEEN MARY'S HOUSE, ST. LEONARDS

A most successful Coffee and "Bring and Buy" morning was held at Queen Mary's House on September 21st. Many charming and useful gifts were brought which made a delightful display.

The Committees from London and St. Leonard's came, also the Mayor and Mayoress of Bexhill spared time from their many engagements to attend.

The amount realized was £100 3s. Altogether it was a very happy occasion and enabled us to meet many old friends.

W. HALLIDAY.

WOMEN OF THE YEAR LUNCHEON 1966

In the brochure given to all attending the luncheon at the Savoy Hotel, London, on Monday, 10th October, 1966, was an advertisement by the periodical *Queen*, in which was shown a picture of a group of women all wearing the same type of hat. The *Queen* made its point! Yet of the four hundred women present, I did not see two hats alike.

Fashion is one of the highlights of this function and those worn varied from the ordinary to the smart and even bizarre. Though oddly enough the one woman who set most of the press cameras clicking was a small, middle-aged person wearing a navy blue uniform (who, I overheard, was a woman harbour master).

This annual luncheon is held to raise money for the Greater London Fund for the Blind. As a big draw, well known women from all walks of life are invited, four of whom give a brief speech. The subject this year was "My Bee in My Bonnet". Two of the speakers treated the subject quite seriously, but of the other two, Miss Hermione Baddely's approach was more light-hearted and Miss Thora Hird just rattled on in exactly the same way she chatters in her television programme but what the bee in her bonnet really was, we were left guessing!

Amongst the many guests I saw two of our serving officers, Colonel Barbara Gordon and Lt.-Colonel Marily-Fabien.

J. B. CHAMBERS.

CAMBRIDGE MILITARY HOSPITAL, ALDERSHOT

Trade Certificates and Prizes were presented to successful R.A.M.C. and Q.A.R.A.N.C. Students of the Cambridge Military Hospital, Aldershot, on Thursday, 30th June, 1966.

The Commanding Officer, Colonel A. E. H. Keatinge, M.C., welcomed relatives and friends and introduced Brigadier P. W. P. Green, C.B., D.S.O., Commander Aldershot District, who presented the awards.

Certificates were presented to Students who had qualified as Operating Theatre Technicians, Laboratory Technicians, Radiographers, Hygiene Assistants, Army Male Nurse and Army Nurse Class 1 and 2 during the past year.

Army Trained Nurse Certificates were received by:

R.A.M.C. Cpls. Osborne, Pesterfield and Thomson.
Q.A.R.A.N.C. Sgt. Murray.
Cpls. Dwyer, Pearce, Bull (distinguished).
A/Cpl. Chettri.
Ptes. Bradley, Nolan, Rai and Treacey.

Prizes were awarded to the following students for Good All-Round Progress:

R.A.M.C. Cpl. Rouse, A.M.N.I.
Pte. Kennedy, S.R.N.
Pte. Willman, S.R.N.
Pte. Hoare, A.M.N. III.

Q.A.R.A.N.C. Cpl. Plant, A.N. I.
Pte. Rai, A.T.N.
L/Cpl. Chettri, A.T.N.
Pte. Sandravich, A.N. I.

TUTOR'S PRIZE FOR ACADEMIC ACHIEVEMENT

Cpl. Bull, Q.A.R.A.N.C., A.T.N.

MATRON'S PRIZE FOR GENERAL EFFICIENCY

R.A.M.C. Pte. Hearth, S.R.N.

Q.A.R.A.N.C. Sgt. Hamilton, S.R.N.

THE "DAME MONICA" PRIZE FOR BEST PUPIL MIDWIFE IN HER SET

Sgt. Kemp, S.R.N., Q.A.R.A.N.C.

Lieut. Palmer, S.R.N., Q.A.R.A.N.C.

After the ceremony the officers who attended were invited to the Q.A.R.A.N.C. Officers' Mess for drinks.



The recipients of Certificates and Prizes at the Cambridge Military Hospital, Aldershot, with the Matron, Lt.-Colonel M. Fabien, Officer Commanding Colonel A. E. H. Keatinge and the Sister Tutor, Major J. Waters.

ICELAND REVISITED

Evening in Glasgow—with closed shops, and pouring rain—did not provide the most exhilarating start for a holiday, I thought, as I waited at Abbotsinch Airport for the plane to Reykjavik, and prayed for kinder weather in Iceland.

A mixed bag of passengers we were who raced across the tarmac in the pouring rain to the plane. A group of camera-festooned Americans, two tough-looking young German hikers in heavy boots, with enormous packs and the ordinary folk like myself.

Our welcome to Iceland was good weather and a breath-taking sunset, one of Reykjavik's justly famous sights. But it was a Reykjavik I did not recognize after an absence of twenty-four years—so much had it grown.

Landing next day on a gravel airstrip the size of a pocket handkerchief at Akureyri, down the fjord—near the bridges—I had no difficulty in recognizing the town. It looked little changed from the time when the Hospital Ship *Leinster* was there.

I was met by my hostess, Frau Björnsson, who kept and still keeps the embroidery shop in the main street—and who was so kind to many of the British who were there during the war. She has a charming little house, just out of the town on the edge of the fjord, facing the hills we saw so often from the ship. Her home, like all Icelandic houses I visited, was full of house plants, even an oleander—which was nearly pushing the roof off!

Akureyri's main street has altered very little—though there are one or two new and modern buildings, among which is one on the site of the Gullfoss Hotel, in which many a cup of coffee was consumed by the *Leinster* contingent. Alas! the Gullfoss was burnt down a few years ago. On entering the church on the hill, my mind went back to Church Parade on Sunday mornings—with the rows of khaki-clad figures and the little, well-liked Padre. Especially did I see in my mind's eye Easter 1941, with daffodils which had come up from Reykjavik in the *Esja*, on the altar. One alteration in the church is the putting in of five beautiful stained-glass windows in the East End. The centre one came from the bombed-out Coventry Cathedral—the other four having been made to match in Exeter.

Akureyri has grown, of course, with many new houses up behind the town—their corrugated iron roofs painted mostly green or red. A small, but flourishing wool factory has come into being—the larger part of whose output is exported to Russia!

One gloriously sunny morning we clambered into a bus en route for "The Forest"—Gothafoss Falls—Myvatn and its surroundings. Over the fjord bridges, up and up the road into the hills beside the fjord, with the fine view of Akureyri itself. Over the hills, then down into fertile valleys—with the red and green roofs of scattered farmhouses. The Falls were as lovely as ever—with rainbows in the spray. Then on to Myvatn—through country—now fertile—now miles of ancient lava fields (said to be 2,000 years old)—by mountains

looking like enormous coal tips—over bridges with only four inches clearance on each side of the bus, until Lake Myvatn—the second largest lake in Iceland—came into view. Set in lush vegetation it has a number of strangely shaped black lava formations jutting out of the water.

