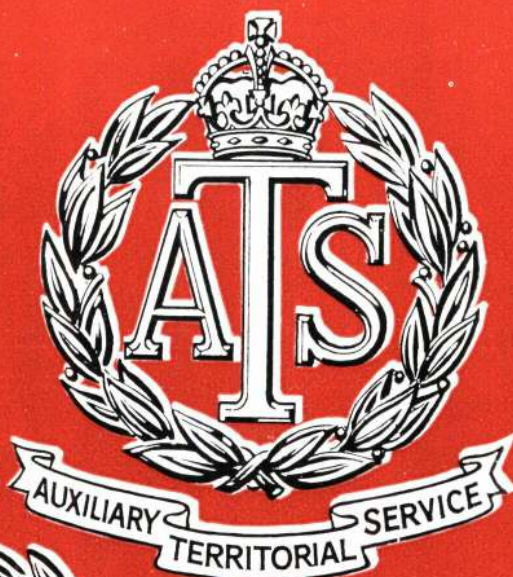


THE LIONESS





*Your date with fashion
a visit to your nearest*

DOROTHY PERKINS

branch for

**HOSIERY
FOUNDATIONS
LINGERIE
FASHIONS**

BARE LEG NYLONS from	3/11
NYLON or TRIGEL SLIPS from	14/11
UPLIFT BRA'S from	6/11
ALL WOOL SWEATERS from	18/11
QUILTED NYLON SHORTY GOWNS from	65/-
SHORTY NYLON NIGHTDRESSES from	29/11

Dorothy Perkins

where lovely things cost less

OVER 180 BRANCHES THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY

Contents

	PAGE
Editorial	37
News of Old Comrades	37
"London Gazette"	37
Princess Royal's Day	38
Sport	39
Reunions	40
Taken on Strength	42
Correspondence	43
Home and Leisure	44
Unit News	46
News from the T.A.	48
Branch News	52
A Holiday with a Floating School	54
Birth	55
Looking Back	55
Schools Liaison	56
Obituary	57
Sequel to "Life in a Workhouse"	57
Personal	58

WRAC Association Address Book

GENERAL SECRETARY and EDITOR

(to whom all contributions and correspondence should be addressed including items for the Personal column)

Lieut.-Colonel M. S. F. Millington, O.B.E., T.D.
Duke of York's Headquarters, King's Road,
London, S.W.3

ADVERTISEMENT REPRESENTATIVE

Nuvieu Advertising (Maj. E. O. Coven (Retd.))
22 Cadogan Court, Draycott Avenue,
London, S.W.3. Telephone: KENSington 8286

CHARGES

Personal column: 3 lines 4s. 6d., each additional line 1s. 6d., non-members 50% more. Box Nos. 6d. Reunion notices: Notices of forthcoming reunions where admission is charged may be inserted at a cost of 1s. 6d. a line.

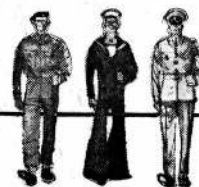
**CONTRIBUTIONS FOR NEXT ISSUE BY
SEPTEMBER 30**



**IMPERIAL COURT, KENNINGTON LANE,
LONDON, S.E.11**

H.M. Forces' Official Trading Organisation

NAAFI and YOU



"Food for thought" ...

R.A.F. Dishforth and R.A.O.C. Donnington. These were the stations originally selected for an experiment which could revolutionise Service catering.

Naafi was given the entire responsibility for providing, cooking and serving all the meals for officers, senior N.C.O's. and men at both places.

The quality and variety of the food and the general standard of the service continue to receive high praise from all ranks.

The success of the experiment has resulted in Naafi's contract being extended to other military establishments.

Another example of Naafi's Service to the Services.



The W.R.A.C. Band in Berlin

Photo by Public Relations



THE LIONESS

Vol. XXXV

August 1962

No. 3

Editorial

EVEN those of us who have reached the age of believing that "things aren't the same as they were in our young days," will have read with indignation the recent statement by one of Britain's leading woman journalists, in an article on young people and their parents, that there is no Army worth joining. The modern Army has served with credit and distinction and upheld the ideals of democracy in many different countries since the Second World War, and it makes happier reading to learn of the commemoration of the successful end of one of these operations, one, too, in which our own Corps has played its part. The Federation of Malaya propose to set up a national monument at Kuala Lumpur in memory of those who died or suffered during the Emergency. It will stand about 50 ft. high and will consist of a bronze group of members of the Security Forces round the Malayan flag. This group will be surrounded by a covered way, on the ceiling of which will be set enlarged replicas of the badges of all the units who took part in the Emergency operations. These Regiments and Corps, which include the W.R.A.C., have been asked to make a contribution to pay for their own badges, costing about £17 10s. each. Any member who served in Malaya, and would like to be associated with this memorial, is invited to send a small subscription to the general secretary of the W.R.A.C. Association as soon as possible.

LAZING on the beach or in the back garden, or struggling with the children's holidays, it is hard to realise that, before the November issue goes to press, we will be right in the middle of the Christmas rush, and indeed it will already be too late to catch some of those elusive posts to our friends overseas. The Association is producing a tear-off calendar, with a different photograph for each month of the year, that would make a welcome gift at the very modest cost of 3s. Order early, please, as stocks are limited, and otherwise you may be disappointed. Corps diaries, particulars of which are given on another page, can also be obtained from the Association office this year. These are attractively bound in green with the Corps badge in gold and contain a great deal of useful information on service matters including the W.R.A.C. Association and Benevolent Funds.

The Association has no Christmas card of its own, and members' views on this would be welcome before the next annual general meeting. In the meantime, a selection of several different cards, with the W.R.A.C. badge, is being produced by the Soho Galleries, who have agreed to give a per-

centage of the profit to the W.R.A.C. Benevolent Fund. These cards can be ordered through the general secretary, but applications must be sent in before September 30.

News of Old Comrades

WE congratulate **Brigadier Dame Mary Colvin, D.B.E., T.D.**, on her appointment as Lady in Waiting to H.R.H. The Princess Royal.

Major G. E. Prosser is enjoying her retirement and her new job as female personnel officer with a large publishing firm. In spite of the problems of a staff of over 200, she finds life considerably calmer than during her last few years as Planning Officer at Bicester.

We congratulate **W.O.2 V. Neal** of 46 (N.M.) Signal Regiment on being awarded a Lord Lieutenant's Certificate of Meritorious Service. Mrs. Neal, who has six grandchildren, served with the W.A.A.C. in France in the 1914-18 War and was a fire guard inspecting officer with the Civil Defence in Derby during the Second World War. She joined the T.A. in 1947, qualified for a signal trade at the age of 54, and will be presented with her certificate during annual camp this summer.

News is invited of **ex-Nursing Sister A. E. Tait**, who served on H.M.S. *Wandilla* and *Llan-dovey Castle* in 1916-17, and later with 28th General Hospital at Salonika. Reply to Ex-Services R.S.V.P. Scheme, rear of 118 North Road, Preston, Lancs.

Miss C. R. Leech was very entertained by Miss Druitt's talk to London Branch on May 17 and, as she had her tongue in her cheek all the time, is sure she knew that, if we could take the idiom out of our language, we would also take the life out of it and that would be no laughing matter.

"London Gazette"

PROMOTIONS AND APPOINTMENTS REGULAR ARMY

Colonel: Lt.-Col. E. W. Gibson.
Lieutenant-Colonel: Major B. M. Ridler.
Major: Capt. E. I. Millington, Capt. A. M. M. Clissitt.
Captain: Lt. A. M. M. Clissitt.
Lieutenant: J. M. Clements, P. Ineson.
Lieutenant (Q.M.): I. T. Friend, S. S. Brown.
2/Lieutenant (on probation): L. H. Elford is confirmed in her appointment.

RETIREMENTS, ETC. REGULAR ARMY

Retirements on retired pay: Lt.-Col. M. M. Gibson, Major J. E. Rodway.
Resignations: Lt. B. E. Attley, Lt. R. A. Reynolds, Lt. M. A. O. Hill.

SHORT SERVICE COMMISSIONS
Relinquishments on completion of service: Major K. W. Thomas, Major E. M. Shields.

HONOURS AND AWARDS
Order of the British Empire, Military Division.
M.B.E.: Major S. M. Howe, Major M. O. Mackenzie (T.A.).

Princess Royal's Day

EASTERN COMMAND

EASTERN Command Princess Royal's Day was held at Kingston Gate Camp on Saturday, May 19, 1962. The weather could hardly have been less favourable but in spite of this the occasion was most successful and was well attended by friends, relations and members of the public. The theme was "This Is Our Life," and Regular and T.A. units in the Command demonstrated various aspects of the life and work of the Corps. Visitors were able to see signals tradeswomen, experimental assistants gunnery and drivers at work and to watch demonstrations of P.T., games and modern dancing. "Hot dogs" were served from a field kitchen by 79 (City of London) Company W.R.A.C. (T.A.) and the cooks of 12 Battalion W.R.A.C. provided a display which ranged from a most impressive game pie to toffee apples. The side-shows were original, attractive and popular, as proved by their takings, i.e. £93 4s. 8½d. A total of £100 to £150 will be donated to the W.R.A.C. Benevolent Fund when the account sale is settled. The programme concluded with the Evening Hymn and beating of Retreat by the Band of the Women's Royal Army Corps, who also provided incidental music throughout the afternoon.

SCOTTISH COMMAND

SCOTTISH Command celebrated Princess Royal's Day on April 29, 1962, by being "At Home" to the public in Dregghorn Camp. The camp is the headquarters of No. 1 Independent Company W.R.A.C. and 242 Signal Squadron, a mixed unit including W.R.A.C. The celebration was, however, a joint effort on the part of all W.R.A.C. in Scotland, both Regular and Territorial Army. For a week beforehand the weather had been beautiful, and we were keeping our fingers crossed that it would still be as nice on Sunday. The Fates were kind to us and Sunday dawned a sunny spring day, quite warm enough for our visitors to sally forth in new spring outfits and lend colour to the scene.

The day started with a service at the Garrison Church, while in the cookhouse, teams from W.R.A.C. (T.A.) units were working hard at the cooking competition which was to be judged by Mrs. Jebb, the wife of Brigadier D. G. Jebb, D.S.O., O.B.E., Commander Edinburgh Area, and Lt.-Col. P. M. Lipscomb, A.D.W.R.A.C. Scottish Command, in the afternoon. After a quick lunch, we all prepared to meet our guests, hoping fervently that enough people would come to make the afternoon a success. We need not have worried. By 2 o'clock, when the Pipes and Drums of East Lowland Division/District Colm., R.A.S.C. (T.A.), played Scottish Airs to start the afternoon with a swing, there was already a crowd large enough to fulfil all our expectations.

Next on the programme, members of the Edinburgh University Officer Training Corps danced a Strathspey and Reel. Afterwards they admitted

that it was quite the most painful display they had given, as every piece of gravel on the square could be sharply felt through their thin-soled dancing pumps. However, their smiling faces seemed only to show that they enjoyed dancing as much as everyone else did watching them. Now the square was prepared for the wheel-changing competition, which was quickly followed by an inter-unit competition. Prizes for the winners of these events were presented by Brigadier P. M. Hunt, Chief of Staff, Scottish Command. Through the afternoon, the W.R.A.C. Living Quarters were open for the public to look around, and there were film shows in the Games Room. The Gymnasium was a hive of industry, with stalls, such as candy, hot dogs, books, bottles and flowers, all doing a roaring trade. Darts, pennies in a bucket of water and guessing games were among the many competitions. Tea was a very welcome break for all concerned, and when the Pipes and Drums beat Retreat at 5 o'clock, everyone felt it was a fitting end to a successful and enjoyable day.

SOUTHERN COMMAND

SOUTHERN Command celebrated Princess Royal's Day on Sunday, April 29, at the W.R.A.C. School of Instruction, Hindhead. Units from all over the Command provided the displays and ran the sideshows, whose profits, together with the collection taken at the service, made up the total of £45 which was later sent to the W.R.A.C. Benevolent Fund. Nearly 500 visitors toured the camp, looking at exhibits, which included a model of the new W.R.A.C. School of Instruction to be built at Camberley, cookery of all kinds, W.R.A.C. dress, a recruiting display and films. Outdoor entertainments included a safe-driving competition on the parade ground, a demonstration by W.R.A.C. forklift-truck operators, dancing and singing by men and women recently recruited from the Fijian Islands and exhibitions of fencing and trampoline exercises. Visitors who wished to take an active part were encouraged to enter a netball-shooting competition, practise their roller-skating and have pony rides. Sideshows of all kinds, both indoors and out, were well patronised by visitors and hostesses alike.

After Brigadier Dame Mary Railton, D.B.E., Deputy Controller Commandant, who was accompanied by Col. E. W. Gibson, M.B.E., Deputy Director W.R.A.C., Southern Command, had completed her tour, she presented the winners of the competitions with their prizes. She then accepted, on behalf of the W.R.A.C. Benevolent Fund, a cheque for £105 from Col. D. H. I. Wilson, O.B.E., Commandant of the W.R.A.C. School of Instruction, who explained that this sum represented a donation of one day's pay from all ranks of the unit. The W.R.A.C. Staff Band, conducted by Major J. B. Macdowall, M.B.E., A.R.A.M., W.R.A.C., Director of Music, gave a most enjoyable concert during the afternoon, and played later for the Drumhead Service which

brought the day's activities to a close. The address was given by the Assistant Chaplain General, Southern Command, the Reverend B. D. M. Price, O.B.E., Q.H.C., B.A., C.F. Everyone felt that the afternoon had been a happy one and all were very grateful for the lovely weather, which added so much to the occasion.

