



# The Gazette



Lieut. Patricia Bass, recipient of the Royal Humane Society  
Resuscitation Certificate

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

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

*Patron*

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

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

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VOL. 5, No. 12

1968—3

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## EDITORIAL

Christmas comes but once a year and Twenty First Birthdays once in a life time. The Association comes of age on 5th December so we hope to hear of world wide celebrations, in the meantime a Very Happy Christmas to you all and a Properous 1969.

We humbly apologise for the printing errors in our last GAZETTE. The most glaring: "Queen Alexandra Rose Day" should of course read "Queen Alexandra Day".

Miss S. A. Harries retired in 1947 not 1967.

Mrs. Rita Corke (née Neasey) should be (née Veasey Brown). We regret the inconvenience caused by this error.

To all successful candidates in recent examinations our sincere congratulations.

## CHAIRMAN'S CHRISTMAS MESSAGE

Dear Members

My Christmas greetings come to you this year from quite another point of the compass, as it is my hope to be with our New Zealand friends at this time, having just left those in Melbourne, Australia. Another instance of how wide is our circle of Friendship.

I am honoured to remain as Chairman of the Association for another term of office, and will endeavour to help forward our purpose in every way.

Some members will be busy preparing for an active Christmas in Hospital, or among a group of family and friends. Others, less fortunate, must spend it alone, or under a cloud of anxiety. Yet shall friendship unit us all, and the busy, sparing a thought for the less active, ensure that none are lonely.

A happy and blessed Christmas to you all,  
and joy and hope in the New Year.

Yours sincerely,

E. FREDA DAVIES.

### PHOTOGRAPH ON THE COVER

Twenty-two year old Lieut. Patricia Bass, of Queen Alexandra's Royal Army Nursing Corps, receiving a Royal Humane Society Resuscitation certificate at Millbank Military Hospital for her attempt to save a man's life recently. While a nurse at St. Thomas's Hospital, she went to the aid of a man seriously injured in a road accident in Southwark. Lieut. Bass obtained the assistance of other nurses and the man was taken to St. Thomas's Hospital. Unfortunately his injuries proved fatal. The certificate was presented to her by Chief Supt. F. J. Sheppard, Metropolitan Police, who congratulated her upon her prompt action and initiative.

### FIELD OF REMEMBRANCE

For the first time in years it rained for the Dedication of the Field of Remembrance, but the crowds seemed no smaller. The Queen Mother planted a cross at this very short but impressive service.

Afterwards at our own plot, Brigadier Gordon read the exhortation and the crosses were laid by Major M. S. Shaw for Q.A.I.M. N. S., Miss Hamblin for Q.A.I.M.N.S. Reserve, Miss N. M. Simcox for T.A.N.S. and Miss H. Ellison for the V.A.D.'s

### QUEEN MARY'S HOUSE

Another Coffee Morning Bring and Buy Sale was held on September 5th at Queen Mary's House. Once again it was a very happy affair though there were absent friends.

After the sale of goods which were varied, about fifty people stayed to a Buffet Lunch, a most enjoyable meal. Special thanks must be given to friends who give such substantial help in the way of garden produce, gifts and cash, also the Committee and Residents, and last but not least the Warden—without her hard work, I wonder if we would do so well.

The sum realised was £120 7s. 3d.

ADA DICKSON

## NOTICES

### SUBSCRIPTIONS

Members are reminded that the annual subscriptions are now 15s. and due January 1st.

Many who pay by bankers order have not yet amended them from 10s. and have been given one years' grace.

In consequence those members who do not take action now can only receive one GAZETTE in 1969. *You have been warned!*

THE ANNUAL REUNION will be held on Saturday 28th June 1969 at the Cafe Royal, Regent Street, London, W.1. and the cost remains unchanged i.e. 12s. 6d. for members and 15s. for non-members.

CHRISTMAS PARCELS are still being packed if anyone wishes to contribute either by gifts or cash please forward these to Hon. Friends Secretary, Q.A.R.A.N.C. Association, Haig House, 26 Eccleston Square, London, S.W.1.

### ANNUAL CORPS COCKTAIL PARTY

Her Royal Highness, The Princess Margaret honoured the officers of the Corps by her presence at their Annual Cocktail Party at the Royal Hospital Chelsea on 15th October, 1968.

On her arrival, Her Royal Highness was met by the Colonel Commandant, Brigadier Dame Barbara Cozens and the Director Army Nursing Services, Brigadier Barbara Gordon. They escorted her to the beautiful Governor's Apartment where she was presented with a pastel bouquet which included yellow roses and orchids, by Lieut. J. Arigho.

Her Royal Highness wore a deep navy blue silk cocktail dress with a pleated skirt and a Q.A.R.A.N.C. Regimental brooch at the throat of a high neckline.

The Headquarters of the Association was represented by Miss Holmes and Miss Hind.

Dame Louisa Wilkinson our Founder Administrator, and Colonel L. M. Rose our Honorary General Secretary were presented to Princess Margaret.

It was a most enjoyable and successful evening.

### NEWS FROM BRANCHES

#### East Sussex Branch

Our last meeting was held on October 1st when we were pleased to welcome some new members to the Branch who had recently come to live at Queen Mary's House.

After the business part of the meeting a Bring and Buy stall did good trade, all gifts being sold.

This was followed by tea which is always enjoyed as it gives time to "natter".

Arrangements have been made to hold a Christmas lunch, as last year, at the De la Warr Pavilion, Bexhill-on-Sea on 10th December when we hope to have between twenty and thirty members present.

Should there be any Association members in the area who do not belong to the Branch, but would like to come to the lunch I should be pleased to arrange it.

M. DOWNING, *Hon. Secretary.*

### **Brighton and Hove**

Since last reporting our activities, we have had three very varied meetings.

In August we enjoyed a showing of excellent colour transparencies of the Holy Land by Mrs. Peter Richards. In September we were disappointed by the enforced cancellation of a theatre date, but entertained each other by an afternoon social instead. We spent a pleasant afternoon at the Lanford Hotel, just getting better acquainted; fortified by luscious cream cakes provided by energetic committee members.

The climax of a year's hoarding came on October 12th. Our Chairman, Mrs. Adam had been acquiring an attic full of so-called jumble, most of which was first class stock. At the crack of dawn on October 12th it was packed into a large lorry and taken to Hove Parish Church Hall, where all people present were amazed by the quality and quantity of our collection. Members and friends enjoyed prior pick of the bargains during the morning, and at 2 p.m. when the doors were opened to the public, we were inundated. It was almost a massacre, and we would have been happier with more helpers behind the counters, but those who were present coped manfully. At the end of the afternoon we must have all looked very part worn; but as Treasurer I had a wonderful experience counting the proceeds. I can recommend the exercise to all branches! It was the culmination of intense hard work, even to our Chairman personally stuffing hand bills through 300 letter boxes in Hove by way of advertisement.

Our next meetings will be the Christmas Luncheon on November 29th and the Annual General Meeting on January 3rd. Is it too much to hope that the A.G.M. be as well supported as the luncheon? The latter will satisfy the discerning palate, and the former should provide food for thought throughout the year—we hope!

We wish all branches a jovial Christmas and successful coming year.

TERRY BABBAGE.

### **Bournemouth Branch**

So many of the members had recently had a wedding in the family that an occasion already distinguished for its millinery was a riot of gaiety and colour.

This was of course, the Annual Luncheon held on Tuesday 22nd October at the Linden Hall Hotel.

The Top Table was reserved for new members and Serving Officers who came from Netley, Tidworth and Bovington.

Dame Monica Golding, Branch Chairman informed the guests that she had just received a message that the Woman Journalist who was due to give an address was just then hovering over Heathrow in a fog, on a flight from Rome.

Mr. Blenkinsop, gallantly came to the rescue and delighted the audience with a witty, or should I say, spirited dissertation on making wine at home.

Major Stonham with only five minutes at her disposal gave particulars of a trip to Oberammergau where she plans to attend the Passion Play in 1970 and invited anyone interested to join her party.

In conclusion Dame Monica gave news of Colonel Blair's arrival back from New Zealand only to find herself immobilised in Hospital in Woolwich and wished her on behalf of the Branch, a speedy recovery.

K. A. TYE.

### **Manchester Branch**

We held our annual luncheon on Saturday October 12th at the Queens Hotel, Alderley Edge and eighteen members and guests were present.

The weather was fortunately very kind and in the pleasant surroundings of the Cheshire countryside we had an enjoyable reunion.

One of our members who was unable to be present has invited us to hold a meeting at her house. This we hope to accept and to make it an occasion to celebrate the 21st Birthday of the Association.

We also hope to have a theatre outing to the new theatre in Chester in January 1969.

At the luncheon we made a collection for the Christmas Fund.

A. YATES, *Branch Chairman.*

### **West County Branch**

A West Country Branch came into being on Friday 4th October 1968 at an Inaugural Luncheon held at Pratts Hotel, Bath. Twenty-one members attended, and seventeen were regretfully unable to come.

The guests were Dame Margot Turner, and Colonel L. M. Rose.

A very enjoyable two hours passed quickly. Business done was brief and to the point. A committee was formed, Colonel Rose gave us some sound and helpful words to help us on our way, and Dame Margot wished us well in our new venture.

The next meeting was discussed, and those present agreed that a similar day and time would be most convenient, because of distances involved, Pratts Hotel would also be used, because of its convenient nearness to Bath Station, and an adjacent car park.

Friday 7th March 1969 was decided upon for a business lunch, at which we hope that we shall have a very large attendance.

For Association members in the West Country and present non-members who would wish to become members of this branch, the Secretary's name and address is as follows: Major F. Duckworth, Rewlea, Ashburton, S. Devon.

As we have yet to build up our funds it would be much appreciated if letters requiring an answer could be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.