After lunching off delicious trout from the lake—nourished, so it is said, by the mosquitos which can be a scourge in this neighbourhood (happily they were not in evidence that day)—we headed for a red and yellow coloured mountain. This was so different from the black mountains around that I wondered what we were coming to. All vegetation disappeared, and as we rounded the base of this strange mountain the ground was yellow. Suddenly we were on a small yellow plateau which presented a fantastic sight. Pools of boiling blue sulphur mud were crowned by a haze of evil-smelling blue smoke. Hot springs were throwing clouds of steam into the air, and steam was issuing from many places high up on the mountain side itself. Beyond this plateau stretched acres of lava field covered by a grey green lichen. Nightmare scenery! It seemed unbelievable that such country could exist so close to the luxurious vegetation of Myvatn.

Within the last few years a new volcano has been discovered at Askja, in the N.E. region. It was very spectacular when it erupted, with streams of incandescent lava. Somewhere in this part of the country is a spot, said by scientists to most nearly resemble the surface of the moon. The story goes that here American astronauts are sent to train for future landings on the moon.

I stayed with friends in Reykjavik for the last few days of my holiday, having come down by bus from Akureyri—290 miles—seeing country which was new to me. Over mountain passes which in winter are deep in snow, where except for the occasional car, the only living things were the sheep which are everywhere, black, through all shades of brown to white; through fertile valleys and the inevitable lava fields, past rivers sometimes rushing through deep gorges and at others meandering through wide, pebble-strewn river beds like those of Italy and Southern France. Then at length along the banks of lovely Hvalfjord (a naval base during the war) to Reykjavik. So much has Reykjavik grown that I only recognized the Borg Square, the lake with its little corrugated iron church, and, of course, the University and what used to be the 50th General Hospital. In the town there are many new roads and new houses, and block after block of not very attractive modern flats reaching down to the river and beyond on the road to the 30th General Hospital, the deserted site of which I passed one day on the way to Hvargerthi. This is a strange little town—full of greenhouses and hot springs. These springs are everywhere, by the roadside, in the gardens of the houses, and steam from them can be seen, and smelt, wherever one looks. Should a house be built, it is quite possible to awake one day and find a spring has come up through the kitchen floor! The most spectacular greenhouse there is a huge affair in which are all

manner of tropical plants, including two banana trees. I had seen banana trees out East—but had to come to Iceland to see one in bloom!

Hvargerthi is on the S.W. coast and from it could just be seen the smoke from Surtsey, the volcanic island which came out of the sea three years ago. It had been quiescent for fifteen months but erupted again three days before I left Iceland. I had hoped to get a close look at it on my way back to Glasgow, but cloud made it impossible. My last three days were spent in the beautiful home of an Icelandic friend of Frau Björnsson, in which there are some wonderful paintings by Icelandic artists. I was very impressed by the artistic output of the painters and sculptors of the island.

It was a wonderful holiday and I owe a deep debt of gratitude to my hostess and her friends, whose kindness and hospitality know no bounds.

D.M.H.

REUNION DINNER

No. 2 (British) General Hospital which served in France, Egypt, Tripoli and Italy during the 1939-45 War held its Twenty-First Annual Reunion Dinner at the V.A.D. Ladies' Club, 44 Great Cumberland Place on Saturday, 8th October, 1966. This reunion which is attended by all ranks, was presided over by Mr. Stanley Reed (ex-Private), who made an excellent speech before proposing the usual toast. Among the twenty-two Nursing Officers who attended were three former Matrons: Miss Bridges, R.R.C., Miss Mitchell, and Miss Lidstone, M.B.E., R.R.C. A total of over fifty, which included some husbands (and wives of officers and soldiers), all expressed their pleasure and enjoyment at meeting once again and reminiscing.

Next year the dinner will be held on the 7th October, 1967, when, in accordance with normal rotation, it will be the turn of a male officer to preside. Major A. G. Williams has agreed to take the chair.

Any Nursing Officer who served with No. 2 (British) General Hospital is most cordially invited (together with husband, if applicable) and should contact Mrs. E. Casenove, 14 The Little Boltons, Kensington, S.W.10.

E.G.J.

NEWS OF MEMBERS

Mrs. M. Frith (No. A.1332) is now living in Misiones, Argentine, where her husband has taken up an appointment as a Forestry Expert. She expects to be in England in March 1967, and we hope to hear more of her life out there at a future date.

Rose Hinchey is no longer on the list of "Missing", we are glad to say. She says she is still doing her job in the National Library in Wellington, New Zealand, and says "with nearly everything else I can ask from life".

Mary Lewis (Lt.-Col. Retd.) is now Sister-in-Charge of a fourteen-bedded ward for convalescent geriatric patients at Aldingborne Hospital Annex, Bognor Regis.

Miss M. L. Austin—extract from letter, 10/7/66: “No doubt you may have heard I was given a ticket for the reception held at St. James’s Palace in honour of the R.C. Nursing ‘Golden Jubilee’, there were 800 there, and I was delighted at being presented (by the Secretary of the R.C. Nursing, Miss Hall) to Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth The Queen Mother, who talked to me for quite 1½ minutes and said ‘I am told you are eighty years old today. I am pleased to meet you on this day and it is nice that it *falls* on this day, congratulations, and many happy returns, hope you have a lovely time this evening’. Now that just made my day”.

TALE OF A THRUSH

A nestling thrush of a few days old, the sole survivor of a ravaged nest came to be the foster child of a human.

The small scrap of feathers lived in a cage for some days. Later, only at night—the days being spent in a small greenhouse attached to the house, where he learnt to flutter and then to fly short lengths. Hand-fed at first on worms and egg yolk with the aid of a pair of artery forceps, he later learnt to pick up worms from a box of earth and to investigate snail shells.

He was affectionate and loved to perch on his foster mother and chatter to her. He found his way around the house and liked company.

The worm problem was difficult—they seemed to have knowledge of their impending fate and hid themselves. Friends came to the rescue and jars of worms were placed on the doorstep most days. He ate between thirty to forty a day! He grew rapidly and when his tail feathers were formed and he could fly a few yards he was liberated and sailed away over the house tops into the blue. To our delight he returned a few hours later to perch on the arm of his foster mother and to squawk his pleasure at the flight. He continues to fly away each night, returning in the morning and flying through the bedroom window and calling for his breakfast, then flying off for an hour or so and returning for food again and his daily dip in the bird bath. Fortunately his taste in diet has changed and worms do not interest him. Insects, egg-soaked bread and sponge cake are in demand. He does not want to be handled now but loves to perch on heads and shoulders and use them as a good flight take-off point. Answering the front door with a thrush perched on one’s head is however a trifle embarrassing and cause of some surprise to our visitors! It is now six weeks since he lost his natural home and came to live with humans.

