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THE LIONESS

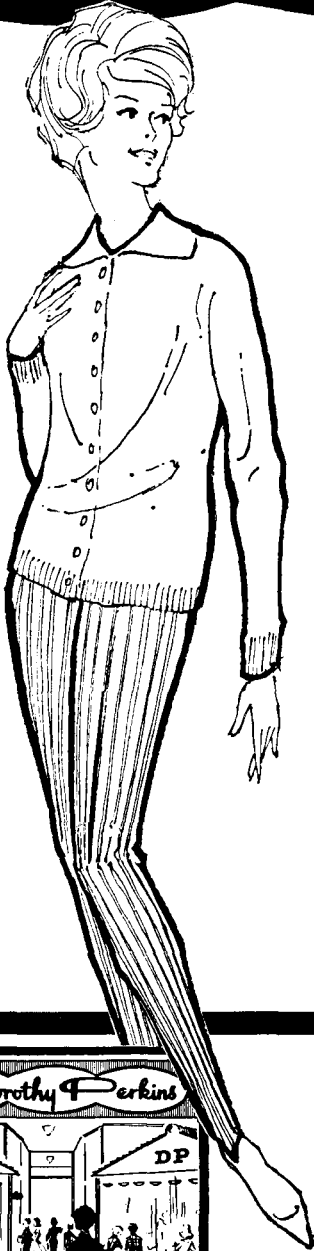
VOL XXXVI

FEBRUARY 1963

No. 1



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WHO'S WHO

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(Contributions and personal column advertisements)

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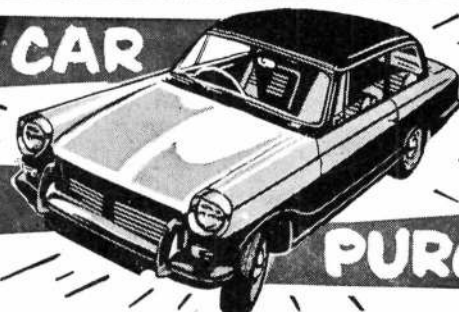
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Personal column: 3 lines 4s. 6d., each additional
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Photo by courtesy of the Edinburgh "Evening Dispatch"

PAST AND PRESENT AT THE USHER HALL, EDINBURGH



THE LIONESS

Vol. XXXVI

February 1963

No. 1

Editorial

A NEW hat or dress is as good as a tonic to any woman, so it may be appropriate that February, for many the dulllest and dreariest month of the year, has been chosen for *THE LIONESS* to put on her new spring outfit. It is exactly 12 years since the last change of cover and *THE LIONESS*, whose account is always in the red, certainly could not have afforded to bring herself up to date had it not been for the generosity of our Advertising Manager, Major E. O. Coven, who very kindly presented the design and blocks. We hope that all our readers will be as pleased with it as we are and that our advertisement revenue will rise to new and dizzy heights as a result.

We have also changed our publishers and are now being printed by The Forces Press in Aldershot. This has given us an opportunity of making a careful revision of the mailing list. Consequently, some members, who have failed to keep up their subscriptions, may find themselves without their usual copy of the journal. The quality of the paper has been improved, and photographs can now be

reproduced without making a block and without any extra charge. In future we will be pleased to publish illustrations to your articles, photographs of Branch outings and Unit activities. Please send a clear print of the right size, maximum 8 in. × 6 in., but preferably 6 in. × 4 in. or column width of 3 in. × 2 in.

LATER this year we will be looking back to the formation of the A.T.S. in September 1938, during the anxious days of the Munich crisis. We would particularly welcome photographs and articles so that we can make the November number an A.T.S. special edition. Spring clean your memories, blow the dust off your scrap books, sharpen your pencils and send us your contributions now.

Our good friend, the British Legion, is looking into the possibility of starting a Home for elderly ex-Service women. Members of the W.R.A.C. Association, who also belong to the British Legion, could help to further this idea through their own Branch of the Legion.

Festival of Remembrance—Edinburgh

THIS year, the three Women's Services were asked to put on the 20-minute main feature in the British Legion Festival of Remembrance on 11th November, 1962. Women from the W.R.N.S. Reserve at H.M.S. Claverhouse, W.R.A.C. Units in Edinburgh, both Regular and T.A., and the W.R.A.F. from Leuchars were asked to volunteer. Having got the volunteers, what would one do with them?

Brigadier J. S. Sanderson, D.S.O., O.B.E., was approached, and very kindly agreed to write the script, to produce the show and do the commentary, and it was decided to have a pageant depicting the three Services from the time of 1907. No one would be required to speak, and each Service would be spotlighted for a few minutes while they carried out short episodes in their histories. The next problem was to get the uniforms, and the W.R.A.C. are very indebted to the F.A.N.Y. Club for their help—the smart 1907 model quite stole the show—to the W.R.A.C. Museum for the selection they sent us, and also to the A.P.M., 140 Provost Company, W.R.A.C., and 17 Independent Company for the E.A.G. uniform. Great fun was had by all on the night we fitted the uniforms to the bodies.

The day of the first rehearsal arrived and we stood on the stage of the Usher Hall facing a sea of empty chairs. The Brigadier with "tattoo-like precision"—he is Assistant Producer—explained how the show would run, how each group would be spotlighted, he hoped, as that day the lights certainly did not work as required, but, as the old adage goes, it will be all right on the night, and certainly it was.

The stage was in darkness as the Brigadier began his commentary, then the spotlight lit up a girl from each of the Services. The show was on. Meantime, our valiant scene shifters had laid a patient on a stretcher and the spot turned to the F.A.N.Y. tending the wounded. As the Commentator said the words "they took to ambulance driving" she picked up one end of the stretcher and pulled it and the patient off stage. The light turned to the W.R.N.S. doing a W.T. scene on Brighton Pier in 1917, then to the middle of the stage where the W.R.A.F. were repairing a rudder of a Sopwith Camel. They also had a beautiful model of the plane. The light swung again, and there were the W.A.A.C. cooking in France.

The years were jumped to the Second World War, and the W.A.A.F. moved over to a plotting

scene during the Battle of Britain. The A.T.S. were then shown on an Ack Ack site and the W.R.N.S. in oilskins being briefed before going out to meet a convoy. Time was running short as we came on to present-day jobs. The W.R.N.S. blew up rubber dinghies which let off a terrific whistle, an Experimental Assistant (Gunnery) was shown recording shell bursts and a W.R.A.F. girl was packing a parachute. The scene shifters were able to relax, having carried all the props on and off stage in the blackout, and that without a sound.

All the performers lined up and to rousing music of their own marches, played by the 8/9 Battalion The Royal Scots T.A. Band, they marched on for the finale.

The commentary opened with the words:

"Today we remember the three Services, the Navy, the Army and the Air Force, and in particular those who gave their lives for their country as members of Her Majesty's Forces. Perhaps we sometimes forget that a proportion of these Services is made up of the women of the British Commonwealth, many of whom during the war years also lost their lives." We hope that we in the W.R.A.C. today helped to do our part in paying tribute by recalling memories of our predecessors.

Association News

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

THE Annual General Meeting will be held at the Duke of York's Headquarters on Saturday, 16th March, 1963, at 3 o'clock.