T.A. IN SOUTH WALES

MEMBERS of 111 (South Wales) Company W.R.A.C. (T.A.) and 53 (W.) Signal Regiment (T.A.) from Cardiff, Newport, Pontypridd, Port Talbot and Swansea joined together to celebrate the birthday of our Controller Commandant, H.R.H. The Princess Royal, by a drumhead service and march past at the T.A. Centre, Ely, Cardiff, on Sunday, April 29, 1962. A short service, which included the W.R.A.C. Collect, was conducted by the Rev. Parry Rees, B.A., Chaplain of the 53 (W.) Signal Regiment (T.A.), after which the parade was held, headed by the Band of the Royal Artillery, by kind permission of Col. F. M. Gilbert, T.D., 282 (Glam. & Mon.) Regiment, R.A. (T.A.). The salute was taken by the Lord Lieutenant of the County of Glamorgan, Col. C. G. Treherne, T.D., J.P., in attendance with the Lord Mayor of Cardiff, Alderman E. Ewart Pearce, J.P., and Major C. M. L. Ballantyne, W.R.A.C., Commanding Officer 111 (South Wales) Company W.R.A.C. (T.A.). Among the guests present were the Chief Constable of Cardiff, Mr. W. F. Thomas, Lt.-Col. J. Fisher, A.D.W.R.A.C. Western Command, Lt.-Col. R. S. P. Forbes, T.D., 53 (W.) Signal Regiment (T.A.), Col. V. W. Hawkins, O.B.E., T.D., Hon. Colonel, 53 (W.) Signal Regiment (T.A.). Fortunately we were favoured with a day of glorious sunshine, and the afternoon was spent in playing netball, rounders and table tennis, which everyone enjoyed very much.

Sport

BADMINTON

NINE teams entered for the Inter-Command Championship, which was won by Eastern Command "A" team for the seventh consecutive season without losing a single game. The other teams were closely matched, but second place was eventually gained by Scottish Command "A" team with 11 points, followed by Eastern Command "B" and Southern Command "A" teams, who tied for third place with 10 points each. The Army Individual Singles winner was W.O.2 J. F. M. Whitehead, with Cpl. Leek as runner-up. The Plate Singles were won by Cpl. Goodman, with Sgt. Kilvington as runner-up.

Unfortunately, the Army team did not do well in the Inter-Service Championship, which was won by the R.A.F. with 23 points, followed by the Navy with 10, and the Army with only three points. In spite of these disappointing scores, several of the matches were very close, and some of our young players showed real progress, so we can hope for better inter-Service results in 1963.

TODAY ALL YOU NEED IS CREME PUFF



Creme Puff is the perfect blend of creamy foundation and sheerest face powder. Creme Puff is the all-in-one make-up that brings lasting beauty into your busy life. Just a touch of the puff and your complexion is perfect!

CREME PUFF BY MAX FACTOR

Creme Puff is the Registered Trade Mark of Max Factor & Co., Hollywood

REUNIONS

NORTHERN AREA

THE Northern Area Rally was held on Sunday, May 27, and the Clerk of the Weather finally atoned for his past misdeeds and obliged with the first sunny day for many weeks. The rendezvous was the Promenade Cafe at Bridlington, where members gathered in a private room reserved for the occasion. It was somewhat disappointing that only five branches out of the 13 comprising Northern Area were represented, but some 70 comrades from York, Hull, Bradford, Leeds and Sheffield found their loyalty well rewarded by an excellent lunch. The meal was especially enjoyed by some of the uninitiated, whose appetites had been sharpened in the process of discovering that Bridlington's "Promenade" is not on the sea front!

Lt.-Col. V. K. Stead, O.B.E., T.D., J.P., vice-chairman of Northern Area, welcomed everybody, and conveyed apologies from Lt.-Col. E. E. Michell, A.D.W.R.A.C., H.Q. Northern Command, the new chairman, who was unfortunately unable to attend. The secretary, Mrs. E. M. Suttle, drew attention to a W.R.A.C. Benevolent Fund collecting box which had been placed in the room for any contributions which might be forthcoming, and which ultimately proved to contain the sum of £3 3s.

After a post-lunch "get together," the various parties dispersed to enjoy the sunshine according to their inclinations—some to explore the two nearby beauty spots of Burton Agnes Hall or Sewerby Park, and others to take advantage of the various pleasures offered in Bridlington. Two ex-R.S.M.s, Miss Hildyard, now a member of Hull Branch, and Mrs. Suttle, meeting for the first time since 1950, had a good natter and reminisced about their days at Bicester Garrison, etc., and each had news of various other comrades. Miss Hildyard has received her T.A. Commission in time for camp.

Bradford Branch took the opportunity of visiting one of their members, Mrs. K. Bottomley, who now lives at Flamborough Head. Mrs. Bottomley attended the rally and subsequently conducted her coachload of comrades to Flamborough for the afternoon to enjoy the sea breezes and tea in her garden.

The rally was undoubtedly a great success and it is hoped that on future occasions more branches will be able to attend in order to make it truly representative of Northern Area.

SCOTTISH AREA

THE 200 serving and ex-Service women who met at Leith Town Hall on May 26 had a delightful evening. It is surprising how at each reunion one finds people who have never been there before, but this surely is the principal aim and object of reunions. Certainly the secretaries of the branches were making hay while the sun shone, and we hope that all those who had not previously joined the Association will have been charmed or coerced into doing so. Our only regret was that our Controller Commandant could not be with us, but we were

very fortunate in having the Director, the Deputy Controller Commandant and, of course, Dame Helen! Scottish Command was well represented by the Army Commander and Mrs. Turner, the Chief of Staff and Mrs. Hunt and the Edinburgh Area Commander and Mrs. Jebb.

The platform proceedings were short and to the point. After the apologies had been read the Director gave a most interesting account of the present state of the Women's Royal Army Corps. We were delighted to hear that the recruiting is so good, both of officers and O.R.s, that it has been possible to take on new commitments. Among the new trades are kennel maids being trained for the handling of Army police dogs, and at the other end of the scale some very hush-hush work is being done in Australia. Many staff posts in different formations continue to be filled most efficiently by W.R.A.C. officers. The rebuilding of the Depot at Guildford is going on well and it is hoped that it will re-open in 1963. The Director's talk was much appreciated by the audience and, when the applause died down, Dame Helen Gwynne Vaughan, mother and grandmother of all women who have served in the Army, and most beloved senior officer, gave a short and rousing speech welcoming all the Old and New Comrades and calling on the women who are serving now to continue in the grand tradition. As ever, she was greeted with tremendous enthusiasm and applause. W.O.1 Newman spoke very well indeed when proposing the vote of thanks and Miss Muriel Thomson ably seconded her.

This finished all formalities and we proceeded to the serious business of having tea and meeting old friends. Here, I think we should pass a special unofficial vote of thanks to Mrs. Conning of the N.A.A.F.I., and her staff, who not only fed us so excellently, but added to the pleasure by providing such pretty china, flowers—all the more pleasing to those of us who remember the heavy chipped crockery of the early days. The W.R.A.C. Staff Band, as usual, played delightfully. We were very sorry that, owing to an accident, Major MacDowall was not able to be with us, but W.O.1 Stevens, who conducted in her place, knew how to bring the best out of the Band which gave a delightful rendering of old and new tunes.

It is extraordinary how time passes when one is meeting old friends whom one seldom sees—there is so much to talk about. All too soon it was 9.30 and time for the many comrades from Glasgow, Dumfries, Ayr, Aberdeen and other places further out of Edinburgh to catch their trains and buses, and we sadly said goodnight, good-bye, God speed you for another two years. Special thanks are due to Lt.-Col. Lipscomb, Major N. Pyke, Mrs. Hook, Mrs. Ogilvie and Major Crawford, who, by their hard work behind the scenes, made such a very pleasant reunion possible.

SOUTHERN AREA

THE annual Southern Area Reunion took place on Sunday, May 27, in the very original form of a visit to Guildford Cathedral. We were happy to have with us Mrs. Lumsden and Lt.-Col. Millington, and to meet Lt.-Col. Appleby at the cathedral.

Shortly after 1.30 p.m. over 100 members and their guests, representing nine branches of the Association, assembled in the nave of the cathedral, where one of the senior guides gave an extremely interesting and informative "potted history" of Stag Hill and how the cathedral came to be built thereon. Small parties were then taken on a conducted tour. Needless to say, everyone was delighted to see the W.R.A.C. contribution—the stained-glass window and the statue of Faith.

We then moved on in a convoy of cars, buses and coaches to Aldershot, where an excellent tea was served in the N.A.A.F.I. Club. A happy and enjoyable day was the unanimous opinion of those present, in spite of the truly wintry conditions. Looking back on the drive up, through lush fields and trees full of blossom, one might, in fact, describe the day, so far as the weather was concerned, as a wolf partly dressed in lamb's clothing.

WESTERN AREA

PREVIOUS Western Area Reunions have been evening functions, so it was with some trepidation that the fourth reunion on Saturday, May 19, at Chester, was held in the afternoon. However, our fears were groundless, and over 100 members turned up, ex-Q.M.A.A.C., ex-A.T.S. and past and present members of the W.R.A.C., and it was particularly gratifying to find they included parties from so far afield as Birmingham, Wolverhampton, Preston and Lancaster.

The proceedings were opened by Lt.-Col. J. Fisher (A.D.W.R.A.C. Western Command), who welcomed all the members and paid a special tribute to those of the Chester Area who had organised the reunion. She then introduced Lt.-Col. M. S. F. Millington, O.B.E., T.D., who gave a most enlightening talk on the organisation and functions of the W.R.A.C. Corps Headquarters. Finally, Lt.-Col. Millington spoke on the subject nearest to her heart, the W.R.A.C. Benevolent Fund. She said that, alas, at the moment the combined expenditure of the A.T.S. and W.R.A.C. funds exceeded their income and, although every plea for assistance was most carefully investigated and other Services charities did what they could to help, it was most difficult to make ends meet. She concluded by asking members to continue their efforts to support the fund, which was doing such good work. Mrs. F. C. Saxon (Chester Branch), on behalf of those present, thanked Lt.-Col. Millington for coming to address the reunion and presented her with a charming picture of Chester.

Then excellent refreshments were handed round by serving members of the W.R.A.C. from Saighton Camp (who were much admired in their new Lovat green uniform) and the general buzz of conversation began. Some members had not seen each other for about 20 years and it was a joy to meet so many old friends—the ex-Q.M.A.A.C. with the Military Medal, the ex-A.T.S. P.A.D. officer from Lancaster, and many others. Whilst everyone was circulating, Lt.-Col. Fisher had slipped away and changed into her new Corps Mess Dress. She made a dramatic entry in her most-becoming white and gold brocade dress with green shoulder sash, and

everyone was delighted with this surprise mannequin parade. After the dress had been admired the results of the draw were announced and it was time for those faced with a long journey to say good-bye. This most successful reunion was planned to the last detail—even haversack rations for those from afar—and we look forward to seeing all our old friends, and many new ones, at the Western Area Reunion in 1964.

Q.M.A.A.C. OVERSEAS OFFICERS

IT was with great regret that Mrs. O. K. King was obliged by indisposition to cancel the Overseas Officers' Reunion on June 30. It had been hoped that H.R.H. The Princess Royal would be present, but she had to be in Canada on that date. She sent a kind message of her best wishes to all those attending the party.

ALDERSHOT FIELD STORES GROUP A.T.S.

FORTY-TWO members of the Aldershot Field Stores Group, A.T.S., held their fifth reunion on Saturday, April 7. The reunion was held at the Victory Club, Marble Arch, where an excellent dinner was provided, and every care taken to ensure a successful evening.

All details can be obtained from Miss M. Mannering, 20a Wordsworth Road, Maidstone, Kent.

NOTICE

Remembrance Day. During the past five years the wreath has been laid on behalf of the Association by London, County of London, Brighton, Salisbury and Oxford Branches. Any branch who would like to volunteer to lay the wreath this year is asked to notify the General Secretary as soon as possible. Members are also reminded that tickets for the Remembrance Day Parade may be obtained from the General Secretary in October.

LOOKING FOR A JOB?

DO you know that during 1961 the Regular Forces Employment Association found jobs for 6,118 ex-Regular Soldiers and 66 ex-members of the W.R.A.C.? If, when you get home, you have forgotten, lost, or never been told, the address of your Area Jobfinder, you can obtain it from any big Post Office. The W.R.A.C. Association supports the R.F.E.A. on your behalf, and you are strongly recommended to make use of the facilities it offers.

N.Z.W.R.A.C. ASSOCIATION

THE letter offering full membership of the W.R.A.C. Association to our sister Association in New Zealand arrived just in time to be read at their first annual general meeting, and the friendly gesture was much appreciated. The rules of the N.Z.W.R.A.C. Association make provision for former members of our Corps to become members provided they are, for the time being, resident in that country. So far, one ex-Q.M.A.A.C. has joined their Association.