H. M. LANG,
Farnborough.

SPEECH DAY

Introducing the Guest Speaker at a girls' school on Speech Day, the Chairman of the Board of Governors quoted a certain Bishop, who, on rising to give an address on a similar occasion, after a long and windy introduction said:

"My address is short—c/o Coutts Bank, the Strand".

* * *

The same Chairman, on presenting the Biology Prize, said it reminded him of the story of a teacher giving a Biology lesson who said that a single rabbit in the course of a lifetime could produce hundreds of rabbits . . .

A small boy put up his hand and asked her how many a married rabbit would produce!

RETIRING TO NORTHERN IRELAND

There may be retiring Q.A.'s who would be glad to hear of self-contained "flats" for residents.

I have been delighted to find a flat with complete privacy, fully and comfortably furnished at Rock Castle.

For a retired person who does not want the responsibility of expensive maintenance of property, rates, ground rent and insurance, one of these flats is ideal on a monthly rent.

The owner and resident landlord in the actual Castle is:

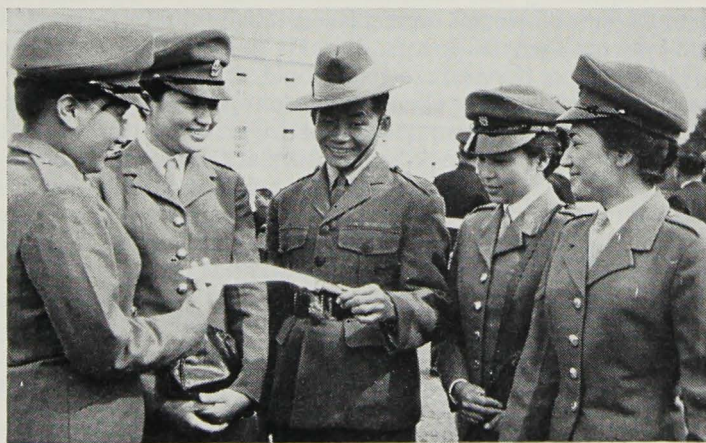
John Vance, Esq., (*particulars on writing to owner*)

Rock Castle, Portstewart,

Co. Londonderry, Northern Ireland.

I recollect the search for a suitable place to live on retirement.
I hope this may be of use to someone.

JANE DUNN.



(By courtesy of the *Nursing Times*
L/Cpl. Rambadur Limbu, the latest Gurkha holder of the V.C., with
four of the Gurkha Nurses training in the Corps: Privates Saraswati
Pardes, Bishna Rai, Surma Basneth, Radha Chettri.

A CORPORAL'S COURSE IN SINGAPORE

BY A PTE. Q.A.R.A.N.C. IN A LETTER TO HER MOTHER

April 1966

Well, we started the Corporals' Course today. It covers all military affairs, hospital administration and, of course, drill. It doesn't mean becoming a Corporal automatically, but one must have done and passed the course before being "made up". As almost all the senior nurses and N.C.O's will have gone home by the end of August, we will be the senior nurses and a few of us will be promoted. On this particular course there are eight girls and seven chaps.

So, today, we paraded at 9 a.m. outside Company Offices, all dressed in K.D. (khaki dress)—the so-called smart beige linen dress—and, of course, the inevitable beret. (Mine looks a little better on me now that I have more hair). We had to march all the way down to the Naafi and do our drill on the basketball court. We had a sergeant taking us—luckily he has a sense of humour. One of the duties of an N.C.O. is to take drill, which means that each of us in turn has to go out and take the others. You know, shout "Atten-SHUN!" etc. Naturally, we thought that, on our first morning after two years without drill, he'd just give us a bit of practice and get us into shape.

But no such luck! You can imagine my horror when he pointed to me and said, "Out you come, little girl!" I crawled out, wishing the ground would open and swallow me up, turned round to face the sea of grinning faces (Jane was having hysterics), and had to bring them to attention, left turn, and march them all round the parade square. You have to shout like mad. The dialogue goes something like this: "Squad . . . Atten-SHUN! . . . Squad will ADVANCE to the left in threes . . . LEFT TOW! (Turn) . . . By the front . . . QUICK MARCH! . . . Efts . . . ites - efts - ites - efts - ites - efts . . . RIGHT WHEEL! (Four of them on each corner). Squad . . . Squad . . . HALT! Squad will advance to the right in threes! RIGHT TOW! Standat HEASE! Stand easy!"

I heard this voice yelling away. And it was mine! I still can't believe it. Afterwards, Jane was still laughing, and I said "Just wait until it's your turn!" She didn't have to wait long. She had to march us back up to the offices. We were all in fits by this time. Quite fun, though. It won't be so bad the next time. The rest of the day was uneventful but, of course, the boys took the mickey out of us and kept mimicking us.

A week later (Easter Monday)

The time seems to have flown this week—probably on account of the novelty of this course. We had Good Friday off but we had to work on Saturday morning and today. We've spent all week learning about the running of the various unit departments, and military law. This is taught by a very much "with-it" Captain. He has us laughing

throughout his lectures. Then there is the inescapable drill. We've all had a couple of turns at taking the squad—it's not so bad when you get used to it. But I did have an embarrassing moment the other day when I stood in front of them and yelled, "Squad . . . Atten-SHUN!" For nothing happened. They were already standing to attention!

I say we had to work on Saturday and today. That is a gross exaggeration. On Saturday morning we had just over two hours' work and that consisted of everybody giving a five-minute lecture on a subject of their own choosing. I'm afraid I cheated and gave another talk on Judo, but at least it was something I could speak about with a little confidence.

As today was originally scheduled as a Public Holiday, the R.S.M. and Captain decided that we'd all go over to Blakamati for the day. We went over in a five-tonner (well, by ferry), finished the lectures that were missed on Saturday, drank beer, and had a fabulous meal at the Retreat House. Then we spent the afternoon swimming. Pretty good for a Corporals' Course! The R.S.M., incidentally, isn't the ogre we were led to expect. He's really very sweet. He yells blue murder at us on the parade ground, mind you, then tells us afterwards that we all ought to apply for places at Sadlers Wells!

A SIMPLE RECIPE FOR HOME-MADE BREAD

INGREDIENTS

- 1 oz. fresh yeast or $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. dried yeast.
- 1 lb. Allison's wholemeal flour
- 1 lb. plain flour
- 5 teaspoons of salt
- 1 oz. sugar
- 20 ozs. from the hot tap
- Two 1 lb. bread tins or two 5 ins. flower pots clean and well buttered.