AGENDA

- 1 To confirm the Minutes of the Annual General Meeting held on Saturday, 17th March, 1962 (circulated in the May issue of THE LIONESS).
- 2 Business arising from the Minutes.
- 3 Election of Officers.
- 4 To receive the Report of Council.
- 5 To receive the Report of the Hon. Treasurer.
- 6 To receive the Report of the Editor of THE LIONESS.
- 7 To receive Reports of Committees.
- 8 Resolutions:
 - (a) That the Deputy Controller Commandant, W.R.A.C., be appointed Vice-President of the Association. (Council)
 - (b) That four Life Vice-Presidents may also be elected in addition to the four Council Vice-Presidents elected annually and that the power to elect an Honorary President and Honorary Vice-Presidents be rescinded. (Council)
 - (c) That immediate steps be taken to provide a Rest and Holiday Home for members of the Association. (London Branch)
 - (d) That a plaque be erected in St. Paul's Cathedral to commemorate the Q.M.A.A.C., A.T.S. and W.R.A.C. (Bournemouth Branch)

- (e) That, in view of the improved financial position of the Association since the formation of the Corps Headquarters, consideration should be given to either, discontinuing the biennial draw or running it in aid of the W.R.A.C. Benevolent Fund. (Liverpool Branch)

9 Any other Business.

10 Date of next Meeting.

The Balance Sheet of the Association Accounts, together with those of the W.R.A.C. Benevolent Fund, may be seen at any time in the W.R.A.C. Corps Headquarters Office, and will be available at the Annual General Meeting.

GRAND REUNION AT DERRY AND TOMS

Kensington High Street, W.8.

Saturday, 16th March, 1963

from 7 to 10.30 p.m. (doors open 6.30)

Tickets 10s., including refreshments. Applications to Secretary, W.R.A.C. Association, Duke of York's Headquarters, London, S.W.3, enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

Q.M.A.A.C. REUNION

The Q.M.A.A.C. Reunion will be held in the Officers' Mess of H.Q. Club, Duke of York's Headquarters, Chelsea, S.W.3, on Friday, 15th March, 1963, from 7 p.m. to 10 p.m. Tickets 4s., including refreshments. Applications to Secretary, W.R.A.C. Association, Duke of York's Headquarters, London, S.W.3, accompanied by stamped, addressed envelope.

SECRETARIES' MEETING

Members of Council look forward to meeting all Secretaries attending the Secretaries' Meeting at 11.30 a.m. on Saturday, 16th March. Lunch will be at 1 o'clock. Please notify the General Secretary by 1st March, if you are able to come.

SERVICE IN THE CHAPEL OF THE ROYAL HOSPITAL

By kind invitation of the Governor, members of the Association may attend the Morning Service at 11 a.m. in the Chapel of the Royal Hospital on Sunday, 17th March. As seats are limited to 100, admission will be by ticket only. These can be obtained from the General Secretary, and will be dealt with in strict rotation. Stamped, addressed envelopes, please.

W.R.A.C. MUSEUM

DAME Helen Gwynne-Vaughan has very kindly presented her A.T.S. uniform, and a most interesting collection of documents connected with both world wars, to the Museum.

We are trying to get together badges of rank worn by women officers since 1917. We would very much appreciate the gift of a fleur-de-lis (Deputy Controller, Q.M.A.A.C.) to complete the set. This collection will form part of an exhibit to be presented to the Army Museum.

Branch News

BATH. The Hallowe'en Fair held early in November was most successful and thanks are due to all those members who put in such a lot of hard work and help to ensure its success. A most enjoyable film show on past outings of the Branch was held at the home of Mrs. Bunyar early in December, and members and friends also had a very happy evening at the Christmas Dinner, which was held at the Fernley Hotel, Bath, on 12th December. Christmas cards and gifts have been sent to various people outside the Branch who have helped during the year, and we look forward to another year of social activities in 1963.

BOURNEMOUTH. After a break during the holiday period, the Branch met at Lindy's Restaurant for supper in September, a Beetle Drive in October, and members who took part in the ex-Service Associations' Parade at Bournemouth War Memorial on Remembrance Day, had coffee together afterwards. At the Annual General Meeting in November, Miss A. M. Weightman was elected Secretary in place of Miss J. Lunniss, who is unable to carry on because of home ties. Mrs. D. Palmer takes over again as Branch Treasurer. Miss M. Carr and Miss D. Wicks resigned from the Committee, and the following were elected: Miss L. Barber, Miss F. Bond, Miss F. Bull, and Mrs. F. Aspinall, who was also chosen as Branch Representative on the Southern Area Committee. The Branch meets on the last Wednesday of each month. Q.M.A.A.C. members have a coffee morning on the second Tuesday of each month at Mrs. Rumbold's Flat (No. 3), 1 Cavendish Road, Bournemouth.

BRISTOL. The October meeting was a Whist Drive, organised, as usual, by Mrs. Skidmore. Our Annual Supper, held, as last year, at the 49 Steps Café, took place on 1st November and was very well attended. We had hoped to have Mrs. Lumsden as our Guest of Honour but, unfortunately, she was unable to accept our invitation, and a letter of apology from her was read by the Secretary. At the British Legion Festival of Remembrance, Colston Hall, 10th November, Mrs. Budd carried our Standard. Mrs. Dunstan and Miss Hayward took part in the ceremony. Mesdames Rawlings and Young helped by selling programmes at the doors. On Sunday, 11th November, Mrs. Budd again carried our Standard at the Cenotaph service, and Mrs. Dunstan laid the W.R.A.C. Association wreath. Two of our members, Misses Lloyd and Rogers, marched with the ex-Service contingent in the London Cenotaph ceremony.

GLASGOW. Owing to the holiday season, the Branch had no meetings in July and August, but at the beginning of September, our members visited the Ayr Branch. In October we had a talk on "Handicap Trefoil Guild", and our annual children's Hallowe'en Party. Both these functions were enjoyed by all who attended them. At the end of November we had our Annual Dinner in the Grosvenor Restaurant, at which our chief speaker was Lady McCance. At this function we also had a talk by Major Green, the Youth Liaison Officer for Scottish Command. About 40 members of the

Branch attended, and the Dinner was a great success. In December, we had a Whist Drive in the Club, and this was also enjoyed by everybody there. One of our members was on holiday in Bristol, and contacted the Secretary and Chairman of that Branch. She had a most enjoyable evening exchanging ideas. Thanks, Bristol, for your hospitality.

HARTLEPOOLS. We had a well-attended meeting in October, when we were delighted to see Mrs. Sawkill back after her spell in hospital. The raffle was won by Mrs. S. Shelsher and given by Mrs. B. Hughes. The Annual Meeting was held in November, the usual business being discussed. The Officers were all re-elected. The monthly raffle was given by Miss K. Hogg and won by Miss M. Sivewright. We held a grand Dinner at the Seaton Hotel, Seaton Carew, in December and we were delighted to welcome Mrs. I. Brooks to the Dinner after such a long absence. It was a pity that the event was missed by some members through illness. The raffle was given by Mrs. Shelsher and won by Miss Hughes. Miss Sivewright, our President, presented Mrs. White with the usual silver spoon for her baby son.

HEADQUARTERS AREA. Our Chairman, Dame Regina Evans, invites as many members of Headquarters Branch as may be attending the Reunion on Saturday, 16th March, 1963, to a buffet lunch at the Service Women's Club. Rendezvous between 12.30 and 1 p.m. Will those intending to accept this invitation please inform the Secretary, Colonel M. D. Morgan, 2 Myrtle Cottage, Netherbury, Bridport (Dorset), by 28th February. We are sad to have to report the death of one of our life members, the Viscountess de L'Isle and Dudley. Newcomers to the Branch lists are Miss Nancie Margaret Wilkinson, of Wooler, Northumberland, Mrs. Elsie Mary Fisher, of Wallington, Surrey, and Mrs. Nora Mary Lycett-Gregson, of Hereford.

IPSWICH. Once again our members have nominated 12 old ladies, living alone in or near Ipswich, as deserving our Christmas gifts of groceries and sweets. Special thanks are due to our Treasurer, Miss Robertson, for assembling the groceries, etc., and for transporting parcels to so many of the recipients. It was specially gratifying to find that one was an ex-Q.M.A.A.C. In 1963 we hope to do something to mark the 25th anniversary of the A.T.S. Our members are widely scattered, but I think we shall be able to make a special effort this year.

