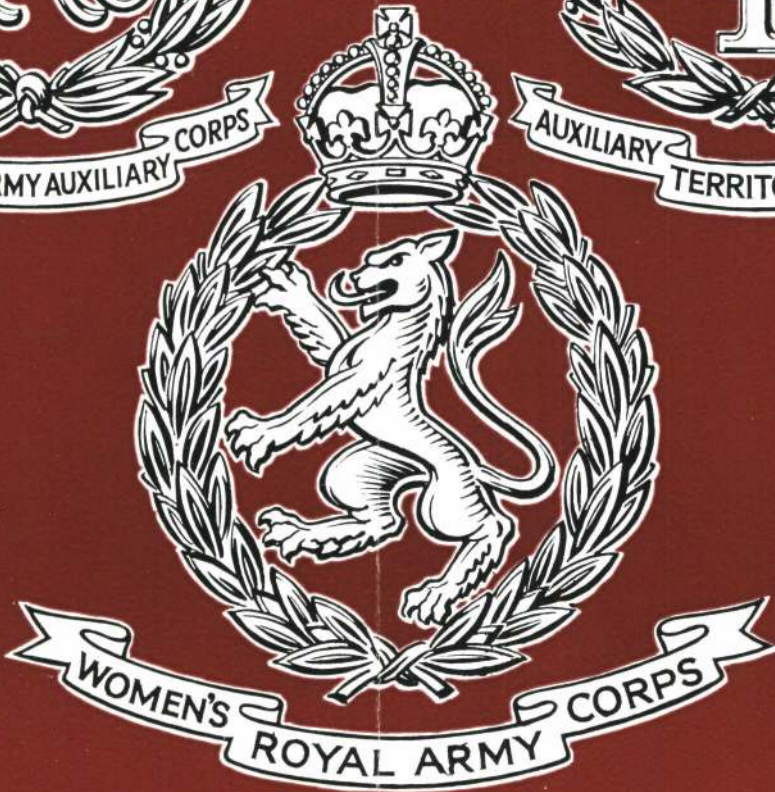
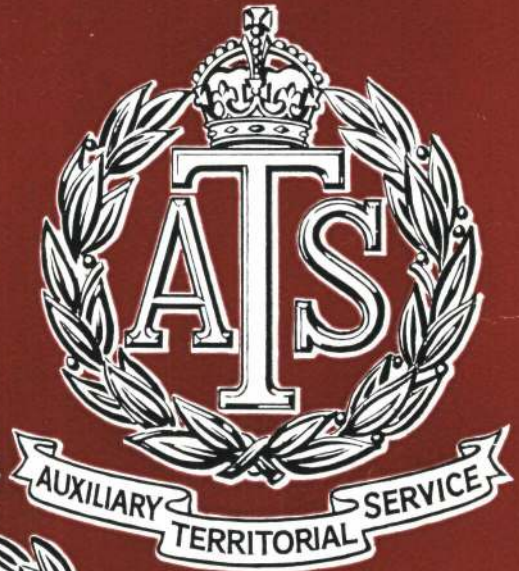
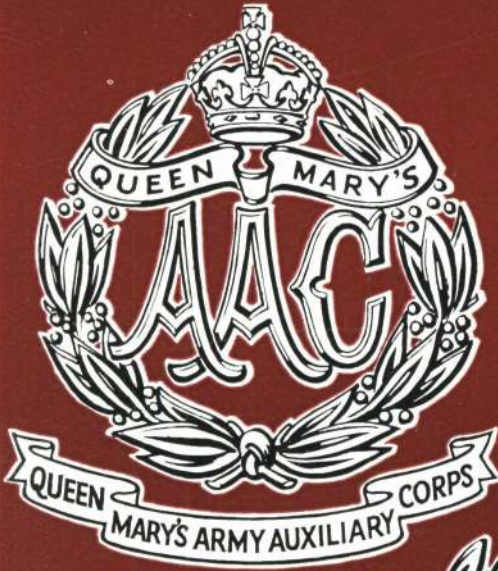


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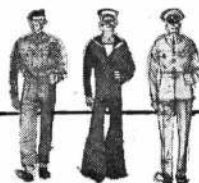
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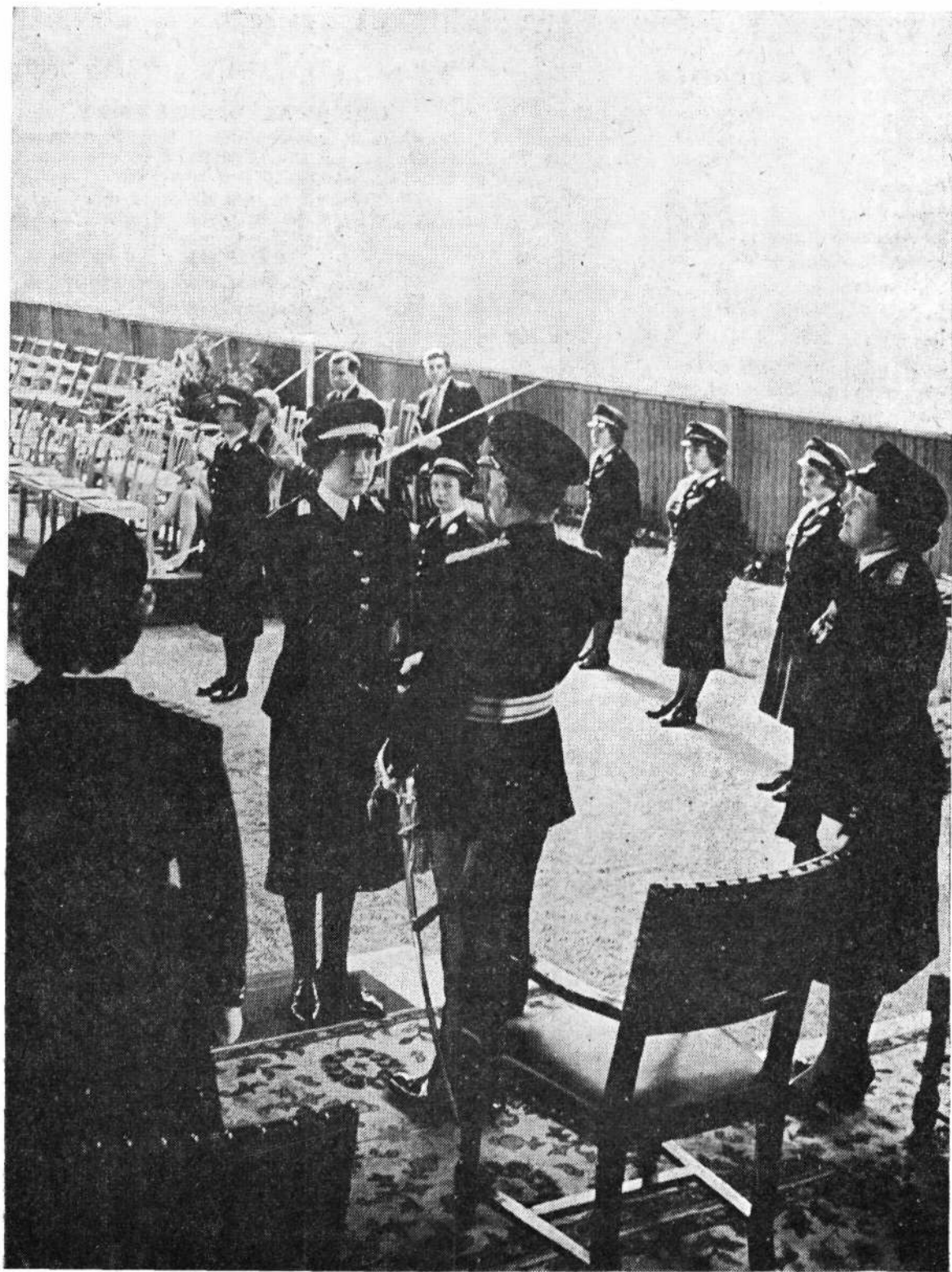
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The Commissioning Ceremony



THE LIONESS

Vol. XXXIII

November 1960

No. 4

Christmas greeting from our President

I send my good wishes for Christmas and the New Year to every serving and ex-service member of the W.R.A.C. Association. May 1961 bring happiness and good fortune to you all, strengthen your pride in our past and leave you with bright hope for the future.

MARY

EDITORIAL

OUR frontispiece in this issue shows a scene which will be familiar to any young officer commissioned into the W.R.A.C. within the last few years, and to the hundreds of other members and friends of the Corps who have witnessed the commissioning ceremony. It is a scene which has a particular importance in the eye of the student of regimental history, illustrating, in a way that those taking part can hardly appreciate, the status of the Corps which they have joined.

A Service such as ours passes through three definite stages in the development of a corporate personality. We began as a body of inexperienced women venturing timidly into a man's world. The customs and conventions of that world were unfamiliar to us and our object was to thread our way among them without branding ourselves at any point as ignorant amateurs. On the whole we did not do so badly. The fluffy little feminine soldierette who liked to freshen up her khaki with a touch of white at the neck and wrists, and the hard-swearing battle-axe who banged at her boots with a swagger-cane, both appeared more often in Company skits than in real life. We suspect, all the same, that it was quite a long time before our male counterparts stopped thinking of us as well-meaning little creatures whose military activities must be tolerantly judged in the light of our mental and physical limitations. It took two wars and a decade of peacetime reorganisation to prove that in the spheres where men and women work together they work by the same rules to the same standards.

As we gained in professional knowledge, we gained also in confidence and credit. Imperceptibly we arrived at the second phase of our development, when our military efficiency was taken for granted and was not considered matter for comment or congratulation. We could barrack our beds with the best of them, we could lay out our kit, we could put on a very creditable passing-out parade on the standard model. We had proved that any future deviations would not be due to a lack of knowledge, ability or respect for military tradition. We were in a strong enough position to demon-

strate that though we *could* do everything just like male soldiers, we might not always want to. We were ready for the third phase—the phase in which tradition is created.