Put the flours and salt into a large warm mixing bowl and stand in a warm place whilst creaming the 1 oz. of yeast and sugar together with a wooden spoon. Add two ozs. of warm water from the tap and leave in a warm place until the mixture bubbles (5 mins.). Then add 18 ozs. of warm water from the tap. Pour mixture into the centre of the mixed flours and salt and stir in with a wooden spoon. Knead the dough for about 5 mins. only. Halve the mixture and put each half into a flower pot or bread tin. Allow to stand in a warm place for 40 mins. or until the bread has risen to the lip of the tin. Bake in the centre of a medium hot (electric 400) oven for half hour. When baked, at once turn out bread onto baking wires. This bread will keep in a polythene bag in the refrigerator for three weeks. The fresh yeast will also keep in a polythene bag in the refrigerator for about the same time.

A HOLIDAY IN "THE LAND OF THE RISING SUN"

At 5 p.m. on 13th July we bade farewell to Hong Kong and boarded the French liner *SS Laos* for two weeks' holiday in Japan. It was a beautiful ship with every modern comfort and convenience. The passengers and ship's officers were friendly and helpful and we passed happy days swimming in the pool and playing deck games. At night there were parties and dances. The food was delicious, typically French.

We arrived in Kobe on 16th July and shopped in the famous arcades of "Motomachi". Next day we visited Nara and Osaka, but best of all was the majestic old capital of Japan, the City of Kyoto, with its beautiful old temples and shrines. We went to the top of Mount Maya and Rokko, where the view was even more wonderful than the one from Victoria Peak in Hong Kong.

Tokyo did not impress us at all apart from the Imperial Palace and the Ginza shopping centre. The highlight of our holiday was an excursion to Mount Fuji and Lake Hakane. We saw the peak of Fuji rising through the clouds, a truly magnificent sight. We travelled through beautiful Alpine-like country on the newest, fastest train in the world and passed over a hot sulphur canyon by cable car, to say nothing of eating suki yaki in the China town of Yokahama, where we saw the colossal figure of the Holy Buddha Image.

In two weeks we covered most of central and southern Japan, but it was not long enough. We were given a magnificent send-off from Yokohama, presented with garlands and ribbons by the Japanese, who sang and chanted "Sayanara". It made us so sad at having to say goodbye, but one day we hope to return to the Land of the Rising Sun.

S. M. BROWNE (Pte. Q.A.R.A.N.C.)

M. LOVE (Pte. Q.A.R.A.N.C.)

FJAERLAND

Sogneiford is the longest and deepest fjord in the world. At the end of one of the long fingers of the fjord is Fjaerland, a tiny village, only approached by boat from Balenstrande. There are no roads leading to the village, although there is one leading from the village to the foot of the glaciers in one direction and in the other to a remote farm. A small minibus takes visitors from the hotel to the Suphelle and Boya Glaciers which are branches of the Jodestal Icefield, the largest in the European Continent. The Suphelle Glacier is situated only fifty metres above the level of the sea, thus being the lowest glacier south of the Arctic Circle. It is a natural phenomenon. Within one kilometer, on three sides, it is surrounded by luxuriant vegetation, fertile fields and gardens.

Fjaerland has a wild beauty and is a paradise for artists. In the hotel were many of the sketches and paintings given by them to the proprietor. The hotel itself was most attractive and comfortable.

Our charming room with a little balcony and a white rocking chair, overlooked the jade green of the fjord framed by the branches of a large copper beech, two of which grew in front of the hotel. A large plum pudding of a mountain loomed high on the farside of the fjord with its liberal sprinkling of snow running in inlets far down its side. It was late May, but the daffodils were in full flower and the tulips only just showing their buds. In contrast were the geraniums, fibrous-rooted begonias, fuschias and trailing campanulas which adorned the window sills of the pretty village houses. Whilst rowing on the fjord we looked back and saw the pretty wooden houses, some painted white, some red and others pink, pale blue and pale green. They were mirrored in the glassy calm of that jade green fjord. The stark and severe beauty of the snow-capped mountains was softened by sunlight and shadow, the feathering of the new growth of silver birch and dark green of the coniferous forests growing half way down the slopes and into the valleys. Looming behind the hotel were "The Three Witches" or Trolls (as they are called in Norway), a snow-capped mountain range with three peaks. The Trolls figure very much in Norwegian folklore. They live in the mountains and only come out at night. They live for hundreds of years and have very long thin noses upon which grow moss, dandelions and warts. They usually have eleven children or no children at all. If by some unfortunate chance they are held up at a wedding and return to their mountain late and drunk, they may be caught by the sun and they are turned to stone. There are many stories of the Trolls, told I should imagine something like our shaggy dog stories.

Violets grew in profusion along the roadside, some were a delicate shade of pale mauve and others a deep purple. Marsh marigolds were plentiful and the mountain ferns stood straight and tall with only the tips still furled. Borders of tiny pansies or heartsease grew along the banks of the fjord. On our walks we hardly ever met anyone. We saw oyster catchers, sandpipers and a pair of wild ducks flying low over the water. Once we thought that we recognised the fieldfare. We heard the cuckoo and we recognised the mellow flute-like tones of the blackbird. The seagulls became aggressive when they feared that we were approaching their nests.

We visited a ninety-acre working farm. Five acres were used for potatoes, which are subsidised by the government. In this village electricity started in 1914, the villagers generated their own. It is so cheap that no-one bothers to switch off the lights. The barn was built at the side of the slope so as to be in three tiers. Hay had been stored and loaded onto the upper floor, falling down onto the second floor as each new load was put on top. In late May, when we saw the barn, it was clear of hay because the cows had been freed into the fields. Two sleighs were in the barn. The gaily-painted one drawn by a sturdy farm horse took the family to church during the long snow-bound winter. The working sleigh was used to bring in the chopped wood of silver birch and pine. The farmer owns the hillside and he can dispose of the wood as he wishes. The Government own

the mineral rights. The cows are kept in the lower part of the barn, which is approached from the lower end of the slope. They remain in their stalls all winter without exercise. They can obtain their own water by pressing their noses against a tap, each cow having her own water-trough. There were power points for electric milking machines and the hay was regulated by a crude kind of wooden gate controlled by the farmer. Later in the season the cows are taken further up the mountainside to graze. Farmers always own land further up the mountain for this purpose. A milkmaid is sent with the cows. She has a very long instrument like a horn through which she blows signals to the farmer in the valley below. In the olden days bears may have approached the cattle and she would signal for help. Nowadays she signals that the milk is ready. It is lowered to the valley by rough cable lifts. On one of our walks up the Mundal valley we saw great galvanised iron milk churns standing in a running turquoise green stream, beneath the cool boughs of a tree. The vessels used for milking, having been washed, were hanging on the branches to dry.

This particular farm had been chosen as an example of Norwegian farming by an English Professor, who had written a book on the economics of Norwegian Farming.

All people born in the Mundal valley are called Mundal. All people born in the Suphelle valley are called Suphelle, and so on.