LIVERPOOL. We started after the summer break with our September meeting. The first part of the evening was devoted to discussing our programme for the next few months, after which the rest of the time was left free to give members an opportunity to talk about their holidays and look at snaps. In October we had a very interesting demonstration of domestic equipment. On Sunday, 11th November, several members attended the Remembrance Service at the Liverpool Cenotaph, and the Branch Wreath was laid by our Chairman, Mrs. A. Lappin, accompanied by Mrs. J. Steel. In November, for the first time, we were pleased to welcome members of the Western Area Commit-

tee to Liverpool for their Annual Meeting. Also in November we held our Annual Bring-and-Buy Sale, upon which we rely for the greater part of our Branch income. We were disappointed that the attendance was not as good as last year but, in spite of this, the addition made to Branch Funds was very good. Our thanks must go to our regular helpers and attenders at the Sale. We ended our 1962 programme with a Christmas Supper in December and now look forward to a successful 1963 with good attendance at meetings.

LONDON. Members have continued to meet twice a month, with the exception of 6th December, when the Annual General Meeting was cancelled because of the very bad fog. It is hoped to hold the Annual General Meeting on 3rd January. The Christmas Party was successful, but unfortunately, probably because of the bad weather, the attendance was not so good as in previous years. Miss Honor Bright entertained us during the evening, and her performance was enjoyed by everyone. We shall have the pleasure of seeing her again early in 1963. Forty-three members and one guest sat down to dinner at Arding & Hobbs on 27th October and, once again, this proved a success. The guest, although not a celebrity, entertained us with a lively description of her period of service as a Chaplain's Assistant. It was a pleasure to have our President with us again for the evening. Next year's programme has been compiled and, we think, we have got something to suit all tastes.

NORFOLK. Branch meetings have not been so well attended recently. As members get older, they dislike turning out in the bad weather. Future monthly meetings must be discussed in the near future. We may need other arrangements, and would like some younger members to take an active part. The New Year's Party and Raffle will be over when this goes to print, but tickets are selling fairly well to date. Mrs. Murton thanks the Branch for her LIONESS, and also for her New Year's gift, which enabled her and her aged husband to have a little extra for Christmas. This year (1963) should bring Molly Howes, Kenya, back to England, and Mrs. Liley from Addis Ababa, Ethiopia. The Branch was remembered by its President, Dame Frances Coulshed, on her return from Italy.

PRESTON. The Branch held their General Meeting in November. We are pleased to be able to give to the usual Charities as well as £5 to the W.R.A.C. Benevolent Fund. Our Annual Dinner was held at the Masonic Hall, in conjunction with the Council of Ex-Service Men's and Women's Organisations; 14 members were present. Mrs. Bucklee and Mrs. Heaton sold poppies and raised over £17 for the Haig Fund. Members also sold poppies at the North End Football Ground and collected £24 19s. 2d., helping towards Preston's increase of over £200 in collections this year. We have a full programme planned for 1963, and several of our members hope to be at the Reunions on 15th/16th March, 1963.

WIMBLEDON. We started our winter session in September with a very interesting talk, kindly given by the Matron of the Nelson Hospital

(one of our local hospitals) on her work, and in particular a visit she had paid to Scandinavia to study methods there. We had a very good attendance and an informative and enjoyable meeting. In October we held our Annual Dinner at the Spread Eagle Hotel, Epsom, which was, once again, a great success. Twenty-four members and friends were present and everyone seemed to enjoy themselves. Also in October, we were invited to pay a visit to 12 Bn. W.R.A.C., Richmond Park, where 12 of us spent a very happy and nostalgic Saturday afternoon being entertained to tea in the Sergeants' Mess, after a tour of the W.R.A.C. quarters. Our hosts were kindness itself and we very much appreciated their generous hospitality. It really was an afternoon we shall long remember. On 16th November we held our Annual General Meeting and, after the business was over, we had a most enjoyable session, when Dame Mary Railton very kindly showed us colour transparencies of her holiday she spent in Norway in 1961.

Unit News

12 BATTALION

OUR move from Richmond Park, although not immediate, does seem to be nearer now, for on 31st October, H.R.H. The Princess Royal laid the foundation stone for the new Inglis Barracks at Mill Hill. 12 Battalion will share the barracks with the Home Postal Depot, with whom, as Her Royal Highness pointed out in her address, the Battalion has long been associated. The Christmas season for the Battalion started on 15th December with the All Ranks' Christmas Dinner and Dance. Everyone appeared to have a most enjoyable evening, and among the many people who worked hard to ensure its success, "Q" Verrall and Sgt. Savage are particularly to be congratulated on the excellence of the dinner. We held our Carol Service on Sunday, 16th December. The singing was led by the Battalion Choir under our Choirmaster, Mr. Wesley K. Dennison of Richmond, and by the W.R.A.C. Staff Band. We were glad to have so many of our friends with us on this occasion. On the Sunday afternoon, the Corporals' Club entertained 20 boys from the local Dr. Barnardo's Home. This party, which is now traditional, was obviously enjoyed by the guests and by the Corporals.

News of Old Comrades

Dame Helen Gwynne-Vaughan will take the good wishes of her many friends with her when she moves to her new home at Sussexdown, Worthing Road, Storrington, soon after the Reunion weekend in March. In spite of the distance, we hope that we will not be entirely deprived of her wise counsel in the conduct of the affairs of the Association.



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Mrs. I. B. Waddell (ex-A.T.S.) writes that her husband, who served in the H.L.I. and the Nigeria Regiment, her daughter, who was a W.R.N.S. radio mechanic, and she are all members of the same branch of the British Legion, and wonders whether this is a record.

The Bandsmen and Drummers Branch of the Regimental Association of the Middlesex Regiment (D.C.O.) would welcome W.R.A.C. Bandswomen at their quarterly meetings in the All Ranks' Club, 47th Signal Regiment, Chelsea. Further particulars of this and a special Regimental Parade to be held in May can be obtained through the W.R.A.C. Association.

Members will be sorry to hear that **Mrs. Bucklee**, the hard-working Secretary of Preston Branch, had a very nasty fall on her way to lay the Branch wreath at the Armistice Day Parade. We send her our sympathy, and hope that she has made a complete recovery.

We congratulate **Miss Woodthorpe** of Nottingham Branch, herself a polio victim, on her work for the physically handicapped. Her many activities include being Transport Officer for a Physically Handicapped Club with 60-70 members, half of whom require transport.

The W.R.A.C. Association thanks all the Branches that sent cards and good wishes for Christmas and the coming year. Many Branches also sent good wishes to other Branches of the Association and to scattered members who are

unable to attend meetings. Lack of space has prevented these being published individually in News from the Branches, but we take this opportunity of passing them on collectively and expressing appreciation of their good will and comradeship.

Review

Eagle Book of Britain's Fighting Services

Britain's Fighting Services, the latest addition to the Longacre Press List of successful *Eagle* Books, packs an authoritative and comprehensive survey of the Armed Forces of the Crown into a compact and well-illustrated volume that is full of interest, excitement and useful information for those who have served, or may be thinking of serving, in the Navy, Army or Air Force.

Turning first to the chapter on Women in the Army, it is disappointing to note that no mention is made of our pioneers in the First World War, the W.A.A.C., but all of us will be proud to be associated with the photograph of Her Majesty The Queen (then Princess Elizabeth) during her service with the A.T.S.

Although our primary interest and loyalty is to the Army, with its many Regiments and Corps whose badges we have worn, officially or unofficially, on our tunics and sling bags, the sections on the Navy and Air Force are also well worth reading, and this book, which costs 15s., can confidently be recommended for the family bookcase, or as a present for your ex-Service friends.