Committee elected:

Chairman	Mrs. E. C. Vick, R.R.C.
Vice-Chairman	Miss D. J. Hancock
Secretary	Major F. Duckworth
Treasurer	Major H. J. Kendal
Members	Miss M. Griffiths
	Miss E. M. Hunter
	Mrs. J. K. Lavelle
	Miss A. Rennie

### **Northern Ireland Branch**

After many months of planning a trip "South of the Border" it finally took place on Thursday 5th September. It was an early start for most of us as we travelled on the 8 a.m. train "The Enterprise" from Belfast arriving in Dublin soon after 10 a.m. Some members had already had an earlier train journey from Bangor to catch the Dublin train.

The weather was anything but ideal but it did nothing to dampen our festive mood and the few hours passed quickly. Some partook of the breakfast they didn't have before they left and the rest had tea or coffee. Capt. Williamson was like a mother hen with her brood at the station counting us and collecting our money for the fare before we left.

On arrival in Dublin we all went our individual ways or in groups to look around and do some shopping to meet up again for lunch at "The Robert Emmot" Grill near Stephens Green and next door to the Hotel Russell.

After lunch we all made our way to the R.A.F. Association Club in Earlsfort Terrace to meet up with our other members from Eire. Some of these too had travelled a long way that morning from as

far away as Tipperary and Cork which was a great tribute of friendship to the Branch upholding our motto.

After a short address of welcome the Chairman gave a brief résumé of the Branch since its inauguration in May 1967, the work done, visits paid to the elderly members and visits with flowers to the sick in hospital.

A short discussion took place as to the future arrangements to be made for raising funds for the Christmas Benevolent fund and also as to how best to celebrate the 21st Anniversary of the founding of the Association. It was decided to hold a Committee meeting in Belfast in October before making final arrangements for a general meeting.

The meeting then closed as it was too good an opportunity to miss chatting to one another than to listen to one person only speaking!

If one were to judge by the amount of noise and chatter that went on and the games of musical chairs played as members changed from one table to another to speak to different people the meeting was indeed a success.

Lt.-Col. Jeannie Reagh was delighted to meet again with Angela Hayes whom she last met on board a ship that was torpedoed off Cape Finisterre in October 1939 while *en route* from India to Southampton. Major K. O'Neill now Chief Tutor at the City Hospital in Dublin came and though she is very happy in her work and finds a good deal of satisfaction in having her students from start to finish she still misses the Corps and wouldn't want the life in it or the Army changed one whit.

Lt.-Col. Ballesty has promised to do her best to try and bring many more ex-members of the Corps in Dublin into the fold, as a matter of fact there are so many of them in Dublin they could have a Branch of their own.

We were all delighted to meet Miss Montgomery, what a charming person she is and she has been kind enough to offer us the use of her house the next time we come south to a meeting.

There were certainly many experiences relived that afternoon and old places and people remembered, a very nostalgic but happy afternoon all told.

Tea was served during the afternoon by one of the club employees. Afterwards we all adjourned to the bar to partake of something a "little stronger" before we bade farewell to our friends "South of the Border". It was still raining when we left and all the way back, some members were very quiet and rested, others talked and read the papers while there were some amongst us who settled all the affairs of the world in two hours.

We are very grateful to the R.A.F. Association for letting us have the use of their club for a minimum charge, it was very comfortable there.

M. M. HEANEY.



## SALONIKA REUNION

*Extracts from a letter from Miss N. M. Simcox, A.R.R.C.*

We had a wonderful parade and we were blessed by such a lovely day, which was a blessing considering all members were over 70 and many of them over 80. There were more sisters and V.A.D's than usual as it was our 44th and final parade (1,400 on parade). I am secretary of the Sisters Branch and I have written the Womens Page for our quarterly magazine *The Mosquito* since 1956. This magazine has undoubtedly kept the Association together and given joy to some 2,000 readers. I had a good number of sisters in the Australian Branch and members in Canada, U.S.A., Malta, Ireland, Scotland and Wales.



By courtesy of the Daily Telegraph.  
Mrs. Williams (centre) and contemporaries greeting an old comrade.

### *Extracts from The Mosquito*

Miss M. J. Bewick, ex-V.A.D. has been reading *Passport to Greece* by Leslie Finer and has sent these extracts from it:

"After Athens the most intrinsically worthwhile place is the Macedonian city of Salonika. The Greeks call it the Co-capital. Only a fraction of visitors even consider Salonika as a possible centre upon which to base part of their stay in Greece. It is a gateway into an understanding of the whole medieval period of Greek history, when

next to Istanbul, Salonika was the most flourishing centre of the Byzantine Empire. After the Great Fire in 1917, the major part of the city was rebuilt to modern Western standards of architecture and town planning. The old quarters of the town are there to point the contrast, with their maze of twisting alleys where oriental pastry shops, coppersmiths and carpet merchants crowd together.

A leisured round of Salonika's impressive Roman and Christian monuments can be achieved in material conditions of no little comfort. The University of Salonika for instance is by common admission considerably more advanced in its methods. The new Society of Macedonian Studies has no equal in Greece. Of the Roman remains the two most striking date to around the end of the third century A.D., the Arch of Galerius and the nearby Rotunda which contains the oldest mosaics in the city, the beautiful restored fifth century church of St. Demetrius is possibly the most imposing".

#### *Farewell at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, S.W.1*

On Sunday June 23rd an Annual Service of Remembrance was held for the Salonika Reunion Association. The Rev. Giles Hunt, Vicar-in-Charge preached an especially commendable sermon since, as he said, the First World War occurred before he was born.

He said that our meeting together on an occasion such as that, no doubt evoked memories of what we went through half-a-century ago, and recalled our gratitude and thanks to God for our preservation. Our thoughts, too, were of comrades who did not return and of those who had since died. Looking at the state of the world today and remembering the ideals for which we fought, did we sometimes wonder "was it worth it?" John the Baptist, though not a soldier, was a tough fellow who waged a spiritual war against hypocrisy and in the end laid down his life. He denounced the evils all around him and ultimately people flocked to him. But he did not live to see the fruits of his work. So we need not be surprised even though we fought with might and main, if triumph was not complete. Very few men lived to see the full results of their efforts. We could not expect to produce miracles but whenever we tried sincerely, honestly and humbly to do our level best, our efforts were not wasted and God had something for each of one us to do.

## SALONIKA REUNION ASSOCIATION

FOUNDER PATRON

THE LATE FIELD MARSHAL LORD MILNE  
G.C.B., G.C.M.G., D.S.O., D.C.L., LL.D.

PRESIDENT

SIR JOHN RUSSELL

### 44th and Final Muster

*Music provided by the Band of the Welsh Guards*

I was present at this parade, a very moving occasion. 1,400 Sisters, V.A.D's, Officers and Other Ranks assembled at 11 a.m. on Horse Guards Parade. Members came from East Africa and from Canada. France, Greece and Serbia were also represented as were most towns in Great Britain. The President inspected the parade after which the Rev. Canon R. H. Hawkins, M.A., Canon of St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle, read the Loyal Message to H.M. the Queen and Her Majesty's Gracious Reply. The National Anthem was sung.



The Return to Horse Guards Parade. Miss M. W. Cormack is in the centre of the photograph.

The Service opened with the hymn "O Valiant Hearts Who to Your Glory Came" and prayers followed. A most impressive address was given by the Padre and the closing hymn "O God Our Help in Ages Past" was followed by the Benediction.

The Band led the March to the Cenotaph where the President laid a wreath. Two Minutes Silence was observed, the Last Post sounded—then Reveille. We returned to Horse Guards Parade Ground to be dismissed. Our President referred to the sad occasion, the winding up of what had been to all of us a very happy annual event. Dismiss sounded loud and clear. About 400 of us went to luncheon at one of the restaurants. Lady Milne, the widow of our revered Patron and her son Lord Milne, came in for a short time.

It was indeed a memorable occasion. Messages came from Sister's Groups in Australia and New Zealand, all regretting that Father Time was thinning our ranks and curtailing our activities. I came back to Aberdeen for our last Annual Dinner on 12th October, also a very sad but memorable event.

M. W. CORMACK.

### R.A.M.C./R.A.D.C. SWIMMING GALA

*Held on 9th and 10th October 1968*

The results of the Q.A.R.A.N.C. events in the R.A.M.C/R.A.D.C. Swimming Gala are notified for your information as follows:

*Q.A.R.A.N.C. All Ranks Breast Stroke—66 1/3 Yards.*

1st	Lieut. Croft	Military Hospital, Tidworth.
2nd	Lieut. Blair	Q.A.R.A.N.C. Training Centre.

*Q.A.R.A.N.C. All Ranks Free Style—66 1/3 yards*

1st	Cpl. Wyles	B.M.H. Hannover
2nd	Lieut Croft	Military Hospital, Tidworth.

*Q.A.R.A.N.C. All Ranks Back Stroke—66 1/3 yards*

1st	Pte. Forsyth	Q.A.R.A.N.C. Training Centre.
2nd	Cpl. Wyles	B.M.H. Hannover.

### NURSING INTER-SERVICES TENNIS TOURNAMENT

This year, the Nursing Inter-Services Tennis Tournament was held at the Royal Naval Hospital, Haslar, Hants on Friday 19th July 1968.

The QARANC was represented by Lieut. Hederman and S/Sgt. Wright of the Cambridge Military Hospital, both of whom had been so successful in the annual QARANC Corps Tennis Tournament in June.

Although a good standard of tennis was played, the QARANC were placed third in the events of the day.

The Tournament resulted in a well deserved win for the QARNNS with the PMRAFNS coming second.

The QARANC Training Centre will be the hostess unit for the Inter-Services Tournament in 1969.