The commissioning ceremony is our own contribution to Army ceremonial, evolved to suit our small numbers and the special character of our sex. It is a miniature parade carried out with the highest degree of precision and polish in surroundings which, with the carpeted floor, massed flowers, and intimate, personal atmosphere, are far removed from the barren chill of the parade ground. For the Officer Cadet it marks the end of a ten months' course of military and academic studies which has been carefully designed to match her special requirements and responsibilities, just as her uniform has been deliberately styled to suit the female figure and not in slavish imitation of a male pattern. It marks the beginning of a life in which (while holding exactly the same commission as any other Army officer) she will find her own place waiting for her, not "in replacement of a man" but in her own right and with her own value. It marks yet another milestone on the long road which started when the first woman officer, Mary Alexandra Watson, put on her very different uniform for the first time nearly 43 years ago.

Mrs. Watson may not have realised that she was opening a new chapter of Army history when she first signed her name as Chief Controller W.A.A.C., but it is something that will be remembered with gratitude and respect by all those who follow in her footsteps. With her ability, her trained mind, her sense of humour and imperturbable patience, she was the prototype which secured our acceptance by the Army and from which we have never wished to depart. In the last issue of *The Lioness* we drew attention to a fund which had been opened to keep her memory green among succeeding generations, and to emphasise the link between the earliest officer and the latest-joined cadet, by presenting her portrait to the W.R.A.C. School of Instruction. The work was undertaken by Miss Stella Schmolle, a distinguished artist who herself served in the

A.T.S. and whose copy of Sir William Orpen's portrait of Dame Helen Gwynne-Vaughan already hangs in the W.R.A.C. Museum.

Since the inauguration of this fund, the plan has been extended to include a piece of silver for the Cadets' Mess. A statuette of an early officer is to be made by Miss Wrightson, who served in the Q.M.A.A.C. in France as a driver and has exhibited her sculpture in the Royal Academy. The silver figure will be a treasure not only to the cadets but to the whole Corps, and interest will not be confined to any particular age-group. The project was initiated by our oldest generation for the benefit of our youngest, but we hope that it will be supported

throughout the Corps and the Association. Contributions (with an upward limit of 10s.) will be welcomed by Mrs. King, "Trequites," 23 Hoadly Road, S.W.16.

While our minds are still on the passage of the years which irrevocably build up our history, let us remember that a new one is going to begin and much of our story has still to be written. The Editor sends her good wishes out to all our readers—may Christmas 1960 be a time of great hope and happiness, and may 1961 bring good fortune to the Corps, to everyone serving in it, and to the ex-servicewomen who created it.

Association Notes

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

The Annual General Meeting will be held at the Duke of York's Headquarters on Saturday, March 18, 1961, at 3 p.m. In order that Resolutions for consideration at the Annual General Meeting may be printed in the February issue of *The Lioness*, they should reach the General Secretary by December 30, 1960.

SECRETARIES' MEETING

The Secretaries' Meeting will be at 11.30 a.m. on Saturday, March 18, after which Members of Council will look forward to meeting all those who are able to join them for lunch at 1 o'clock.

Q.M.A.A.C. REUNION

The Q.M.A.A.C. Reunion will be held at the Duke of York's Headquarters on Friday, March 17, 1961, from 7 p.m. to 10 p.m. Tickets 4s., including refreshments. Applications to: Reunion Secretary, W.R.A.C. Association, Duke of York's H.Q., London, S.W.3, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, after January 1.

GRAND REUNION

The Grand Reunion will be held this time at Derry & Toms, Kensington High Street, W.8, on Saturday, March 18, 1961, from 7 p.m. to 10.30 p.m. Tickets 10s., including refreshments. Applications as above, after January 1.

SERVICE IN THE CHAPEL OF THE ROYAL HOSPITAL

By kind invitation of the Governor, members of the Association may attend the morning service at 11 o'clock in the Chapel of the Royal Hospital on Sunday, March 19. As seats are limited to 100, admission will be by ticket only. These can be obtained from the General Secretary after January 1.

Obituary

MISS N. THACKER

IT is with regret we report the death of Miss Nell Thacker on July 26, 1960, at a hospital in Epsom. Miss Thacker, who served with the W.A.A.C. at Hastings, Calais and Audrigne, will be remembered affectionately by many ex-W.A.A.C.

Reunions

NORTHERN AREA REUNION

THE Northern Area Reunion took place on October 1 at Betty's Restaurant, York, and the Committee's decision to create a precedent by holding it in the afternoon proved a popular one since nearly 170 members congregated from Bradford, Catterick, Derby, Hartlepool, Hull, Leeds, Leicester, Nottingham and Sheffield.

The new Chairman of Northern Area, Lt.-Col. L. M. Davies, A.D.W.R.A.C., H.Q. Northern Command, presided, supported by Lt.-Col. V. K. Stead, O.B.E., T.D., J.P., Vice-Chairman, and Mrs. E. M. Suttle, Hon. Secretary. Guest speakers were Dame Regina Evans, D.B.E., and Mrs. Diana Stevenson. Other distinguished guests included Mrs. A. J. Lumsden, General Secretary W.R.A.C. Association, and Mrs. C. S. Sperry, of California, U.S.A.

Mrs. Sperry, who is perhaps better known to her contemporaries as "Carrie Sinclair," is a life member of the Association and is proud of the fact that she was one of the first 12 women sent to the A.E.F. during the 1914-18 War. She brought greetings from the Women's Overseas Service League in San Diego and also from Kathleen Hood, of Binghamton, New York (A.E.F.), and Doone Hood, of St. Catherine, Ontario, Canada, with whom she had had a reunion in St. Catherine en route to England, and also found time to visit Mrs. Ethel V. Lloyd, of Hove, Commander of the A.E.F., with whom she enjoyed many reminiscences. Mrs. Sperry returned to the U.S.A. on October 11.

After a preliminary and somewhat deafening "get together," Col. Davies opened the proceedings by saying how delighted she was to see such a large gathering and expressed her pleasure in welcoming the guests. She announced messages of regret for absence from Mrs. Rumbold, Mrs. Wentworth Reeve, Mrs. Cox (R.S.M. Mallard) and Major Munro. Col. Davies then called upon Dame Regina Evans, who read messages from the Council and Dame Helen Gwynne-Vaughan.

Dame Regina said that reminiscences show how old one is getting, but reunions are a wonderful way of bringing us together to remember the things that happened, the troubles and pleasures we had, the comradeship and the work we did together. The start of every decade has brought its own hopes and

characteristics, but in 1960 we have moved and are moving in a very new mechanised age—an age in which we are apt to calculate our values by the comforts and easements that mechanisation and inventions can bring. But however great future material advantages are going to be, life will be nothing if we do not maintain the humanities. Mrs. Stevenson drew attention to the basket of fruit and bottle of liquid refreshment which Col. Davies had kindly given to raffle for the Benevolent Fund, and emphasised the importance of continued support for this deserving cause since the need is very great. Many deserving cases are helped every year and when, in due course, the A.T.S. fund is exhausted and the W.R.A.C. fund takes over responsibility for Q.M.A.A.C., A.T.S. and W.R.A.C., a minimum capital of £50,000 will be required to carry on the work. She, therefore, begged members to give generously.

Mrs. Suttle proposed a vote of thanks to Dame Regina for her wonderful speech and to Mrs. Stevenson. C.S.M. Raper, Secretary of Leeds Branch, seconded the vote of thanks.

After an excellent tea, the raffle was drawn by Mrs. Sperry and Miss Cocksedge. Amidst great applause, Miss Palmer, of Leicester Branch, was presented with the basket of fruit and Miss Stead, Vice-Chairman, with the bottle. The raffle and collection for the Benevolent Fund raised the magnificent sum of £30.

Towards 6 p.m. everyone gradually dispersed, having had a thoroughly enjoyable afternoon.

Q.M.A.A.C. OVERSEAS OFFICERS' REUNION

WHEN at the end of May we held our Q.M.A.A.C. Dinner at the House of Commons, one question was constantly being asked: "Where is Jordan (Mrs. King)?" She was on holiday in Austria, but she made amends for her absence by holding her Annual Reunion for Q.M.A.A.C. Officers on June 25. This year the weather was kind and we were able to wander about her large garden and admire a fine show of flowers of many varieties. Mrs. King deserves our grateful thanks for all her thought and kindness in holding this gathering year after year. It is a pity more of the Old Comrades are not able to attend, for it is great to meet again. Each year though, someone turns up for the first time and gets a very warm welcome.

Letters and telegrams of greeting and of regret for absence received by Mrs. King are too numerous to record here, but show that many of us have survived the various storms up to now. Among those present were the "C.C." Dame Helen Gwynne-Vaughan, Mrs. Coplestone (Francis), Mrs. Aburrow (Cable), Mrs. A. E. B. Johnston, Miss Wotzel, Miss Bertrand, Miss Lyon, Miss Fawcett, Miss Baker, Miss Marsden, Mrs. Payne (Philpotts), Mrs. Clifton (Jones), Mrs. Newton (Betts) and Mrs. Garrard (Barr).

One must not omit to mention the excellent catering and the very special cake with its centre-piece, a cleverly made replica of the Q.M.A.A.C. badge made in cream and sugar. Thank you once again, Jordan, for a delightful afternoon, one we will always remember.

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Convention in Scotland

SCOTTISH Command held a convention in Sdreghorn Camp in Edinburgh on May 6. The aim was to show the kind of girl we in the women's services want to recruit, and the variety of work offered to women in the Army. The convention was attended by headmistresses, headmasters of mixed senior Secondary Schools or their representatives, members of the Youth Employment Service and of women's organisations in Scotland.

Short talks were given by 21 members of Q.A.R.A.N.C. and W.R.A.C., introduced by Capt. M. Hudson (W.R.A.C.) and Lt. P. Aubertain (Q.A.R.A.N.C.). The speakers were chosen to represent their different trades, and we were especially grateful to those who took the long journey from the south, as well as to their Commanding Officers who allowed them to come. It seemed a formidable number of speeches on the printed programme, but all talks were finished in ninety minutes. After seeing W.R.A.C. accommodation, guests had tea, prepared by 1 Independent Company W.R.A.C., and were able informally to question the speakers.