Essex to Istanbul

SGT. S. MANDEVILLE

TWENTY-SEVEN days of my leave this year were spent touring Europe with two friends who are instructors at the Outward Bound School, where I have also been an instructor. We travelled in a Morris Minor 1000, and camped out each night.

Our objective was Istanbul, but we made a detour to visit the German Outward Bound School. A letter of introduction had been sent to Herr Münch, the principal, before we left England, so he was expecting us, and made us very welcome. In the afternoon we were shown round the building. Their equipment was first class, and we obtained several hints on the problem of drying clothes and equipment, which is the main worry at our school in Devon. The school is run on much the same principle, except that there are no girls' courses. In summer-time, the boys go climbing and live out. They learn fire-fighting drill, mountain rescue and care of equipment. In winter-time, they learn skiing and how to survive in the mountains. We watched two patrols returning from a scheme, and it was obvious many of them were novices at skiing, but we were told they became quite competent after a month. Unlike our schools, the patrols are never allowed out without supervision due to the loneliness and ruggedness of the surrounding countryside.

We had our evening meal in the dining-hall with the boys and we were introduced to them, receiving

a loud cheer in welcome when they knew we were also part of the Outward Bound Scheme. Later we were shown colour slides of the boys' activities and found that the general idea is much the same as ours, but the syllabus is a bit different, simply adapted to the area. However, we were able to exchange ideas.

Herr Münch also gave us a lot of help with the route we would be following for the rest of our journey, as he had made an almost identical trip the year before.

We reached Istanbul in ten days in spite of our detour and the terrible roads. The city was fascinating and totally different from any with which we were familiar. We visited the famous Blue Mosque, as well as several others, crossed by ferry to Asia and went by steamer up the Bosphorus nearly to the Black Sea. We had to spend an extra day here owing to the fact that we left our passports, travellers' cheques, etc., in the hotel safe, and the manager went to Ankara with the key in his pocket. We had to wait for his return, and spent a free night, but not without much argument.

After we had recovered our passports, we retraced our steps to Greece and along the east coast to Athens, which, for me, was the highlight of the tour. I can't really explain why I was so thrilled to visit Athens. As we entered the city, we could see the Parthenon perched high on its hill, although we still had several miles to travel before reaching the city centre. The whole of Athens seemed to be full of ancient pillars and ruins of temples, but none as impressive as the Acropolis. It's a very steep



The Blue Mosque, Istanbul



The Acropolis, Athens

climb to the summit, but the view out over the city to the surrounding hills is marvellous. The whole area is very clean and well kept, and although the entrance gives the impression of being commercialised, it is not so inside.

Standing there, by those huge stone pillars, it seemed incredible to me that the Greeks we read of in books had stood there also, so many years ago. I felt that if I shut my eyes, I would be in another age when I opened them. I have found Greek mythology far more interesting since then, and especially so when we climbed part way up Mount Olympus, the home of the Greek gods, on our way south through Greece. We couldn't see the summit for cloud and mist and there was only a very narrow track to follow. At one point we sat under an overhang of rock, surrounded by wet mist, while it

hailed and the thunder and lightning were almost simultaneous. I was petrified, and could well see why the ancient Greeks thought the gods were angry.

We also visited Corinth and drove for miles through orange and lemon groves, all with a wonderful scent. We then turned north and crossed to Italy by car ferry, spending a day on Corfu.

On landing in southern Italy, we had only five days left in which to get home, so it is no wonder that we were caught and fined for speeding. After a month of marvellous sunshine and many adventures, we arrived back in cold, wet England, having clocked 5,500 miles, by which time I was very glad to be home, as I had travelled all the way in the back seat among the luggage, acting as navigator because I don't drive.

A.T.S. Dinner Club

THE A.T.S. Dinner Club held its second Annual Dinner on Saturday, 20th October, 1962, at Derry and Toms, London. Brigadier Dame Mary Tyrwhitt was in the Chair and 117 other Members, including the Club's Vice-Chairman, Dame Leslie Wateley, sat down to a very enjoyable meal. The evening was a great success and Members are looking forward to celebrating the Silver Jubilee of the formation of the A.T.S. at the Club's next Dinner, which will be held at Derry and Toms on Saturday, 19th October, 1963. To mark this very special occasion, H.R.H. The Princess Royal has graciously consented to be present.

Looking Back

(From the *Gazette* of March 1923)

Memorial Window in York Cathedral.

A very well-attended meeting of the women of Yorkshire was held at York recently to discuss a suggestion that they should unite in an effort to raise £3,000 for the purpose of restoring the Five Sisters Window in York Minster in memory of Army nurses, members of Queen Mary's Army Auxiliary Corps, St. John Ambulance Brigade, British Red Cross Society, W.R.N.S., those who went down in ships, and others who laid down their lives in the war.

Walkabout, Modern Version

SGT. H. AINSCOUGH and SGT. M. T. BEAVER

EIGHT W.R.A.C., three men and 30 married families, members of 16 Joint Services Trials Unit, made up a party to go by coach for a weekend trip from Salisbury to the Andamooka Opal Fields. We left on Friday morning at 8.30, only half an hour after the scheduled time of departure, which was quite a surprise.

The first 200 miles of the journey to Port Augusta on Spencer's Gulf was nothing out of the ordinary—the landscape is very flat and empty and the population made up of a few sheep and an odd cow or so, the former standing up because they had just been sheared, the latter, lying down because it was raining. Occasionally we passed a bright splash of colour in the form of a DRINK COCA-COLA sign.

After a short stop at Port Augusta for lunch, we hit the road again with a vengeance as, after a shout of warning from the driver, we "left the tarmac" literally. For the next 100 miles to Woomera we lurched, slithered and rocked our way over a road which consisted of a three-inch deep layer of dust on packed earth, dotted with occasional trees and bushes, through a seemingly endless area of "bush" which also consisted of a three-inch deep layer of dust on packed earth, dotted with occasional trees and bushes. By then the rain had stopped, the sun was out, and in no time at all we had all become as brown as bathing beauties. It was later discovered that this was due to an ingrained layer of dust and not to ultra-violet rays. During this leg of the journey, though, we saw lots of rock melons, which grow in the most unlikely places. They grow on the ground and, having very little foliage, look as though someone running for a bus has dropped a bag of grapefruits and left them there. We also saw one or two very shy emus, who tried unsuccessfully to hide their rather gawky selves behind the scrub and gum trees. But the greatest excitement occurred when we saw a man or another vehicle heading, as we were, from nowhere to anywhere.

We were welcomed at Woomera by the Commonwealth Security Police, where we underwent the usual roll call and close scrutinisation before being allowed into the gigantic compound which, besides the Woomera Rangehead itself, contains a fair-sized "village" where live the many servicemen and civilians working on the Range itself. We were shown to small bungalows containing five or six bedrooms each, where we spent Friday and Saturday nights. After a meal at the coffee bar in the shopping centre, we were taken to the Staff Mess—something like a W.O.s and Sergeants' Mess, except it had more civilian members than servicemen—where there was a Social Evening in progress.

The next morning we all converged on the three available electric frypans to cook our own breakfasts. Due to an acute shortage of crockery and utensils, we had to "make do", but most of us managed to

absorb several cups of tea and slices of fried bread before we settled down on the coach for the 80-mile journey to the Opal Fields. We had heard that the kangaroos came to the road at night for the heat. This was difficult to understand as the road was hard to distinguish from the surrounding countryside, but, sure enough, at that early hour we were treated to close-up views of quite a few 'roos and one or two joeys, as the younger ones are known, and also one or two more emu families. The sun was much hotter as we drew near to Andamooka, and we were getting into the area where water is very scarce. We arrived at the Opal Fields at about midday and before beginning explorations, built a barbecue fire and cooked steak and tea for lunch.