Whilst in Norway darkness appeared not to exist. Waking early one morning by the sound of a diesel fishing boat, I got up and looked onto the bright calmness of the fjord. It was daylight and 2.30 a.m.

On our last morning, after a traditional breakfast of porridge and cornflakes with sour cream or creamy milk and fruit *purée* or prunes, a selection of cheeses, a selection of flat breads and rolls, a selection of cold meats and a boiled egg, we boarded our little boat which took us once more to Balestrande. We left behind us unbelievable peace and unspoilt beauty. Fjaerland to us is Fairyland.

JOYCE HAMILTON.

ELDERLY INVALIDS FUND

Many sick and infirm people cannot be in hospital because they cannot benefit from hospital treatment nor can they gain admission to Welfare authority homes because the care they need involves nursing.

For the past twelve years the Elderly Invalids' Fund has been helping many such people to pay for their care in nursing homes. Usually they have no other income than their old age pensions so are quite unable to pay such fees unaided.

The Fund is also asked every day for information and advice about accommodation and services for elderly people. Many want help at home and this has been very difficult to provide. In order to

try to improve the situation the Fund has compiled a register of retired nurses throughout the country who are able to lend a hand in some way.

The requests that are received range from wanting to set up house with someone, the companionship of a nurse is obviously sought because of the feeling of safety she can give, to sitting-in while relatives are out. Help is wanted for active but lonely people who are feeling the burden of years and those who are incapacitated, sometimes bedfast.

The Fund warmly invites nurses who have retired, or will be retiring in the next twelve months, to get in touch with them if they would like further details. Those who wish it will be sent a form asking in strict confidence for some particulars to enable the Fund to match nurse and applicant. Completion of the form carries no obligation.

When the Fund receives an inquiry the most suitable nurse is informed and is asked to take up the matter with the inquirer if she wishes to do so. The register is not published and nurses' names are not given to any applicant without their approval.

This scheme has the support of the Royal Colleges of Nursing and of Midwives and the Queen's Institute of District Nursing, representatives of which have formed a Steering Committee.

The address of the Fund is 34 King Street (3rd floor), London, E.C.2. Telephone MON 0877.

ITEMS OF INTEREST

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 thank you and all ranks of Queen Alexandra's Royal Army Nursing Corps for your kind message of birthday greetings which I have received with much pleasure".

* * *

The Pipes and Drums and Bugles, Regimental Band and Dancers of the 1st Battalion The Royal Highland Fusiliers return to this country early in December on completion of their tour of the United States and Canada.

On Saturday, 10th December, 1966, at 7.30 p.m., they will be giving a performance in the Royal Albert Hall, London, in aid of the Army Benevolent Fund. So, if you receive this in time, why not help the Fund that helps us and also give yourself a pleasant evening's enjoyment.

OBITUARIES

MRS. MARIA WHEAT

Mrs. Maria Wheat (*nee* Hunstone) died on 29th August in England. She was cremated and her ashes sent back to Sydney, Australia, to be placed with those of her husband. She returned to England eight years ago to be with her family, but missed the Australian sun very much. She lived a very full life and an interesting one, and served in the T.A.N.S. from October 1915 to April 1919.

She had been ailing for some years and was most grateful for all the help given to her by the Association during the latter months of her life.

MISS LESLEY COWPER

Miss Cowper was a graduate of the School of Nursing, Auckland Hospital, New Zealand. After serving in Q.A.R.A.N.C. in England and Germany, she worked in Melbourne, Australia, and on returning to New Zealand joined the staff of the Middlehorne Hospital in 1963. Last November she joined the New Zealand Surgical Team that went to South Vietnam, where she died following a sudden illness.

She was well known and beloved by the Nursing community in Auckland and many nurses attended her funeral service on May 9th, also representatives of the Armed Services and the Government. The New Zealand Branch of the Association was represented by Lt.-Col. M. K. Thompson and Monica Thomson.

MISS EDITH MARY ELY

Miss E. M. Ely, of 14 Darby Crescent, Sunbury, died in Hampton Hospital on 15th August at the age of 88. Miss Ely was a Nursing Sister in Queen Alexandra's Imperial Military Nursing Service during the First World War, serving in Aldershot, Gibraltar and Egypt.

In 1926 she started a nursing co-operation agency, which from small beginnings became well-known and successful. It was the Home and Colonial Nursing Association, with headquarters in Hanover Square, London. She remained at her post throughout the war years in London in spite of partial destruction of her offices from bombing. Her later years were spent among the roses in her garden at Sunbury.

A member of the Association, who nursed Miss Ely, says: "She was admitted to our hospital about four or five months ago suffering from a stroke, poor dear. She had no relatives but a few friends and neighbours visited her often. She was a real lady, one of the old school you might say, so patient and grateful for what one did for her and always a sweet smile on her face. Unfortunately she was unable to speak but she bore her infirmities very bravely and all the nursing staff admired her greatly".

Friends of Queen Mary's House will be most grateful to her, as in her will she has left a legacy to the Fund.

DAME ANNE HAYDON, D.B.E., R.R.C.

The funeral service of Dame Anne Haydon (*née* Thomson) took place at the Parish Church, Speldhurst, on Tuesday, 22nd March. It was conducted by the Vicar, assisted by the Chaplain to the Queen Alexandra Military Hospital, Millbank.

Nine senior members of the Q.A.R.A.N.C. and the Colonel Commandant were present.

A gracious letter of sympathy was received from H.R.H. The Princess Margaret, Countess of Snowdon, our Colonel-in-Chief.

HONOURS AND AWARDS

ORDER OF ST. JOHN INVESTITURE

At an investiture of the Order of St. John held at the Grand Priory Church of the Order of St. John, London, BRIGADIER DAME MARGOT TURNER, D.B.E., R.R.C., Q.H.N.S., Matron-in-Chief, Q.A.R.A.N.C., was invested as Commander (Sister).

COLONEL B. MASON GORDON, R.R.C., S.R.N., S.C.M. and LIEUT.-COLONEL M. RYAN, A.R.R.C., were invested as officers (Sisters).

FORTHCOMING MARRIAGES

MAJOR T. K. MAGUIRE AND CAPTAIN V. A. BRIDGMAN, Q.A.R.A.N.C.

The engagement is announced between Thomas Kevin Maguire, R.A.M.C., son of the late Mr. and Mrs. P. Maguire of County Mayo, Ireland, and Valerie Ann, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Bridgman of Maidstone, Kent.

MAJOR G. H. WILLIS (RETD.) AND MISS M. J. ROBERTS

The engagement is announced between George Harry Willis, M.B.E., R.E.M.E. (Retd.) of Penarth Glamorganshire, and Joan Roberts, Q.A.R.A.N.C., youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Roberts of Thornhill, Cardiff.