"Taken on Strength"

CAPT. L. P. GULSTON, W.R.A.C. (T.A.)

THAT October evening was cold and wet. Rain rattled on the tin nissen hut roof and the lane-way to the Company Orderly Room was pitted with puddles that would have daunted Sir Walter Raleigh even if he'd been equipped with half-a-dozen groundsheets. When the C.S.M. came into my office she was soaked and shivering. To combat the I.R.A. threat, all T.A. camps in Northern Ireland were guarded by special security police who checked everybody entering, and the C.S.M. said that the guard had just phoned through from the gate to complain that a girl with no identification had enquired for the W.R.A.C. office and would somebody come and claim her. The C.S.M. had gone herself, and the visitor, she revealed, was now steaming in front of the Orderly Room stove.

"Oh, good, what's she like?" I asked, with the predatory interest common to Company Commanders in spells when recruiting lags.

"Not too promising, M'am. Small and puny and wouldn't say 'boo' to a goose. Definitely U/S for driving—looks about 4 ft. nothing."

"Never mind. We're short on stewardesses and if she's the thing at all we could use her."

"Well, I'll take the gen and wheel her in to you, then, M'am, and you can see for yourself," said the C.S.M. with the kind of patient, tolerant, semi-sardonic smile reserved by attached Regulars for T.A. amateurs with pips.

The body was duly documented and wheeled in. It sat itself down in the chair opposite me, a bedraggled, big-eyed fragment of humanity who whispered barely audible answers to everything I asked. Nevertheless, by the end of the interview I had gleaned a fair amount about our prospective recruit. Name, Marjie Snooks (it wasn't, but to save her embarrassment that shall be her alias); kept down at home by an ex-Regular N.C.O. father; shy to the point of extinction; sparsely educated, and yet, underneath, I detected glimmers of spirit and determination which had burgeoned into a fierce desire to be a Territorial. In fact, so fierce was it that Snooks had paddled through the deluge on the very Tuesday that she reached the age of 17½. On the foundation of that enthusiasm I decided we must at least make an effort to build.

"I'll take a gamble on her for Stewardess House, Sergeant-Major," I said afterwards. "Anyway, send out the references and see what happens."

A week later we saw what happened. The form to the woman who owned the local grocery store came back endorsed with the customary but satisfactory: "I have known Marjie Snooks since she was five years old and . . ." The one from the panel doctor, however, created alarm and despondency. According to him, Marjie Snooks was mentally retarded, totally illiterate and quite unsuitable for the W.R.A.C. (T.A.).

The C.S.M. and I mulled this over in some dismay. It was obvious that Snooks wouldn't stand a chance with Higher Authority on that recommendation, and yet, somehow it didn't seem to fit.

We both agreed that, though she was backward and bashful, Snooks was a likeable youngster with more apparent intelligence than an illiterate mental defective. She'd been so desperately keen to join that I felt we couldn't leave it at that, so we wrote to her again. She materialised on the dot of 8, smaller and more timid and anxious than ever. Again I chatted with her. In the course of the conversation I picked up an AB 64 and said casually:

"I suppose your father had one of these in the Army?"

She nodded. "Yes, M'am, he did. I saw it in his pocket."

"What does it say on the cover?"

"AB 64."

So Snooks could at least read *that*. Taking it a step further, I explained that a written test was necessary before she could be enlisted, and we set her 10 questions—simple sums and spellings. She passed, not brilliantly, but hopefully, with 55 per cent. Thus armed, we forwarded the references and the test to Higher Authority, who were sceptical. A doctor was a responsible man, and the test might just be a flash-in-the-pan, and whatever would records say, etc., etc. I countered that doctors were responsible men, yes, but also busy men, and it was possible that this one had confused Snooks with some other patient. Unlikely, objected Higher Authority, and, in any event, the loss of one small fish off the hook was preferable to deadwood on the establishment.

The controversy raged for a fortnight, by which time the C.S.M. and I had come to regard our little unwanted one almost as a crusade. At last, after acrid correspondence and a great many gipsies' warnings re "Services no longer required," or "Unlikely to make an efficient soldier," Higher Authority and records grudgingly agreed to give Snooks a chance, and upon my own head be it. She had sensed that there was something sinister afoot, that her fate hung in the balance, and when she was summoned the third time she was shaking in her shoes. Her joy when I told her if she passed her medical she was "in" illuminated the office. You could practically see her eyes, nose and mouth light up and beam like a Jack-o-Lantern, and I felt we had been justified in making a fight for her.

But, alas, our hard-won prize was a dreadful disappointment. She struggled through recruit training far behind the rest of the class; she huddled in a corner at tea-break refusing to mix; she skulked about like a stray mongrel wearing a pair of tartan trews which showed up her pipe-shank legs to the worst possible advantage, until the C.S.M. curtly informed her that she would come in a skirt or else. She came in a skirt until she got her uniform, then she gave us another shaking. The first night she appeared in khaki she was transformed. Pressed, polished and brushed, she looked like an old soldier. The transition was breathtaking. It was as if she had been waiting for that uniform to lavish her attention on, and from the moment it was hers she put her whole heart into its maintenance. So smart was she that at camp she became a batwoman, and excelled herself in diligence and ability. It was at camp, too, that her

hidden talent blossomed. One morning I called into my room in the quarters and was intrigued to hear a rock 'n' roll song echoing down the corridor in a voice every bit as bearable as the recording idols. Curious, and with an eye to the camp concert, I padded quietly to the batwomen's room and surprised Pte. Snooks warbling at the top of her lungs while she pressed knife-edge creases into my best B.D. When she saw me she spluttered, turned white, then red, then white again, and her eyes grew so enormous they almost swallowed up her face.

"Just the job, Pte. Snooks," I congratulated, "We'll have you for the concert."

"Oh M'am, NO," she wailed, clutching the iron as if it were her last friend in the world.

"Oh Snooks, YES," I countered, "I'll put your name on the programme right away."

Forcing her into the limelight was a gamble which could either make her or break her, but if we could smash through the barrier of paralysing shyness it would be worth the risk. When the time came we had to push her on to the stage, and for a ghastly moment we thought she was going to faint, or flee, but in despair she opened her mouth and sang. She was a sensation and the audience loved her. Suddenly she was noticed, she was important, she was popular. She couldn't hide in a corner any more because people wouldn't let her.

Just how much good it did her was evident when we resumed training after camp, and found ourselves one evening without an N.C.O. The C.S.M. herself set off to muster the parade, and came back grinning all over her face.

"Surprise, surprise, M'am," she said, "when I went in there they were properly at ease in three ranks, and she called them to attention, turned to me, and said: 'Parade formed up ready for inspection, M'am'."

"WHO did?"

"Believe it or not, SNOOKS. You know, M'am, if she goes on like that we might even think about giving her a stripe."

Snooks soon got her stripe, and rose to the responsibility like a Trojan. Perhaps her spelling left much to be desired and perhaps she was not on nodding terms with the square of the hypotenuse, but she could muster a drill squad, nark at untidy uniforms, and organise her little gang of stewardesses without having to be told to go and fetch a brush, there were cigarette ends in the rest room. She never missed a single drill.

The evening the Battalion Commander visited the unit to present the Company Cup for the best all-rounder of the year, she said:

"Tell me, that problem-child borderline case of yours, how is she making out—what was her name?"

"Snooks, M'am? Oh, not too badly at all."

"Good. At the time I was very dubious. Now to whom am I presenting this cup?"

"Actually, M'am—Snooks."

Her amazement was mixed with genuine delight.

"Well, I must admit, then one can't judge a book by the covers. I'm so glad. It justifies your faith in her, which I'd have put down to over-optimism."

One feels it's an achievement for the T.A. to make something of a girl like that."

In the lecture hut the whole Company was assembled awaiting the event. After the Battalion Commander's short talk, the C.S.M. called, loud and clear:

"Best All - rounder Cup — Lance - Corporal Snooks."

From somewhere in the very back row emerged a blushing, diminutive figure, which paraded very stiffly to the table and snapped up a salute which would have done credit to any guardsman.

"Well done, L/Cpl. Snooks. I have very great pleasure in presenting you with this cup. It's a fine achievement to be the best all-rounder in the Company. Keep it up."

Snooks said "Thank you, M'am," grinned hysterically, saluted and fled. Next camp she would wear her second stripe, and she'd be worth it. I felt pretty proud of our little near-reject.

I glanced across at the C.S.M. and she winked, unregimentally, but with great deliberation. And that, from a Regular P.S.I., was the epitome of unbridled emotion!

Correspondence

DEAR EDITOR,

There is so much in Nora E. Mitchell's letter to you, in the May *Lioness*, that I am interested in, I feel I must write to you too.

After serving in the W.A.A.C. and W.R.A.F. in St. Leonards, Sandling and Cologne, I went to New Zealand for two years. I first met Miss Suggate at "Oversea" at Christmas 1946, and later at the club in Sloane Street.

I joined Toc H in Melbourne, Australia, in 1924, and later kept house for Padre Clayton for 10 years. Then the war came again, and for three years I worked for N.A.A.F.I. After that I went to the homes of old and earlier friends of Toc H until I retired, and my niece invited me to make my home with her in Nottingham, where I have a room.

Now at 70, at Padre Clayton's invitation, I have, for the past four years, helped in his Church of All Hallows, with visitors, the bookstall, etc.

I send my *Lioness* to Agnes Morrison in Calgary, Canada; we served together in 1917, her name then was Wheatley. FLORENCE A. DAY.

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING LIST

	s.	d.
W.R.A.C. Association calendar	3	0
W.R.A.C. diaries:		
Leather wallet complete with diary and pencil	19	9
Leather-bound, with pencil	7	0
Plexide, without pencil	5	2
Diary refill for wallet	3	6
Corps print of W.R.A.C. recruiter	6	0
Service with the Army by Dame Helen Gwynne-Vaughan	3	6
All prices include postage at U.K. rates.		
Please send cash with order .		

Write today to:

W.R.A.C. Association, Duke of York's Headquarters, King's Road, London, S.W.3.

Home and Leisure

AUGUST ARRANGEMENTS

FEW of us can resist picking heather when the opportunity occurs and, if it is properly treated, it will last for months. Try pushing the stems into a large potato and you will find that it will keep much longer than it would in water.

August is also the time to make preparations for winter arrangements. Everlastings such as honesty, statice and helichrysum should be picked, stripped of their leaves and hung up to dry off until required. Bracken will not last in water but can be pressed very successfully. It should be cut before the fronds begin to curl and laid flat between sheets of newspaper under a carpet or other fairly substantial weight.

HOLIDAY MENUS

MANY of us like to bring back recipes from our holidays, and here are a few suggestions for simple dishes from the Continent that would be equally at home in an English kitchen.

French Onion Soup

- 1 lb. finely sliced Spanish onions
- 1 clove
- 1 bay leaf
- Salt, pepper and a pinch of sugar
- 2 pt. beef stock
- Slices of bread
- Grated cheese
- 2 oz. butter or beef dripping

Melt the fat and fry the onion until it is transparent and golden brown. Add the seasoning and stock and simmer for half an hour. Fry the slices of bread and put one in each soup bowl. Sprinkle with grated cheese and pour on the soup.

Risotto

Rice dishes are popular in Spain, Italy and many areas in France. The following basic recipe can be varied by the addition of chicken, ham, tomatoes, mushrooms, shrimps, etc., to suit individual taste. Italian rice is the most satisfactory for this dish, and two measures of liquid should be allowed for one of rice.

- 1 small onion
- 1 cup rice
- 2 cups stock
- Salt and pepper to season
- Butter or olive oil

Fry the onion and rice in butter or olive oil but do not allow them to colour. Add seasoning and stock and simmer until the liquid is absorbed and the rice is cooked, but each grain remains separate.

Austrian Goulash

- 1½ lb. beef
- 1 lb. onions
- ½ tablespoon paprika
- 2 tablespoons tomato purée
- 2 oz. dripping
- 2 tablespoons wine vinegar
- Salt
- Pinch of marjoram and caraway seeds

Cut the beef into cubes and slice onions. Fry the onions till just brown, add paprika and 2 tablespoons of water. Stir well. Add the meat, tomato purée, salt, vinegar and seasoning. Stir well, put into a covered casserole and cook in a moderate oven (Mark 4) for two hours.

This dish may be served with dumplings or plain boiled spaghetti.

Rum Babas

- 8 oz. flour
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 1 oz. yeast
- 1 teaspoon sugar
- ½ pt. warm milk
- 2 eggs
- 2 oz. margarine

Sieve flour and salt into a bowl and make a well in the centre. Cream yeast with sugar, warm milk to blood heat, beat eggs, grease and flour some baba tins. Mix yeast with warm milk and pour into the flour gradually, add melted margarine and beaten eggs alternately as you mix. Beat well and pour into the tins so that they are half full. Set aside to rise for 15 minutes. Bake in a moderately hot oven (Mark 6) for about 20 minutes. Turn out and pour a hot rum syrup over. To make the syrup, dissolve 4 oz. sugar in ½ pt. water, bring to the boil and add rum to taste.

TAPE RECORDING AS A HOBBY

CAPT. D. C. HARRIS (T.A.R.O.)