The Opal Fields themselves are a hot, rocky wasteland, where beautiful stones can be dug up easily, if you can stand the heat and spare the time. To some of the diggers it is a spare-time hobby to occupy their weekends in the loneliness of Woomera. For others it is their life's ambition to find some stones of value; they devote all their time to it.

One old man had been there 45 years. He is now 86 years old, and still digs occasionally. A young man of 22 struck it rich and has his own aeroplane which cost £13,500. An aborigine found stones worth £1,400 without even digging, he was just breaking bits of rock on the surface. We saw a collection belonging to the lady who lives alongside the Bank. Beautiful opals, set and unset, the total value £10,000. On her desk is a paper-weight with green and blue streaks in it. This is a piece of stone that cannot be cut and polished, but she had an offer of £300 for it.

How does one find these gems? You claim a bit of land and then dig. There are no "mines" as we know them. These are simply holes in the ground, the deepest only about 24 feet down. One we saw was a joint effort belonging to people from Woomera. It had a winch that made it look rather like a wishing well. This hauled up an oil-drum full of earth which is slid along a greased pole and tipped. It is white, chalky looking earth unlike the bright red surface soil. This "hole" had steps in the side, and a few of our braver girls were lowered on the rope to the bottom. It was also supplied with light from a generator nearby. When rock is found it is smashed open, "podge" is the name given to bits of stone showing the unmistakable signs of opal. We were given some bits of this as souvenirs. Not all "diggings" are so good, some are holes two-feet across and six-feet long, only at a depth of eight feet or so they begin to widen out. It seems incredible that a man can even get in these and dig, but at least it is cooler down there than on the surface. You find these small diggings all over this vast area of rocks, hard red earth and scrub. Cactus, mulga trees and wattles constitute most of the vegetation. The "mine" where the Queen's opals were found was pointed out to us.

Perhaps the most memorable thing is Andamooka itself. Without exception the houses are dug into the sides of the hills for coolness. A few, belonging to the more lucky members of the community, have modern bungalow fronts. The majority, however, consist of one room about 10 feet

square, built of the local rocks, with the side of the hill providing the back wall. A corrugated tin roof and a front porch of wattles complete the abode. The Post Office has a red-tin porch and is about the size of a normal garage back home. The shop has blue-tin frontage, is a bit bigger, but a great deal of the floor space is taken up by a refrigerator. Clothes, apart from denims for work, seem to be of little importance, especially for the children. In the midst of this "shanty-town" in the desert, our coach was visited by a typically English lady, white-haired, immaculately dressed. She has been there 25 years, is a fine example of British doggedness, and would not choose to live anywhere else but Andamooka.

Sooner than we expected, it was time to return. There were a lot of nodding heads on the coach that evening, for it had been an exhausting day. All the same, some of us were fit enough to accept an invitation from the Junior Ranks' Mess, but all retired to bed fairly early in preparation for the return journey.

We took the same road back, but with the difference that by then we all felt like experienced bush travellers, and even when the coach broke down for half an hour in a most isolated spot, we did not worry. We did make one extra stop—at Port Pirie—where we wandered round the docks looking at the ships which carry smelted lead from the mines at Broken Hill to Japan and other countries. We eventually arrived back at camp, very tired, but glad to have seen just a little of the "out-back" and wondering how the pioneers felt on their arrival at what is now Adelaide, after a trek on horseback from Darwin—a mere 2,000 miles!

Sprechen Sie Deutsch?

M. W. WILSON

I DIDN'T, but I was determined to learn. We had been posted to Germany. Within two hours of knowing where we were going, my husband had bought a phrase book which the local bookseller had strongly recommended. I skimmed through it eagerly, looking for the odd phrase or two which, when dropped casually from my lips, would stun the natives into wide-eyed admiration. What I found would certainly have stunned them, but not, I think, into admiration.

I decided to learn only those phrases which would be really useful and so I started with: "Stop the coach! The postillion has been struck by lightning." This took quite a long time to master, as I not only had to learn the words, but develop that note of command in my voice. Having been out of the Corps for a year, my technique was slightly rusty.

Having disposed of the postillion, I moved on to the seaside. "Is mixed bathing allowed?" "Are there bathing machines or tents?" At this point I looked for the date of publication of the book. It didn't give it. I was beginning to feel that the author wasn't quite with it. This suspicion was confirmed when I turned to the section dealing with

hotels. I don't think that the hotels were very modern either, for the poor guest was asking rather pathetically for: "Another blanket, bolster and CANDLE." Still in the same hotel, the guest was giving her orders to the laundress. "I want the frills of my nightgown goffered." "Please iron this chemise." While the laundress was coping with one set of "underlovies" as I once saw them called in an American magazine, the traveller had set out in search of some new ones. "Please show me some combinations." "Do you want them hand-knitted or woven?" "I would like some combinations of silk and wool mixed." "We keep them in blue, pink, mauve and even BLACK." Naughty! Exciting and interesting as these phrases were, I didn't feel they were the sort to introduce into casual conversation. I mean, one might be misunderstood!

I have now been in Germany a month and find that the only "Natives" I have any dealings with are the butcher, the baker and every second German motorist. I find, particularly as regards the motorists, that my vocabulary is far too limited. I am toying with the idea of compiling a motoring phrase book. I shall dedicate it to German lady motorists in the following immortal lines (with apologies to Goethe (I think)):

"Du bist wie eine Blume,
So hold und schön und rein.
Why did you take that parking place
When you knew that it was mine?"

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Home and Leisure

LENTEN AND EASTER RECIPES

French Pancakes

HERE is a recipe as a change from the traditional batter pancakes usually served on Shrove Tuesday.

1 oz. flour
1 oz. butter
1 oz. sugar
1 egg
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teacup milk
juice of $\frac{1}{2}$ a lemon
jam

Have one dozen flat, round tins or old saucers well greased. Cream the butter and sugar. Beat in the yolk of egg with a little flour. Add the remainder of the flour with the milk and lemon juice. Fold in the stiffly beaten white of egg and pour the mixture into the tins. Bake in a hot oven for about 10 minutes, until they are brown and firm. Turn on to sugared paper, put a little hot jam on each and sandwich two rounds together. Dust with caster sugar and serve hot.

Russian Fish Pie

Flaky Pastry—made from 8 oz. flour, etc.

$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. cooked white fish
1 teaspoon chopped parsley
1 hard-boiled egg, sliced
2 tablespoons white sauce
A little grated lemon rind
Pepper and salt

Roll out the pastry into a square. Stir all the ingredients together and lay the mixture in the centre of the pastry. Brush the edges with beaten egg and fold the pastry to the centre. Brush with egg, decorate with leaves cut from the trimmings of pastry and place on a wetted baking sheet. Bake in a hot oven for 40 minutes.

The pie can be made with tinned salmon, and shrimps may be added to the mixture if liked.

Hot Cross Buns

$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. flour
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon mixed spice
 $\frac{1}{4}$ oz. yeast
1 oz. granulated sugar
2 oz. currants
 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. mixed peel
1 oz. butter
1 egg
 $\frac{1}{8}$ pint milk and water
mixed

Sift flour, salt and spice into a bowl and warm in the oven for a few minutes. Cream yeast with a teaspoon of sugar and add milk and water, previously warmed to blood heat. Add remaining sugar to the flour and rub in the butter. Make a well in the centre of the flour and pour in well-beaten egg and the creamed-yeast mixture. Add currants and peel and mix to a smooth dough with a wooden spoon. Beat thoroughly with the hand until the dough no longer sticks to the sides of the bowl. Cover with a cloth and set aside in a warm place to rise for about half an hour, until it has doubled in

bulk. Turn on to a floured board, knead lightly for five minutes, divide into small pieces and form into buns. Score these with a cross, put them on a greased baking tin, and leave to prove in a warm place for a further 20 minutes. Bake in a moderate oven, 425 degrees (Regulo 7) for 20 minutes. Remove from the oven and glaze with a sugar and water mixture.