One Headmaster wrote afterwards: "In every way it was a most satisfying and instructive experience and I was greatly impressed not only by

Incident in Richmond Park

IT was a glorious morning in Richmond Park. Summer had arrived and khaki-clad figures were moving about their legitimate business with a new spring in their step. From the Sergeants' Mess streamed several members, returning to their various spheres after that laudable institution, the N.A.A.F.I. break. From "A" Company office stepped the Company Commander with her entourage, bent upon a routing check of quarters. Suddenly she was arrested in her tracks by a most unusual sight. A parade—but a parade such as she had never witnessed before and one which no efficient officer could pass by without comment. The leader of the parade, a noble stag, was a tall stately figure in the best tradition of R.S.M.s, but the rest of the parade left much to be desired. The ranks were broken. Some trotted amiably behind their leader, while others looked on, vaguely interested though slightly disturbed by the strange turn-out of their four-footed R.S.M.

The reaction of the Company Commander was not concern, annoyance or disgust, but loud laughter, as she and her party realised that the usual headgear worn by the leader of this unofficial parade, ambling through the confines of the camp, was a pair of nylon panties. To whom did they belong? Where had the creature obtained



Convention in Scotland

Photo by Drummond Young, Edinburgh

the comprehensive nature of the opportunities offered to a girl in the Army, but also by the easy and attractive performances of each speaker." The speakers would be surprised to know how many compliments of the same kind were received, both during the afternoon, and afterwards by letter. Because none of them could have found it easy, probably none of them realised how attractively they performed. Their efforts have certainly given many people in Scotland a new idea of the work of the Women's Service in the Army.

REMINDER

Annual subscriptions will be due on January 1

such a garment? Had the Park authorities issued them to all stags for wear on the antlers? This was surely a matter for the Provost, but how would they deal with such a case if it turned out to be a matter of theft or misappropriation of clothing? Before the machinery of the law could be put into operation the mystery was solved by a process of brilliant deduction.

Behind the Sergeants' Mess, on this bright sunny morning, hung a line of "smalls" gaily dancing in the breeze and glowing with a whiteness which only the best detergent could produce. But there was one vacant space, just big enough to hold the article in question. In order to be certain that

brightness had indeed been added to whiteness, the stag had clearly brought his antlers a little too near. The one question which remains is, should there be a Regimental Enquiry or should the loss be compensated for from P.R.I.? This weighty matter is under consideration and we await the decision of the C.O. Up to the time of going to press no word has appeared in Battalion Orders.

Secretary—Tourist

PRIVATE F. R. BACON

ON June 20, as secretary to Maj. Gen. E. S. Cole I left London Airport for Paris. After a very smooth flight I arrived at Le Bourget Airport and was driven by staff car through the erratic traffic of Paris, at a pace which made my hair stand on end, to an enormous hotel in the Rue de Cirque. Having no work that evening I strolled along the Champs Elysees in company with members of the W.R.N.S. and W.R.A.F. who were also staying at the same hotel. We were fascinated by the gaiety of Paris by night and by the outdoor restaurants. At one of these restaurants we had a lovely meal of Chateaubriand with a red wine, although I didn't take to the wine at first. Afterwards we wandered up to the Arc de Triomphe.

On reporting for duty at the British Embassy the next morning my first impression was that it looked

like a palace. It is situated in the Rue de Faubourg St. Honoré, right in the centre of Paris. The General told me there was no work for me until the afternoon and I could take the morning off. I went down to the Left Bank by Metro, which is a small underground railway. When I reached my destination I ambled around the bookstalls and bought several postcards showing beautiful scenes of Paris. After resting in an outdoor restaurant drinking orange juice in the blazing sunshine I returned by Metro to the Concorde to look at the shops. After duty that evening I was invited to a party given by members of the Embassy, afterwards we dined at a restaurant called Basque.

Although Wednesday was a busy day in the office I found time between duty to visit the large galleries and buy perfume and gifts to bring home. During the next two days I was able to visit Montmartre, the highest point in Paris. I did wish I had time to have my portrait sketched by one of the street artists who sit in the large square there and sketch the visitors. At the Elysée Palace, the residence of General de Gaulle, I arrived just in time to see the guard mounting, a wonderful sight and one I would never have missed.

On leaving Paris my sightseeing had not finished, for I had time at the airport to look around and buy a few more presents. The return flight was bumpy, but I didn't mind as I was so happy. I was pleased to be home again, but I wouldn't have missed the trip for the world.



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Hurricane Abby

W.O. II M. DOHERTY,

5 Independent Company, W.R.A.C.

HURRICANE "Abby"—Hurricane "Abby"—this was the cry heard over the Jamaica Broadcasting Corporation for almost 72 hours, which announced to us in the Caribbean Area the news of the first hurricane of the season. I was sunbathing on the beach on a Sunday afternoon when the first warning was heard over our portable radio. It was being plotted after having hit St. Lucia in the Windward Islands, causing damage and loss of life and, according to the experts, it would probably hit Jamaica on the following Tuesday if it continued on its present course. Being new to the Caribbean, I was quite unaware of the gigantic preparations which were about to commence. My predecessor had, of course, put me in the picture, but somehow I thought hurricane warnings were something that happened in other people's tours, not in mine. Amber (which is the warning itself), Phase I, Phase II and Phase III were just mere words on paper.

On return to camp, a few keen Mess members set off for the H.Q. to see if the cone and red lights denoting Phase I had been erected on the flagstaff. Actually I have a sneaking feeling they were slipping into their offices to read up "Hurricane Instruction No. 5," with which we were supposed to be fully conversant. Phase I did not come until Monday morning, and then began the job of securing anything that was likely to take off, the boarding up of windows and battenning down of doors, the draining of swimming pools and refilling them for emergency water supplies, issue of lamps, oil, etc. There were queues at the N.A.A.F.I. for bully beef and candles and over the radio half-hourly announcements gave advice to farmers, property owners and businessmen. My colleague, S/Sgt. Jones, and I made our own little arrangements for our bungalow, and got together some valuables which our O.C. had kindly offered to lock away for us in the safe.

We awoke on Tuesday morning to discover that Phase II had been announced, and from then on it became a battle of nerves. Working in boarded-up offices was very trying, and reminded us of the bygone days of the war-time blitz. The erratic course of "Abby" made it difficult to plot, and for a while we did think that after all it was going to bypass us. We continued in this state of tension until midnight, when the radio announcements took on an element of panic, advising everyone to take cover, doctors and nurses to report to their posts, and all the necessary precautions to be taken by the population. "Abby" was scheduled to strike Jamaica at about three o'clock on Wednesday morning. S/Sgt. Jones and I evacuated our bungalow, and took refuge with our O.C.—safety in numbers. In a matter of seconds her spick-and-span residence resembled something like a "doss-house," as she called it. After a nice supper, we

retired to our mattresses on the floor and waited for "Abby."

Wednesday morning dawned very calm, and we discovered that "Abby" had decided not to visit us, and had in fact broiled herself out far enough south of Jamaica to have only damaged our nerves. For myself, the only damage was to my shorthand, my speed being reduced from 100 w.p.m. to 50 w.p.m. and, with the odd "nodding-off session" during Wednesday morning's dictation, to about 30 w.p.m. We are all grateful that we were spared the hurricane, but it was a first-class practice, and there is no doubt that the quickness and efficiency with which all faced the danger would help to keep casualties and damage to a minimum, should we ever be actually hit by a future hurricane.

New Look in M.E.L.F.

IN Cyprus the long delayed Day of Independence has dawned. The Union Jack has come down from many buildings such as Government offices and police stations and flying now is the new Cyprus flag. It is an unusual design, a minute impression of the island's shape, the frying-pan, cupped in crossed olive branches on a plain white background. His Beatitude Archbishop Makarios moved into his official quarters the day after His Excellency the Governor Sir Hugh Foot sailed to the U.K. We feel sure the Archbishop will particularly enjoy the beautiful gardens bequeathed by Lady Foot. A new police force for the Sovereign Base Area has been formed. This means we now see four police patrols in their respective jeeps, Military, R.A.F., S.B.A. and the Civil police.

Grape picking is in full force, the dusty lorries trundle up the hills spilling sticky grape-juice wine on the roads. The signs "Danger—grape juice on the roads" are in position. Also trundling up and down the winding roads are lorry loads of carobs. These dark brown locust bean pods come from some 2,000,000 trees which are scattered over the land. The trees look something like an olive tree in size, but the greener more fleshy leaves afford some shade for the sheep and goats. The pods are taken to the carob kibbling factory where they are turned into exportable commodities such as cattle-fodder gum or cinematograph film. Soon will come the less messy olive picking and carting and then we shall look forward to the abundance of citrus fruits of the land. Fruit is not imported, but there is always a local harvest of one fruit or another.

At the time of writing the African horse disease is raging in Cyprus. We can only hope the vaccine to combat the disease will arrive in sufficient quantities before it is too late to save the lovable donkeys.

The W.R.A.C. in Cyprus number just over 200, and with the exception of a few pay clerks at Dhekelia the corps is concentrated in Episkopi. Most of the girls live in very comfortable stone buildings, suitably designed with ceiling fans and plenty of windows. Unfortunately the W.R.A.C. Junior Ranks Club was recently burnt down, but at least the patio can still be used for rockin' and rollin'.

In Tripolitania the platoon lives in a superb new block built to contend with the excessively hot climate. The contemporary style building is laid out round a patio and small garden. Inside are the very latest electrical fittings and decoration, and the black tiled bathrooms are the envy of all. Restrictions outside the camps in Libya make living accommodation of particular importance. Englishwomen do not go out alone in the camp areas outside Tripoli, but there are plenty of boy friends to act as escorts.

The number of W.R.A.C. officers holding staff appointments has diminished with the run-down of troops, but the representation still includes a D.A.Q.M.G. (Finance), Staff Captain A, G.S.O.3 (Int.) at M.E.L.F., and a Staff Captain Q in Tripolitania. A well-known officer, Major Betty Hunter-Cowan, has just left M.E.L.F. prior to retirement, but she is returning to take up residence in her attractive home on the Kyrenia Range.

Report from Shoeburyness

THERE was much excitement in the Company when we heard that one of the Experimental Assistants (Gunnery) was to take part in the TV show *What's My Line*. Four N.C.O.s went to the rehearsal and Sgt. Anstee was chosen to be the victim. She beat the panel and we are proud to have the certificate awarded to her hanging in the recreation room.