## LONG, GREY TWILIGHT

### ROMAN MILITARY MEDICAL SERVICES

There is little new under the sun. Certainly not in military nursing and medical services. The Roman Legions had hospitals and an organisation for looking after their sick and wounded men far better than anything we had in the British Armed Services in 1914. The excavation of a great Roman base-headquarters at Inchtuthil in Perthshire proved this beyond doubt.

The Inchtuthil base was never finished, the Legions withdrew to the line of Hadrian's Wall about six years after it was started. The ramparts, twelve feet high, seventeen thick, faced with a deep ditch, enclose a little more than fifty acres. It was laid out in the regulation manner of all legionary fortresses, with four gates, the streets running at right angles to cross at the centre. Close to the principal gate, next to the residence of the Commanding Officer and adjacent to the Headquarters Administration building, was the hospital.

It is an astonishing building as it has details which were lost for nearly two thousand years after the Legions withdrew from Britain. No hospital until very recent times can compare with what these ancient Empire-holders achieved in the medical services. It is erected around four sides of a quadrangle of which one face is taken up by store rooms, offices and rest rooms for the staff. The other three have three pitched roofs, the higher one in the centre, covering a spacious corridor. From this, on either side open sixty-four small wards—this is significant, as a complete Legion, which was approximately the size of a Brigade, had sixty-four 'centuries', or companies. There were six beds in each ward, while, in the central corridor provision was made for another 50 per cent of cots in time of stress, an expedient which will strike many a chord in the memories of O.A.'s.

At the end of each wing of this corridor, was an operating theatre with provision for sterilising instruments. Just how efficient many of these were can be seen in museums. There was a piped water supply to the corridors and wards, along with a heated system to the ablutions room of which there was one at the end of each long corridor. The whole hospital was warmed by a central-heating system, by which hot air was circulated beneath the floors.

The central quadrangle was used to shelter convalescents and patients not so ill, from the wind and weather, while the eaves of the ward project so far that, externally they give some shade from the sun and on both sides ensure that the rain water from the steeply-pitched roofs is thrown clear of the walls and windows. It was caught in a cemented gutter which carried it to a central cistern.

The medical services included a really good ambulance, to collect the wounded from the field of battle. A corps of trained stretcher-bearers was attached to each Legion, and divided among its subdivisions, similar to our modern battalions. Not until the Baron Dominique Jean Larrey organised his "ambulances volantes", which

were more like very mobile field-hospitals, in 1792, was anything even close to the Roman organisations seen again.

Occasionally one finds a quiet, personal contact with the Legionary Medical men. At Housestead, the great fort on Hadrian's Wall, the tombstone of a Roman Army Surgeon was found some years ago. Translated it runs "To the gods of the Shades, *Here lies Anicius Ingenuus, Physician-in-Ordinary to the First Cohort of Tungrians who died in the 25th year of his age.*" to anyone who may have doubts about his rank, he is described as "Medico Ordī Primae Coh. Tungr."

It may make one angry to realise how many serving soldiers died during the long darkness of at least sixteen years that succeeded Roman Imperial ability and common sense. But, at least, there is evidence that what glimmerings remained, were jealously tended by women, by nurses, who come fully into their own as skilled tenders of the sick in later Roman Empire days when the Emperor Honorius (AD 395-423), engaged six hundred and twenty three women of good character and social position, to staff the Great Hospital at Alexandria. The Empress Flacilla wife of Theodosius 1st, a little later personally supervised the day-by-day treatment of the sick in Rome. It was not until Henry VIII's time that nursing came to be dubbed a menial position, when the women appointed to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, a Matron and twelve nurses, were obliged to do domestic work off duty.

E. M. C. DUFF.

## THE QUEEN ALEXANDRA MILITARY HOSPITAL MILLBANK PRIZEGIVING

The Annual Presentation of Certificates and Prizes at The Queen Alexandra Military Hospital was held on Thursday 25th July 1968.

Brigadier B. M. Gordon, R.R.C., Director of Army Nursing Services, presented Class I Trade Certificates to an unusually large number of Army Trained Nurses. Many of these nurses had only recently returned from Singapore.

Q/Pte. Allen was awarded Matrons Prize for the best 'all round' nurse of the year. She also gained 'Distinction' in the Army Trained Nurse Examination held in May 1968.

The Commanding Officers Prize for the Army Male Nurse making the most progress during the year was awarded to Cpl. Jones, S.E.N. Brigadier Gordon congratulated Cpl. Jones on his achievement and said that everyone was delighted to see a State Enrolled Nurse receiving this Prize.

Q/Cpl. Inches was presented with the Q.A.R.A.N.C. Officers Corps Prize for the best Class I Trade Paper submitted at Corps Examinations during the year.

There were many guests and members of the unit medical and nursing staff present. After a short presentation ceremony in the

School of Nursing they were entertained to tea in the Welfare Department and many were conducted on a tour of the hospital.

This was a very happy occasion and it gave everyone great pleasure to see so many parents and friends present particularly since some had travelled long distances.



Queen Alexandra's Military Hospital, Millbank Prizegiving.

### THE PRESERVATION OF MAN

The horse and mule live thirty years,  
And nothing know of wines and beers.  
The goat and sheep at twenty die,  
With never a taste of scotch or rye.  
The cow drinks water by the ton,  
And at eighteen is mostly done.  
The dog at sixteen cashes in,  
Without the aid of rum or gin.  
The cat in milk and water soaks,  
And then in twelve short years it croaks.  
The modest, sober, bone dry hen,  
Lays eggs for nogs, then dies at ten,  
All animals are strictly dry,  
They sinless live and swiftly die.  
But sinful, ginful, rum soaked men  
Survive for three score years and ten.  
And some of us, the mighty few,  
Stay pickled till we're ninety two.

B. H. JONES.

## A CHRISTMAS REVERIE

It was one of those informal evenings when we were showing our slides. Scenes from Jamaica, Cyprus, Canada, Germany, the Canary Islands took their turn on the screen. Conversation was superfluous. Each picture brought its memories and impressions. Beauty in the clouds and mountains, the deep blue of the Mediterranean, the vivid pink of Orleanders and exotic shrubs from the other side of the world, loved faces and the laughing eyes of children, all were there.

Then came the Star. There was no cloud effect this time, nor brilliant colouring, just the Star. It was a photograph I had brought from Bethlehem. It is not even a star shining in the night sky. It is a mosaic star of sombre beauty.

I seemed to stand again in the chapel of the Nativity—the cave which once had been a stable, looking down at this star at my feet. I felt the presence of that young Mother, so weary with her journey who had just been told that there was no room in the Inn.

Surely loving hands must have led her to the back of the cave and cared for her as the Precious Babe first saw the light. Holy Night.

“Silent Night, Holy Night,  
Darkness falls, all is bright.”

I was singing this with others of the hospital staff, as we always did on Christmas Eve. Between rows of beds and from tent to tent we moved in the clear cold moonlight of that North African winter. So many sick and wounded lay there, men of every colour and creed.

All, yes I think all, who could walk joined us as we went along. Friend and foe alike were there. Hardly a nation which was not represented. We were singing that loved carol. The music we had in common, but each sang the words in his own language. Those war-hardened fighting men sang, and smiled, and wept. They were one in the beauty of Christmas. Though trained for war, and taught to fight and kill, yet Love was felt that night.

The point of union—Just the star.

Their beliefs were so varied. Orthodox and dissenter, self-styled atheist and agnostic—for that brief moment the horrors of war were forgotten and they were in harmony both in music and thought.

I remembered Our Lord's great Prayer “Father, that they may be one”, and I thought how a star radiates to all points of the compass. Facing outwards from the centre men move so far apart and seem to be leaving the one great whole. That night it seemed that we all turned and faced the focal point of the Star.

The picture changed—The dream was gone. G. M. WILLOUGHBY

### CAMBRIDGE MILITARY HOSPITAL, ALDERSHOT PRIZEGIVING

On 16th July 1968, Major General R. M. Johnstone, M.B.E., M.C., D.D.M.S., H.Q. Strategic Command, Salisbury presented the prizes and certificates at the Annual Prize Giving at the Cambridge Military Hospital.



Major M. J. P. Webster, R.R.C. Senior Nurse Tutor, in her report on the year's work stated it had been another busy year, Block System of Classes was still in operation which meant that nurses were Students in the strict sense of the word for two or six weeks annually, dependent on their stage of training. The number of examination successes had been encouraging, twenty three candidates passed the State Final in October and February and in the Corps examination in November 1967 the pass rate was 65 per cent for Army Trained Nurses and 70 per cent for Class II.

The Prizes awarded were:

Tutors Prize for Academic Progress: Pte. J. E. Dingle, Q.A.R.A.N.C.  
Matron's Prize for General Efficiency: Sgt. I. Pars, Q.A.R.A.N.C.  
Deputy Matron's Prize for Practical Ability: Cpl. M. A. Joenson, Q.A.R.A.N.C.

Commanding Officer's Prize for the most outstanding Student of the year: L/Cpl. P. Christian, R.A.M.C.

The Dame Monica Golding Prize for the Best Pupil Midwife 1967-68: Lieut. P. E. Rhodes-Cooke, Q.A.R.A.N.C.

### NURSING HISTORY IN GLASS

Recently, whilst on leave in that part of Cumberland which borders the Solway Firth, I was attracted to the village of Abbeytown. My interest in the stormy past of some of our great Churches and Cathedrals invariably leads me along well worn paths to the Parish Church. This time, to the Abbey Church of St. Mary the Virgin, Holm Cultram.

This extremely fine twelfth century church, originally the nave of the Cistercian Monastery, stands at the centre of the village which grew up in the shadow of the old Abbey walls. Mellowed by age it now provides a setting for a beautiful window, of early twentieth century glass, erected to the memory of MARTHA MARK, Royal Red Cross, Principal Matron, Q.A.I.M.N.S. for 18 years, who served in South Africa from 1899 to 1902 and in World War I from 1914 to 1918.