Simmel Cake

Tradition has it that this Easter cake owes its name to a couple called Simon and Nelly, who had an argument as to whether it should be boiled or baked, and ended with the truly British compromise of doing both. Many old recipes recommend that it should be first steamed for a couple of hours and then finished off in the oven, and this certainly gives a moist, rich cake.

12 oz. flour	1 teaspoon baking powder
6 oz. butter or margarine	$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sultanas
6 oz. sugar	$\frac{1}{4}$ lb. raisins
4 eggs	2 oz. candied peel
$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon	2 oz. cherries
$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon mixed spice	2 tablespoons milk
$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon ginger	almond paste

Prepare the fruit and mix with the sifted flour, baking powder and spice. Cream the butter and sugar and add the eggs one by one with a little flour, beating well each time. Add the dry ingredients and lastly the milk. Put half the mixture into a well-greased and papered cake-tin, add a layer of almond paste and cover with the remainder of the cake mixture. Bake in a moderate oven for $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Decorate the top of the cake with an edging of almond paste and put back in the oven for a few minutes to brown lightly. When cool, fill the centre with royal icing and add a few birds' eggs or a nest made of coloured almond paste.

SPRING FLOWERS

FEBRUARY is the most difficult and expensive month of the year for flowers, but quite a lot can be done with twigs and buds that will come out in water in the warmth of the house. Now is the time to look for the various types of catkin, hazel, alder and pussy willow, and to bring in a few branches of flowering currant and forsythia to force into bloom. Soon, too, sticky chestnut buds will be swelling and the feathery green larch, with its red tassels, will be tempting us into the woodlands. For centuries, snowdrops have been called "Fair Maids of February". These charming little flowers are best arranged in a flat dish filled with moss and, if you like, can be bunched round the base of a few twigs of catkins, stuck into a pin holder, to give height and character to the arrangement. For many, in spite of what the calendar may say, spring really begins with picking the first primrose. Like snowdrops, these go further, and show to better advantage, in shallow containers filled with moss.

Mud, Mud, Glorious Mud

SGT. BOOTH

TO GET one vehicle bogged down is unfortunate. To get four bogged down is a calamity. We had planned a training day with the local Cartographic Squadron. The girls were to practise marching and driving on to compass bearings—an entirely new subject. The day was fine although a slightly chilly wind was blowing. The girls on foot were dropped at various points, and the “Champ” and Land-Rover went off on their own little exercise. The rendezvous point was the Rufus Stone. All the walkers arrived punctually and tucked in to their haversack rations. Gradually the time went by and the two quarter-tons still hadn’t arrived, so we decided to leave a piquet and take the foot sloggers on the second part of their exercise. At about 1430 hours a passing motorist told us that both vehicles were down in the mud in a wood near Telegraph Post. Off we went to recce. When we at last located the Champ, its occupants had no idea that the Land-Rover was bogged down or where it was. One look at the Champ was enough. It was right down on all four wheels and was actually resting on the bodywork. The only hope was to find the Land-Rover which, being the lighter vehicle, might be recovered and used to rescue the other. Again there was a long search in a thickly wooded area before we located the vehicle, only a ten-minute walk away had we known which direction to take. The Land-Rover had also gone down on all four wheels but had listed to the off-side and had mud four inches up the door and driving seat. We gathered all available hands and pushed, pulled, lifted and prised, to no avail. The path down to this particular spot seemed quite firm, so in desperation we tried to get the three-ton Bedford down to put a tow on. We trudged back to the main path and set off with the Bedford, but after 300 yards, yes, you are right, down went the Bedford.

A new battle started, and after about an hour we decided that there was no alternative but to call out Workshops with their recovery equipment. It was now about 1700 hours, and the daylight was going. A ’phone call to Workshops had no result and left us only one more course to take—ring the C.O. She immediately started things going and then came along to survey the “disaster area”. We still don’t know how she persuaded the R.E. at Marchwood to take men off guard duty to man the breakdown vehicle. However, she arrived with the welcome news that help was on the way. We off-loaded our once despised petrol cookers and made a cup of tea. While waiting for the water to boil two things happened—we managed to cajole the Bedford out of the mud and a civilian Land-Rover offered to try and pull ours out. By now it was almost dark and the chilly wind had turned to an icy one, so we grabbed at the offer. Once more we travelled the woodland path and fixed a tow to our Land-Rover, but it would not budge. We thanked the driver for his noble efforts, bade him and his family good-night, only to see him slide slowly into the mud ten yards away. This was really the last straw. We

were quite reconciled to the fact that we were to spend the rest of the night in the depths of the New Forest and wondered if we should send for marker buoys to determine the exact site of the vehicles because in the dark it was difficult to tell whether they were still sinking.

At last came very welcome news—the Scammel had arrived. We guided the crew to the Land-Rover. The paths were very narrow to take such a large vehicle, and Major Paynter, who was “hitching” a ride on the running board, kept disappearing from view. We reached the vehicles only to find that the Scammel could not get near enough to recover them. Back to the main path once again and down to the Champ. Good old Champ. Out it came, although the Forest mud protested loudly at yielding its victim. After that it was simple. The Champ made light work of the two Land-Rovers. We made our way *wearily to the main path to find that the R.E.* had sent out a search party, no doubt thinking that the Scammel had also fallen by the wayside. We finally reached our home at 0115 hours, the end of a perfect day. Well, not quite. Mud packs are considered an aid to beauty, but on viewing the rescued vehicles in daylight it is a very debatable point.

Correspondence

DEAR EDITOR,

I was very interested in the article in THE LIONESS about the visit to Russia. I, too, went this spring with the Scottish Geographical Society to Samarkand, Bokhara, Tashkent, Alma Ata and, incidentally, Moscow.

It was most interesting and illuminating, especially as one of the party, with whom I went about a lot, spoke quite a bit of Russian. She was able to talk to some of the local people, and also to read the slogans and excerpts from Lenin’s “Bible” that were everywhere—in university classrooms, exhibition pavilions, etc.

One of our most definite impressions was that, although everyone is supposed to be equal in Russia, some are very much more equal than others, and we saw a tiny bit of this between our very aggressive guide/interpreter and her dealings with hotel maids, and in shops. Whereas plumbing in newly built hotels, about three or four years old, deserves an essay all to itself, in the older Czarist hotel where we stayed on one occasion—it worked! All that, as Kipling says, is another story.

IRMA WADDELL

REUNION

DONNINGTON GROUP A.T.S.

THE 14th Reunion Tea Party will be held at the Kensington Palace Hotel, De Vere Gardens, W.8, on Saturday, 16th March, 1963, from 3.30 to 6.30 p.m. Tea 6s. per head. Information from the Secretary, The Pink Cottage, Little Walsingham, Sudbury, Suffolk. Come and meet old friends.

SCOTS AT THE DEPOT

WE spent our T.A. Annual Camp at Crowborough in Sussex and on 3rd July we had the opportunity of being shown round Hobbs Barracks. This was very interesting and we were very surprised at what we saw, it seemed to be just like home. The girls we spoke to came from all over Britain and were very co-operative in answering our questions. The new No. 2 dress is very smart, and they all had very well-polished shoes. We envied them being able to wear court shoes instead of big beetlecrushers.