Among visitors we have welcomed have been Lt.-Col. M. D. M. Humphery, Inspector of Recruiting (W.S.), youth liaison officers from Eastern and Northern Commands with some schoolgirls taking part in the "Look at the Life" scheme, and recruiting officers and sergeants from London District and Northern Command. Sgt. Ainscough went to Edinburgh to speak about the trade of E.A.G. at a recruiting convention.

In the field of sport, Cpl. Hamilton won the javelin event in the Army Athletics Individual Championship and at the Command Athletics we won the Inter-Unit Athletics Challenge Cup. L/Cpl. Webber was chosen to attend the Women's Cricket Association cricket week at Colwall. L/Cpl. McDonnell won the women's back stroke in the Army Swimming Championships and in the Southend Borough Swimming Championships. The Proof and Experimental Establishment's Sports Day was held in July. In spite of storms and torrential rain our bottle stall and buried treasure sideshows attracted many people and we were able to make a donation of £7 to the W.R.A.C. Benevolent Fund.

In the Garrison Hobbies and Handicrafts Competition W.O.2 Ainley won the first prize in the general handicrafts section and L/Cpl. Fletcher the first prize in the painting section. In the Dramatic Society's production of "Gaslight," Cpl. Wilson played the part of the maid.

We were sorry to say good-bye to Sgt. Miles, Cpl. Ordoyne and Cpl. Spence, but we knew they were posted away to train for an exciting job in Australia and wished them good luck.



A MESSAGE from the Chairman of HER MAJESTY'S FORCES SAVINGS COMMITTEE

IF YOU HAVEN'T ALREADY started saving, you should try to develop the savings habit while you are in the Services.

There are excellent facilities for saving in all Units of the Services in every part of the world—in fact the slogan of H.M. Forces Savings Committee is "Wherever you serve, you can save."

We have an excellent series of leaflets (as illustrated above) which tell in simple language all about Forces Savings.

Why not write for a copy of the leaflet which applies to your Service? Write to me personally:—

Air Chief Marshal Sir Hugh Saunders,
GCB, KBE, MC, DFC, MM.
Chairman, H.M. Forces Savings Committee,
1, Princes Gate, London, S.W.7.

A Pilgrimage to Oberammergau

VERONICA ELMORE

AFTER spending several days in the beautiful city of Salzburg, often referred to as the "heart of the heart of Europe" and famous as the home of the composer Mozart, we set out by coach for the village of Oberammergau to see the Passion Play. On the way we passed the great Benedictine Monastery of Ettal, which is closely linked with the play and its history. We had read much about Oberammergau and knew its story—how, over 300 years ago when the plague swept through Southern Germany taking its dread toll of human life, the villagers met together for prayer and made a solemn vow that, if God would lift the plague, the Passion of Our Lord would be reenacted every ten years for as long as the village existed. It is recorded that the plague quickly died out in that area, and except for one or two occasions when circumstances have made it impossible, the vow has been faithfully kept. Today people come from the four corners of the earth to see the play—from May to September there are four performances a week in a theatre seating 5,500, and every performance was fully booked before the season began. Some of the people in the hotel in which I stayed had flown by Comet from New York just to see the play, and were returning the following day.

In spite of the tremendous growth of the tourist trade, the place remains singularly unspoilt. With its beautifully painted houses and shops and its gentle stream flowing through the village, guarded by the hills which surround it and dominated by the onion-shaped tower of its beautiful church, one senses a timeless peace which nothing seriously disturbs. The basic industry of the village is wood-carving, and every shop and home displays exquisite carvings of characters and scenes from the life of Christ. The most modern touch of the village architecture is seen in the theatre, built to replace a temporary one which was used for centuries and dismantled after each season. This new building has a covered auditorium but the stage is in the open air. Against the background of the hills surrounding Oberammergau, it makes an ideal setting for the play, reminding one of the hills of Palestine.

The total population of the village numbers some 5,000 people, of whom more than 1,000 take part in the play, and as no make-up or artificial aids are used, the men and boys walk round the streets with long hair and beards which have been allowed to grow for the last eighteen months. To qualify for a part, the villagers must either have been born in Oberammergau or have lived there for twenty years. On the days when there is no performance, the players return to their normal occupations and one may find oneself served in a shop or hotel by Herod, Caiaphas or Mary.

The play goes on from 8 a.m. to 5.30 p.m. with a break for lunch, and for my part I was much too engrossed in the performance to be conscious of the long sitting. It begins with the entry of Christ

into Jerusalem, and from then the story unfolds right through to the Ascension. A choir of 50 voices led us into each scene with the most glorious singing, and so, in narrative and music, we moved through the events of Passion Week. The tables of the money-lenders and those who sold doves, were overturned in the Courts of the Temple, and the doves, released from their cages, soared over the heads of the audience and away to the hills to freedom. The Christ presented Our Lord as the strong, virile character He obviously was, and one entered into His sufferings and death in what was to me an entirely new way. We were deeply touched by the beautiful pathos of Mary, the Mother of Jesus, and by the shining gratitude and devotion of Mary Magdalene. We could understand the struggle of Pilate, torn between a sense of fair play and anxiety over his own position; we could even understand Caiaphas and Annas, the High Priests, resolved at all costs to defend the *status quo* against this new and overwhelming threat. Perhaps the most outstanding performance of all was given by Judas—a name which has entered our vocabulary as an expression of vile betrayal. One saw the remorse which came from knowing that he had begun a series of events bringing far more terrible consequences than anything he could have envisaged, a remorse that made him fling away his gains and drove him to a suicide's end. If only the remorse had been repentance, he might have been another Peter.

We lived through the scene in the Upper Room, when Jesus stooped to wash the feet of His disciples and inaugurated the New Covenant between God and man with the symbols of broken bread and outpoured wine. In a silence so great that one could hear the song of the birds and the rustle of the wind in the trees, we witnessed the struggle in the Garden of Gethsemane, and sensed the renewal of strength and peace which followed it. We saw the dreadful scourging, and heard the wild cries of the populace for His death. The Cross was laid upon Him and twice we saw Him fall, weakened by the strain of the trial and lacerated by the scourging. The second time Simon of Cyrene, a visitor to the city, was dragged on by the Roman guards and forced to carry the Cross for the rest of the way. There is a lovely traditional touch when Veronica, the woman He had cured when all the doctors had failed, holds out her handkerchief that He may wipe away the blood and sweat from His face and receives it back bearing the imprint of the face it has cleansed.

The curtains come down and reopen to show the place called Calvary. Here we see the three crosses with their human burdens, the central figure wearing a crown of thorns. The soldiers jeer and play dice for His garments; Mary, the Mother, stands watching with John the beloved disciple; the Roman Centurion looks on with awe and wonder as the last dying words come from the Cross

Christ prays for His persecutors: "Father, forgive them." He commits His Mother to the care of His friend. Then echoing round the great auditorium comes a cry of triumph, "It is finished," and the head falls forward on His chest. As the scriptures record it, "He gave up the ghost."

No one witnessing this great drama, whatever his beliefs, could possibly have remained unmoved, and the atmosphere in that huge crowd was one of silent worship as one felt the echo of the Centurion's words, "Surely this man was the Son of God." The body is lowered from the Cross to the music of a funeral chorale, and given into the keeping of Joseph of Arimathea, who had begged permission of Pilate to bury it in his own family tomb. Easter

Day, and the coming of Mary Magdalene with the women to the tomb, the meeting with the Messenger and the wonderful words, "He is not here, He is risen." Then her encounter with the Risen Lord Himself. Finally, the day of Ascension—a tableau representing the whole host of Heaven, kneeling in adoration as the Ascended Christ is received back into glory, to the accompaniment of the Choir with its final Hallelujah Chorus. This pilgrimage to Oberammergau was an unforgettable experience, so movingly, yet so realistically, we saw portrayed the conquest of suffering, death, and the worst that the powers of evil can do—the story which revealed again what is the hope of the world in this and every generation.

Beds, Army, in Defence of

W. L. (formerly W. B.)

Ex-A.T.S. demobbed in 1945

THERE it sat, in the bare portion of space allotted to it by the Powers that Were—plain, black and unpretentious, a typical army bed. To the unenlightened eyes of a mere civilian, familiar with luxurious beds of fine oak, walnut or mahogany, the sight would hardly have aroused enthusiasm or fervent comment. Those with service experience know better. That it hid a deep and versatile character beneath an unprepossessing exterior cannot be denied by those brought into close contact with its many aspects.

No sheen of seasoned wood here, no resilient sprung mattress, no fine linen nor gay coloured eiderdown nor silken spread. In their place what did we find? Certainly three (or four) army blankets, coarse, rough, and of those beloved neutral shades ranging from dark to light grey, speckled browns and misty blues. The latter colour seemed the most popular, and was, we recall, much sought after (generally in our absence). Incidentally, one at least of our blanket issue always had an intriguing oblong-shaped hole neatly surrounded by red machine-stitching. We cannot explain this fact—we merely report it.

Instead of those feather-filled pillows in snowy white cases, remembered from the halcyon pre-A.T.S. days, we were lucky to get one natty blue and white striped bag filled with what we did not dare to investigate, but conducive to sleep for all that. The "biscuits" which formed our mattress, unless we were fortunate in having one of the "whole" type, seemed at first sight most aptly named. Confronted for the first time by three of these hard, square, flat fawn-coloured objects, we wondered just which variety was implied. "Ship," we thought—and after our first night spent rolling from hump to hump we knew. Soon we had "biscuit technique" and wherever the army caused us to roam we were always to be seen, eagle-eyed, pounding on three portions of equal width and depth in anticipation of nights of restful ease. Who really wanted Dunlopillo, anyway?

A very interesting thing in our first A.T.S. winter was to observe the various methods used to

combat the cold nights and absence of former bed-time comforts. One happy-go-lucky friend proceeded to pile on her bed all available blankets, folded double, topping them with her greatcoat, tunic and a snappy selection of smalls. She then disappeared entirely from view beneath them all, a slight hump proclaiming that she was still with us. Others of our hut-mates made a variety of sleeping-bags with their blankets and loudly praised the results. Our own efforts with the bag system were entirely unsuccessful—either we were warm but unable to breathe, move or sleep, or cold and still sleepless.