I first saw this window late one August evening when the sun filtered by, the red, blues and gold, brought to life with clarity the reproductions of Nursing and Campaign medals, suspending them on the breast for all to see. The quiet of the evening, within the Church, disturbed only by the breeze murmuring through oak and elm, accentuated the peacefulness surrounding the memorial that marks a passage in the history of the Army Nursing Service.

Present members of the Q.A.R.A.N.C. who find themselves in the Lake District or Carlisle area, with time to spare, should try to visit this site. If they are fortunate enough to meet the present Minister, their visit will be made all the more interesting and they will come away feeling proud to belong to a Corps, a part of whose history is now a part of Abbeytown.

SGT. HOLLAND.

## THE ALHAMBRA AT GRANADA

The article by Celia Conys has stirred up happy memories of my service in Gibraltar and many visits to Spain and has prompted me to write of my visit to the Alhambra at Granada where Betty Hitchcock and myself spent a weekend twelve years ago.

After crossing to Algeciras by ferry we had a slow but interesting journey arriving at Granada about 11 p.m. I have no recent knowledge of Spanish hotels but on that occasion we were given a great welcome and an excellent meal although it was almost midnight when we left the dining room.

It was late in the year, the days still warm and sunny, the nights beginning to chill. Fortunately I had remembered to pack a hot water bottle, Betty had not. With our limited Spanish and many signs we managed to get the maid to understand that Betty also required a bottle. However, it was somewhat amusing to find an outsize glass wine bottle filled with tepid water in her bed.

Our visit to the Alhambra was the highlight of the weekend. The word means "The Red Palace".

It stands on a hilltop overlooking the Mediterranean Sea and was originally built by the Moors of Africa who, in ancient days, conquered Spain and were masters there for many generations.

The Alhambra was built as a fortress and a palace for their kings who, one after another, added to it. It is a wonderful building with the most amazing decoration which covers the walls, the floors, the pillars, the arches, in fact everywhere. This decoration, in many colours, is characteristic of Moorish buildings.

The Palace consists of a series of Courts, open to the air, and a number of Halls. The Court of the Pond, for example, is a rectangle over a hundred feet long with a marble pool in the centre, full of goldfish. At least it was when I visited. Round the pond runs an arched colonnade, and above it, a gallery.

The arches and roofs of the gallery are ornamented with an unusual decoration which I have never seen anywhere else, myriads of small cells like a honeycomb with small points, like stalactites hanging down.

The Court of the Lions has at the centre of it a magnificent fountain with twelve white marble lions round about it.

The Hall of the Ambassadors, a square shaped room with a dome seventy feet high, contains the King's throne and was the place of great state occasions.

In one Hall a king entertained some noble chiefs to a banquet and afterwards had them all killed. This reminded me of the shivery sensation one gets going through Glencoe.

The Alhambra is surrounded by a lovely park, planted with orange trees and myrtles and with many fountains and cascades.

The Duke of Wellington added to the beauty of the parks by planting many elms where nightingales and many other birds sing.

HELEN CATTANACH.

## A WAR TIME DITTY OF INDIA

This is the true and tragic ditty  
Of Q.A.I.M.N.S. Kitty  
Who, in the intervals of cursing,  
Spent an odd hour or so at nursing,  
And therefore used to oversee  
Officers' Wards 1, 2 and 3.

At this she proved a huge success.  
Sir Henry Wood and Myra Hess  
Thought nothing could compare with her  
Solos upon the catheter.  
She splashed the dope, this zealous nuss,  
Down Captain Black's oesophagus,  
And gorged the guts of Major Green  
With lots and lots of aspirin,  
While Colonel Scarlet, when she caught 'im,  
Would have to elevate his baughtim,  
And though he wasn't very willin'  
She shot it full of penicillin.

The C.O. and the Registrar  
One day felt somewhat under par,  
And e'er they knew what they had done  
Said, "Wot we need's a bit o' fun.  
Tell Kitty that we've posted 'er  
To duties in the theatre."

Next morning, feeling far from cheery,  
The Doc. said "Gawd! 'Ere's Kitty Leary!  
Well, too late now to send 'er packin'—  
Wheel in the stiff and let's get crackin'."  
But just before he donned his mask  
He detailed Kitty to the task  
Of gathering in her dainty mitts  
The lots and lots of little bits  
Which he proposed, however smelly,  
To extract from the patient's stomach,  
And, after he had drained the sump,  
Taking them to the rubbish-dump.

The Surgeon, who was simply wizard,  
Handed her first a chunk of gizzard,  
Then over his left shoulder flung  
The windpipe and the starboard lung;  
Next came the liver and the lights  
(Since patients are blacked out at nights),  
And lastly, with his little trowel,  
He scooped out yards and yards of bowel.

The rubbish-dump was far away  
And she had had a tiring day,  
So Kitty filled two Mark I pails  
With all those various entrails;  
Then fully loaded off she ran  
And dumped them in the garbage-can.  
She quite forgot that things so placed  
Are not allowed to go to waste  
But are served up in various fashions  
As dainty and attractive rations;  
And this day the whole issue went  
Via the cookhouse to the tent  
Where, for Commissioned Ranks the scoff  
Is slopped up in the feeding-trough.

The Officers were herded in.  
Their ribs were showing through their skin,  
For long since they'd begun to sicken  
Of dehydrated spuds and chicken  
But now each face was wreathed in smiles  
To see such Piles and Piles and Piles  
Of fully-fashioned, fresh-killed meat,  
And all cried, "Lummie, 'ere's a treat!  
Three cheers for Kitty! She's come through  
Wiv sausages and Irish stew!"

## FLOODS IN HONG KONG 1966

SHIRLEY GOLDTHORPE

*St. John and Red Cross Service Hospital Welfare Department*

Miss Shirley Goldthorpe, who recently returned from serving in the R.A.F. Hospital, Hong Kong, has been posted as Senior Welfare Officer to the Queen Alexandra's Military Hospital, Millbank, London.

During the recent riots, except for the necessary restrictions enforced in these circumstances, the actual disturbances were more or less limited to the border country and therefore did not affect the area in which the hospital is situated, but some of the police injured were flown in by helicopter and treated in the hospital.

Last year, however, the disastrous floods were a very different story which Miss Goldthorpe tells below.

It was June 11, and after ten days of constant rainfall, the earth heavy with water, gave up the struggle. Thunder cracked and lightning lit the scenes of growing chaos. The roads split and shifted, gathered momentum, collected rocks and mud, and swept down the hillsides, taking trees, walls and cars with them. Metal was torn and twisted as if tin, more cars were picked up in the avalanche, and came to a halt on level ground, blocking main arteries to and from the city. The island woke to a hushed, changed landscape, deep scars down the Peak, the harbour waters lapping into the City Hall and washing over the wall onto the waterfront. Mud oozing over everything, clogging the drains, pavement stones lifted and broken, houses in danger of collapse, pipes exposed, and two unbelievable heaps of over a hundred cars crushed, one on top of another, and still the rain, gently now, but unceasing.

The wireless was the first to give any clear idea of what had happened during the night. People were ordered not to leave their houses, cars not to venture out, and for the community to keep in touch with half-hourly broadcasts. Then the story was gradually pieced together. The Peak was cut off, the Peak tram had been undermined and blocked, two European journalists had been swept off a bridge over the tram by the water and had drowned.

Both roads were out of use with landslides, and one section had just disappeared. All public transport was cancelled and only police and emergency fire squads were asked to report to their nearest station. The hospital at Bowen Road was cut off, and the phones were out of order, so one couldn't communicate with them.

During the afternoon of Sunday, a S/Sgt. from the hospital, climbed up the Peak tram route with a wireless radio set for the C.O. so that he could keep in touch with his staff in the main hospital. The day was not without its humour, as two Naval Officers, invited for dinner, arrived in the mid-afternoon, wet and filthy, exhausted

and unable to speak without brandy, with a complete change of clothes for the evening, saying that a small thing like a flood wouldn't stop them coming to dinner. Their return journey was even worse, we gathered afterwards, as they had to negotiate it in the dark, with the help of torches. Not being able to ring when they arrived at the bottom with safety, left us more than a little worried.

The following day a convoy of drivers, cooks orderlies and male nurses climbed the Peak tram route, and arrived gasping, to relieve the men who had been on duty for 72 hours. News came through that one narrow, well surfaced road from the Peak to Pokfulham reservoir had been cleared, and a convoy of Army and Police Land-Rovers had negotiated it. Food and supplies had been brought up, and a helicopter lift arranged for Mount Kellett. This hinged on the fact that the mist which surrounds the Peak would have to clear for a long enough period, and as it had been with us for almost seven continual weeks, it was in some doubt. All Mount Kellett turned out with cameras to listen, and we hoped, to see. We heard them blindly casting around for a break in the cloud, nearer, then fainter, then nearer again, and the curtain of mist was pulled aside for them to slip in, hover over the hospital roof, winch down their goods and rise into the air just as the mist came down again.