We went through the billets and noticed that there was a dressing table for each girl. We then went into the dining room; this was the place we liked best, it looked like a restaurant. The food was good, and we had plenty of choice. We also liked the idea of a room being set aside for smoking. The Tudor Rose is a much nicer name for the N.A.A.F.I. and makes it seem more like a club. We thought the washing machine was a good idea, but when we went into the store we didn't think that there were enough mirrors in it. The Church was beautiful with lovely waxed floors. We also enjoyed the Museum with everything in glass cases.

After our visit we really felt that the Army is a good opportunity for girls to do a job, which they might never get the chance to do in civilian life, but we decided we both prefer the Territorial Army, where you can live at home and have the best of both worlds.

PTE. M. GRAHAM
PTE. A. PATTERSON

ANNIE GETS A GUN

"WHO wants to go shooting?" It was Joan, our corporal, speaking, and immediately four of us volunteered to dispose of unwanted characters, while someone sang "Kiss me good-night, Sergeant-Major", in the background. That was not what she had in mind, however, but we stuck to our guns when we learned that we would merely be shooting at cardboard targets, and the following Tuesday Joan and a Staff-Sergeant and four of the *élite* (i.e., privates) climbed into an Army lorry armed with .22 rifles and headed off to a rifle range at another T.A. Centre. We went into a long room and there in the distance were the targets. A couple got down to shooting right away, while those of us who had never shot before were briefed by a very patient Staff-Sergeant. I asked a few basic questions, like: "There's a board down there with rings on it; I can just about see it—is that the target?" "Yes," replied Staff. "Am I supposed to hit it from here?" "Yes," replied Staff. "Don't be daft!" comments this insubordinate private and my gentle Staff-Sergeant just smiled.

Some time later I was sprawled on the ground, trousered legs apart at the correct angle, and my ever-vigilant Staff-Sergeant beside me showing me how to load this lethal weapon I had in my hands. My rifle was vaguely pointing in the right

direction, i.e., forward and away from my poor unfortunate companions who were gazing at me more in horror than in anger. I was shown how to line up the sights with the target and things like that. I did this, but my right hand had somehow or other lost the trigger, which, incidentally, is squeezed, not pulled. By the time I had found the trigger the barrel was not precisely pointing in the direction I intended and that probably accounts for the fact that in true Western style my bullet hit the lamp-shade with a resounding clang. "We know where that one went," said Staff. I made a monosyllabic reply.

Life became less interesting after that—I kept hitting the target, to everyone's amazement. What's more, I even hit the bull on a couple or three occasions, I could give my exact percentage of bulls, but I feel that honesty is sometimes embarrassing—especially to oneself.

The ride home was uneventful. It was rather amusing though to watch the expression of relief on the faces of the drivers who managed to pass our lorry—a lorry from which emerged four irresponsible grins and a couple of rifles. There was no more shooting for us for a month while we got down to the serious business of learning how to send correct signals. But it's useful to know how to defend oneself should the wrong signal create chaos.

M. L.

LONDON BRANCH DINNER

THE Reunion Dinner of the London Branch of the W.R.A.C. Association on Saturday, 27th October, at the Ardington Rooms, Clapham Junction, was a very happy and intimate affair, although the number of members who attended was smaller than we had hoped. A special welcome was given to our President, Mrs. Lumsden, who is unable to visit us as often as we would wish, now that she lives so far away.

Everyone was pleased to welcome our guest of honour, Miss Faith Rebbeck, who is no stranger to the Army, as she was a Chaplain's Assistant for four years before joining the staff at St. Peter's, Morden. Her delightful speech, so bright and cheery, was greatly appreciated. I am sure all who have had the pleasure of her company will miss her very much when she leaves England shortly to take up an appointment in Rhodesia. All our good wishes go with her. Lieut.-Colonel Millington, who always has a smile and a word for everyone, was also given a very warm welcome.

Sincere thanks were given to Miss Cridland, Secretary, for the efficient work she had done in organising the dinner, also thanks to the ever-busy Chairman, Mrs. Giles. We must also mention and thank Miss Druitt for her light-hearted little speech. After the splendid dinner and speeches, Elsie Smith played the piano for a sing-song of the old Army songs, and Mrs. Giles, whose energy never seems to flag, gave us a "song and dance act".

"London Gazette"

PROMOTIONS AND APPOINTMENTS

REGULAR ARMY

Lieut.-Colonel: Majors G. E. M. Saunders-Davies, T.D.; R. Hill, M.B.E.
Major: Capt. B. M. Godin.
Captain: Lieuts. D. V. Palmer; S. M. MacLaughlin.
Lieutenant: 2/Lieuts. E. Black; Z. A. Gordon-Kirkby; L. H. Elford.
2/Lieutenant: 2/Lieut. A. J. Smith, B.A., is confirmed in her appointment.

SHORT SERVICE COMMISSION

Lieutenant: Lieut. H. M. Hopkin (from Res. of Officers).

RETIREMENTS, ETC.

REGULAR ARMY

Retirements on retired pay: Colonel E. M. Sykes, O.B.E.; Major J. G. D. Donaldson, M.B.E.; Major J. Godolphin, M.B.E., granted the hon. rank of Lieutenant-Colonel; Major J. Stephens (nee Sharcott); Major (Dir. of Music) J. B. MacDowall, M.B.E., A.R.A.M.
Resignations: Capt. S. R. Turnbull; Capt. M. R. Sharland; Lieut. H. L. S. Price, B.D.; Lieut. M. J. Hancock; 2/Lieut. R. A. Leech; 2/Lieut. E. P. Daly.

SHORT SERVICE COMMISSION

Relinquishment on completion of service: Major M. A. Clarke.

HONOURS AND AWARDS

O.B.E.: Lieut.-Colonel R. Hill.
M.B.E.: Major J. G. Frame.
B.E.M.: W.O.II D. S. Gibbs; Sgt. S. H. Shearman.

Officers' Postings

(Up to 31st December, 1962)

Major J. BUNCHER, 44 (Home Counties) Signal Regiment (T.A.).
Major P. J. B. C. CAMPBELL, O.C. Detachment F.V.R.D.E.
Major F. M. COOK, Staff Capt. Q (Works), H.Q. Libya and Tripolitanian.
Major V. I. FISHER, Y.L.O. (W.S.) Southern Command.
Major G. F. FLEETWOOD-JONES, M.B.E., D.A.D.W.R.A.C., H.Q. Eastern Command.
Major M. B. LATHAM, No. 16 J.S.T.U., Australia.
Major S. C. PUCKLE, M.B.E., T.D., W.R.A.C. 1 (b), The War Office.
Major N. M. PYKE, O.C. Adm. Company, R.P.O. (R.A. Fd.), Brighton.
Major J. D. M. RAVENSCROFT, O.C. 1 Independent Company, W.R.A.C.
Capt. J. M. ALLEN, Adjutant, Adm. Wing, A.A.C., Middle Wallop.
Capt. D. P. CHANDLER, 42 (Lancs.) Signal Regiment (T.A.).
Capt. K. E. GRIFFITHS, O.C. W.R.A.C., 235 Signal Squadron (COMCAN), Malta.
Capt. M. L. S. READ, 14 Signal Regiment (Southern Command).
Capt. B. A. ROONEY, Adjutant, 12 Battalion W.R.A.C.
Capt. F. SAFFERY, 4 Comms. Company, Cheltenham.
Capt. J. M. F. S. TAIT, Adjutant, 14 Battalion W.R.A.C., B.A.O.R.
Lieut. G. M. ABBOTT, 27 Independent Company, W.R.A.C., NEARELF.
Lieut. Z. A. GORDON-KIRKBY, 10 Independent Company, W.R.A.C.
Lieut. E. A. PAYNE, 242 Signal Squadron (Scottish Command).
Lieut. M. M. TWEED, 259 (COMCAN) Signal Squadron.
2/Lieut. D. E. BOWMAN, H.Q. 1 (B.R.) Corps, B.A.O.R.
2/Lieut. F. A. F. CHANDLER, H.Q. Company, W.R.A.C. School of Instruction.