As the Englishman's home is (supposedly) his castle, so was the A.T.'s bed her one undisputed strip of territory. Even so she was initiated into that strange rite of arranging her bedding in the army fashion known as "barracking." On cold winter mornings when a little pressed for time, we thought up quite a lot of other names for it.

We knew quite a variety of army beds in the course of our career. There was a wooden board affair we still remember; also, painfully, one or two of the notorious double-decker type. One night spent on the lower half we shall probably never forget. The floor was so dusty and our nose so nearly touched it. We wished at that time for a hammock, a deck-chair, or even a kitchen table.

But all army beds were fundamentally the same, so much of our time was centred round them. In turn that cold, hard, inanimate object became shelf, wardrobe, writing desk or work table and was the background of many an interesting life-story or heart-to-heart. In our glad moments we jumped on it, danced on it, dreamed on it. When the world was drab and cold and life was unkind it was always there, squat, plain, but unchanging. We could creep under its homely covers and wait for our woes to pass. We looked unmoved upon rosy visions of grand four-posters and chic divans. They might be in our future, but let us now give praise to our Army Bed, our bit of stable background in an unsure world.

Week-end Training

DRIVERS' AND CLERKS' TRAINING WING

MID-SEPTEMBER might seem late in the year for a week-end camp, but it turned out to be no worse than any other part of the summer. We felt that we had made every provision for our Swanage camp as we surveyed the mounting stack of equipment waiting to be loaded on to the trucks. Our idea was to spend the week-end divided into groups, each of which would take a turn with cookery, wood-and-sanitary chores, and our training programme—camouflage and map-reading. At the moment of starting the rains came, and those remaining at Yeovil looked rather smug. However, according to the varying abilities of the non-M.T. map-readers, we all arrived in time on the site. Tents were pitched, trenches dug, and (in aid of the social life) a marquee erected "in case of bad weather." By this time the water was approaching mid-line on our boots, but a fire eventually took hold and at 1900 hours the first meal was served to a be-sweated group of campers. No one realised how good a meal cooked on an open fire could taste. The smoke even improved the issue tea.

On Saturday our groups each carried out their specified tasks. Fortunately it was a sunny day and the ground dried quickly; we were able to have our meals out of doors and one or two people peeled off a pullover. There was a fine climb for the map-readers to the top of Ballard Down, with a view which was worth all the puffing and panting. The camouflagers were so successful that several of their efforts were impossible to spot from camp, and the wood-and-sanitary ladies found an orchard which made the first part of their task easy. The cooks had the most difficult job, for the wind had a strange habit of circling the fire and they could only keep clear of the smoke by a continual dance round the fireplace and over the guy-ropes, during which several well-cooked dishes were tossed into the mud.

On Saturday night we forgathered in our marquee and listened to the last night of the Proms. Our fervour and vocal effort quite equalled that of the Albert Hall audience. Rain, thunder and lightning came, and we were glad to receive our issue tot of rum in the cocoa before we took our hurricane lamps and went off to bed. We were all so tired that very few even heard the stormy weather outside, and by Sunday morning it had blown itself out.

"Family prayers," taken by our Chaplain's Assistant, started Sunday well, and everyone was in good voice. We carried out our allotted duties during the morning and watched gratefully as the sun came out to dry the ground again. At 11 o'clock there was a mad rush for water to clean up in preparation for our guests—Col. J. G. Grierson, O.B.E., our D.D.W.R.A.C., Major A. Carswell, D.A.D.W.R.A.C. (who had fought her way through a circus which she thought was us on the move), and the C.O. of our own Unit, Col. A. K. Woods, O.B.E. The cooks excelled themselves and there was a choice of braised steak or pork chops for lunch. During the afternoon our guests joined us in some mild exercise with a netball, and then the tents were dismantled and the splendid latrine

was filled in. After tea the grease trap was sealed and the fire, which we had kept proudly alight from the moment of our arrival, was extinguished. Our guests left, and we assembled our convoy for the trip back to Yeovil. We looked happy and very weather-beaten, and in each of our minds was the answer to next year's invitation from the O.C.: "Would you like to come to a week-end camp?"

Going it Alone

S/SGT. WILSON, W.R.A.C. (T.A.), 301 (EAST ANGLIAN) BATTALION W.R.A.C. (T.A.)

WE are not the first to report our experiences in *The Lioness* on the Four Days' International Marches at Nijmegen, but we are the first to do it as individual entrants. There were only two of us—with five months and five years T.A. service to our credit. The possibility of a team from our Unit entering had receded as the weeks passed, and we knew that for our first visit to Nijmegen we would travel alone. Our training had been squeezed into any spare moments we could obtain while we continued to take part in normal Unit activities, spent two weeks in camp, and took part in a Military Tattoo which delayed our departure from England one day after the majority of British entrants had sailed.

After the Flag Parade at the Sportarena "De Goffert" on the Monday evening, we were ready to start marching. Our reporting time each morning was between 0640 and 0720 hours. We finished the first two days comparatively easily, joining on to the rear of male teams whose singing kept us marching with a swing and completing the course on each day in about 8½ hours. On the third and fourth days we found we were unable to keep pace with the men, and as we did not start at the same time as any of the female teams we marched on our own. We had been warned that we were in for some hard work, and during those two days we were to realise what that statement meant. We welcomed any interruption such as the cheery greetings of the British and Dutch teams as they passed, the spraying with eau-de-cologne, the gifts of drinks and sweets. Most of all we welcomed with great hilarity the green notices at the side of the road which heralded the next rest place.

On the last day we were able to march into Nijmegen without a limp, and it is doubtful whether anyone could have seen that we had suffered our share of foot and muscle trouble. Never shall we forget the little woman, a complete stranger, who ran into the road and presented us both with a lovely bunch of gladioli, so that we too could march past in the traditional manner to receive our medals. We shall always remember the hospitality of the Dutch people, the efficient organisation of transport, food and accommodation by the Royal Netherlands Air Force, and the ease and comfort of the journey home with the military party. Shall we repeat our visit to Nijmegen? Certainly; our only regrets were that we were unable to go with a team and that our stay in Holland was so short.

W.R.A.C. Depot

OUR 150th passing-out parade for recruits in July was a special occasion. The parade was large, "H.Q." Company taking the lead followed by 94 recruits of 1 Training Company and finally members of the Cookery Instructional Centre. After the church service the parade marched on to the square for the inspection by General Sir Gerald Lathbury, K.C.B., D.S.O., M.B.E., General Officer Commanding-in-Chief, Eastern Command. The General presented Long Service and Good Conduct Medals to seven members of this unit. The first person to receive her medal was W.O.1 H. L. Sanders, M.B.E. This was her last parade as R.S.M. to the Depot and Training Centre, W.R.A.C., and it was a most befitting but rather sad occasion. Other N.C.O.s to receive medals were S/Sgt. A. K. Elliott, S/Sgt. D. N. Colby, Sgt. K. Booth, Sgt. M. Long, Cpl. C. E. Poole and L/Cpl. M. Roache. In his address afterwards the General said how impressed he had been by the high standard of turn-out and drill achieved by the recruits. He spoke not only to the recruits but also to their parents and friends who had turned out in large numbers to see the parade. He stressed the need for internal recruiting and asked the recruits to tell their friends at home about life in the Army.

In contrast to the parade marking the start of service life for 94 women, on Sunday, July 10, 1960, at the Depot we watched the "old soldiers" on parade during the combined service and rally of the Surrey British Legion. The parade was taken by the Lord Lieutenant of Surrey, The Right Honourable The Earl of Munster, P.C., K.B.E., who was driven round the parade in a ceremonial jeep by Cpl. A. Payne of the Depot and Training Centre, W.R.A.C. The address was given by the Lord Bishop of Guildford. Among other guests we were delighted to entertain Lt.-Col. The Right Honourable The Earl of Onslow, M.C., T.D., C.S.T.J., the President of the Surrey Council of the British Legion and the Mayor and Mayoress of Guildford. The parade was most impressive with perhaps the most inspiring moment coming during the playing of the National Anthem, when over 100 standards were dipped leaving the Union Jack blowing out in the strong wind. There was a large number of branches represented, including many from the Women's Section, and we were glad to see during the march past several former members of the Q.M.A.A.C. and A.T.S.

We have said good-bye to Drum-Major Davey who has been with the W.R.A.C. Staff Band for many years. She is now living at Woking, so we hope that she will be able to come and listen to her many friends in the Band when they play locally.

People at the Depot and Training Centre, W.R.A.C., are now thinking about the "big move" to Lingfield next year and the rebuilding programme at this camp. It is rather exciting to be involved in the embryo stages of the design of completely new buildings, even if some of us here now will never serve in them.



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News from the T.A.

63 (M) SIGNAL REGIMENT

WHERE the Mountains of Mourne sweep down to the sea, that was the site of our camp, 1960. On arrival at Ballykinlar we received a warm welcome from our friends of 324 Signal Squadron, W.R.A.C. (T.A.), Ulster, with whom we have shared many other happy camps. We settled down quickly and were soon immersed in a very full programme of work and play.

Intensive training in all departments during the first week of camp culminated in "Exercise Yak's Head II," a most successful exercise during which we set up Signal Centres in derelict buildings around Dundrum Bay and operated communications between them for 36 hours. Throughout this period meals were sent out to us from camp in insulated containers and the high standard of the cooks' productions was greatly appreciated. The camp ceremonial parade was a particularly special occasion this year because it was the parade on which Brigadier D. White, O.B.E., Chief Signal Officer, Southern Command, presented the Territorial Efficiency Medal to no less than four of our members, S/Sgt. J. I. M. Batry, S/Sgt. P. K. Mills, Cpl. J. D. West and L/Cpl. V. A. Thompson.

The weather was kind for our sporting activities, but not so generous to our W.R.A.C. (T.A.) Band who Beat Retreat on the sea front at Newcastle, County Down, during a heavy rainstorm. In spite of the deluge a large and appreciative audience watched the ceremony. Later the Band was entertained to supper by the town authorities. Social activities included a very good regimental concert, produced by Capt. S. W. Crabtree, W.R.A.C. (T.A.), three dances and outings by motor coach. A trip across the border was an especially popular one and was the occasion for much buying of souvenirs.