The physiotherapist and I explored various paths down the Peak, to see if any were feasible for us to use, in case we were held up there for some time. We decided the Old Peak Road was a possibility, if one didn't let the mud up to the knees stop you, or the tram route if one had a steady head, as there were sections where the tracks went over high ground with only slatted boards between you and a long, long drop. On Tuesday I heard that one of the Medical Officers was attempting to get down to check on his car that had been abandoned at the bottom. I attached myself to him, being a great believer in having a go at anything once. Slacks, shirt and thick shoes were the only kit to wear, and I packed a haversack with underclothes, washing gear, and make-up, in case I couldn't get back. We got permission from the police to travel down in one of their convoys as hospital staff, and slowly we inched our way down the road normally used for walking, and came to the reservoir. There the police had a vehicle directing traffic and patient coolies toiling up with baskets of fresh vegetables and fruit. The Colonel found his car and we set off on the several mile trip into town. Although people had been earnestly asked not to jam the roads, they were out sight-seeing, hindering lorries, police cars, fire engines, and refuse carts. The short trip took three-quarters of an hour of grinding, bottom gear driving. Single line traffic was necessary, in many places, and very careful driving over water and pot holes. The narrow, steep roads, leading down to Queens Road were in a pitiful state, the residents carrying heavy baskets of stones and debris to dump them in for collection; several blocks had been evacuated as unsafe, and scaffolding leaned and drooped. Housewives were trying the hopeless

task of brushing muddy water from their rooms, and heaving carpets onto the flat roofs to try drying them; odd bits of clothing festooned the walls, and noise, and smells prevailed.

I was dropped to Garden Road to make my way to the hospital. Sliding and slipping, splashing mud up to nose height, I got to the bridge. The road was completely blocked up the hill, and the old "sedan chair" path had been opened. Dripping and feeling like an early explorer, I arrived, to be greeted by the usual Army humour of "what kept you?" I changed into shirt and skirt and flip flops, and opened the department. The hospital was fairly quiet from a patient point of view, as many had been discharged on the previous Friday, or had gone on weekend pass, and been unable to get back, and no new patients could be admitted. All cold surgery had stopped, most of the medical officers were walking in for the first time since Saturday. Seventy families had been accommodated in the hospital as their living blocks had been flooded; gas pipes had burst and families had been walked out to hotels. Linen was short, and food was depleted, so another helicopter was fixed. Liaison with civilian hospitals was good, the ones open taking our maternity cases, and Mount Kellett Hospital agreeing to admit civilians from the Peak area. Morale, as always in emergencies, was high, and a change of routine welcomed for a few days. The return journey took longer, as lifts to the bottom of the Pokfulham road had to be scrounged, and a little walking done. I got back to the Mess eleven hours after I had left it and so it remained for the rest of the week. I don't remember ever feeling so exhausted, probably due to the high humidity, and being constantly wet, either with the rain, or the effort involved.

The government forces worked wonders during the following weeks, a ramp was built up to a private drive, and down again to join the road, by-passing the gaping hole in Magazine Gap, and police directing the one way traffic. Stubbs Road was cleared one width, and very slow traffic got through—it took one hour to clear a ten-minute drive, Gradually the main road was cleared load by load, the men working through the night by lamplight dumping their loads on the reclamation land.

Food in Bowen Road Hospital was cooked by field stoves, as the gas supply was cut off; all water had to be boiled, a never ending task with patients always having a flask at their bedside. The St. John and Red Cross kettles were put to work and saved a lot of time. The water supply was spasmodic, a few hours each day, with everyone clamouring for baths at the same time. All fuel had to be man-handled up the path then by Land-Rover. Skill in driving was acquired day-by-day, negotiating the right-hand corners in three, then two, almost nonchalantly in the end.

This all seems a long time ago now, but the scars remain to remind us that Nature still holds the upper hand, and can bring a thriving, active colony such as Hong Kong to a standstill, if only for a few hours, and strike fear into the heart of its people.

## COMMANDANT'S FAREWELL PARADE

### Q.A.R.A.N.C. TRAINING CENTRE

For the first time since the Q.A.R.A.N.C. Training Centre occupied the Royal Pavilion two years ago, the strains of martial music and the rhythmic beating of bass drums disturbed the crisp morning air causing the squirrels to pause in their perpetual scrounge for food, sending the rabbits scurrying into the shelter of the laurel bushes, and bringing the civilian staff out on the verandahs from their various and mysterious functions. The date, Wednesday 11th September 1968, the occasion, the farewell parade in honour of the retiring Commandant, Col. B. M. Robertson, R.R.C., Q.A.R.A.N.C. Twenty minutes later it was all over, leaving we hope a pleasant feeling of accomplishment with all those who took part, and a small warm corner in the heart of the lady to whom we were bidding farewell. That the parade was a success we think is beyond dispute. Those that came to scoff went away convinced that drill is not the undisputed territory of the male, and that our gentler sex can hold their own on the barrack square (Are you listening Matron?). The order of parade was one small platoon of male staff, followed by three platoons of students approaching the end of their initial training. Platoon N.C.O's and W.O's were found from the Permanent Staff, and so that the C.O. should not feel either too lonely or vulnerable, a strong supporting contingent made up of the Training Centre commissioned officers formed up immediately behind the saluting base.

Staff Sgt. Cole and three hand picked students were spaced out along the line of march as pennant bearers—(So much nicer to look at than whitewashed stones) and the music was provided by the R.A.M.C. Staff Band under the control of Captain Hurst, Director of Music.

How did it all start? You may well ask. How does one go about planning such an event? You also may well ask. Perhaps a chance remark that our routine C.O's Parade to celebrate the end of another Intake really ought, on such a special occasion to be something out of the ordinary began it all. Dare I say it, but previously O.C's parades have always reminded me of a dawn execution, with everyone present except the firing squad. Up till now they have always been held in the cold grey light of dawn, with a thin mist sweeping across the square cutting everyone off at the waist resulting in legless torsoes trooping by almost noislessly on rubber soles, shrill wails taking the place of words of command as sleep thickened tongues, not yet annointed with the rich syrupy lubricant of that heavenly first cup of tea, try and cope with the intricacies of "Squad—Eyes Right" (given as the left foot strikes the ground you dozey woman!) For this event however, someone had had the courage to ask why this time could not be advanced a little and to everyone's delight, 10.00 hours was agreed to with scarcely a lifted eyebrow. The advantage of this was somewhat dissipated by some enthusiast who wanted



a last rehearsal "just for luck" at 09.00 hours, but this was hurriedly avoided in the nick of time. Does anyone know what happened to her? Now we had a time, a date and a place, but preparations were still in their infancy. It's one thing to say "We'll have pennant bearers" another thing to find the pennant for them to bear. Luckily the R.A.M.C. Training Centre came to our rescue and lent us four handsome pikes on which to mount the scarlet and grey. Now, as any tactician will tell you, on any military operation, you must *recede* the ground. The drill square at the Q.A.R.A.N.C. Training Centre is somewhat unique, in that it is not! Another hazard is that the gymnasium sticks out like the proverbial sore thumb from one corner and gobbles up a great chunk of asphalt which would otherwise be useful. The architect refers to this as an under-cover drill area, because it is logically enough under the gym! Not yet having solved the somewhat tricky problem of suspending a gymnasium with all its paraphernalia in mid-air however, it was necessary to support it with several rows of pillars which make the space under the gym in the under-cover drill area, too constricted for drilling (Wake up at the back there!). So we now discovered that the drill square wasn't and the corner occupied by the under-cover etc. etc. couldn't be used. When faced with a problem like this, the only solution was to try it out with live bodies. (We tried backs to the road, backs to the tennis courts, backs to the car park and finally settled on the only remaining side which is where we've always had our parades anyhow! Finally so that no one should get lost we painted a few secret marks on the ground. "Easy" you may say. Not so my dear reader. Any Do-it-Yourselfer knows that you can't paint on loose grit and that's something we had in abundance. Ever since the builders left us in 1966 the surface of the parade ground has been covered to a depth of an inch with loose grit. For those who are crazy on statistics, on being swept, it yielded an expert estimate of four tons. A few ounces had been removed over the last two years in the shoes of unsuspecting students but that really didn't make any appreciable difference. Therefore the students were treated to the unusual sight of several members of the staff lustily wielding brooms *bass* amidst clouds of dust in their efforts to find firm ground on which to paint the aforesaid secret marks.

Nothing now remained to be done except prepare the participants. Every squad instructor obviously wanted his or her squad to out-shine the rest, and in order to keep their various training methods secret, private rehearsals were going on almost behind every blade of grass. It was therefore not unusual to hear coming from the depths of the jungle surrounding the Royal Pavilion, exhortations to have "Every flamin' 'air in place, make up applied with a perishin' paint brush, and check your stocking seams with a ruler before you come on parade" or to "Breathe on yer shoes a bit 'eavier and git that dirty great knuckleduster off yer finger".

Came the day, as the best novelists say, and apart from the previously mentioned enthusiast who wanted a last minute rehearsal there was a quiet methodical silence as everyone went about his or her allotted task. There was once a very famous lady in the Q.A.R.A.N.C. who on making a speech at the close of any outdoor function not ruined by rain, used to say ". . . and thank you to the clerk of the weather". Although that lady is at present enjoying her retirement we can only echo her sentiments and say "Thank you" to Head Office up there beyond the clouds, for keeping the rain away during the vital thirty minutes.

### NEWS OF MEMBERS

**Lt.-Col. Anna Albricht**, now Matron-in-Chief of the Prison Service, finds it a very full and interesting life.

It was very pleasant to see her recently, if only a fleeting glimpse, but we do hope we will see more of her in the future.

**Captain M. A. Taggart** until recently the unofficial photographer for the Depot and Training Centre, entered the *Nursing Mirror* Photographic Competition. Her photograph of the Training Ship "Sir Winston Churchill" was commended. Congratulations.



Major D. P. B. Haig, R.A.M.C. to Major S. R. Todman, Q.A.R.A.N.C.  
at All Saints Garrison Church, Singapore, on Saturday 6th July 1968.

The Guard of Honour was provided by Warrant Officers and Senior N.C.O.'s of 32 Coy. R.A.M.C. The bride was given away by Brigadier J. M. Matheson, O.B.E., M.D., F.R.C.S.