(*Founder-Secretary of the Eastbourne Tape Recording Club*)

HAVE you got a tape recorder in your house, I wonder? There's a lot of entertainment one can get out of it apart from just recording friends' voices and taping favourite radio shows. Agreed they are a great help at parties for music, sound-quizzes and such-like, as well as for recording special events—like weddings, christenings (mind that baby's cry down your mike!), anniversaries and reunions. Maybe you have small children in your family. It's nice to hear them grow up gradually by recording their voices at different ages and on different occasions rather than just looking at the family album.

If you want some relaxation from your daily chores, you could start some tapespondence. That word may be a new one to you but it simply means "correspondence on tape" instead of by letter, or, in other words—chatting to someone else through the medium of the tape recorder. You may find this a difficult thing to do at first, but, of course, it will depend on who you are talking to. It should be a lot easier to talk to one's intimate friends or relations, but, strangely enough, it's often the complete stranger who draws the best out of you. You can get an immense amount of satisfaction from this as well as perhaps making life-long friends, or re-discovering some old A.T.S. crony from the war years. Look in any of the tape recording magazines (of which, by the way, there are three) and you'll usually find lists of would-be tapespondents from

all parts of the world, and a good many of these are Servicemen. You'll be amazed at the thrill you'll get when your first tape arrives, and you won't be able to play it quick enough!

I'd had my tape recorder for over a year and had been reading news of the various clubs springing up all over the country, when I decided to start one myself. I was beginning to get really keen on tape recording by reading magazine articles for the *Blind*, but I didn't know enough about it technically to become really proficient. Well, they say it pays to advertise—so I tried an advertisement in the local paper, which brought a few enquiries. After a second advertisement I arranged a meeting of six tape-recording enthusiasts, and we formed the club of which I am the secretary. Now, after two years, our membership has risen to 26. Though we women are now outnumbered by the men, our founder-members consisted of only two men and four women. You see, in spite of the technical side of tape recording, we do like to hear the sound of our own voices! Obviously some members are more technical than others and they can help the beginners in simple editing of tapes, i.e. cutting out any unwanted material and joining it up again. At the club we hear and criticise each other's tapes and take dubbings of one another's good recordings.

My principal interest in recording is to interview any celebrities who happen to visit the town—more especially the stage personalities. I live in a go-ahead seaside town where we are lucky enough to get several pre-London shows during the year. I

write to the leading man or woman and most of them are very co-operative as I always ask them to record a message for the sick and elderly in our Homes and hospitals as well as being interviewed on their own career. We visit these Homes and hospitals in Eastbourne and play recordings to them once a month. Among my best recordings I have interviews with Anna Neagle, Andrée Melly, Sarah Churchill, Carole Mowlam, Brian Rix, Alan Melville, David Nixon, Cyril Fletcher and Raymond Francis. The last-named, by the way, was that well-known T.V. policeman—Chief Superintendent Lockhart of "Murder Bag" and "No Hiding Place"—who lives in Eastbourne, and has now become our club's president.

Recording plays or sketches can rouse a lot of interest amongst the would-be broadcasters as well as those who enjoy making or collecting the appropriate sound effects. At our club we rehearse a play in two separate rooms—the actors in one and sound effects in the other. When they're both ready, they combine together by recording the play with the appropriate noises such as footsteps, drawing of curtains, eating, drinking, bells ringing and so on. Of course, there are times when the "noises off" section have to make outside recordings to get the required sound, and a small battery recorder is then required, for car, train or aeroplane noises perhaps, or even the sound of the sea. One is often tempted to interview the sundry holiday-makers when they show willing, and some good recordings have been made "off the cuff" in this way



W.R.A.C.
9 ct. gold and enamel
Home £14.15.0 Export £12.15.0



W.R.A.C.
9 ct. gold and enamel
Home £7.10.0 Export £6.10.0



BY APPOINTMENT TO
HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN
GOLDSMITHS & CROWN JEWELLERS
GARRARD & CO. LTD., LONDON

A fine piece of jewellery, artistically designed, makes a charming gift. Produced by the house of Garrard in gold and enamel a badge brooch can be a token of lasting value. Designs and estimates for gem set brooches are supplied free at your request. Please address all enquiries to the military department.

The Badge of your Corps

GARRARD & CO. LTD.

Crown Jewellers

112 Regent Street • London • W.1 • Telephone: REGENT 3021 (11 lines)

UNIT NEWS

DEPOT AND TRAINING CENTRE

THE Right Honourable John Profumo, O.B.E., M.P., Her Majesty's Secretary of State for War, visited the Depot and Training Centre on April 11. Accompanied by the Director W.R.A.C., Brigadier J. E. R. Rivett-Drake, M.B.E., A.D.C., he spent two hours touring the camp and talking to permanent staff and recruits. At that time there were over 500 recruits in training, so the Secretary of State was able to talk to recruits who had only two weeks' basic training and to others who were passing-out the next day. After lunching in the Officers' Mess, the Secretary of State left by helicopter for Aldershot.

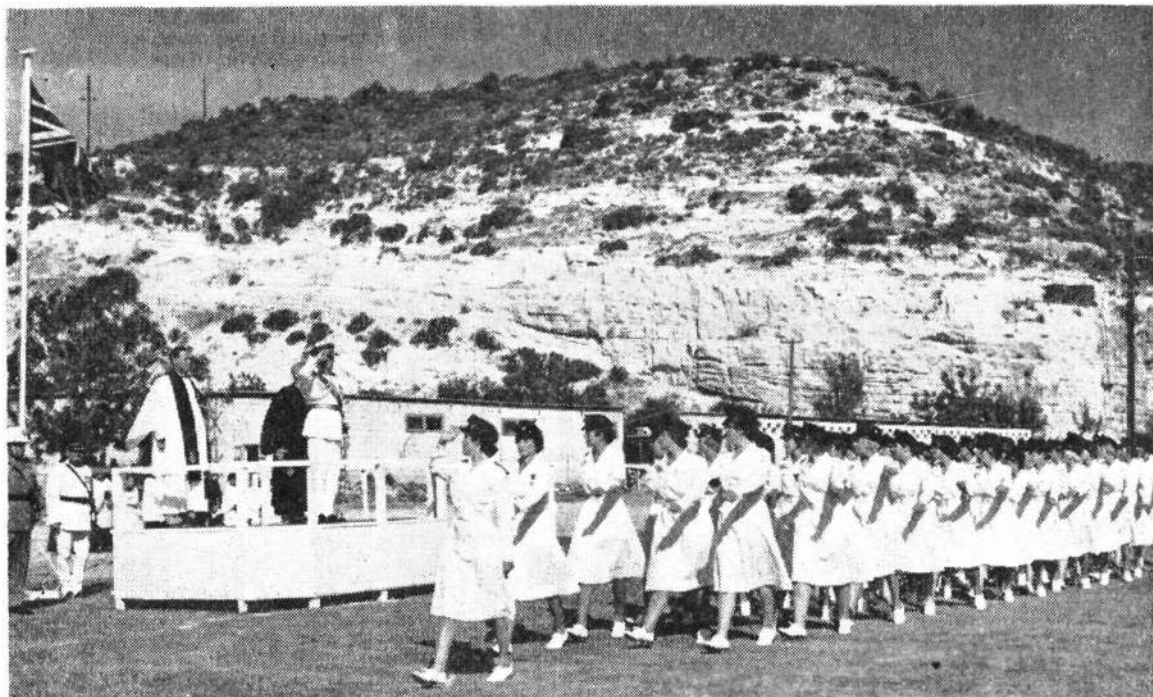
27 INDEPENDENT COMPANY

THE Company has had a busy winter as most "extras" in the form of parades, inspections and visits take place in the cooler months. At the time of writing the last event of this nature, Princess Royal's Day, is over, tropical dress has been worn for the past four weeks, and everyone has begun her summer tan. The most important event was the visit by H.R.H. The Princess Royal in March. She toured the living accommodation of all ranks, was able to see some of the signals operators on the job, and honoured the Sergeants' Mess by being present at a sherry party. As the only other Army (Women) in Cyprus are Q.A.R.A.N.C. at the military hospital, it falls to the Company to provide most of the inter-Service teams for the major games.

The Army now hold the Hockey, Swimming, Athletics and Tennis Cups—netball and badminton still eluding us. Swimming is now in full swing and the more adventurous branch out from this to water ski-ing, "schnorkling" and sub-aqua swimming. During the winter several women attended snow-ski-ing courses in the Troodos Ranges and some took part in a gymkhana organised by the local saddle club. Princess Royal's Day was celebrated with a grand Company dance on April 27, and Church services, followed by transport to the beach on April 29. We now look forward to a peaceful summer with lots of sun bathing and swimming sprinkled by various athletic and tennis meetings.

GOOD-BYE TO THE CARIBBEAN

THE coming of Independence to Jamaica made it necessary to disband 5 Independent Company on July 1, 1962, and brought to an end an association of over 19 years. A.T.S. companies were formed in both North and South Caribbean Areas in 1943 and, at the same time, women were enrolled for service in the United Kingdom and at Washington. The unit that remained in Jamaica was under the command of J.Comd. Barbara Oakley, with W.O.2 Moore as her first C.S.M. The women were employed at the Headquarters and with the various staff and Services. Some were attached to the R.A.F. on Movement Control duties at Pali-sadoes International Airport, Kingston. In 1950 the Company was redesignated 5 Independent Company W.R.A.C., and has continued to serve the Caribbean Area up to the present day.



27 Indep. Coy. on Parade

Photo by Public Relations

This Company is unique, because, whilst giving good and loyal service to the Corps, many of the girls have married and brought up their families, and many of the children visit the camp. The children's party at Christmas has been a tradition. The majority of the women are excellent needlewomen and, to augment the P.R.I. Account, annual sales of work have been held. This idea originated with Major Nolan in 1952, and has become very popular with all members of the garrison. In fact, a queue forms outside waiting for the opening time and everything is sold in record time. The oldest serving member of the Company at the moment is Sgt. I. Small, who enlisted in 1945. She was awarded the B.E.M. in the Queen's Coronation Honours List in 1953, and was presented with the medal by Her Majesty The Queen when she visited Jamaica.

The 5 Independent Company's final Corps Day this year took the form of an "At Home." Among ex-Service members attending were Miss Claudia Dickson, who was one of the first seven A.T.S. recruits, Miss Cooper and Miss Jones, who were recruited in the Bahamas, and Miss Smith, who went to the U.K. with the first draft and trained at the Signal School in Edinburgh, before being posted to Oxford. The Corps cake was made by an ex-member of the N.A.A.F.I./E.F.I., who is stationed here with her husband, Sgt. Downer of the 1 Royal Hampshires. One of the highlights of the W.R.A.C. Service in Jamaica was the visit of H.R.H. The Princess Royal, our Controller Commandant, who came out in the Royal Yacht in 1960. She was very interested in all the women and inspected them. They were then invited on board the Royal Yacht, which was a very thrilling experience for them.

As a memento of the A.T.S./W.R.A.C. Service in Jamaica, the Corps Badge has been erected on the wall of Newcastle Hill Station, alongside the badges of all the Regiments that have served in Jamaica. Newcastle is of historic interest, being visited by many tourists. It was built at the instigation of Gen. Sir William Gomm, who was in command of the troops in Jamaica in 1840. In those days the Liguanea Plain, where troops were stationed in and around Kingston, was most unhealthy, and whole regiments were practically wiped out by yellow fever.

Gen. Gomm finally obtained authority from the War Office to move the Garrison to the hills, and Newcastle, 4,000 ft. above sea level, became the Headquarters until the mosquitoes, which caused the yellow fever, were brought under control. In fact, up to about 1948, the Commander and Staff moved up for the summer months. Since that date, Newcastle has been used for training, change of air, etc., and the Company has spent regimental weekends there.

To mark the occasion of disbandment, a regimental dinner was held in the Terra Noval Hotel, Kingston. Various heads of Services attended, and Brigadier Lister, the Commander Caribbean Area, made a farewell speech.

The Company Commander has always come from the United Kingdom, as has the C.S.M./C.Q.M.S. and the Personal Assistant to the Area Commander. It may be of interest to note that Col. R. D. Allerton, Major K. W. Samuels, Major E. J. Nolan, Major M. T. Vennard, Major D. M. Holmes, Major J. D. M. Ravenscroft, W.O.2 Thompson, W.O.2 Armitage, W.O.2 Jackson, W.O.2 Doherty, W.O.2 Brook, S/Sgt. White, S/Sgt. Jones and S/Sgt. Bradley have all served with the Unit.



Good-bye to 5 Indep. Coy.

Photo by W. C. Beckford

6 TRAINING BATTALION R.A.S.C.

OUR main news item is, of course, the visit of our Contoller Commandant, H.R.H. The Princess Royal, to this Battalion on May 11, 1962. Her Royal Highness arrived by air at the R.N.A.S. Yeovilton, and from there the police wireless car kept the camp informed of the progress of the royal car. It gave everyone a great thrill when the announcement echoed round the unit: "The royal car is entering the camp gate." Her Royal Highness inspected all the W.R.A.C. accommodation and then saw the permanent staff and students having lunch. She also congratulated the male cooks who had just won the Command cookery competition. After luncheon in the Officers' Mess, Her Royal Highness took the salute at a drive past of all the M.T. trainees. The students drove past by courses, starting with the juniors, who were accompanied by their instructors. "Do or die" looks were registered on several faces, but everyone went past safely. Her Royal Highness then visited the clerks' courses where she saw all types of training in progress, and spoke to students in each classroom. Later, Her Royal Highness took tea with R.S.M. Robertson and all the senior N.C.O.s before leaving for the air station.