Excitement was high during the second week, created by the shipping strike. Many secretly hoped that they might have an extended holiday during which they could explore more of the Emerald Isle, others anticipated possible difficulties with their civilian employers should they be obliged to overstay their time off for camp. However, Movements, Northern Ireland Command, came to our rescue and we were flown home in the great luxurious R.A.F. Britannias.

301 (EAST ANGLIAN) BATTALION

JOIN the W.R.A.C. (T.A.) and see Britain—last year annual camp on Dartmoor, this year Dundonald Camp in Troon, Ayrshire. A road journey of over 400 miles each way and good driving experience for those used to the less hilly country of East Anglia. Driver training was our main activity in camp. Courses were run for potential instructors, and up-grading of classified drivers, while the learners progressed from the "nursery route" to driving tests. Our strength in cooks has increased since last camp, and we were delighted that 11 passed trade tests after the excellent training

they had under Q.M.S.I. Laister. Dundonald will bring back memories of much hard work in every trade, but also of lots of sun and long light evenings, of swimming from the camp, trips to Arran, Loch Lomond and other beauty spots, the kindness of the Royal Scots, the way in which their tiny children provided a real traffic hazard, and the Tramps' Ball in the Sergeants' Mess.

While we were in camp the Civil Defence training which we have carried out during the year was put to the test in Exercise "Clearfall," a "Z" Zone clearance exercise planned for us by the Scottish Home Department. This exercise involved clearing 500 homeless from three clearance collecting points in the "Z" Zone. To do this an operational clearance base was set up some 15 miles from camp, and casualties and homeless from the "Z" Zone all passed through it before back loading to the assembly area (complete with field kitchen) set up in the Dundonald Camp by the W.V.S. Welfare Section. The Scottish Home Department officers and members of the Renfrewshire and Ayrshire Civil Defence provided umpires, scientific intelligence officers, wardens and police and wireless communications. The military wireless link was provided by 52 (Lowland) Signal Regiment, T.A., and the camp Medical Officer inspected our emergency first aid at the assembly area. The casualties looked almost too realistic after Sgt. Cutler had "casualty simulated" them, and the stories provided for them were most imaginative, really giving us a picture of the likely plight of survivors from a lightly damaged but highly radioactive area. We may add that we did clear the refugees and none of our drivers had an overdose of "fall-out," but we feel confident that we could do it more quickly next time.

During the year we have had a number of awards to members of the Battalion. Sgt. Davis was presented with the Long Service and Good Conduct Medal by Col. J. G. Grierson, O.B.E., D.D.W.R.A.C., Eastern Command, on a Battalion parade at camp. S/Sgt. Harrington has been awarded the Territorial Efficiency Medal, and Lord Lieutenant's Certificates have been presented to W.O.2 Murkin, S/Sgt. Harrington, Sgt. Compton and Sgt. Fairhead. Col. N. Hughes Reckitt, Honorary Colonel to the Battalion, when presenting the certificate to W.O.2 Murkin, reminded those on parade that she had herself, as C.O., recruited C.S.M. Murkin in April 1949.

In April, 11 teams entered for the Forces Motor-ing Club Springtide Rally, our first entry for this type of rally. The course covered over 200 miles and involved advanced navigation. Not all our entries completed the course, but Lt. Edwards was placed 11th of the 56 Service entries and received a special award for the best all-ladies' crew. W.O.2 Anthony and Sgt. Butchart represented the Army in shooting and swimming respectively, and Sgt. Wilson and Pte. Hands, walking as individuals, completed the four-day Nijmegen marches.

308 (NORTHERN COMMAND) BATTALION

SATURDAY, September 24, was a golden autumn day in Leicester and a red letter one for the Battalion. This was the day we officially presented the glockenspiel, which has been on duty with the Staff Band for some months. The ceremony took place in the Town Hall Square, in the presence of the Lord Mayor of Leicester, Councillor Mrs. Dorothy Russell, and was watched by 300 guests and a large crowd of onlookers. Our Honorary Colonel, Lady Barnett, made the presentation and the glockenspiel was received by Brigadier Dame Mary Colvin, D.B.E., A.D.C., on behalf of the Corps before being handed over to Major J. B. MacDowell, M.B.E. The Director thanked the Battalion warmly and said how generously T.A. units had responded to her appeal for new instruments for the Band.

The Band then played "Christchurch Bells," a charming little piece written for the glockenspiel. The Lord Mayor inspected the parade before the ceremony and afterwards took the salute at a march past. The Battalion had the unique experience of marching behind the Band straight through the middle of the city on a Saturday afternoon, with magnificent police protection. A reception was held at the W.R.A.C. (T.A.) centre, where the centre of attraction was a beautifully decorated

cake made by No. 4 C.I.C. Catterick, with a model glockenspiel on top. The celebrations ended with the Beating of Retreat by the Band. It was lovely to have them with us again and we hope they enjoyed it as much as we did.

310 (HAMPSHIRE) BATTALION

THE annual camp was held this year in two parts. Twenty members carried out a week's training in France and the main camp was in Ayrshire. Those members who went to France were attached to the Personnel Féminin de l'Armée de la Terre who provided accommodation in their barracks at Dieppe and Versailles. To enable the party to be mobile and give greater training facilities, a car and four $\frac{1}{2}$ -ton trucks were taken. All members paid their own fares and the concerted efforts of the Battalion raised the money to pay for the vehicles. Members had attempted to learn some French and found that they could make themselves understood, although only two of the French spoke some English. Everyone soon made friends and the success of the enterprise was largely due to the kindness and co-operation of the P.F.A.T. some of whom we hope will pay us a return visit.

The party was apparently the first from the W.R.A.C. (T.A.) to visit S.H.A.P.E. A cordial welcome was given to them by military representa-



The Glockenspiel

Courtesy: Leicester Evening Mail



Somewhere in France

Courtesy: Hampshire Chronicle

tives of the British, Belgian, French, and United States armies. Interesting talks were given by Col. Ritchey, U.S.A.F., Assistant Chief of Staff Operations, and by Major Pierre Roman, Belgian Army. The programme also included a map-reading exercise to Chartres and Fontainebleau. At Fontainebleau members saw representatives of the N.A.T.O. countries and at Chartres they visited the famous Cathedral. A training drive round the centre of Paris was an interesting experience for the drivers, who nevertheless managed to keep together. The chief impression of the visit was the friendliness and interest shown by the French people and visitors from other countries. All along the route people waved to the drivers and frequently stopped to ask questions.

The French contingent completed their 15 days' training with the Battalion at Dundonald, near Troon. This camp has a fine position by the sea, miles of sandy beach, which was much appreciated in the evenings during a week's heat-wave. The programme concentrated on driver training and some learner drivers managed to pass their test by the end of the fortnight. A voluntary map-reading exercise of 460 miles was held during the week-end when crews enjoyed some of the finest scenery in Scotland on their way to and from Inverness.

The main exercise during camp was for Civil Defence, when the whole Battalion moved by road to a military training area near Kirkcudbright. Tents were pitched, meals prepared in the open, "refugees" were received and cared for, and first aid given to some refugees from an imaginary accident. Heavy rain in the evening did not dampen spirits and the sun shone for the return journey through a beautiful part of Southern Scotland.

328 (ULSTER) BATTALION

IN the last few months we have been delighted to welcome Lt.-Col. C. de Garis Martin as C.O. and Major A. Hine as Adjutant. We hope they will not find their transition to the T.A. too disconcerting. Another notable and popular announcement was the award of the B.E.M. to Sgt. Eleanor Young of "B" Company. Sgt. Young joined 328 Battalion

as a private in 1951 and six years ago transferred to a Type R engagement to become a M.T. permanent staff instructor. The fact that her efforts were largely responsible for an "Excellent" report on every R.E.M.E. inspection, a triumph from the taciturn R.E.M.E. perfectionists, is proof that her medal was worthily earned.

Annual camp this year was at Castlemartin, South Wales, and we were lucky to be issued with the best ration of continuous sunshine so far this summer, with only one wet day. Training went well, the highlight being a visit to the School of Anti-Aircraft Artillery at Manorbier, which was of special interest to the die-hards who have lingered over from the days of Ack-Ack. The journey from Castlemartin was turned into a map-reading and initiative test. The drivers had to keep their wits about them on the narrow winding Pembrokeshire roads; the navigators scratched their heads over rhymed map references; at stopping points passengers darted through the undergrowth hunting for oak leaves, two sorts of berries, and a sign which reminds you of long dead kings; and at the rendezvous where the trucks were to park for lunch the cooks had to decipher a code to lead them to a safe and practical cooking spot before they could prepare and cook the meal. Happily everybody reached Manorbier on schedule, well fed and in the best of spirits. The lighter side of life was not neglected. A novelty sports afternoon gave the sack race and egg-and-spoon experts a chance to show their paces, and the camp concert later in the week was thoroughly enjoyed by the audience and the actors. A red letter event was the visit of our Honorary Colonel, Lady Brookeborough, and the G.O.C.-in-C. Northern Ireland Command, General Sir Douglas Packard.

When the end of the fortnight loomed in sight we began to be curious as to how we were to be spirited across to Belfast since a shipping strike was paralysing sea traffic between Great Britain and Northern Ireland. However, Movement Control waved their magic wand and at 1.30 a.m. on the day of departure we filed into luxury coaches in an exciting aura of torchlight stealth, to embark upon

an interesting nine-hour journey which carried us right through Wales and England to Lyneham in Wiltshire, where the R.A.F. took us literally under their wing and lavished on us wonderful hospitality. The final thrill which set the seal on a splendid camp was a 55-minute flip home in a Britannia jet air-liner of Transport Command. The general opinion can be summed up by the remark from one awe-stricken private: "I don't know why they say 'Join the Navy and see the world,'" she told her friend earnestly. "Sure you do just as well in the T.A. any day, and you don't have to worry about being sea-sick."

LEEDS UNIVERSITY O.T.C.

"**ASSEMBLE** at 0930 hours on City Station" was the order, and two seconds before the train started the last figure was seen flying along the platform, the party was complete and we were off to camp. It is quite a long and tedious journey from Leeds to Fremington, in North Devon, but with the usual T.A. cheerfulness the cadets made it far from boring.