**Miss S. Steele** (a Salonika Matron), now living in Queen Alexandra House, Folkestone, unfortunately fell on her 93rd birthday and fractured her femur. We understand she didn't turn a hair and in a few weeks was out of hospital and walking around without a stick. Our congratulations on such an excellent recovery and our very best wishes.

**Miss E. I. E. Jones**, another Salonika Matron is living at Howard House, Gerrards Cross. She is 94 years of age, still able to walk around the garden and able to take an interest in life in general.

**Mrs. Peggy Jones** (née Blake) celebrated her Silver Wedding on September 26th and she and her husband Colin gave a very successful party to mark the occasion.

Colin (ex R.A.O.C.) and Peggy (Q.A.I.M.N.S./R. 10th C.C.S.) were married in the Garrison Church amidst the ruins of Tobruk, and amongst the guests who came to congratulate them twenty-five years later were the bridesmaid, Miss Iris Hooper (10th C.C.S.), Colonel R. Carter who gave the bride away, Padre Haythornethwaite who officiated at the ceremony and Captain "Bill" Norton, the best man.

It wasn't long before there was a "desert" corner filled with reminiscences. Twenty five years? Impossible! No one looked twenty five days older and the years were forgotten at this very happy party.

**Mrs. Margaret Dempster** (née Dwyer) now living in Birmingham hopes to visit Bangkok in the near future and has contacted Captain Simpson for some information *re* hotels etc. So you see articles can be very helpful to fellow members.

## THE PORTSMOUTH CATHEDRAL APPEAL

### D-DAY FELLOWSHIP

Next year is the twenty-fifth anniversary of D-Day, and in Portsmouth, from which the bulk of the Allied forces set sail for France in 1944, and where an ambitious project is afoot to complete the Cathedral as a D-Day memorial, an organisation has been formed to keep alive the memory of D-Day and all it stands for.

Membership of the D-Day Fellowship is not confined to those who took part in the D-Day operation. Parents and other relatives may also belong. The life subscription is £1 and those joining will receive a certificate of membership. Linked with the Fellowship will be an annual service in Portsmouth Cathedral on or about the anniversary of D-Day and a special book containing the names of the members which will be placed within the Cathedral.

The funds raised will help to complete the nave of the Cathedral, a project which has been designed by the British architects, Seely and Peget, in collaboration with Professor Pier Luigi Nervi, the famous Italian structural engineer, who built the Olympic stadia in Rome.

Seating 1,500, the nave will have a roof span of 78 feet, nearly double that of St. Paul's Cathedral. The plans have been approved by the Royal Fine Arts Commission.

Empanelled in the ceiling of the ambulatory surrounding the nave will be the crests of the units of the Allied nations which took part in the D-Day operation. There will be space for 400 badges, and design and layout plans are in the hands of a Services committee representing Britain, the U.S.A., Canada, Australia and New Zealand and other Allied nations.

A stone commemorating the resolve to complete the nave as a D-Day memorial was laid in the Cathedral two years ago by Field Marshal Lord Montgomery. In a message published when the Portsmouth Cathedral Completion Appeal was launched, Lord Montgomery said: "What we began on June 6 1944, has made possible a new life for nations all over the world and new hope to millions, who, but for our efforts, would be living in slavery and darkness. . . It is indeed fitting that this day, which marked a turning point in the history of mankind, should be marked by the completion of a cathedral in which there can be enshrined a lasting reminder of the things for which we then fought."

Those wishing to join the D-Day Fellowship should write to the Organiser, the Portsmouth Cathedral Completion Appeal, Flat 2, Cathedral House, St. Thomas's Street, Old Portsmouth.

(Line drawings and photographs of artist's impressions of the completion project are available on application to the Appeal Office, Flat 2, St. Thomas's Street, Old Portsmouth. Telephone: Portsmouth 23164).

17 September 1968.

### 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:

"To you and All Ranks of Queen Alexandra's Royal Army Nursing Corps I send my sincere thanks for your message of birthday greetings, which I received with much pleasure."

**Miss Colette H. Boyce** who served in Q.A.R.A.N.C. from 1960-64 was this year's winner of the Irish Glaxo Midwife Teachers Scholarship at Kingston-on-Thames.

**Major E. O'Sullivan**, Q.A.R.A.N.C., has been posted to the British Legation Peking where she relieves Captain E. Smyth, Q.A.R.A.N.C.

### **Not on Parade**

Except when on parade Army girls in uniform may now carry and use umbrellas. This new decision applies to Q.A.R.A.N.C. and W.R.A.C. members whose umbrellas must not be of the walking type, but short or telescopic, black and with plain handles.

### **Polar Express**

Owing to the almost perpetual daylight North of the Arctic Circle in Norway where British troops are taking part in Exercise Polar Express, signals have been given to remind soldiers that it is time to go to bed.

### **Praise for Army Postal Service**

#### **SALVAGED MAIL**

Letters of thanks and praise have been reaching the Army Postal Service at Mill Hill, London, following the receipt overseas of Services mail salvaged from the Boeing 707 which burnt out at London Airport last month. Several panniers recovered from the aircraft by the Airport Authorities were returned to the British Forces Post Office at Mill Hill where about 8,000 letters and parcels have been re-sorted. Most were charred or soaked with fire-fighting foam.

All the Far East mail was affected and every letter and parcel had to be handled separately and the address deciphered, if possible. Where this could not be done the name and address of the sender had to be ascertained and this, too, was a difficult task. Each package was then re-directed and sent off with a letter of apology. "Thank you" letters now being received at Mill Hill express gratitude for safe delivery and many give special praise because contents were received without loss. This was the week before Easter and many letters and parcels contained gifts, including money.

Note: Can these personnel please be transferred to the G.P.O.?

## **OBITUARIES**

### **MRS. MOLLY HARRIS**

The death of Molly Harris is a very sad loss to me. I knew her for many years and when I was invalided home from abroad and was feeling very depressed, I shall never forget her kind welcome to me in the hospital where she was assistant matron.

For the last few years we lived near each other and after visiting her, I always felt the better of her company.

Latterly she was sadly afflicted with arthritis, but she was truly valiant in facing her burden.

B.J.S.

Mrs. Harris who will be remembered by so many as Miss M. K. Barclay, trained at Royal Albert Edward Infirmary, Wigan and joined Q.A.I.M.N.S. in 1914. She was awarded the A.R.R.C. in 1919 and at the outbreak of the 1939-45 war she was Principal Matron in the Middle East. She retired in 1942 when she married Major Harris who died in 1945.

#### MISS PHOEBE GIBBS

Miss Phoebe Gibbs, aged 78 years was a native of Auckland, New Zealand. She trained at the Perth Public Hospital, Australia from 1911-14, and joined Q.A.I.M.N.S. in 1915. In 1920 she returned to Australia but came back to U.K. in 1926 and joined the Q.A.I.M.N.S. serving in U.K., India and Singapore. She retired in 1947. During the First World War she was twice torpedoed and was awarded the R.R.C. After a distinguished nursing career she returned to New Zealand. In early July she suffered a slight stroke, developed pneumonia and died suddenly on 12th July.

#### HONOURS AND AWARDS

Lord Wakehurst, Lord Prior of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, held an investiture at the Grand Priory Church, Clerkenwell on October 8th 1968 when the following officer was invested:

Lieut. Colonel Q. D. Prout, Q.A.R.A.N.C., T.D.

##### Long Service and Good Conduct Medal

Q/1001741 S/Sgt. Bovell, J. M.

##### Awards

JUNE 1968

##### M.B.E.

Captain (A/Major) N. M. Smyth.

#### FORTHCOMING MARRIAGES

MR. R. F. AMY and MISS S. E. CHAMBERS

The engagement is announced between Robert Amy, R.A.E.C., only son of Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Amy of Glenthorne, Seafeld Avenue, St. Helier, Jersey and Sarah Elizabeth Chambers, Q.A.R.A.N.C., elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Chambers of Brookwood, Fintona, N. Ireland.

THE REV. K. B. ELLWOOD and CAPTAIN B. A. BURT, Q.A.R.A.N.C.

The engagement is announced between the Rev. Keith Brian Ellwood, R.A., CH.DEPT., youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Ellwood of 19 Croft Avenue, Shap, Penrith, Cumberland, and Barbara Ann, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Burt, 89 Cheddon Fitzpaine, Taunton, Somerset.

M. R. A. THOMAS and MAJOR E. M. MADIN

The engagement is announced between Alan, son of Mrs. E. J. Thomas and the late Mr. W. Thomas, of Broughton near Chester, and Margaret, younger daughter of Mrs. B. Madin and the late Mr. G. Madin, of Nether Edge, Sheffield.

## MARRIAGES

MAJOR D. P. B. HAIG, R.A.M.C. to MAJOR S. R. TODMAN, Q.A.R.A.N.C. at All Saints Garrison Church, Singapore, on Saturday 6th June 1968. The Guard of Honour was provided by Warrant Officers and N.C.O's of 32 Coy. R.A.M.C.  
The bride was given away by Brigadier J. M. Matheson, O.B.E., M.D., F.R.C.S.

