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THE LIONESS

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WHO'S WHO

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of THE LIONESS)

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(Contributions and personal column advertisements)

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Reunion notices: Notices of forthcoming reunions where
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a line.

**CONTRIBUTIONS FOR NEXT ISSUE BY
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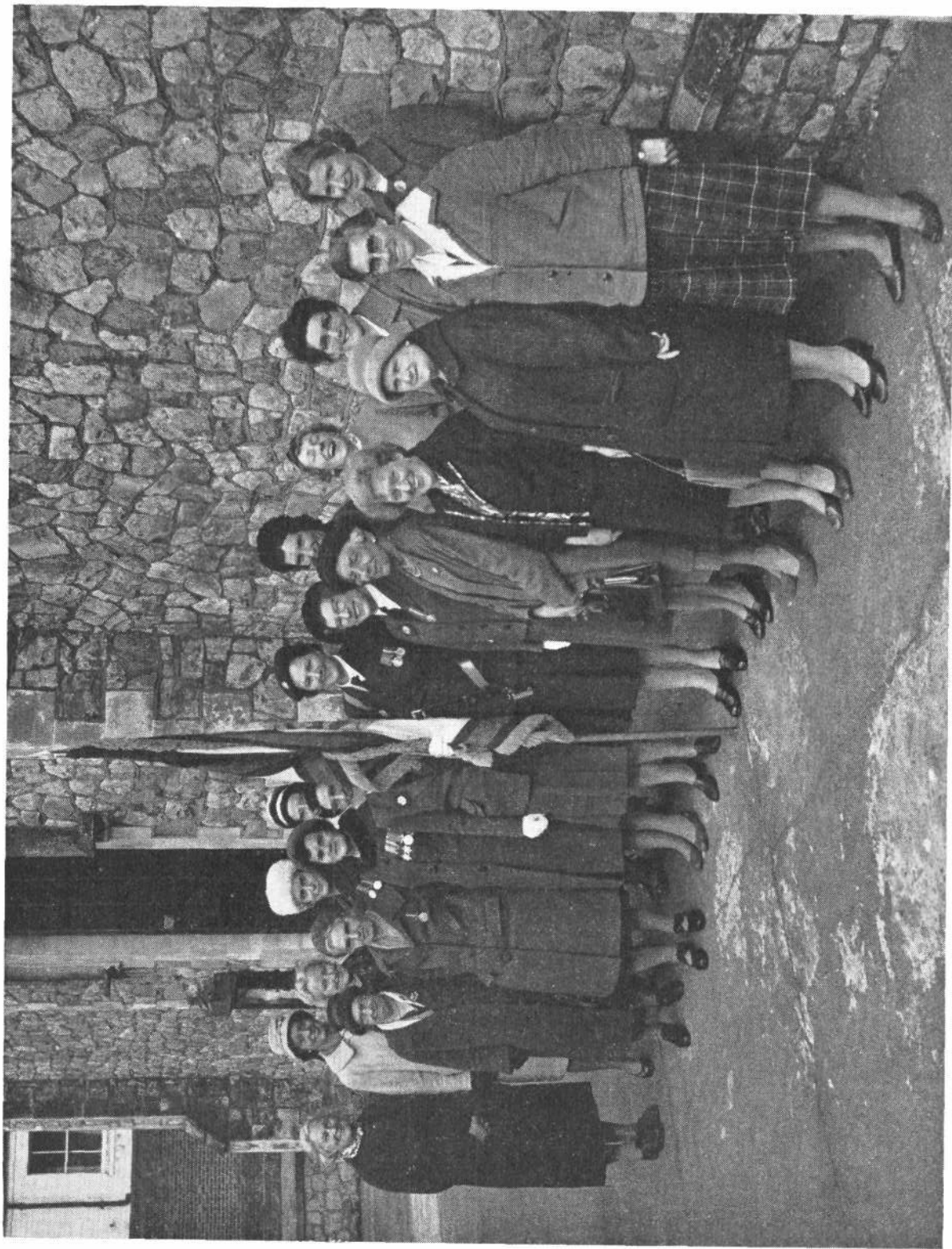
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Canterbury Branch attend an A.T.S. Anniversary Service. The Standard Bearer is Mrs. J. J. Wells, with Mrs. S. Croucher and Mrs. J. Bird as escorts.

[Photo. by "Kenish Gazette"]



THE LIONESS

Vol. XXXVII

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Editorial

THE February LIONESS starts to go to press in the midst of the aftermath of Christmas, tired decorations, dusty cards, unpaid bills and the darkest days of mid winter. By the time it reaches our readers, we hope that they will have made, and kept, a New Year resolution to renew their membership subscription to the Association, otherwise they may find that they miss the May issue.

The Treasurer thanks all the Branches that have already sent her a copy of their balance sheet. A few are still missing and she would be glad to have them before the Secretaries' Meeting in March.