W.R.A.C. BENEVOLENT FUND

THE committee of management of the W.R.A.C. Benevolent Fund has been greatly encouraged by the wonderfully generous support the fund has had from regular and T.A. units during the past year. It would like to express sincere thanks to all who subscribed or helped in other ways to raise record donations from almost every unit in the Corps. Princess Royal's Day celebrations and collections at Corps Day services also provided welcome additions to the fund. While appreciating the many local calls on the generosity and benevolence of ex-Service branches of the Association, the committee is disappointed to note that support from this source has fallen off considerably. The sad fact is that the A.T.S. and W.R.A.C. Benevolent Funds between them spent more on grants than their joint income during the year. Unless the W.R.A.C. fund can build up its capital appreciably, the day will come when help will have to be refused to the many deserving cases that come up for consideration by the Joint Grants Committee each week.

Remembrance Day

THE Service of Dedication at the Field of Remembrance was attended by representatives of the Association, and the Cross was planted by Lieut.-Colonel C. de Garis Martin, A.D.W.R.A.C. London District. Members also took part in the Parade at the Cenotaph, and Miss K. Gregson of Wimbledon Branch laid the wreath on behalf of the Association.

Obituary

VISCOUNTESS DE L'ISLE

JACQUELINE VEREKER, only daughter of the 6th Viscount Gort, was born in 1914; she enrolled in the A.T.S. (10th City of London Company) in October 1938, her father, then C.I.G.S., witnessing her enrolment form. She became an instructor at the early School for Officers in the Duke of York's Headquarters and proved also an excellent speaker. She was promoted Senior Commander and was for a time on duty at the War Office. In 1940 she married Philip Sidney of the Grenadier Guards, afterwards Viscount De L'Isle, and relinquished her appointment on the birth of her first baby in 1941. She had four daughters and one son. Her husband gained the V.C. at Anzio; after the war he represented Chelsea in Parliament, he was Secretary of State for Air from 1951 to 1955 and in 1961 became Governor-General of Australia. His wife, therefore, had a busy and interesting life with opportunities of valuable work. We had looked forward to her presence in Australia as a happy link with ex-Service women there, but she fell ill and died on 16th November, 1962. She was a Life Member of the W.R.A.C. Association. We shall all miss her.

H. C. I. G-V.

MISS M. F. LAIDLAW, M.B.E.

AYR Branch regret to announce the death of Miss Marie Laidlaw, who served in the A.T.S. from 1939 to 1945, and rose to the rank of Senior Commander. She commanded No. 2 War Office Signals, A.T.S., and, shortly before D-Day, was posted to SHAEF under General Eisenhower. She landed in France, with her unit, 90 days after the invasion. On leaving the A.T.S. she became Agent for Ayr Burgh Unionist Association and was awarded the M.B.E. in 1956 for her political services in the West of Scotland. Miss Laidlaw was well known among a wide circle in the district and will be greatly missed by her many friends.

CPL. M. K. MEACHAM

THE 9 Independent Company regret to announce the death of Corporal Meacham in Tidworth Military Hospital on 7th October, 1962, after an illness which she had borne most bravely for over a year. Mary Meacham joined the A.T.S. in December 1939, and would have completed 23 years' service in November 1962. She had served in 9 Independent Company for over eight years. She was an extremely loyal and conscientious woman, who was completely devoted to the Service, and will be missed by her many friends and comrades of all ranks.

HEADQUARTER MESS

THE Mess has recently received a silver ash-tray which tells its own story. The inscription reads:

"Presented to the Officers' Mess, Depot D.C.L.I., from the Officers of 40th Cornwall Company, A.T.S., June 1939, and now presented to the W.R.A.C. H.Q. Mess, March 1962."

We very much appreciate this memento of the Regiment on its amalgamation with the Somerset Light Infantry.

The Annual General Meeting of the Headquarter Mess will be held in the Duke of York's Headquarters at 2.30 p.m. on Monday, 22nd April, 1963. Notices will be sent to members as soon as the accounts have been audited.

Found

A set of miniature medals was found at Leith Town Hall after the last Scottish Area Reunion.

Will the member who lost these please apply to:

Mrs. D. Simpson,
9 Doune Terrace,
Edinburgh.

NOTICE

A.T.S. Dinner Club

MEMBERS of the A.T.S. Dinner Club meet once a year. The entrance fee is 5s. and annual subscription is 2s. 6d. Any ex-member of the A.T.S. wishing to join is asked to contact the Hon. Secretary, Miss E. E. Mapp, 10 College Road, Handsworth Wood, Birmingham, 20.

Personal Column

For Sale. Officer's No. 1 Dress, greatcoat, tropical dress, etc. Height 5 ft. 4 in., bust 34 in., waist 26 in. Good condition.—Offers to Box 1/63.

For Sale. Greatcoat and No. 1 Dress, equivalent to size 16. £10 each o.n.o.—Box No. 2/63.

For Sale. Officer's greatcoat, never worn. £20 or near offer. Height 5 ft. 2 in., bust 34 in., hips 37 in.—Hill, Orchard Rise, Sham Castle Lane, Bath.

For Sale. Officer's No. 1 Dress, cap, shirts, etc. Height 5 ft. 5 in., bust 35 in., waist 25 in., hips 37 in.—Mrs. Tyler, 66 Walmington Fold, London, N.12. Tel.: FINchley 0692 (evenings).

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. No. 1 Dress, height 5 ft. 2 in., bust 34 in., hips 35 in.—2/Lieut. K. Jenkins, 8 College Road, Cheltenham.

Wanted. Former officers, of any of the women's Services, not over 40 years of age, to serve as officers of the Territorial Army with 44 (H.C.) Signal Regiment (Cinque Ports), T.A. Signal experience desirable but not essential. Vacancies at Bromley, Maidstone, Tunbridge Wells and Worthing. For further particulars write to: Lieut.-Colonel M. H. Seys-Phillips, T.D., Royal Signals, Yeomanry House, Boxley Road, Maidstone, Kent.

Wanted. Women to fill two vacancies as Sergeant Permanent Staff Instructors on type "R" engagements with 44 (H.C.) Signal Regiment (Cinque Ports), T.A. Candidates must be signal trained, under 40 years of age, hold a current driving licence and have a minimum of one year's whole-time or T.A. service with the W.R.A.C. or A.T.S. One vacancy is at Tunbridge Wells and this P.S.I. will be expected to travel regularly to T.A. Centres at Bromley and Coulsdon. The other P.S.I. is needed to cover T.A. Centres at Brighton, Bognor Regis, Worthing and Eastbourne. For further particulars apply to: Lieut.-Colonel M. H. Seys-Phillips, T.D., Royal Signals, Yeomanry House, Boxley Road, Maidstone, Kent.

To Rent. Fully equipped 4-berth, 22-ft. caravan, Paignton. In grounds with use of private swimming pool. Write for brochure.—Box No. 3/63.

W.V.S. Services Welfare need women with a liking and understanding of people for work in Unit clubrooms overseas. Age 25-45 or in special cases a little older. First tour 18 months Germany. Interesting, worthwhile work. Apply S.W.O., W.V.S., 41 Tothill Street, London, S.W.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.

BRANCH DIRECTORY

List of Branch Secretaries—Amendments

ALDERSHOT.—Miss K. N. Edwards, Brooklands, 16 Stovolds Way, Aldershot, Hants.

BOURNEMOUTH.—Miss A. M. Weightman, 3 Brightlands Avenue, Southbourne, Bournemouth.

YORK.—Mrs. J. Cockram, 21 Carlton Avenue, Hull Road, York.

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