We again entered a patrol for the Ten Tors this year and, after months of training, Whitsun actually arrived and we set off for Dartmoor. The number of participants increased greatly this year and over 1,500 people left the start point. Members of this unit ran the camp where all women's patrols spent the night, and they certainly gained a wide experience in dealing with blisters and sunburn. On the final day a large crowd gathered at the finish to cheer in the patrols as they completed the expedition. Although it is NOT a race, we naturally felt pride when our patrol reported in first of the Women's Services! Now we have six more people entitled to call themselves "Torines."

This year an item was presented by the Battalion at the Bath and West Show, in which W.R.A.C. drivers took part together with the R.A.S.C. It was an exciting event and spectators were surprised to learn that some of the girls were students in the last week of their course. The outstanding feature was a race through obstacles when the blindfolded W.R.A.C. drivers were talked through by their male colleagues.

WITH H.M. KONGENS GARDE

AS a result of a contingent from the Norwegian Kongens Garde staying at Dreghorn Camp last year, the Company Commander and C.S.M. of 1 Independent Company were accommodated by the Garde in March so that arrangements could be made to take a party of 20 W.R.A.C. to visit Norway later in the year. Besides the glorious sunshine which greeted us on arrival, and the thick snow which lay everywhere, the biggest impression was made by the fact that everywhere we looked we saw skis. All the local trains had straps on the outside to which skis could be fastened and used by their owners at the end of their journeys: buses, local and long-distance, had spaces at the back for skis, everyone, young and old, skied, and to wear a

skirt was just old-fashioned, ski pants and jeans were the order of the day. The Norwegian Army have combined Officers' and Sergeants' Messes, which are more austere than those found in the United Kingdom. Food and the times of meals were very strange at first, the main meal being eaten at 4.30 p.m.

Norway is a wonderful country for scenery and the views are something that cannot be found here. We did a sight-seeing trip of Oslo, which included the Norwegian Folk Museum, the Kon-Tiki Museum, the Viking Ships and the Vigeland Sculptures. The latter is a world of human beings and animals in stone, iron and bronze, consisting of an area of 75 acres and comprising of about 150 sculptural groups. We were taken to watch the first day of the ski-jumping contest at Holmenkollen, which is the biggest event of the winter in Oslo. The tower of Holmenkollen from which the jumpers start is situated on top of a hill, and is about 140 ft. high. To jump from there must give the skier a sense of flying, and to watch them sailing through the air with the ease and the grace of birds is a sight not to be forgotten and must be a wonderful sensation to those who do it.

We attended a dinner given by the Garde for the Commandants of the Swedish and Danish Kings' Guard, who were visiting Norway, and whether or not the meal was planned in our honour was not known, but the main dish was roast beef! Many speeches were made and toasts drunk, and we had the distinction of being included. Luckily, a reply was not expected. Everyone spoke English, and were determined that we should not speak Norwegian. The charm and hospitality of the Norwegians made the time pass quickly, and all too soon we had to leave. It is only hoped that the H.M. Garde enjoyed having two members of the Women's Royal Army Corps staying with them, as much as their two guests enjoyed their stay.

News from the T.A.

3 SQUADRON 54 (E.A.) SIGNAL REGIMENT (T.A.)

DURING the latter half of May the Squadron attended annual camp at St. Martins Plain, Shorncliffe, and a very successful camp it was too. Last year, due to the T.A. re-organisation, it was somewhat of a "getting to know you" camp, this Squadron being the residue of 55th (M.) Signals Regiment (T.A.) having to meet R.H.Q. from Cambridge and other squadrons from far-flung posts of the Regimental Empire in East Anglia. This year, however, we settled down to training from the word go and it is amazing what can be done on a shoestring. The Squadron policy of really mixing the men and women in their duties is meeting with great success. At camp, communication-centre wise, we had no problems. The W.R.A.C. ran them very efficiently, but it was interesting to see a mixed D.R. Section in action (a necessity through shortage of men) and how ably a W.R.A.C. driver, attached to the Wireless Troop for the period of camp, coped with the problems of siting and setting up station.

The three-day Regimental exercise during the second week had its inevitable trials and tribulations. The ramifications of manning and administering Rear Division were a constant worry to the Squadron Commander before the exercise owing to the extreme shortage of men. It would work if everyone put twice as much effort as normal into it, and the fact that it proved to be a success was only due to all ranks doing just this. The Padre was officer i/c tents. The S.Q.M.S., in addition to his "Q" duties, became head cook and bottle-washer. The S.S.M. (always with a cup of "char") was chief technician, W.O. i/c cookers (temperamental beasts) and father confessor to all and sundry. Capt. Hovey, W.R.A.C. Squadron Training Officer, when not keeping a maternal eye on her girls, was always on hand to answer pertinent questions on wireless, lines or technical equipment. Early on the second day of the exercise, O.C. Squadron found himself very perturbed by the air of peace and quiet which pervaded the atmosphere of Rear Division. It just didn't seem true. What a relief to find that all communications were through. Shifts were being relieved, lunch was well under way and, in spite of the unreliable weather, everybody was happy. In all his years of experience of exercises at T.A. camps this was the very first time he'd been able to sit back and enjoy his pipe.

The Regimental parade went well and it is felt that the R.S.M. is now satisfied that it is possible for the men and women to march past in one body. Cpl. Hamilton, W.R.A.C., was a credit to the Squadron during the presentation to her of the T.E.M. by the Honorary Colonel during the parade. We, much to our surprise, became runners-up in the Regimental inter-squadron football competition and the nine men, all we could muster, are very proud of their bronze medals.

"OLD SOLDIERS WEEP"

A STORY to make Old Soldiers weep was how the B.B.C.'s T.V. announcer introduced the North Riding T. and A.F. Association marching competition, held on Sunday, May 6, 1962, when the only W.R.A.C. (T.A.) entering the competition, a team from 3 Squadron, 50 (N.) Signal Regiment (T.A.), came in first—for the second year in succession—with a time of three hours and 35 minutes. Those taking part were S/Sgt. Sylvia Kilpatrick, who was the team captain, Cpls. Betty Durant and Rita Carless, and Pres. Joyce Twemlow, Joyce Lawton, from the Stockton Road T.A. Centre, Middlesbrough.

There were 26 entries for the competition, five competitors in each team, who had previously been issued with a map reference and a route which they had to follow correctly; any error would have to be corrected by retracing their steps from the point they left the official route. The teams had to complete the course on their own feet, but members could assist each other if necessary. Teams would be disqualified immediately if they obtained any help whatsoever from any other source, and, to qualify, every member of the team had to finish within 25 yards of the first man (or woman, as it

turned out) home. One rule which did not apply, of course, to W.R.A.C. was the military carried their rifle and 10-lb. pack. It was not an ideal day for marching, by lunch time the sun was blazing hot and the teams had to remain properly dressed. The course 3 Squadron had drawn was hilly to say the least, starting from Bretton the 16-mile course carried through to Yearby—Kirkleatham—Eston to Albert Park, Middlesbrough, the finishing point, where the Band of 118 Corps Engineers (T.A.) played to the waiting crowds. Other attractions consisted of a map of the march showing the relative positions of the teams, an information tent and an exhibition of anti-aircraft guns. A large, silver rose bowl surmounted on a black base, given by Group Capt. G. Shaw, C.B.E., D.F.C., D.L., chairman of the North Riding T. and A.F. Association, was presented by Miss Valerie Dennis, the I.T.V. personality, and afterwards the teams were entertained to tea in the R.A.O.C. T.A. Centre, Middlesbrough.

The original idea of this marching competition was born three years ago when the manager of the Odeon Cinema wished to advertise the film "The Road to Cordura," and asked members of all the local T.A. units to enter a competition, the winning team to receive tankards. Three teams of W.R.A.C. (T.A.) entered into the spirit of the thing, and to everyone's surprise two of these teams (both from 3 Squadron) came in only seconds behind a team of R.E., to find themselves placed second and third. This proved so successful that North Riding T.A. & A.F.A. decided to make it an annual event. The first march was held last year, when a large and very surprised crowd cheered the W.R.A.C. team that came home first, with over half an hour before any other team came in sight. To do the same this year was a point of honour, and they knew they had the hope of victory and the interest of the men and women of 3 Squadron.

S/Sgt. Kilpatrick is quite an "old hand" at this marching—she was in the team placed third three years ago, team captain again winning in 1961 and again this year, while Cpl. Durant also entered for the second-year competition. The Squadron are shortly off to camp at Scarborough, and plans are afoot to celebrate winning this cup in high style.

77 COMPANY W.R.A.C. (T.A.) (NO. 1 PLATOON)

SPRING 1961 saw the end of 304 (Surrey and Sussex) Battalion W.R.A.C. (T.A.) and "B" Company moved from Kingston to Richmond to become No. 1 Platoon 77 Company. "A" Company stayed at Croydon and became our No. 2 Platoon. As was to be expected, the re-organisation didn't really meet with much approval from anybody. Moving to a drill hall which offered us very little room or scope for the type of training made it difficult to maintain the keenness we had always been so proud of. However, as we, and things, began to settle down, we were able to recapture some of the lost interest and start a new training programme, which included an M.T. course, gas lectures and first aid. In June last year we went to camp at Castlemartin for the second year running. While we were there, we took part in a two-day scheme organised by 514 Company R.A.S.C. Our Company

proved themselves very able and outshone the men in map reading. Sleeping in the back of our tastefully camouflaged vehicles was quite a novelty for most of us.

No. 1 Platoon are now in high spirits, for we have been allotted extra accommodation, which includes lecture rooms, offices, a store, and a grand rest room. Surrey T.A. are kindly decorating these rooms for us, and we have the prospect of new garages for our vehicles. Our annual administrative inspection took place on March 14, and went off splendidly. Everybody was congratulated on the high standard of turnout. Our next big day was on April 3, when we were visited by Col. L. E. Baldwin, O.B.E., D.D.W.R.A.C. Eastern Command, who saw the women at their various lectures. One group of drivers was assembling a plastic working model of a V8 engine. When it is completed, the engine will (we hope) be a perfect working model with over 100 parts.

GREENHORN IN CAMP

SOME weeks ago I received, through the post, a card inviting me to spend 15 days at Shorncliffe Camp, Folkestone, with the 54th (E.A.) Signals Regiment (T.A.). Somebody told me I would enjoy it—that, coupled with the fact that there was small print on the card to the effect that if I did not attend civil action could be taken in the absence of a good reason, made me decide to go. That is why No. 3 Squadron of the above Regiment was hampered with one very raw, very green, very new recruit.

Since I enjoyed the rank of Private it was inevitable that I became involved in fatigue duties, and with the luck of the Irish, I was washing-up, preparing vegetables and generally getting under the feet of the worthy Sergeant in the Officers' Mess on the only fine day we had during the first week. When I eventually emerged into the sunshine I had a hunt round for a bath. I found one too, and I wallowed in what seemed to be unbelievable luxury for half an hour or so. I read the orders later and discovered that a certain hut 36 was for the use of male officers only. Hut 36 was where I had just had my bath . . . After the initial shock of having to work for a living my sense of humour returned and camp became a most enjoyable place to be. In the middle of the first week we had a couple of map-reading sessions on foot. It is amazing how those of us who complain about a 15 minute walk to the tube ploughed our way through the fields and lanes of Kent, enjoying every minute of it, even though Christina Rossetti's lines flitted through the mind occasionally:—

"Does the road wind uphill all the way?"

Yes to the very end."

It was during the second week that we camped in the real sense of the word, and for two and a half days we roughed it in a very pleasant Kent valley. We had to pitch tents to sleep in, and this was where the Padre took the lead. I was quite merrily tightening some guys when I heard the Padre saying, "someone will have to climb to the top of this tent—the centre pole has come out." I thought to myself that that should be worth watching and

I looked round to see whom he was addressing. There was nobody else there but me; I knew the Padre did not talk to himself, and he was looking at me. "You mean," I ventured hesitantly, "you want me to climb up there . . ." I left the sentence in mid-air. A few minutes later, with the Padre pushing me, I joined it via the tent. When my inelegant ascent was completed all I could do was hang on, and the pole stubbornly remained out of place. "Let go," suggested the Padre. I had been obeying orders, immediately, for over a week by then—eyes right, eyes left, quick march, halt, about turn, let go—it was just another order—so I let go like the perfect little private I am and whoosh!—the inelegance of my ascent was surpassed by the alacrity of my descent. (In the end the Padre had to fix the pole himself, but I tried—honest I did!)