MR. D. J. DUCKWORTH AND MISS S. DAVIES

The engagement is announced between David John Duckworth, Royal Tank Regiment, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Duckworth of Darwen, Lancashire, and Sheila Davies, Q.A.R.A.N.C., only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Davies of Manchester.

MR. P. J. NICHOLSON AND MISS W. J. B. ANDERSON

The engagement is announced between Paul Nicholson, R.A., elder son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Nicholson of Pembury Kent, and Win Anderson, Q.A.R.A.N.C., younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Anderson of Glasgow.

MARRIAGE

DAVIS-BURNETT.—At Helston, Cornwall on 31st August, 1966, Charles Davis, M.A. to Major Sylvia Charles Burnett, A.R.R.C., Q.A.R.A.N.C. (Retd.).

DEATHS

COWPER, MISS LESLEY ESTELLE, Q.A.R.A.N.C. (1955-57) died suddenly, May 2nd, 1966, at Grail Hospital, Saigon, South Vietnam.

GIBSON, MISS A. M. D., Q.A.I.M.N.S./R., died 22nd June, 1966.

MERRYON, MRS. L., T.A.N.S., died mid-July, 1966.

SKINNER, MISS KATHERINE FORBES GORDON, R.R.C. and Bar, Q.A.I.M.N.S. (Retd.), aged 92 years, died 9th July, 1966.

ROWLES, MISS CONSTANCE ELIZABETH, late Major, Q.A.R.A.N.C. Joined Service 1938; Retired November 1960. Died 17th July, 1966, aged 53 years.

MARTIN, MISS MARGARET ADA, R.R.C., late Q.A.I.M.N.S. Died 25th July, 1966.

GEDYE, MISS WINIFRED MARY, A.R.R.C., M.B.E., late Q.A.I.M.N.S. Died 31st July, 1966.

ELY, MISS E. M., Q.A.I.M.N.S./R. Served 1914-1922. Died 15th August, 1966.

WHEAT, MRS. M. H. (*née* Hunstone), A.R.R.C., T.A.N.S. Served 1915-1919. Aged 90 years. Died 29th August, 1966.

LAING, Miss J. M. A., died 3rd September, 1966.

WILSON, MISS FLORENCE MARGARET, Q.A.I.M.N.S. Served 1914-1918. Mons Ribbon and Belgian Decoration. Aged 87 years. Died 4th October, 1966.

MAPLES, MRS. GLENYS (*née* Jones). We have heard of the death of Mrs. Maples, who before marriage served in France and India with the Q.A.I.M.N.S.

McMILLAN, MAJOR B., Q.A.R.A.N.C. (Retd.). Died 20th August, 1966. at the Q.A. Military Hospital, Millbank. She joined the Service in 1942 and retired voluntarily on 20th July, 1966.

APPOINTMENTS OF SENIOR OFFICERS

Colonel Commandant, Q.A.R.A.N.C.—Brigadier Dame Monica Golding, D.B.E., R.R.C., relinquished her tenure of appointment as Colonel Commandant, Q.A.R.A.N.C., on 31st July, 1966, and was succeeded by Brigadier Dame Barbara Cozens, D.B.E., R.R.C.

Colonel L. Dodsley, R.R.C.: Appointed D.D.A.N.S., Ministry of Defence A.M.D. 4, 14th June, 1966.

Colonel B. M. Robertson, A.R.R.C.: Appointed Commandant, Depot & T.E. Q.A.R.A.N.C., Aldershot Hants., 12th August, 1966.

Lieut.-Colonel J. M. Orford: Appointed Chief Nurse Tutor.

Lieut.-Colonel M. R. Fougere, R.R.C.: Appointed Matron B.M.H. Iserlohn, Germany.

Major M. M. Heaney: Appointed Matron, Military Wing, Musgrove Park Hospital, Northern Ireland.

STATE FINAL EXAMINATION, JUNE 1966

PASS LIST

| | |
|-------------------------------|--|
| Baker, Maureen | Fry, Mary Dorothy (<i>née</i> Bass) |
| Barber, Jessie | Harding, Pamela Ruby |
| Bradley, Brigid | Holgate, Mabel Constance |
| Choisy, Octavie Avrina | Jeffrey, Irene Coleman |
| Dunn, Philippa Jocelyn | Marsh, Joan |
| Graham, Avo Catherine Crombie | Marshall, Jean (<i>née</i> Batty) |
| Kinloch, Edith Wilson | Poole, Verity |
| Lockett, Patricia Anne | Rai, Bishiui |
| McCarroll, Jessie | Ravenscroft, Mary Wardhaugh (<i>née</i> Lawrie) |
| Morris, Sheila | Qualington, Diana Margaret |
| Pillay, Maud Mary Joyce | Sands, Heather Margaret |
| Rutherford, Madeline | Scott, Gillian |
| Tirrell, Barbara Elizabeth | Searle, Diane Eileen |
| Bull, Susan Elizabeth | Stuart-Lyon, Christine Elma |
| Cowles, Virginia | Vickers, Janet Wells |
| Docksey, Mervyn Joy | Walters, Myra |
| Edwards, Priscilla Irene | |

PASSED MIDWIFERY PART I

| | | |
|-----------------------|----------------------|-----------------------|
| Lieut. A. P. Buck | Lieut. J. M. Kingdom | Pte. I. S. B. Storrie |
| Lieut. A. J. Chandler | Cpl. D. C. Chapman | Cpl. A. Howard |
| Lieut. A. P. Bancroft | Pte. E. M. E. Jordan | Pte. M. T. Sloman |

PASSED MIDWIFERY PART II

| | | |
|-----------------------|------------------------|--------------------|
| Lieut. S. A. Whiteley | Capt. M. V. Robertson | Lieut. M. Chalmers |
| Lieut. G. M. Drew | Capt. E. J. Coppleston | Lieut. J. Shaw |

PROMOTIONS—REGULAR OFFICERS

To Colonels

Lieut.-Colonels: H. M. Carroll, R.R.C., 4.5.66; B. H. Gordon, R.R.C., 1.6.66; B. M. Robertson, A.R.R.C., 9.9.66.

To Lieut.-Colonels

Majors: C. Fisher, A.R.R.C., 4.5.66; N. Marson, 22.5.66; M. R. Fougere, R.R.C., 1.6.66; K. Duncan, A.R.R.C., 21.6.66; D. Gray, A.R.R.C., 9.9.66.

To Majors

Captains: A. Jefferson, 20.6.66; M. T. Rees, 25.6.66; R. A. Dobbs, 28.7.66; P. J. Morley, 8.8.66; M. M. Hartley, 10.8.66; E. Walls, 16.8.66; R. Martin, 8.8.66; Y. J. M. M. Dunning, 11.8.66; E. M. Madin, 21.8.66.

PROMOTIONS—SHORT SERVICE COMMISSIONS

To Captains

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Lieut.-Colonel G. E. Jones, 21.6.66.