## DEATHS

MISS G. A. SEELEY, R.R.C., Q.A.I.M.N.S.(Retd.), died on January 25th 1968.  
MAJOR M. I. NEWBURY, R.R.C., Q.A.R.A.N.C.(Retd.), died on July 18th 1968. in Bartholomew's Hospital. Served Q.A.R.A.N.C. 1937-1961.  
MISS P. J. GIBBS, R.R.C., Q.A.I.M.N.S.(Retd.), 1926-1947 died July 12th 1968.  
MRS. M. K. HARRIS (née Barclay) C.B.E., R.R.C., Principal Matron Q.A.I.M.N.S. (Retd.), died August 28th 1968 at her home in Farnborough, Hants. Served 1914-1942.  
MISS M. SCOTT, A.R.R.C., Q.A.I.M.N.S.(Retd.), died September 5th 1968 in Royal Herbert Hospital.  
MRS. N. CRESSWELL-HOBBS, R.R.C., Q.A.I.M.N.S.(Retd.), 1909-1921. died September 1968 in Howard House, Gerrards Cross.  
MRS. H. E. BOYES, Q.A.I.M.N.S./R., 1942-1944, died September 24th 1968.  
MISS M. JOYCE, R.R.C., Q.A.I.M.N.S.(Retd.), 1915-1947, died September 29th 1968 in Bridgewater, Somerset.  
MISS E. M. BAMBER, R.R.C., Q.A.I.M.N.S.(Retd.), 1919-1946, died September 13th 1968. Served in India, Middle East and United Kingdom.  
LIEUT. M. F. HAMILTON, Q.A.I.M.N.S.(Retd.), 1945-1948, died September 10th 1968.  
MISS J. F. WATSON, Matron Q.A.I.M.N.S.(Retd.), 1911-1940, died in Dumfries 16th August 1968. Miss Watson served in India, Egypt and United Kingdom and was invalided out of the Army.  
Major Julia Mary Woods, Q.A.R.A.N.C. died on November 14th 1968 at Queen Alexandra's Military Hospital, Millbank.  
Major G. Mudge, A.R.R.C., Q.A.R.A.N.C. aged 77 years died at the Royal Sussex County Hospital, Brighton on November 21st 1968.

## APPOINTMENTS—SENIOR OFFICERS

Brigadier B. M. Gordon, R.R.C. assumed the appointment of Matron-in-Chief and Director of Army Nursing Services, Ministry of Defence in succession to Brigadier Dame Margot Turner, D.B.E., R.R.C., Q.H.N.S. who retired on 24th August 1968 on completion of tenure of her appointment.  
Colonel H. M. Carroll, R.R.C.: Appointed D.D.A.N.S. Southern Command, w.e.f. 3rd September 1968.  
Colonel H. C. Thayer, R.R.C.: Appointed Commandant Q.A.R.A.N.C. Training Centre, w.e.f. 18th September 1968.  
Colonel M. Moreton: Appointed D.D.A.N.S. B.A.O.R., w.e.f. 19th August 1968.  
A/Colonel E. H. Litherland, R.R.C.: Appointed D.D.A.N.S. FAR.E.L.F., w.e.f. 11th September 1968.  
Lieut.-Col. J. Paris, R.R.C.: Appointed Matron, British Military Hospital, Hong Kong, w.e.f. 30th August 1968.  
Lieut.-Col. F. M. Sands, A.R.R.C.: Appointed Matron, Louise Margaret Maternity Hospital, w.e.f. 10th September 1968.  
Lieut.-Col. E. M. Coppack: Appointed Matron, Queen Alexandra Hospital, Millbank, w.e.f. 20th August 1968.  
Lieut.-Col. E. Curry: Appointed Matron, Military Hospital, Colchester, w.e.f. 3rd September 1968.

Lieut.-Col. K. Grimshaw, A.R.R.C.: Appointed Matron, Royal Herbert Hospital, Woolwich, w.e.f. 12th August 1968.  
A/Lieut.-Col. H. Cattanach, R.R.C.: Appointed Matron, British Military Hospital, Munster, w.e.f. 2nd September 1968.  
Major G. N. Smith: Appointed Matron, British Military Hospital, Kluang, w.e.f. 30th October 1968.

## PROMOTIONS—REGULAR OFFICERS

### To Colonel

Lieut.-Col. M. Moreton 17.10.68.

### To Lieut.-Colonel

Majors: E. M. Coppack, 11.9.68; E. Curry, 1.10.68; M. O'Hara, 2.10.68; K. Grimshaw, 17.10.68.

### Captain to Major

Captains: S. G. Jones, 5.6.68; M. H. Whitford, 21.6.68; M. C. J. Russell, 30.7.68; E. A. Swan, 6.8.68; J. Pickering, 2.9.68; M. J. Dooley, 10.9.68; M. J. Cline, 13.9.68; E. McCurry, 17.9.68; A. Tidey, 20.9.68; P. A. P. Walters, 22.9.68; D. A. Buncle, 26.9.68.

### Lieutenant to Captain

Lieut. A. N. M. Finlay, 24.10.68.

## PROMOTIONS—SHORT SERVICE COMMISSIONS

### Lieutenant to Captain

Lieutenants: M. C. Cahill, 31.5.68; V. Pooiey, 20.6.68; M. K. Bell, C. Edwards, J. L. Gordon, M. A. Shaw, 18.7.68; R. E. McNeice, 19.7.68; R. E. Strevens, 31.7.68; S. Whittle, 24.8.68; A. Harper, 30.8.68; M. Westwick, 3.9.68; E. A. Johnson, 15.9.68; M. P. Whelan, 26.9.68; B. M. Birkett, 24.10.68; E. M. D. Ekman, 26.10.68.

## RETIREMENT—REGULAR OFFICERS

Colonel B. M. Robertson, 17.10.68.

Lieut.-Colonels: D. Gray, 11.9.68; D. M. David, 1.10.68.

Majors: S. Haig (née Todman), 6.7.68; D. J. Drury-Mettham, 19.7.68; G. M. Clarke, 28.7.68; R. A. Dobbs, 29.7.68; M. M. Longdon, 31.7.68; M. M. Bridgwater, 1.8.68; P. D. Downing, 31.8.68; M. E. Warrillow, 3.10.68; I. Wrightson, 16.10.68.

Captain S. R. Wood (née Daldy), 21.9.68.

Lieutenant J. P. Clay (née Edge), 31.8.68.

## SHORT SERVICE COMMISSIONED OFFICERS

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

Captains: M. A. Taverner, 12.6.68; B. Gathergood, J. N. Gillies, 15.6.68; B. A. Fennell, 1.7.68; Y. T. C. Tan, 4.7.68; B. Sparey, 12.7.68; M. L. Ueckermann, 15.8.68; J. E. Byrne, C. C. Warom, 31.8.68; V. A. Greig, 6.9.68; E. J. Coppleson, 7.9.68; C. M. Richards, H. M. Shuttleworth (née Symes), 28.9.68; H. F. Evans, 4.10.68; B. Tasker, 5.10.68; M. L. Callender, 7.10.68; S. M. Burns, M. V. Robertson, 8.10.68.

Lieutenants: I. Pilkington, 15.6.68; J. F. Flitcroft, 18.7.68; K. A. James, E. Kenny J. M. Kingdon, S. M. Warburton, 6.9.68.



## RETIREMENT ON MARRIAGE

Captains: R. E. Mathews (née McNeice), P. A. Roberts (née Finn).  
Lieutenants: C. M. Bradford (née Crawley), L. P. Etheridge (née Laskey),  
S. J. Brown (née Stanley).

## OFFICERS POSTED OVERSEAS

### FARELF—Hong Kong

Major C. Bishop, 22.7.68.  
Captains: R. Rawat, 12.8.68; J. Redhead, 3.9.68; B. M. Powell, 16.9.68; E. B. T.  
Sweeney, 16.9.68; P. Elliott, 14.10.68.  
Lieutenants: E. J. C. Robertson, 22.7.68; A. Poole, 22.7.68; S. E. Maggs, 12.8.68.

### Singapore

Captains: M. Maddick, 12.8.68; D. M. Brooks, 16.9.68.  
Lieutenants: A. H. Morgan, 12.8.68; M. M. Slattery, 29.8.68; B. M. Ratcliffe/  
Springall, 1.10.68; J. L. St. John, M. B. Dick, 14.10.68.

### Terendak

Majors: E. M. Thompson, 15.8.68; P. M. Broad, 16.9.68.  
Captains: B. Rowland, 22.7.68; J. Sowter, 12.8.68; M. Smith, 27.8.68.

### Kluang

Captain M. Finch, 9.9.68.  
Lieutenants: A. J. O'Brien, 22.7.68; F. A. Morrice, 16.9.68; A. P. Spence, 14.10.68

### Penang

Major E. M. O'Brien, 14.10.68.  
Lieutenant A. A. Pollock, 16.9.68.

### NEARELF—Dhekelia

Major P. L. Rutherford, 1.8.68.  
Captain A. Harper, 28.10.68.  
Lieutenants: J. A. Samson, 18.7.68; P. V. Bass, D. C. Ford, B. C. Beeston,  
20.8.68; E. A. Eaton, 23.9.68; P. M. Bailey, 11.10.68.

## REGULAR OFFICERS POSTED TO HOME ESTABLISHMENTS

Major	J. P. Edmonds	...	21.6.68	Millbank
"	B. Sawyer	...	30.6.68	Cambridge
"	W. L. Blackmore	...	5.7.68	Cambridge
"	M. B. Burroughs	...	16.8.68	Cambridge
Captain	H. S. Powell	...	23.5.68	Tidworth
"	S. M. Cooper	...	23.5.68	Munster
"	A. O'Mahoney	...	24.7.68	R.H.H. Woolwich
"	M. Daly	...	31.7.68	Mil. Mat. Woolwich
"	M. M. Stewart	...	20.8.68	R.H.H. Woolwich
"	D. J. Simpson	...	27.6.68	Mil. Mat. Woolwich
"	J. Pickering	...	28.8.68	L.M.M.H.
"	B. Smith	...	15.9.68	Tidworth
"	M. K. Cummins	...	16.9.68	Tidworth

## CIVILIAN APPOINTMENTS

MISS BERYL MORGAN, S.R.N., Part I Midwifery, has been appointed deputy matron to Redhill General Hospital from July 29th. Miss Morgan was recently assistant matron at the Royal Free Hospital, London, trained at the Royal Hampshire Hospital, Winchester and the Hallam Hospital, West Bromwich. As well as serving in the Q.A.R.A.N.C. for six years she has taken the administrative course at the King's Fund Staff College for Matrons.