While all this was going on our Staff-Sergeant was preparing a delicious meal from compositions, and what a successful meal he and his helpers dished up. The next day the teleprinters were in action—and how! When I decided to become a teleprinter operator nobody warned me that the blessed things could become live. One of the other operators discovered it first, then I did. In spite of S.S.M.'s promise that it would make my hair curl I was loath to touch the thing. Someone then had a brainwave—"perhaps we'd better earth it!" So it was earthed, but it still kept giving us an odd jagg every so often, and the reason the teleprinter operators came back, tingling fresh, was not due to the toothpaste they were using! Ours was a mixed squadron and that is the reason why the Signal Centre was turned into a madhouse for a few moments during the exercise. The lads had found a slow-worm. To me anything more than two inches long is a snake and I don't trust it, so when this 'monster' arrived I had only one thought in mind—to make a quick exit. It wasn't the call of duty which prevented me carrying out my intentions it was merely that the soldiers and the slow-worm were blocking the only means of escape. I did the next best thing—I grabbed hold of the Sergeant-Major and managed to get behind him. So intent was I in escaping from that reptile (i.e. the slow-worm) that it wasn't for a second or two I realised that I had wedged myself against the live teleprinter, thus at the ripe old age of 23 I learned that life presented problems. I emerged from the fray unharmed, untouched and hair still uncurled! Two and half days after the exercise started we returned to base and civilisation but it had been tremendous fun. We did some work as well, of course, but the spirit was such that even work was fun.

At another post, during the exercise, the story is told of a young signalman who was sent by his Sgt.-Major to a nearby cafe for two hot pies. A few minutes later the young soldier returned, handed some money back to the Sgt.-Major and explained; "Here is your change, sir, there was only one pie."

"Thank you,—where is it?"

"Oh I ate it, sir!"—but I don't know what the Sgt.-Major said after that. Rumour hath it that

the signalman is still in circulation, but nobody is quite sure where.

A squadron party ended the fortnight, but few of us wanted to return to the mediocre work in shops, offices and factories where the battle of the sexes is ever raging. For one busy fortnight men and women proved they could work together in perfect harmony, the superiority which each sex feels over the other blending in a superior fighting force. It's a great life in the T.A. and, if I may quote Masfield out of context,

"Tomorrow

By the living God, we'll try the game again!"

A. C.

LORRY DRIVER OF THE YEAR

L/CPL. J. DOE

WITH mixed feelings I accepted by O.C.'s invitation to compete in the Lorry Driver of the Year Competition to be held at Portsmouth on July 8. The day arrived and, with Sgt. Pledge and Pte. James, I made my way to Hilsa gasworks where I had to report by 0900 hours. We arrived at our destination to see many spick and span vehicles accompanied by just as many spick and span drivers. The first driver we spoke to had taken part in this competition for several years (which was rather a frightening thought) and the next was a Royal Marine corporal who told us that he had been the winner the previous year and had just been pipped in the finals at Birmingham. After that the three of us decided we needed a strong cup of tea.

The vehicle, a Bedford three-tonner, first of all went through a rather severe mechanical test. Driving on and off an open inspection pit almost convinced me that it was time I went home. The next step was measuring the truck from almost every possible angle even down to half an inch. When this was completed there was a Tapley meter brake test. So much for the vehicle. Now we were really in it. I drove up to an examiner who asked me questions on the Highway Code, and from there we waited for the signal to start the road test. This was the part which from my point of view I was most nervous about. We had been told that we were being observed on the route—very closely, I should think. To add to the confusion, we left the gasworks by a different road from the one by which we entered. The road test was about 13 to 14 miles long (we had been given a street plan). My knowledge of the Portsmouth area is very limited, but we were told that the route was well sign-posted by the R.A.C. (It so happened that there was a cricket match in progress nearby which was also sign-posted by the R.A.C.) However, we arrived at Eastney Barracks quite safely and with little panic.

We next had lunch—at least, those who were not too nervous to eat had lunch—and then on to the rest of the test. For this we had to negotiate three hazards. The first was reversing on to one's blind side into a space the length and a half of the vehicle. Rear windows were to be blacked out and one had to rely solely on accurate mirrors,

which I did not have. Oh yes, safe enough for ordinary driving, but not up to a task like this. The second was based on the offset alley. The driver had to stay in the cab and tell the officials how far to move the barriers. This was done by giving directions from the cab. You were not allowed to give measurements but just guessed by sighting and, if you happened to guess too wide, you lost more penalty points. The third and last was complicated, but a little easier than the others. One drove up to a barrier to within one inch of the front bumper and then reversed back into an opening on the right, straightened up and in to a loading bay. In all cases, widths of the roadways and vehicles were taken into account.

After this it was all over apart from the prize-giving. An enjoyable day? Yes. A hard day? Yes. But the greatest thing of all, what an experience. I realise more than ever that there is always much to learn if one wants to be a better driver. I hope to have the opportunity to do this again and to do much better next time.

Editor's Note. It might be added that L/Cpl. Doe did extremely well in this competition and, had the truck been fitted with extending mirrors as the other vehicles were, she would have certainly come in second. Also, she was a pioneer in this field, being the first woman driver to enter the competition.

To Van-Dal Shoes Ltd
Norwich, Norfolk

Dear Sirs,

I am interested in your
NORFOLK BROADS wider fitting
ladies' shoes as I have difficulty
in obtaining shoes giving comfort
and a smart appearance.

Please send me your
free brochure.

NAME _____
BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE

ADDRESS _____
BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE

TOWN _____ COUNTY _____

PLEASE FILL IN AND POST TO US
VAN-DAL SHOES LIMITED · NORWICH · NORFOLK

BRANCH NEWS

BATH. Our meetings, held twice monthly, continue to be well supported, and we extend a warm welcome to Mrs. Lumsden, who is now living just outside Bath, and who joined the Branch as an honorary member. On the last Saturday in March another successful Jumble Sale was held in aid of Branch Funds. Early in April members visited our refugee friends in Bristol for tea, and they will be paying us a return visit in June, when Mr. and Mrs. Millard have invited them, and members, to tea at their home at Freshford and to look over the chicken farm. The Area Reunion held this year at Guildford was much enjoyed by all who attended and all were impressed with the beautiful Cathedral. Members are still busy making articles for our Staff at the combined "Hallowe'en Fair" to be held early in November.

BOURNEMOUTH. At a supper party at Lindy's Restaurant, after Easter, members made plans for a coach trip to Lyme Regis and Seaton on May 20. Early sunshine gave way to rain, but in spite of this members enjoyed the outing, and were pleased to have some W.R.N.S. in the party. They met again in June on a mystery coach trip organised by the W.R.N.S. Association. As domestic ties make it impossible for the Branch Secretary to take part regularly in outside activities, Miss F. Bull and members of the committee are running the social side.

BRADFORD. The Branch has met each month except June, and is looking forward to a Party Night on July 2, when we are each inviting a guest, and two members have kindly offered to cater for supper. Meetings have been well attended and every effort has been made to lighten the heart of our treasurer by adding to the "coffers." Members will be sorry to hear that Bertha Marsh has had another breakdown in health and has been admitted to hospital. We all wish her a speedy recovery to good health. Our good wishes also go to Miss Julian and Miss Fieldhouse, who have both had bereavements, and also ill health. Eighteen members and friends enjoyed a day's outing to Bridlington and Flamborough Head when they were favoured with a sunny day. They had lunch with the Northern Area rally party in Bridlington and met their many old friends. They later went to Flamborough, where they were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. Bottomley, one of our members. We were pleased to have Mrs. Edith Lumb and her daughter with us, Mrs. Lumb having made a good recovery after her operation. On the way home we stopped to make purchases of home-made products, etc., and new laid eggs. One member "scrambled" hers in the bus—during a quick turn they rolled out of her basket, so can leave to the imagination the result. One of our members, Miss Mitchell, attended as a delegate the British Legion Conference held at Scarborough.

BRISTOL. A visit to the Little Theatre to see "Murder to Boot" by Simon Amberleyn was arranged for April 5. On May 3, instead of the usual monthly meeting, we made a trip to Portishead. Two members attended the Q.M.A.A.C.

Old Comrades' Dinner Club Annual Reunion, at Derry and Toms, Kensington, in May. This was a very happy event, renewing acquaintances of over 40 years ago over an excellent dinner. Ten of us went to the W.R.A.C. Area Reunion at Guildford, and joined members from other Branches at the Cathedral. After an interesting talk on the building of the Cathedral, and a closer inspection, walking around, we travelled on to the N.A.A.F.I. Canteen for tea at Aldershot. June 28 brought our annual visit to the home of our president, Mrs. R. Bernays, at Tockington.

DUMFRIESSHIRE. The Branch has had a very varied programme of events since our last report. Our first winter meeting was in October, when we went to visit the Atomic Power Station at Chapelcross, Annan. This was both educational and interesting, and we exceeded our time by an hour, and were late for supper at a hotel nearby. At Christmas we again combined with the local W.R.A.C. (T.A.) unit, and had a happy party, with a mixture of old and new personnel, and games. In February we visited the new Technical and Commercial High School, opened last year at Marchmont, Dumfries. As quite a few of our members are mothers, it was of special interest to them to see the modern building, rooms, lay-out, and first-class equipment, all of which were shown to us by the Headmaster himself. This is the largest school of its kind in the South of Scotland. Our annual dinner, on March 14, was the usual happy meeting. It was held in the Waverley Hotel, and 35 members and friends attended. Films, taken on foreign holidays, were shown by our local Recruiter, Sgt. Mather, and very much enjoyed. Again we were lucky to get sunshine when we left for our annual summer outing on May 27; we had a lovely bus run to Prestwick, where we had a sumptuous tea in the Airport Hotel, and were shown over the Aerodrome Reception Station. A few of us attended the Princess Royal's Day celebrations at Dreghorn Camp, and half the Branch members were at the Scottish reunion in Leith Town Hall, on May 26.

EDINBURGH. We were very glad to meet old friends at the Scottish Reunion in Leith Town Hall, on May 26, and to make many new friends. At our April meeting we had a visit from a representative of the Institution for War-blinded Men at Linburn, who showed us a very interesting film of the work done by these men, and then we purchased some of the articles made by them. In May we had a lecture by a Corps Instructor from Civil Defence Headquarters on "Fall Out and You." On a beautiful, warm evening in June a group of us sallied forth on a bus outing to Linlithgow, then strolled through the grounds of the Palace, and had a very enjoyable supper in a local tea-room. As an experiment, in July we propose running a small "Bingo" session, but not for financial gain!

GLASGOW. During April, we had a "Lucky Dip" Night. This was good fun, as each member went away with a small gift. May was a busy month, first of all we entertained the Ayr Branch. We had a meal in the Club, went to the theatre, and back to the Club afterwards to continue our gossip. Next we had our A.G.M. and, lastly, a

party of 31 of us went to Leith for the reunion. In June, some of us visited "Bystone" Busby to see the garden. It was a beautiful day, and those who went enjoyed it thoroughly.

HARTLEPOOLS. The attendances at our April and May meetings were not very good, but those who did come enjoyed the usual chin-wag and tea. At the April Meeting the raffle was given by Miss Inkson and was won by Miss Denham, and at the May meeting it was given by Mrs. White and won by Mrs. Jewell. In June we were delighted to welcome back Miss McRobert, who showed us coloured slides of her holiday in Malaya, which were most interesting and enjoyed by all. Also at this meeting we were pleased to see Mrs. Shelsher, who had been prevented from attending for some time owing to a serious motor accident resulting in the passing away of her brother-in-law, in London. We extend our sympathies to her husband and herself. At the June meeting the raffle was given by Mrs. Russell and won by Mrs. Shelsher. We do hope that Mrs. Sawhill has a good holiday; we were all very sorry indeed to know that she had another three weeks in hospital. We wish her much better health in the future. We are eagerly awaiting news of a new arrival in the White family. We are also very sorry that Miss McCarthy is being kept away from our meetings through the indisposition of her mother—we will be pleased to see her again soon. We also hope to see Mrs. Shipley once more at our meetings. We offer our condolences to Miss McRobert and her brother on the death of her sister-in-law. We hope our chapter of incidents is over and that our members have happy holidays.

LIVERPOOL. We started our 1962 programme by holding a Record Evening in January. Although there were not many members present we had an enjoyable meeting. In February we had our annual general meeting at which members were pleased to note the increased activity of the Branch during 1961. This year we were able to arrange for a representative from the Branch to attend the Branch Secretaries' Meeting and the Annual General Meeting in London. Since her return Mrs. Hepworth has been able to give us a very interesting report on what took place. We continued our programme with a domino drive in March and in April we had a Dutch Auction. As this meeting was just prior to Easter we also had an Easter Bonnet Parade, which proved to be both successful and entertaining. Eight creations were paraded for our criticism and judgment. On Easter Saturday four members visited the small local orphanage to which we have given chocolate eggs for three years. We were shown all around the orphanage and had the pleasure of seeing the children getting their eggs. At our May meeting we had a whist drive which was well attended and enjoyed by all present. Twenty members attended the Western Area Reunion in Chester on May 19. This included three members who cannot normally get to our meetings, and their attendance at the reunion was possible because of the transport arrangements very kindly organised by Miss Learthmouth. We all enjoyed the reunion very much and thought it one of the most successful we have

had in the Western Area. At our last meeting of the season in June we had "Twenty Questions" and a quiz session.

NORFOLK. News has at last been received of Molly Howes—unfortunately, she has been in hospital in Nairobi for some time, following the tragic death of her friend, Ila. Molly expects to sail for England in February 1963 and stay here. Will members please note that meetings are still being held at **11 Thorpe Road, Norwich**. One will be held in a mid-month in Sheringham, when members have decided on a convenient date.