Majors: M. A. Boyle, 26.10.66; M. D. Howarth, 1.7.66; A. F. Greene, 7.6.66; W. Polson, 28.6.66; I. M. Speight, 15.8.66; M. H. M. Jolliffe, 1.9.66; A. O'Gara, 10.9.66; M. E. Seabrook, 8.10.66; B. McMillan, 21.7.66; E. E. Walsh, 4.10.66.

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Captains: H. J. Heap (*née* Taylor), J. A. Baldwin (*née* Durham), S. L. Smith (*née* Robinson), P. A. Japsen (*née* Smith), M. E. Elder (*née* Millard), M. D. Pender (*née* Sookias), E. M. Cooper (*née* Walker), G. A. Jeffrey (*née* Piper), A. K. M. Bissett (*née* Hopthrow).

Lieutenants: J. Garland (*née* Acons), R. A. Carswell (*née* Sharp), P. A. O'Neill (*née* King), P. A. Perrett (*née* Hunnisett), P. A. Whateley (*née* Lever), S. M. Hunt (*née* Horder-Despard), H. Scott (*née* Ingram), S. Jones (*née* Dodds), D. M. Thirlwall (*née* Fernquest), B. Lowes (*née* Guthrie), T. I. Martindale (*née* Whellans), B. J. Wilchosky (*née* Tinsley), C. A. Betchen (*née* Whattley), C. A. Double (*née* French), M. M. Begg (*née* Forsyth), M. A. Mousman (*née* Redgrove), G. M. McBride (*née* Paton), S. Thomas (*née* Denton).

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MISS WINIFRED L. ALDWINCKLE, M.B.E., A.R.R.C., Matron for almost twenty years, Royal Berkshire Hospital, Reading, retired last July.

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Transferred to R.A.R.O. on Completion of Service

Captains: M. A. Jackson, 4.6.66; M. E. L. Birnie, 20.6.66; I. B. Trangmar, 4.6.66; A. Hawke, 12.6.66; C. M. T. Candler, 12.6.66; S. L. Payne, 1.7.66; C. H. Nunn, 15.8.66; B. E. O'Sullivan, 10.8.66; P. C. Owen, 13.8.66; P. J. Rose, 10.8.66; B. A. L. Leach, 10.9.66; G. M. Mark-Herbert, 10.9.66; A. J. Emslie, 16.9.66; M. E. P. Swain, 9.9.66; A. E. Hughes, 17.9.66; I. J. Howitt, 5.10.66; B. Johnson, 7.10.66, J. Woodward, 7.10.66; L. A. Long, 7.10.66; D. Flattery, 8.10.66.

Lieutenants: M. C. Hanlon, 31.8.66; E. M. Moran, 31.8.66; J. D. I. Jolly, 19.8.66; T. D. Carpenter, 8.8.66; B. Watts, 16.9.66; A. P. Bancroft, 16.9.66; M. S. Hawkins, 7.10.66.

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Captain W. Blackmore.

Lieutenants: P. C. Hopkins, J. E. Hall, D. A. Elias, R. M. E. Strevens.

To Singapore

Majors: M. E. Hitchcock, E. A. A. Meaden, M. Stevenson.

Captains: M. M. Stewart, E. Howbridge, M. K. Cummings, D. J. Simpson, K. M. Clarkson.

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Captain J. Pickering.

Lieutenants: C. M. Greenhaigh, H. F. Williamson, S. Sparrow, S. Thorpe.

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Major B. Sawyer.

Lieutenants: C. P. Blundell, A. E. Roscoe, M. B. Finneran, M. R. Allen, G. E. Smith, B. Sparey.

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Lieutenants: J. Machin, M. M. Blowman.

To Terendak

Majors: M. Lawrence, U. O'Sullivan.

Captains: B. Smith, M. Daly.

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| Lt.-Col. K. Duncan | ... | 6.9.66 | Matron, Royal Herbert Hospital, Woolwich |
| Major J. M. Battersby | ... | 28.8.66 | Military Hospital, Tidworth |
| Major P. G. Burge | ... | 22.7.66 | Royal Herbert Hospital, Woolwich |
| Major F. Hyde | ... | Oct. 66 | Military Hospital, Shorncliffe |
| Major M. I. O'Reilly | ... | 24.8.66 | Queen Alexandra Hospital, Millbank |
| Major M. C. Pettegree | ... | Oct. 66 | Royal Herbert Hospital, Woolwich |
| Major M. G. M. Rowley | ... | 20.8.66 | British Military Hospital, Munster, B.A.O.R. |
| Major A. R. Richardson | ... | 17.6.66 | British Military Hospital, Iserlohn |
| Major A. I. Welch | ... | 29.8.66 | Cambridge Military Hospital, Aldershot |
| Capt. A. H. Lively | ... | 29.9.66 | Cambridge Military Hospital, Aldershot |
| Capt. V. J. Smith | ... | Oct. 66 | Military Hospital, Colchester |
| Capt. A. Tidy | ... | 2.9.66 | Cambridge Military Hospital, Aldershot |

APPOINTMENTS TO MEDICAL RECEPTION STATIONS

APPOINTMENTS TO MEDICAL RECEPTION STATIONS

- Major M. A. Boyle, Q.A.R.A.N.C. (Retd.), is now re-employed at the M.R.S. Nuneaton.
- Major M. A. Adkins, Q.A.R.A.N.C. (Retd.), is now re-employed at the M.R.S., Troon.
- Major A. F. Green, Q.A.R.A.N.C. (Retd.), is now re-employed at the M.R.S., Guildford.

DRAFTING PROGRAMME—Q.A.R.A.N.C. JUNIOR RANKS

1ST JULY — 31ST OCTOBER, 1966

To B.A.O.R.

Sergeant A. C. C. Graham.

Privates: H. D. Baxter, J. M. Buckingham, L. J. Burnett, J. C. Coman, M. L. Cook, D. Dine, E. E. Douglas, C. R. Hain, R. A. Sieminski, I. J. Webb, S. A. Webster, P. A. Armstrong, P. A. N. Blow, S. K. M. Booker, A. Buckroyd, D. J. Burfoot, M. Corner, P. A. Jefferies, L. D. J. Elphick, C. F. Forsyth, M. E. Hinchliffe, M. E. Hopgood, C. J. Jones, B. H. Poole, M. E. Rees, J. Tallantire, J. P. Walsh, G. A. Wood, S. E. Woolcott, D. J. Channing, J. M. Deacon, D. F. M. Waddell, M. C. D. Benson, A. Best, M. Mackenzie, B. A. Nicholson, J. Oliver, S. C. Singleton, E. A. Taylor, B. P. Trainor, C. A. Wilkinson, J. A. Woodham, W. H. Betts, J. Cotter, H. S. Curtis, H. Falconer, J. G. Hines, C. Montgomery, B. C. Painter, S. P. E. Rouse, M. Short, C. Simpson, D. M. Stuart, J. Varley, C. S. Ward, S. M. Wilton, J. M. Hunter, L. A. Moore.