## CIVILIAN RETIREMENTS

MISS ELSIE WILLIAMS, who has been matron of Plas Mariandir, the Manchester and Salford Hoxpital Saturday Fund's convalescent home at Llandudno for the past fourteen years, retired at the beginning of August. During the last war she served with the Q.A.R.A.N.C. in France, Belgium and India.

MISS MORRIS, assistant matron Ormskirk and District Hospital since 1946. During the Second World War Miss Morris served in Africa and Italy and was mentioned in despatches.

## STATE FINAL EXAMINATIONS

### PASS LIST—JUNE 1968

D. M. Amies	B. Lloyd
A. R. V. Bott	I. Newton
A. M. E. Clarke	T. Pradhan
W. H. Collins (née Bates)	B. Richards
A. Fallon	A. M. Robinson
N. K. Green	M. Williams
C. L. Hudson (née Jones)	C. A. Wilmott
S. Lewis	

### PASSED MIDWIFERY PART I—AUGUST 1968

Lieut. B. D. Smith	„ P. Maitland
„ C. M. Perryman	„ D. Shambrook
„ V. M. Grant	„ J. A. Whalley
A/Sgt. J. M. Stacey	„ L. Maher
A/Sgt. A. R. McSporrان	

### PASSED MIDWIFERY PART II—JUNE 1968

Lieut. E. J. Docherty	Lieut. M. C. Lewis
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### PASSED R.M.N. COURSE—JUNE 1968

Major M. Bemrose  
Major M. P. Miller  
Captain E. M. Hanley

### PASSED R.S.C.N. COURSE

Capt. E. P. Reynolds

### PASSED M.T.D. COURSE

Capt. K. B. Ayres

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

1ST JULY 1968 TO 31ST OCTOBER 1968

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

Privates: J. Bradley, L. K. Bryan, A. K. Carter, M. Glover, S. M. Haughton, P. O. MacMillan, J. Rennie, A. S. Thomas, D. W. Lama, M. Bedford, S. P. Clark, L. H. Cupples, L. M. Shaw, G. D. Stenning, S. M. Grant, R. J. B. Reynolds, L. S. Rees, B. R. Collins, D. Harbron, G. Lucas, S. J. Metcalfe, R. H. Roberts, M. M. Wilson, A. R. Kerr, J. A. Bond, B. J. King, K. J. Landor, J. B. Lewis, E. Barnett, E. Fisher, R. A. Mills, C. O'Malley, K. Rogers, C. A. Rowney, H. M. Sommerville, S. V. Stace, P. G. Thompson, P. M. Tibbles, E. C. Welch, P. F. Brookes, M. P. Coxon, H. Lewis, A. P. Friar, P. M. Lainchbury, J. Ainsworth, M. Atkinson, J. M. Joy, V. A. Pringle, P. A. Silvester, M. S. L. Kent, P. J. Henriksen, C. S. Leel, J. A. Ivory, S. C. Earnshaw, E. D. Jones, M. McCabe, S. A. Fells, L. M. Sweeney, P. A. Thornton, H. T. Waters, D. M. Smith, V. H. Smith, L. G. B. Symes, C. Musgrave, M. Jones, G. M. Marzetti.

Corporal C. A. Robinson.

### To FARELF

Privates: E. M. Ward, L. A. Black, M. M. Clayton, I. M. Colquhoun, M. Entwistle, M. Smethurst, S. E. Green, L. Smith, I. M. Crossman, M. M. Dougan, M. A. Higginson, C. E. Jenkins, C. A. Law, S. I. Merry, P. N. W. Raine, H. Rowson, C. McKay, C. Dearey, C. A. De La Poer Monsell, J. A. Fahey, C. George, J. Hancock, G. N. Sherman, A. J. Tofts, J. Oliver, M. W. Gallagher, R. G. Hinks, E. G. Hoare, B. Smith.

### To Cyprus

Privates: S. E. Ruttle, M. L. Scott, B. A. Shannon, S. Simmons, S. M. Lawrence, M. M. Okane, I. E. H. Trewin.

## MOVEMENTS OF Q.A.R.A.N.C. JUNIOR RANKS

PERIOD ENDING 31ST OCTOBER 1968

### To Cambridge Hospital, Aldershot

A/Sgt. L. Maher

Cpl. S. Cashmore-Thorley

L/Cpl. J. M. Stacey

Privates: B. G. Johnson, P. A. Mallorie, N. E. May, J. M. McNulty, P. K. Moss, C. A. Reeves, J. M. Spier, B. F. Thorn, I. Allen, C. Benson, S. M. Dean, B. G. Johnson, S. Smith, A. E. Yaxley.

### To Military Hospital, Colchester

Cpl. P. A. Patridge

Privates: J. Sandom, S. M. Jupp, S. M. Vipond, A. R. C. Kerr, R. E. Neal, M. A. Williams, E. Crighton, V. E. Errington, A. Musgrave, B. M. Ryder, D. M. Rickaby.

### Q.A.R.A.N.C. Training Centre

Sgt. C. A. Sunley

### Royal Herbert Hospital, Woolwich

L/Cpl. J. Towe

Privates: G. Rai, M. E. Hopgood, D. A. Holmes (née Pate), S. Davidson, J. Gray, S. M. Harwood, A. Henderson, H. A. Higham, J. E. Laing, J. Longman, L. E. Pedgeon, R. V. Pressley, D. Dine.

**To Louise Margaret Maternity Hospital**

A/Sgt. M. E. Tucker

Corporals: A. V. R. Bott, S. Lewis

A/Cpl. S. M. D. Summers

A/L/Corporals: I. Newton, S. D. Sinha, J. A. Dyer

Privates: C. M. Anderson, S. A. Fallon, A. Fallon, B. Watson.

**To Military Hospital, Catterick**

Privates: J. E. Carr, A. Best, N. E. Hadden, I. Harkness, C. A. Bottomley,  
L. J. Bradham, E. A. Bulmer.

**To Queen Alexandra Hospital, Millbank**

Cpl. E. Krivda

Privates: G. J. Jones, C. Gillom, J. Tallantire, M. Tidball, A. P. Reilly, E. M.  
Price, R. Palmer, J. D. Milborrow, R. M. Barker, S. Woolcott, B. A. Webster,  
C. A. Stancer, C. Forsyth, J. Sheppard, L. M. Winton.

**To Military Hospital, Tidworth**

A/Sgt. D. Shambrook

A/L/Corporals: G. A. Philpott, D. H. Phillips.

Privates: M. H. Mitchell, D. E. Luxa, M. C. Benson, M. C. Hope, J. C. Dow,  
S. M. Dean, M. S. Carter.

**To B.M.H. Hannover**

S/Sgt. M. A. Boland

**To Holding and Drafting**

A/L/Cpl. M. Heyes

**To R.A.D.C. T.C.**

Private J. Finnie.

**Q.A.R.A.N.C. PROMOTIONS**

PERIOD ENDING 31ST OCTOBER 1968

**To Commission**

J. A. Pars, H. A. Rainnie, F. J. Allen, K. E. Jones, Y. M. Grant, D. Shambrook.

**Warrant Officer—Class I**

K. M. Robertson, J. Guyler

**Staff Sergeant**

P. A. K. Cole, C. A. Sunley

**Sergeant**

P. J. Michie

**Corporal**

S. J. Collins, L. C. Bridges, M. P. Smith (née Ring), E. A. Gosnold, V. N. Lawn,  
J. P. M. Soden, E. F. I. Bontoft de St. Quentin, J. Findlay, S. Le Masurier,  
L. M. L. Hellis, E. L. L. Wade, F. M. Holder.

**L/Corporal**

M. Duckworth, F. J. Chalmers, G. M. Davis, M. Gregg.

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B.M.H. Munster ... ..	15	0	0
Mrs. L. Salmon ... ..	3	0	0
Assistant Chaplain General, Singapore ... ..	20	3	0
Major E. G. B. Butterworth ... ..	3	3	0
Miss C. J. Lewis ... ..	20	0	0
B.M.H. Hong Kong ... ..	30	0	0
Mrs. D. E. Kingdon ... ..	1	0	0
Netley Branch ... ..	80	0	0
New Zealand Branch ... ..	30	0	0
Total from donations under £1 ... ..	15	0	0
Christmas donations ... ..	15	0	0
 <b>GENERAL PURPOSES</b>			
Netley Branch ... ..	10	0	0
New Zealand Branch ... ..	30	0	0
 <b>GAZETTE FUND</b>			
H.Q. Mess (To use for part repayment to Reserve Fund) ...	100	0	0
Brigadier J. B. C. George ... ..	2	2	0
Colonel G. Willoughby ... ..	1	0	0
Total from donations under £1 ... ..	2	0	0

We thank you for these donations—which are much appreciated—and for your continued support, which shows such an awareness of our various financial needs.

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L/Cpl. P. Risdon, 9 Lambs Farm, Horsham, Sussex.

Miss E. Budd, Deneield, 24 Dene Road, Northwood, Middlesex.

Pte. S.M.A.F.F. Wiper, 2 Yeomanry House, East Ebank R., Cupar, Fife, Scotland.

Miss M. Dagleish, 24 Cartcows Road, Falkirk, Stirlingshire, Scotland.

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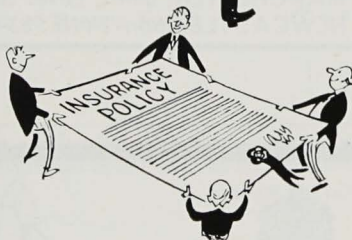
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