As it was a summer camp we had optimistically planned as much outdoor activity as possible. Our first exercise was map-reading around Instow (quite a test even for a graduate one of whose subjects is Geography), and on this day it started to rain and rain and rain. Our route march two days later was accompanied by a truck to stand by in case of a cloudburst, but the rain was not allowed to prevent the cadets from marching back smartly into camp. Another momentous day was the day of the "Treasure Hunt." One group was walking calmly through a muddy field where cows were grazing peacefully when they realised that the cows were not alone. Tickets for a bullfight, anyone?

We joined with the male sub-units on several occasions, including a practice assault-landing and a helicopter air/sea rescue exercise when we acted as casualties and enemy. Some of us were also taken prisoner on a helicopter during an Infantry exercise. One of our number on a D.U.K.W. was drenched as an inexperienced driver took it into the sea, and was forced to perform a strip-tease under cover of a mackintosh to get rid of her wet clothing. Later that evening we again acted as casualties in a Civil Defence demonstration and exercise in Barnstaple. The make-up and acting was such that some people felt quite faint at the sight of so much "blood." Other training activities included lecturettes, driving, wireless training, and a visit to a radar station.

In the evenings we relaxed, and the cadets, having their own ante-room, arranged one or two parties. One of these had a slightly sad note, as we said good-bye to one of our officers after three years of hard work and friendship. The social highlight of the camp was the cocktail party, held at the week-end, to which we invited many friends and helpers of the Corps. We were very grateful to the members of Fremington House Mess for the use of their delightful accommodation, and one W.R.A.C. cadet did wonders with the floral decorations. The end of camp is perhaps a sadder

time for an O.T.C. than for most other T.A. units, as many of our number had graduated from the University and were going their various ways all over the country. Some will be going to their local T.A. units, some we may never see again, but wherever they are we wish them well and hope the spirit that was with them at camp will be with them always.

Cricket

EASTERN COMMAND again won the Inter-Command Cricket Championship, which was held at Aldershot during June. The trophy was presented by Col. J. E. R. Rivett-Drake, M.B.E. The Army team was selected from these games and a day's trial was held for matches against Middlesex, the Civil Service, United Banks and Surrey. Middlesex won a very exciting match, scoring 115 for 6, with six minutes to spare; for the Army, W.O.2 Kitchen scored 49 out of a total of 114. In their annual encounter against the Civil Service the Army declared at 148 for 3 wickets; this match was even more exciting and eventually ended in a draw. The Army lost to United Banks and Surrey. Against the former, W.O.2 Kitchen scored 62 not out out of a total of 125 for 5 declared, but the United Banks attacked the Army bowling with great vigour and scored 126 for 3 with a few minutes to spare. In the last match of the series against Surrey, the Army were all out for 79, out of which Capt. MacLagan scored 50.

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W.R.A.C. Headquarter Mess

IT was decided at the Annual General Meeting of the Mess that W.R.A.C. (T.A.) officers, ex-W.R.A.C. (T.A.) officers who have served within the last ten years and W.R.A.C. recruiting officers should be invited to join the Mess as voluntary members. The rates of subscription are as follows: Joining subscription £1, annual subscription 10s. 6d., terminating each year on December 31. Any officer wishing to become a voluntary member should send her application with the joining subscription of £1, to The Secretary, W.R.A.C. Headquarter Mess, Queen Elizabeth Camp, Guildford, Surrey.

OFFICERS' POSTINGS

(Up to October 31, 1960)

Major E. J. BOWLES, C.O. 325 (South and West Wales) Battalion, W.R.A.C. (T.A.).
Major E. M. COVERDALE, W.O. and N.C.O. Wing, W.R.A.C. School of Instruction.
Major E. S. COWPER, 301 (E.A.) Battalion, W.R.A.C. (T.A.) (temporary posting).
Major R. M. ENGER, Military Assistant, M.G.O., War Office.
Major A. ELLISON, D.A.D.W.R.A.C., Northern Command.
Major V. I. FISHER, O.C. 27 Independent Company, W.R.A.C.
Major G. J. GIBBS, Y.L.O. H.Q., London District.
Major C. L. HARLING, Change of Air Station, FARELF.
Major B. M. METCALFE, Y.L.O., Eastern Command.
Major A. M. METCHER, M.P. 6, The War Office.
Major J. L. RANKIN, Senior W.R.A.C. Officer, 55 (M) Signal Regiment.
Major A. R. ROBERTSON, 319 (West Lancs.) Battalion, W.R.A.C. (T.A.).
Major I. M. SMITH, G.S.O.2 (Int.) H.Q., B.A.O.R.
Major M. U. WALKER, G.S.O.3 (Secretariat), H.Q., A.F.C.E.
Major P. WYNHAM TATE, M.S. and W.R.A.C. Records.
Capt. L. E. ALLARDYCE, Adjutant, 315 (Scottish Command) Battalion, W.R.A.C. (T.A.).
Capt. J. M. ALLEN, 68 Company, R.A.S.C. (M.T.).
Capt. M. R. ASHPLANT, War Office, A.G.16 (temporary attachment).
Capt. F. M. BALDWIN, Adjutant, 14th Battalion, W.R.A.C.
Capt. A. M. DOBSON, O.C. "C" Company, 12th Battalion, W.R.A.C.
Capt. G. E. DUNN, Drivers and Clerks Training Wing, W.R.A.C.
Capt. E. R. DENNE, Oxford University O.T.C.
Capt. E. GRAHAM, Cadet Wing, W.R.A.C. School of Instruction.
Capt. J. M. NEWCOMBE, G.S.O.3, M.I.3, The War Office.
Capt. P. G. T. NELSON, O.C. 15 Independent Company, W.R.A.C.
Capt. D. J. TEMPLE, Adjutant, W.R.A.C. School of Instruction.
Capt. J. SHARCOTT, T.E.G.W.R.A.
Lt. M. A. O. HILL, 15 Signal Regiment.
Lt. D. V. PALMER, 28 Signal Regiment.
Lt. C. G. PARSONS, 9 Independent Company, W.R.A.C.
Lt. B. J. STONE, 4 Communications Company.
Lt. J. M. F. S. TAIT, S/Capt. Amphibious Warfare Centre.
2/Lt. J. P. P. A. EVANS, Depot and Training Centre, W.R.A.C.
2/Lt. M. J. KEVAN, 4 Independent Company, W.R.A.C.

London Gazette

PROMOTIONS AND APPOINTMENTS

REGULAR ARMY

Colonel: L. E. Baldwin, O.B.E.
Lieutenant-Colonel: The Hon. M. M. Anderson, M.B.E., B. A. D. Tansley-Witt, J. E. Henderson.
Major: J. Sharcott.
Captain: T. M. Spurling, B.Sc., A. M. Harle, M. H. S. Read, G. P. Blay (Q.M.), E. Garham (from S.S.C.), J. M. F. S. Tait, P. M. Farwell.
Lieutenant: N. R. Wilkes, G. Wheatley.
Second-Lieutenant: B. Neville, F. A. Routh, J. M. Hawtrey, G. M. Abbott, W. M. Hodgson, B.Sc.

Short Service Commissions

Second-Lieutenant: J. M. Clements, P. Ineson, S. W. Jones.

RETIREMENTS, ETC.

REGULAR ARMY

Resignations: Lt. J. L. Ayres-Hill (Joaquim), Lt. J. A. Jeffree, Lt. J. M. Dicker.

Short Service Commissions

Relinquishment on completion of service: Major D. Thomas, Capt. E. M. Salmon.

BRANCH NEWS

BATH. In May about ten members visited the Driver and Clerks Training Wing at Yeovil by the kind invitation of R.S.M. J. Wiffen and had a thoroughly enjoyable afternoon. We were very impressed by the newly decorated buildings and instruction blocks, and can only say the Army of today "aint" wot it used to be." We were entertained to tea in the N.C.O.s' quarters and were able to chat with all present, including their Commanding Officer. In June, members and friends visited the Theatre Royal, Bath, to see that lively and colourful show, *The Boy Friend*. Also on a lovely sunny day in June we went to Portsmouth for the Southern Area Reunion. Our thanks to Portsmouth Branch for a most enjoyable day. In July our Chairman, Mrs. Mant, assisted by members, entertained the refugees from Bristol at her home. After a trip around the countryside by car they came back to an excellent tea.

BIRMINGHAM. The Branch held no specific functions for Refugee Year as members were heavily committed to their Churches and other organisations, but at the May meeting a collection was made which realised ten guineas. The highlight of the past quarter was our old folks' party in August. As usual it poured with rain, but the "Old Dears" were undaunted. Unfortunately our 95-year-old was on holiday. A convoy of cars toured the South Staffordshire countryside and returned for high tea of turkey, ham, fruit jellies and cakes, etc. Afterwards one "youngster" of 83 years gave a keep fit demonstration and finished by standing erect and touching her nose with one knee. The rain was still pouring down when the convoy took our very happy guests to their homes. July and September were both general meetings, but as some members had complained that there was no time left to talk at monthly meetings, August was set aside as a "natter night"—a highly successful meeting.

BRISTOL. A strong contingent from the Branch accepted the kind invitation from our President, Mrs. R. Bernays, J.P. (A.T.S.), to visit her new home at Tockington. On arrival we walked round the lovely gardens surrounding the house and then went indoors for supper. All too soon a very enjoyable evening came to a close. In early September a Bring and Buy Sale was organised by Mrs. Morgan and on Battle of Britain Sunday many took part in the church parade at St. Mary, Redcliffe, our standard being carried by Mrs. Budd (A.T.S.).

GLASGOW. On Saturday, September 3, we were guests at the Ayrshire Branch and spent a very happy afternoon and evening with our friends. The weather was very kind and we were able to enjoy the lovely sea breezes. After an excellent tea at the County Hotel we went to the Gaiety Theatre and saw a most entertaining variety show. A party of 30 attended our annual visit to the Edinburgh Tattoo and thoroughly

enjoyed the excellent programme. Once again we were fortunate in having a lovely evening for the show. The annual dinner will be held in the Overseas Club, 3 Clairmont Gardens, on Saturday, November 19, at 6.30 p.m. and the committee look forward to meeting many members on that evening. Tickets, £1 each, may be had from the Secretary. Our guest speaker will be Col. A. J. Hobkirk.