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

Corporal G. MacFarlane.

Privates: Atkinson, E. M. Barker, J. M. Joy, T. McCartan, A. J. McLaren, V. A. Pringle, C. L. Rowe, J. Stakes, L. M. Winton,

To Benghazi

Privates: J. Mitchell, R. M. Neilson, L. Parr.

To Cyprus

Privates: I. Harkness, D. A. Atkinson, V. Streets, M. A. Hibbert, B. J. Lobb, A. N. Marshall, E. West, C. M. Glew, G. A. Harding, J. M. Jones, McCorquodale, R. D. Parfitt.

MOVEMENT OF Q.A.R.A.N.C. JUNIOR RANKS

To Cambridge Military Hospital, Aldershot

W.O. II: A. G. Covington.

A/Sgt. M. M. D. Hunt.

Corporals: L. O. Marchant, J. E. Carruthers.

Privates: J. Bell, E. J. Bignall, C. Clark, E. Clough, M. Carbutt, S. A. Gibson, D. M. James, D. R. Kennerley, A. K. Raftevoid, B. Watson, D. E. Boyes, P. Bhotia, A. E. Clarke, A. Emmerson, S. A. Ford, D. G. Friend, S. Griffiths, J. L. Kadwell, R. Massey, S. Quinan, B. Roka, S. Rodd, V. Roberts, M. J. Scott, J. R. Shearlaw, V. C. Trevathan, E. M. E. Jordan.

To Queen Alexandra Military Hospital, Millbank

W.O. II C. H. Jackson.

Sgt. H. Gowing (A. S/Sgt.).

L/Cpl. A. Taala.

Pte. J. E. G. Game.

To Royal Herbert Hospital, Woolwich

L/Cpl. W. Wilkinson.

Privates: S. D. Sinha, J. C. Miles, V. J. Walters, B. C. Sturrock, P. A. Strickland, D. A. Sibbons, E. Palmer, S. E. Ody, J. E. Chambers, P. A. Cross, J. M. Campbell, C. J. Arnold, M. Gabbitas, R. H. F. Palmer, J. Hayes.

To Louise Margaret Maternity Hospital

Sergeants: B. Bradley, J. Barber, J. McCarroll.

A/Cpls.: J. Marsh, H. Sands.

A/Sgt. A. E. Croft.

Corporals: L. O. Marchant, P. A. Edwards, C. E. Stuart-Lyon, V. A. Poole, M. Rutherford.

L/Cpls.: D. M. Quarington, E. D. Smith.

Privates: B. Rai, J. A. Sampson, M. A. Vital, J. Kirkbright, J. Miles.

To Military Hospital, Colchester

Privates: L. P. Blake, D. E. Boyes, G. Coleman, E. J. Sharples, L. J. Brabham, A. M. C. Campbell, P. A. Edwards, K. Hughes, A. R. C. Kerr, E. Robb, R. Shipley, S. Powell, R. J. Prescott, M. Nicholson.

To Military Hospital, Shorncliffe

Privates: J. T. Edminson, D. J. Channing, D. F. M. Waddell, E. Stockton.

To Military Hospital, Catterick

Privates: V. Slegg, H. P. Alderson, V. Reddish, E. A. Ellam.

To British Hospital, Munster

Privates: M. D. Baxter, L. J. Burnett, J. C. Coman, M. L. Cook, D. Dine, L. J. Dulieu, L. D. J. Elphick, G. M. Goodchild, M. E. Hotgood, S. L. Josling, D. J. MacNeil, C. Musgrove, C. M. Potts, J. P. Walsh, R. C. Wass, K. Winch, G. A. Wood.

To Military Hospital, Tidworth

Corporal D. C. Chapman.

Privates: S. W. Smith, J. Morley, P. J. Michie, D. C. Gower, D. M. Hickox, S. E. Boxall.

To 37 Coy R.A.M.C.

Privates: F. M. Harvey, S. Powell.

To British Military Hospital, Hanover

Private A. C. Thompson.

To British Military Hospital, Iserlohn

Private P. Thapa.

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

Corporals: M. Watson, R. Bywater.

Privates: L. C. Bridges, K. E. Jones, D. Pilkington, B. P. Parratt, M. A. Parry, K. D. Mackie.

Q.A.R.A.N.C. OTHER RANKS PROMOTIONS

1ST JULY, 1966 — 31ST OCTOBER, 1966

To S/Sergeants

Corporals: K. M. Robertson, 24.5.66; M. A. Boland, 24.5.66; J. Barber, 24.5.66; V. Gowing, 22.9.66.

To Sergeant

Corporal P. A. K. Hardisty, 21.5.66.

To Corporals

W. Wilkinson, 1.8.66; I. C. Jeffrey, 1.8.66; D. M. Quarington, 1.8.66; B. R. Conroy, 1.9.66; M. Taylor, 1.9.66; J. Marsh, 1.9.66; H. M. Sands, 1.9.66; B. C. Sturrock, 1.9.66.

To Lance/Corporals

J. A. Pars, 27.7.66; D. M. Bradley, 1.8.66; J. Hayes, 1.8.66; P. J. Morrison, 1.8.66; B. Rai, 1.8.66; K. J. Plant, 1.8.66; M. Treacy, 1.8.66; L. Marsden, 1.8.66; C. R. Everest, 1.8.66; M. J. Pilcher, 8.9.66.

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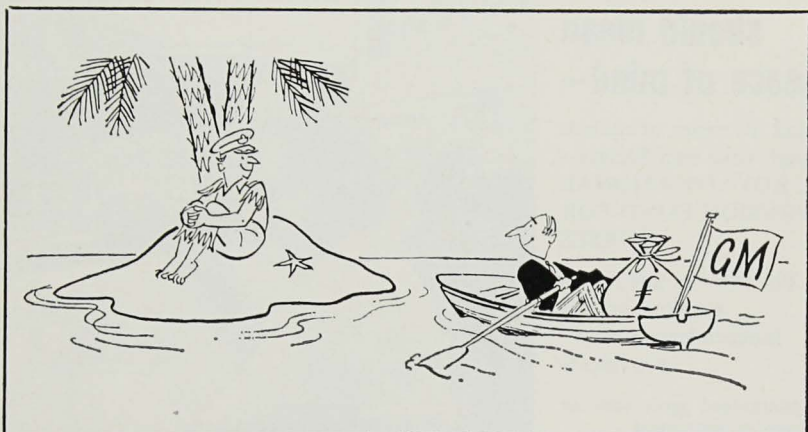
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