PRESTON. Four members of the Branch went to the Western Area Reunion at Chester in May. All had an enjoyable afternoon at a very well organised reunion. Lt.-Col. J. Fisher introduced Lt.-Col. M. S. F. Millington, who gave a very enlightening account of the running of the Association and the Benevolent Funds. Our Branch was pleased to have sold two of the winning tickets in the Grand Draw. It is with deep regret that the Branch is losing two of its members: Miss Dagnall, M.B.E., and Miss G. Moran, who, owing to ill health, are leaving this district to reside at Rhosybol, Anglesey. Miss Moran was one of the first members of the Preston Branch when it was formed in 1947, and was our first chairman. We all wish them both long to live and a happy retirement, and may they both be restored to good health. We shall miss them very much.

WEYMOUTH AND PORTLAND. At the beginning of June we adjourned for the summer after having enjoyed a most active winter season. The varied programme included travel talks, film shows and talks of a domestic nature. A small donation has been sent to the A.T.S. Benevolent Fund and to Southern Area Headquarters towards the Chapel porch at Guildford. An afternoon outing to the well-known Max Factor Factory at Bournemouth proved most informative and was greatly enjoyed by members and friends. An evening coach tour of the beautiful "Hardy Country," which included a supper, brought this year's winter programme to a successful close.

WIMBLEDON. Instead of our usual monthly meeting we began the New Year with a visit to Princes Theatre to see "Salad Days," which was thoroughly enjoyed by all who joined the party. In February a representative from Ribena came to tell us all about their products, complete with samples and an instructive film, which provided a very interesting evening. In March we held our annual bring and buy, which, as usual, was a great success, both financially and socially, and we made a profit of £5 5s. to swell the funds. In April we were delighted by another visit from Miss H. Ennis when she kindly gave us a most interesting display of transparencies with running commentary on her visit to Oberammergau. It was indeed good of Miss Ennis to give up another evening to entertain us in such an interesting way. In May we had the old favourite—a beetle drive—at which there were not quite so many as usual, nevertheless the accustomed hilarity prevailed. We had a "get-together" in June and have now closed down for the holidays.

A Holiday with a Floating School

S/SGT. O. E. JONES, W.R.A.C.

WISHING to experiment with 15 days' leave, and trying to find out how far I could get within reasonable financial limits, I saw an advertisement in a Sunday newspaper that the British India Steam Navigation Co. Ltd. was running educational cruises throughout the year in the old troopship *Dunera*. These were being run specifically for parties of schoolchildren and their leaders, but there were spare cabins which were available to the public. There were only two classes of travel on board, the dormitory class for children and the cabin class for their leaders and other adult passengers. The project was still in its infancy and trips were being arranged at approximately monthly intervals to the Scandinavian countries, Madeira, Gibraltar, Lisbon, Teneriffe and Malta, but the one that caught my fancy was visiting Greece and was due to depart from London on February 4. I promptly wrote for a booking, and obtained a single-berth cabin for a very moderate sum. Having completed the formalities, I had only to wait, not without some excitement, until my time of departure.

February 4 at last arrived, and I met the party which had gathered outside No. 8 Platform at Victoria Station. There was an air of excitement, particularly amongst the children, who had arrived laden with stacks of food and comics and who were indeed, among themselves, a travelling tuckshop. At this point we gave our heavy luggage over to the authorities, and were informed that we would find it again in our cabins. The journey on our special train to the port of embarkation at Genoa was fairly uneventful. It did give us an opportunity of meeting our fellow passengers and of seeing fleeting glimpses of Switzerland and Italy. France was passed through during the hours of darkness. Great fun was experienced as, due to the fact that there was no dining car, all food came on board picnic-fashion, and the various officials were hailed with delight as they broke the tedium of the journey. At about 4 p.m. on Monday afternoon we pulled in at Genoa, and waited patiently for almost an hour until given permission to detrain, then we went through the Customs and quickly found ourselves at the foot of the gang plank of the *Dunera*.

After 28 hours in a train, we appreciated our welcome on board. The staff were waiting for us as we made our way to the cabins. They were eager and excited to be off, as for many this was their first voyage. Life on board was very pleasant. For the children it was a floating boarding school, for not only were the various head teachers and leaders with the parties, *Dunera* had her own Director of Studies, who, with his assistants, organised a programme for the children, which became highly popular even with those passengers who had left schooldays very far behind. The close confines of the ship soon made it possible to get to know one another, and we were fortunate

to have amongst us a clergyman who not only became the ship's padre, but was a very learned man and a Greek scholar, together with Rex Warner, poet and writer of the *Sunday Times*. While afloat we would start the day by prayers with the children in the Assembly Hall, followed by a lecture or a film on the places we were to visit. The rest of the time, most of us spent on the open deck in the glorious sunshine, which, although chilly at times, was very much like an English May.

As we sailed south we could see the coastline of Italy on our portside, and it was with an air of excitement that we awoke on Wednesday morning to find Captain Rogers had greeted our day with a very close look at the volcano Stromboli. It was indeed an enthralling sight; we were so close that one could easily pick out the buildings of the little village that actually lay at the foot of the volcano. What faith those villagers must have to live under that fearful rock which is forever smoking and often has flames pouring out! It was at this point that the "*Dunera News*" made its first appearance. This was a daily typed paper that sparkled with items of interest, and was run entirely by the children and one which no cabin-class passenger worthy of the name failed to buy. "*Stromboli*" had made its impact on the dormitory class, and a very good sketch of it appeared later in the day. (When one remembers that all sketches had to be done on a wax, this was no mean effort).

Lunchtime saw us approaching the Strait of Messina, and again Captain Rogers slowed down and all on board swarmed the decks with cameras taking snaps of Mt. Etna and the little town of Messina and the villages at the foot of Italy. Truly, a magnificent sight. One domestic issue amazed us: an overhead cable ran from the mainland of Italy over to Sicily and the *Dunera's* masthead passed underneath clearing it by about 100 ft. We arrived at Itea in the Gulf of Corinth about 5 p.m. on Thursday. Several of us decided to go ashore during the evening. Itea itself was a very small village, but it did contain a few shops, ready and waiting to serve us although we did not land until after dinner. We visited a little restaurant or wine-shop where we sampled the wine known to the uninitiated as "violin-strings" for its strong resinous flavour; later we tried the famous ouzo, which closely resembled cough-mixture!

On Friday morning we again disembarked for a trip to the ruins of Delphi. Great amusement was caused when we were lowered into the water from the boat deck and told to pull for the shore. With howls of laughter, and to the strains of the "*Volga Boatman*" we found our way to land and climbed into the fleet of buses which awaited us. At this point we met the two charming Greek girls who were to be our guides; they had flown in from Athens that morning, and we were taking them back there with us. For 40 minutes we drove uphill to Delphi, and, from our two guides, learnt a few of the mythical tales of these ruins of a bygone age. Here was the Temple of Apollo with the famous Oracle, the Treasury of Athens, the wonderful theatre and stadium, and, amongst it all, I saw giant eagles flying up aloft, gleaming golden

in the glorious sunlight. We rounded off our visit with a tour of the museum. Here, one statue particularly interested me. It had only been discovered since the end of the war, and was that of an ancient Greek charioteer, with the reins of his chariot still in his hand. It was an amazing piece of art, so wonderfully marked with its piercing eyes and so very, very old. The gown fell in exquisite folds and the hands and feet were beautifully formed. The museum itself was extremely modern in style, and differed somewhat markedly from its neighbouring ruins.

Friday night saw us afloat again; this time we headed south for Crete, where we arrived early on Sunday. It was a glorious morning, and in small groups we stepped ashore. Four of us visited a Greek Orthodox Church, after which we explored the town and found a nice little open-air restaurant for our morning "elevenses." My impressions of Crete were of its very Eastern appearance. During the afternoon, we went to the excavations of the Palace of Knossos, that much discussed discovery of Sir Arthur Evans. One had the impression that a lot of reconstruction had taken place. Very awe inspiring, these three palaces which were built one on top of the other, being over 2,000 years old. I cannot leave this part of my story without some comment on the Cretan taxi-driver that drove me. It seemed that his theory was that all that was necessary to keep going was that you put your foot firmly on the accelerator and your hand on the horn and the road should clear automatically!

From Crete we sailed for Athens, arriving at the harbour of Piraeus there at midday on Monday. Several of us went ashore during the afternoon and evening for a walk round the town, the centre of which was reached by an underground railway not unlike our own in London. Athens itself is a vast city, where fine buildings and extreme poverty live side by side. There are many markets where oranges, lemons and olives are sold very cheaply, for they are all locally grown. Edible octopus is another delicacy which is sold and eaten in large quantities out here. Once again, all very Eastern was my impression. The following day we paid a visit to the famous Acropolis; it was a glorious morning. At the same time as our visit, Yuri Gagarin was also looking round, and I was able to take a very close photo of him. The Acropolis was a wonderful example of Greek beauty and sculpture and these of all the ruins were the most wonderful and awe inspiring I have ever seen. Here were the remains of an extremely ornate temple standing high above the city. The six maidens or Caryatids supporting the magnificent slab of rock were beautiful. We were reminded that Lord Elgin had removed one of them and brought it to London, its place being taken by a fake. We returned to the ship by way of the famous Agora or market place with the museum in the background and the Royal Palace with the famous Evzones in national costume on guard outside. I felt like an American outside Buckingham Palace. I photographed one of these quite closely, and although he was not allowed to move his face, his

eyes betrayed the fact that he was as interested in us as we were in him.

We sailed that evening for Corfu, and as we slid out of the harbour, the sea did not seem as calm as usual. By 3 a.m. the following morning our fears were realised, as portholes were battened down and the wind had whipped up into a gale which reached a height of Force 9 by 11 p.m. that evening. Many passengers could easily have written this day off, but it had its funny side. The "Dunera News" issued one sheet of artist's impressions of the various children lying sprawled in chairs on deck. I was one of the lucky ones who was able to enjoy the truly excellent fare on board, but it was noted that the $\frac{1}{2}$ bottle of Marzine did not re-appear in the "For Sale" column of the "Dunera News"!

Next morning we awoke to find the storm rapidly abating. We were in Corfu at lunchtime and were able to tour the island. A very beautiful lush green one, with its orange, lemon and olive groves, but its buses were the oldest I have ever seen. Here for a change we were confronted with comparatively modern history. We visited the Palace of the Empress Elizabeth of Austria. In an effort to see as much as possible in the short time available after our delay by the storm, we left the buses in the town and walked back to the ship, finding a place for tea *en route*. So poverty-stricken again, and here we felt the very cold wind of winter. Nevertheless, I found Corfu charming, and we were reminded that it was the birthplace of H.R.H. Prince Philip, Duke of Edinburgh.

Back on board we were a day at sea before we sadly packed up and prepared for our departure at Venice for home. We were fortunate, however, in being able to see around and go shopping; some went into the Doge's Palace and St. Mark's Church, but time was short and all too soon we were on the train for London. A truly wonderful holiday that I will remember. I was thrilled to hear this type of holiday is expanding as more troopships become available for conversion to schoolships, and I feel that there may be others who might be as interested in the experience as I was.

BIRTH

CHILD.—On March 24, 1962, to Hilda (*née* Jones) (ex-576 Company R.A.S.C. (M.T.)), wife of Frank Child, a son (David John), a brother for Christina.

Looking Back

(From the *Gazette*, August 1922)

Our London Club.

The news that Miss Ireland has been appointed secretary to the London Club at Buckingham Gate, will be received with universal satisfaction, and we venture to think that the other Services with whom we share the club will be almost as pleased as we are. Miss Ireland is *persona grata* to all Service women, and the appointment is an excellent augury for the success of the club. Miss Ireland still retains the post as secretary to the board of directors of the Helena Residential Clubs Ltd., and will therefore continue to be directly interested in the Southsea, St. Leonards and Lancaster Gate Clubs.

Schools Liaison

PTE. M. T. AISAKE

DURING my first 10 days' privilege leave since I joined the Women's Royal Army Corps, I believed that those days were the highlights of my initial stay in the United Kingdom.

There is a strong liaison between the John Hunt County Primary School in Newark and the Ballantine Memorial School that I attended in Fiji in 1956. Both schools correspond with each other, exchange tape recordings of their school work, other interests and the wonderful gifts of Fiji souvenir such as sea-shells, grass-skirts, garlands, Fiji Police, toy outrigger, whales tooth, mat, etc., could be the centre of attraction. Certainly, to meet two pupil of the B.M. School would be most wonderful.

Before we left for England, the Headmistress of the B.M. School handed me a letter introducing another old scholar, who joined up at the same time, and I to the John Hunt County Primary School. Regarding strangers in such an enormous country like U.K. I kept quiet about this, because I was afraid to search for this school, lest I got lost. I know from the start that I had to undergo initial training before I settled down in a Unit. According to Regulations I would be granted 10 days' leave after five weeks' general training in the W.R.A.C. Depot in Lingfield and a six-weeks' trade-training in the 6th Training Battalion in Yeovil. When our leave drew near, my partner and I suggested that we contact the school and let them know of our visit while on leave, so the letter was posted at last. Guess the reply—"We have been tracing you two after we learned from Miss Mills of the B.M. School that you have joined the Regular Army and would pay us a visit one day." We were told that everything was planned for the whole of the 10 days and they expected our arrival.