HARTLEPOOLS. We had a good meeting in September when we took part in an "advertisement game," Mrs. Russell being the winner. On September 5 our Branch Chairman, Miss V. McRobert, T.D., was a guest at the T.A. Association Dinner held at Durham Castle. The Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State for War, the Hon. Hugh Fraser, M.B.E., M.P., was the principal guest. Once again Miss Rita Denham brought back some delightful snaps from her holiday, which led to a discussion among our members of our other summer journeyings. Our congratulations to Mrs. Mary Russell and her husband on obtaining a home of their own.

LONDON. Since our last report our meetings have been mainly reunions spent discussing the holidays. Some of our members actually found some sunshine. Mrs. Giles, our Chairman, went to Gibraltar and wishes to express her sincere thanks to C.S.M. Hamilton for the wonderful reception she was given on her visit to the W.R.A.C. camp. We had a very pleasant coach drive to Boxhill, in spite of the rain, although it was disappointing that we did not reach the top and therefore had to forego our cup of tea. Five members, on the invitation of Dame Helen, went to the White City for the Golden Jubilee Celebration of the Girl Guide Association. It was a wonderful experience, especially as Guides of many nations were represented. It reminded us how a uniform could bring comradeship, and how much the youth were helping to foster friendliness among nations. We were very fortunate in seeing Her Royal Highness The Princess Margaret as she left the show with her husband.

LONSDALE. During the summer months three new members have been recruited. In June the meeting was held at Grange-over-Sands at the home of our President, Miss B. M. Sewart. It was a beautiful evening and the outing was very much enjoyed. At our annual meeting in September the following officers were re-elected: President, Miss B. M. Sewart; Chairman, Miss Gosselin; Vice-Chairman, Col. J. M. Cowper, W.R.A.C. (ret'd.); Treasurer, Miss C. Sullivan; and Secretary, Mrs. D. M. Grant. Meetings are usually held on the third Wednesday of each month at the Drill Hall, Phoenix Street, Lancaster, at 8 p.m. We hope that further new members will come along and join us.

NORFOLK. This has been an interesting summer. Mrs. Liley, her husband and daughter arrived home on six months holiday from Ethiopia and members were able to visit her at Gorleston in

June. Six-year-old Maryanne made a delightful little hostess at tea, waiting on us perfectly so that her mother could chat and show photographs. Some nice snapshots were taken later. Two members who rarely meet spent some interesting days at Yarmouth exploring the Old Town, Elizabethan House, etc. Finally, news of Molly Howes in Kenya. She sails for England with a friend next June and intends to settle here. She has been abroad for her health since the end of World War 1. Raffle books are now on sale for January 4.

SOUTHAMPTON. We have gained one new member from London Branch this year. Our A.G.M. in October, 1959, was not well attended—perhaps we have it at the wrong time of the year. Due to small membership our other activities have remained more or less social and we have enjoyed beetle drives, a very enlightening quiz organised by one of our members, and a most successful bring-and-buy sale. Our annual dinner was a great success. This year we broke away from tradition and invited as our guest the former headmistress of the Southampton Girls' Grammar School, who gave us a most interesting talk on her work with the W.V.S. In May the Branch went to Portsmouth for the area reunion. Portsmouth really did us proud and deserves credit for such a fine effort. Because so many of us spend our days indoors we agreed to follow our usual custom and hold the summer meetings out of doors. Unfortunately, on each occasion we had the usual weather now supposed to be summer and instead of enjoying the many amenities which Southampton can offer such as the pier and the ferry across to Hythe, we had to adjourn to the coffee bars for a chat. We are happy to report that the pressing problem of accommodation which has dogged us ever since we started as a Branch has been settled. Thanks to the good work of Capt. H. Lyster of the T.A. we were able to get a room at the Blighmont/T.A. Centre. In September we visited the Southampton Head Post Office and gazed in wonder at the new machines recently installed. One machine called "Elsie," which by means of a code sends letters along a chute to appear in the cubby-hole marked with their ultimate destination, is operated by one man sitting at a keyboard. October brings our year to an end with the A.G.M. and plans for the future.

AMENDMENTS TO BRANCH SECRETARIES

Singapore. Letters to be addressed to c/o W.R.A.C. Branch, G.H.Q. FARELF, c/o G.P.O., Singapore.

Manchester. Mrs. E. Dugmore, 34 Chester Avenue, Whitefield, nr. Manchester, Lancs.

1 Independent Company, W.R.A.C. W.O.2 J. T. Cullen.

2 Independent Company, W.R.A.C. S/Sgt. S. L. Dudley.

Birmingham Branch meets on the third Monday of each month at 7.15 p.m. at the British Legion Headquarters, 32 Thorp Street, Birmingham 5.

PERSONAL

(For charges and particulars see Contents page)

Wanted. Vacancies exist in all Commands for ex-Service women who wish to serve on a Type "R" engagement. Enlistment for Type "R" is for an initial period of three years which is extendable to a maximum of 12 years. This service is reckonable for pension. Women may live at home or in the unit and serve only in the area of their choice. If a woman elects to live at home she is paid lodging allowance and ration allowance and, in the London area, London allowance. Anyone interested should apply to the H.Q. of the Command in which they live giving particulars of their trade or employment and where they wish to serve.

Wanted. Experienced Officers' Mess steward, Type R, required for School of Instruction. For details apply Adjutant, Liphook 2283, or any Army Information Office.

Wanted. Women's Royal Army Corps Territorial Army, ex-A.T.S./W.R.A.C. officer or senior N.C.O. needed for 5 Hants Platoon, T.A. Centre, Peronne Road, Hilsea. Training evenings once or twice weekly, occasional weekends and 15 days annual camp. Apply: 310 Battalion, W.R.A.C./T.A., Blighmont T.A. Centre, Millbrook, Southampton.

For Sale. W.R.A.C. No. 1 Dress, jacket and skirt, green greatcoat. Height 5 ft. 8 in., bust 36 in., waist 26 in., hips 38 in. Also one officer-type mackintosh and No. 1 Dress hat, size 6½. All in very good condition. Box No. 13/60.

For Sale. Savile Row tailored British warm (bust 36), £5. Also two new hand-sewn khaki skirts (waist 28), 30s. each. New Sam Browne belt, reasonable offer. View by appointment. Box No. 14/60.

For Sale. Officer's green greatcoat (excellent condition), £15. No. 1 Dress jacket and skirt; hat 6½; 2 shirts, size 13, collars 13 and 13½, £5. Bust 36 in., waist 30 in., hips 42 in. Length (from back of collar), jacket 28 in., skirt 28 in., greatcoat 47 in. Box No. 15/60.

For Sale. Officer's white riding mackintosh, unworn. Bust 36 in., waist 28 in., hips 38 in. Cost 6 guineas. Selling price £5. Box No. 16/60.

For Sale. Handwoven bathroom/nursery rugs, approx. 22 x 36. Nylon 25s. Pure rug wool 37s. 6d., plus 2s. postage. Formica table mat sets in stand 23s. 11d., postage 1s. 9d. Teapot stands 2s. 11d., postage 4d. Handwoven towels 7s. 6d. each, plus postage. Orders accepted for modern cane work, trays, plant troughs, etc. State whether contemporary or self colours woven rugs. Maureen Lees, Coach-house, 52 Hamilton Square, Birkenhead. Tel. Rock Ferry 4851 (evenings).

Wanted. Ex-W.R.A.C. officer and husband want ground-floor flat or share furnished house about 15 miles West End. Own linen, china, etc. Wife convalescent, needs help housework and shopping. Telephone essential. Garage desirable. Box No. 17/60.

Dinner Club. A dinner club for personnel who have served in the A.T.S. is about to be formed. Will any ex-A.T.S. interested please communicate with Miss E. E. Mapp, 18 Vernon Avenue, Handsworth Wood, Birmingham 20, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope.

East Anglia. A share of a modernised Regency house with social amenities, preferably a bridge player and car driver. The aforementioned is offered in exchange for help with household responsibilities, mainly in the mornings. Aldeburgh, Suffolk, has many attractions—summer musical festival, golf, sailing. Mrs. Darling, Dial House, Aldeburgh.

The Service Women's Club, 52 Lower Sloane Street, S.W.1, exists for the comfort and convenience of Service and ex-Service women of all ranks. It provides accommodation and the usual amenities of a ladies' club at most reasonable rates and new members are always welcome. For full particulars and brochure please write to the Secretary. Tel. SLOane 9131.

Edinburgh. When in Edinburgh stay at the Women's United Services Club, 12 Drumsheugh Gardens. All ex-Service women welcomed. Special terms for serving W.R.A.C. Write for the brochure to the Secretary. Phone No.: Edinburgh CAL 4952.

WORK OF THE DISABLED

ON December 6 Mrs. Maureen Lees is holding her third exhibition and sale of handicrafts at Hesketh Hall, Port Sunlight, Cheshire, to be opened at 11 a.m. by Viscount Leverhulme, supported by Mr. T. A. Lister, C.B.E., Chairman of the War Pensions Advisory Committee, and other leading people. The Mayor of Bebington will preside, and it is hoped that other civic heads and their wives will attend the ceremony.

Hesketh Hall is at the boundary end of the village of Port Sunlight, on the main road between Chester and Birkenhead. Buses along this road stop opposite the hall. Refreshments will be laid on at a very moderate price, this side of the project being in the capable hands of the Port Sunlight Women's Section of the British Legion. A toy and doll stall is being organised to help raise the overhead expenses, and anyone who would like to dress a doll or make a soft toy is a friend indeed. No exhibitor is asked to pay anything except a token gift to the Good Neighbours' Table, and the public is admitted free, but most of the exhibits are for sale. Mrs. Lees (The Coach House, 52 Hamilton Square, Birkenhead) will be grateful to any of her old friends of W.A.A.C. or A.T.S. days, or her newer friends in the W.R.A.C., who will support the venture and help to make the exhibition a regular annual success.

CONTRIBUTORS

PLEASE NOTE

The address of the Assistant Editor, to whom contributions should be sent, is now: Major B. Paget-Clarke, W.R.A.C., The War Office (AG16), Stanmore, Middx.

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