After a long ride on the train, we arrived in Newark late in the afternoon. School was over on that Friday but the staff and most of the children waited to meet us on arrival. "The Fiji girls!! The Fiji girls!!" shouted the children. It was nice to meet the people who longed to see us for ages. According to the programme, we spent the week-end with one of the staff, but plans were made for us to stay in a hotel during the week for the simple reason of having a quiet place on our own without much disturbance. We spent each evening in turn with the members of the staff. Unfortunately duty would call very soon after 10 days, and time did not admit for us to visit everyone's home and they had to share the evenings together. Those days were terribly cold, but we felt at home sitting in front of a fire every evening.

The programme for the week began with a welcome service held in the School Hall. This occasion was recorded by a representative from the Office of Information of the Education Department in London. We spent each day in school sharing fun together. A room was named the Fijian Room, where all the gifts and books of Fiji were laid on display. In the Fijian Room we met every class in

turn throughout the week, talking to the children referring to the things in front of us. The children asked us very interesting questions. I would say they were very inquisitive to learn anything about the history or geography of Fiji. Each day grew more exciting than the other if you would compare the different questions fired from different classes whenever we gathered together. We spent most of the time talking and we felt as if we were teachers already instead of soldiers. We felt very official when cameramen from several newspapers and reporters from the neighbourhood arrived every day for information of how, why and what questions. Every move we made was pictured and every word we said was recorded, and it was grand to appear on TV but I think that was a great experience. Films were shot while speaking to the children, even eating dinner together with the school was a great success. As far as I know, we weren't in Hollywood, but we were more like actresses that week. I believe that the film that was shot in the school has reached Fiji and the tape recordings as well.

A parents' night was arranged on the Wednesday night and by 7.30 p.m. the School Hall was packed with parents, friends and old scholars of the school. Nothing more nervous than standing in front of a crowd but I did manage to say a few words. The parents of the children were glad to meet us as they had heard a lot about us from their children. A film produced by the B.B.C. of the Queen's visit to Fiji and Tonga in June 1953 was shown. This film was sent from Fiji to the school. We also heard tape recording of the two schools.

Thursday was the next morning and we joined a group of 66 children and few members of the staff on an adventurous and educational trip to the city of York. Movies were taken despite the wet, rainy morning while boarding a bus to start the journey. We were very glad to take such opportunities to visit York and the Castle and Railway Museums were the most attractive places we visited. On the Sunday, we visited places and attended several church services in connection with Rev. John Hunt, whom the school is named after. Rev. John Hunt was one of the first missionaries to the Fiji Group where marvellous missionary work was carried out by him. He belonged to the London Missionary Society. He also translated the Fijian bible, so to give you a fair idea, there is a very wide explanation to the relationship between these two schools. I felt that both sides benefited quite a lot during that week.

Throughout the week, the school talked of nothing but Fiji. Everyone in Newark felt that they were in Fiji, when we spoke of nothing but the Fiji Islands. I, too, felt home-sick after speaking so often of Fiji. It was not very easy to say good-bye to people but we hope to visit the school again one day. What made me join the Army? To see the world. I owe a lot to the Army as I begin to see the world. What, experience more? Yes, I gained a lot and I think those 10 days were great days of experience in Newark. I can say that not only to me but the Army is doing quite a lot to a majority who is interested.

Obituary

MISS M. E. CARTER, M.B.E.

LIVERPOOL Branch regret to announce the death of Miss M. E. Carter on May 22, aged 80 years. She served as a forewoman with the Q.M.A.A.C. in Havre in the First World War and later as a Sergeant in the A.T.S. from 1939-45, when she was awarded a Certificate of Meritorious Service by the G.O.C.-in-C. Eastern Command. In spite of poor health and failing sight she was a loyal supporter of the Association and took a great interest in all branch activities.

MISS F. M. CLEMENT

LONDON Branch regret to announce the death of Miss F. M. Clement, who served with the Q.M.A.A.C. and was one of their original life members.

MISS F. E. LEVER

BOURNEMOUTH announce with regret the death of Miss F. E. Lever. She joined the Q.M.A.A.C. in 1917 and served for a time at Sutton Coldfield and Handsworth. She was then posted overseas and was stationed at Abbeville and Wimereux, where she stayed on to clear up after the Armistice. When the O.C.A. started she was instrumental in forming the Bournemouth Branch and became its first secretary, a post she held throughout the Second World War. Up till a few years ago she took part regularly in the Remembrance Day Parade at the Bournemouth War Memorial.

MISS E. SCARBOROUGH

WE regret to announce the death of Miss Elsie Scarborough on May 11 at the age of 50. She was a pre-war A.T.S. volunteer and quickly rose to the rank of W.O.I. Most of her war-time service was as R.S.M. at various training centres, where her smartness on parade, loyalty and interest in the welfare of others will long be remembered by all who knew her. After leaving the service she had an interesting and varied career which included a post in New York and one as welfare officer in the Bahamas. On returning to the U.K. she was warden of three different nurses' homes and then joined the staff of Marks and Spencer, where she worked her way up to the position of manageress. Unfortunately, ill health forced her to give up her latest appointment as County Secretary of the Suffolk Red Cross after only a few months. She has left directions that her body be given to the Institute for Cancer Research.

MISS E. M. TROTTER, C.B.E.

WE regret to announce the death of Miss E. M. Trotter, ex-Q.M.A.A.C., who was the first Chairman of Bournemouth Branch and then its President till 1948.

MISS G. WATKINS

WE report with regret the death of Miss G. Watkins, an overseas officer of the Q.M.A.A.C., which took place in October 1961. She was a Hush W.A.A.C. and served in St. Omer and Paris Plage.

SEQUEL TO "LIFE IN A WORKHOUSE"

I HAVE already recorded, in *The Lioness*, of May 1957, how I joined the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps, later known as the Q.M.A.A.C., in 1917, with the intention of serving in France, and, instead, was drafted to the Workhouse of Newcastle upon Tyne, which had been taken over by the Northern Command for use as a Depot.

After serving six months' hard labour there, as a forewoman clerk, I put in for a transfer to France, only to be informed that Northern Command hadn't a sufficient number of W.A.A.C.s to transfer any out of the Command, but I eventually succeeded in getting a transfer as far south as possible with the Command.

So, one day in April, 1918, I arrived at Harrowby Camp, near Grantham. This was an ideal camp, so beautifully situated that it almost compensated for not going abroad. It was the Headquarters of the Machine Gun Training School to which we were attached. Our lines were well kept. Seeds had been scattered in the spaces between the duckboards and the huts, from which sprang up candy-tuft, which never produced any candy, Iceland poppies, at a time of year when the duckboards were not icebound, forget-me-nots, which have served their purpose as far as I, and, I hope, many others, are concerned, all through the years, and a pervading scent of mignonette. As I write, I can hear the rattle of machine-gun practice competing with the call of the cuckoo, the machine-gun racket being just as much a cuckoo in the best of that peaceful Lincolnshire countryside as was the feathered interloper. One of our officers named it "Arcadia," which just shows what good and happy girls we must have been. That is, unless she had reason to alter her mind on further acquaintance.

It was there I met Forewoman Boyd, the little nurse in charge of the sick bay, which was situated right opposite the Orderly Room, where I sat in state all day. She immediately dubbed me "that Leech child," which I found rather deflating. Wasn't I also a sergeant, with a badge on my sleeve, the only difference being that, while hers was very neatly sewn on, mine was well puckered, and she wasn't all that my senior in years or service either. So I dubbed her "that earwig in hobnail boots," which was exactly what the frail little figure looked like to me as she flitted in and out and along the duck boards in the clod-hoppers with which we were issued, in our day. Frail, or not so frail, she still writes to me from Auckland, N.Z., and reminds me of the "Leech child" who used to come over to her cubicle to write letters, but never put pen to paper (I am making up for that now) and who couldn't get into a bath without a chunk of toffee in her mouth. I had to do something to take the chilly atmosphere off my mind.

C. R. LEECH, Q.M.A.A.C., 1917-1919.

WHERE CAN WE GO?

Craigston House, Knaphill, Nr. Woking, Surrey, is a holiday and rest centre run by the Forces Help Society for serving and ex-Service women. The nearest station is Brookwood on the Southern Region. Charges are very moderate, every case is considered on its merits, and the means of the individual taken into account when assessing the rate to be paid. Serving women are usually asked to contribute one quarter of each day's pay for their board and lodging. Applications should be sent to:

The Forces Help Society, 122 Brompton Road, London, S.W.3.

In addition to its Residential Home for men, the British Legion runs several convalescent homes for ex-Service men and women who need two or three weeks' rest before they can return to work or those for whom a fortnight's holiday, which could not otherwise be afforded, will prevent a breakdown in health. No charge is made unless the applicant is in a position to contribute. Applications have to be made to the local Service Committee of the British Legion on Form SC 18, which contains a medical certificate. It is not necessary to be a member of the British Legion, but priority will obviously be given to members of the Legion in allotting accommodation when a Home is full.

Churchill Court, Kippington Road, Sevenoaks, Kent, which was opened in 1946, is primarily intended for men and women who served in the Second World War and provides every means of relaxation.

Somerset Legion House, Claremont Crescent, Weston-super-Mare, is a convalescent centre for ex-Service men and women, and also accepts Legion members and their wives as holiday guests when rooms are available. Enquiries for holiday bookings should be made to the County Secretary, British Legion, 11a Cornhill, Bridgewater, Somerset.

Country members who want to spend a holiday in London can frequently obtain very moderately priced accommodation at the **Union Jack Service Women's Club or Families Club** which adjoin each other and are centrally administered. The facilities include a hairdresser's shop and a nursery where children and babies may be left in care of a nursemaid. Further information can be obtained from:

The Warden, Union Jack Families Club, Exton Street, Waterloo Road, London, S.E.1.

Ex-Service women and their husbands are also eligible to join the **Victory Club, 63/79 Seymour Street, London, W.2**. This is not a hostel but is a well-equipped club which provides bedrooms, meals and other amenities at a very reasonable cost. The subscription is only £1 a year, and there is no entrance fee. Applications for membership should be sent to the secretary.

BRANCH DIRECTORY

List of Branch Secretaries—Amendment

No. 4 Independent Company.—We apologise to W.O.1 G. P. Green for incorrectly showing her rank as W.O.2 in the May issue.

PERSONAL

(For charges and particulars see Contents page)

For Sale. No. 1 Dress jacket, skirt and greatcoat. Hips 39 in., height 5 ft. 7 in. Excellent condition, under a year old. £20 o.n.o. each. No. 1 Dress hat £2 10s. o.n.o.—Box No. 10/62.

For Sale. Officer's green greatcoat, No. 1 Dress, No. 1 Dress hat, size 6½, two B.D. blouses and skirts, shirts green/khaki 7, size 13; khaki Service Dress, height 5 ft. 3½ in., bust 36 in., waist 24 in., hips 37 in. First-class condition, any reasonable offer considered.—Box No. 14/62.

For Sale. Hand-woven bathroom/nursery rugs, approximately 22 in. x 36 in. 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. Hand-woven 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. Officer's No. 1 Dress. Height 5 ft. 8½ in., bust 36 in., waist 28 in., hips 40 in.—Box No. 11/62.

Wanted. Officer's No. 1 Dress uniform. Height 5 ft. 4 in., bust 38 in., waist 28 in.—Box No. 12/62.

Wanted. Officer's No. 1 Dress uniform. Height 5 ft. 7 in., bust 36 in., waist 26 in., hips 38 in.—Box No. 13/62.

Administrative Officer (W.R.A.C.) required by 48 (S.M.) Signal Regiment (T.A.), T.A. Centre, Cateswell House, Stratford Road, Hall Green, Birmingham, 28. Selected candidate will be granted a T.A. commission in the rank of Captain, on consolidated rates of pay, starting salary £775 per annum rising to £845 after six years, and will be required to attend evening and weekend training and annual camp. Upper age limit on appointment 44 years. Tenure of appointment will be for three years in the first instance. Apply in writing to C.O., 48 (S.M.) Signal Regiment (T.A.), at above address. Preference given to applicants with previous administrative experience in the Services.

Double room available, charming guest house. Lounge, television, radiogram, dining-room, telephone, bathrooms each floor, running hot and cold water in rooms. Four guineas each including breakfast daily, dinners at 1.30 Saturday and Sunday, tea in lounge at 4. 43 Lancaster Grove. Three minutes from Swiss Cottage Station. Buses 2, 13, 31, 113, 187. Tel.: HAM 4826, 11 to 1.

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. Tel.: Edinburgh CAL 4952.

ON PARADE! . . . or OFF

be dressed by Bernard Weatherill

Grey flannel suit

which is so much in vogue this season — impeccably tailored but showing the softer line with two vents at front and back of jacket with large self buckle. An outfit which is so adaptable for both Town and Country.



No. 2 Dress Uniform

The uniform shown above is tailored from a specially processed lovat worsted made expressly for Bernard Weatherill, and is available as an alternative to the normal source of supply.



BY APPOINTMENT TO
H.M. QUEEN ELIZABETH II
*Making Clothes Outfitters,
Luxury Tailors*

Bernard Weatherill Ltd



BY APPOINTMENT TO
H.M. QUEEN ELIZABETH
THE QUEEN MOTHER
Luxury Tailors

55 CONDUIT STREET, LONDON W1 and 47 HIGH STREET, ALDERSHOT, HANTS.



**The
outstanding cigarettes
of the day**