Mrs. M. E. Macfie, who has been, for so many years, Interviewing Officer of the Ex-Service Employment Office at 73 Elizabeth Street, has resigned her appointment and the office was closed on 31st December, 1963. Mrs. Macfie has been more than an Employment Officer, her pleasant personality and kindly, sympathetic manner have made her the friend and trusted counsellor of countless ex-service women for whom she has found work or given sound advice on their future careers. We owe her a debt of gratitude that can never be repaid. We wish her a very happy retirement and hope that we will have the pleasure of meeting her on many future occasions.

We welcome Miss E. Gifford to the Corps Headquarters Staff in place of Miss M. Wareham. Miss Gifford strengthens our link with the Territorial Army, as she is an active member of 79 (City of London) Company, W.R.A.C. (T.A.).

The Editor wishes to thank all those who sent donations to the A.T.S. Benevolent Fund in response to the appeal in the November LIONESS.

A.T.S. Anniversary

CANTERBURY BRANCH

MEMBERS of Canterbury Branch celebrated the 25th Anniversary of the formation of the A.T.S. by holding a service at the Garrison Church. The Branch Standard was carried by Mrs. J. J. Wells, with Mrs. S. Croucher and Mrs. J. Bird as escorts.

The service was conducted by Canon E. Hughes, and the Junior Band of the Home Counties Brigade played for the hymns. The lesson was read by Miss M. Machin, who has been President of Canterbury Branch since it was formed 16 years ago.

DRUMHEAD SERVICE

APPROXIMATELY 300 members of the Association and their friends attended a Drumhead Service at the Duke of York's Headquarters on Sunday, 20th October, 1963.

The Drill Hall of 80 (Chelsea) Company, W.R.A.C. (T.A.), kindly lent for the occasion, had been transformed by Colonel C. E. Hammond and her committee. The A.T.S. Drums from the Corps Museum had been piled, music was provided by the W.R.A.C. Band, and the singing was led by a choir from the Depot and Training Centre.

The collection of £46 3s. 6d. was given to the A.T.S. Benevolent Fund.

Association News

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

THE Annual General Meeting will be held at the Duke of York's Headquarters, 14th March, 1964, at 3 o'clock.

AGENDA

1. To confirm the Minutes of the Annual General Meeting held on Saturday, 16th March, 1963 (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. Resolution:

That admittance to the Grand Reunion be by ticket only, to ensure adequate refreshments for all present, and that no male guests, other than official guests, be allowed to attend. (Birmingham Branch.)

9. Any Other Business.
10. Date of next Meeting.

SALE OF WORK AND TEA

There will be a small sale of work immediately after the A.G.M. with stalls organised by Northern, Southern and H.Q. Areas. Profits will be given to the W.R.A.C. Benevolent Fund. Tea will be served, and tickets, price 2s. 6d., will be on sale at the door. Her Royal Highness The Princess Royal has graciously consented to attend.

Q.M.A.A.C. REUNION

The Q.M.A.A.C. Reunion will be held in the Officers' Mess of the H.Q. Club, Duke of York's Headquarters, Chelsea, S.W.3, on Friday, 13th March, 1964, from 7 p.m. to 10 p.m. Tickets, including refreshments, price

4s. each. Applications to the Secretary, W.R.A.C. Association, Block "E," Duke of York's Headquarters, London, S.W.3, accompanied by stamped, addressed envelope, please.

SECRETARIES' MEETING

Members of Council look forward to meeting all Secretaries at the Secretaries' Meeting, at 11.30 a.m. on Saturday, 14th March, 1964, to be held in the Canteen of 80 (Chelsea) Company, W.R.A.C. (T.A.), Block "E", Duke of York's Headquarters (by kind permission of Lieut.-Colonel E. Baker, T.D., W.R.A.C. (T.A.)). Lunch will be at 1 o'clock. Please notify the General Secretary by 1st March if you are able to attend.

CHURCH SERVICE, SUNDAY, 15th MARCH, 1964

By kind permission of Major-General E. J. B. Nelson, D.S.O., M.V.O., O.B.E., M.C., members of the Association may attend the morning service at 11 a.m. in the Military Chapel, Chelsea Barracks, Chelsea Bridge Road, S.W.1. Seats are limited to 100. Admission by ticket only, these may be obtained from the General Secretary, W.R.A.C. Association, and will be dealt with in strict rotation. Stamped, addressed envelopes with applications, please.

THE HOMELESS ONES

Once again, as soon as the November LIONESS had gone out, copies began to trickle back to Headquarters, marked "Gone Away," Not Known," "House Unoccupied." We have written to Branches where we could, but still have too many LIONESSES without homes to go to. If you are thinking of moving house in the future will you please spare a minute, when you know what your new address will be, to let us know too. We have to send amendments to the printer soon after the typescript if the mailing list is to be amended in time.

Readers Remember

THE RETURN

A. Green

ON Monday, 23rd September, 1963, I made my way to Tilbury Docks to see my sister off on a cruise to Madeira. It was then that an idea came to my mind. Why not "cross" again the Tilbury Ferry, as thousands of troops and A.T.S. did in 1939, the official military travel route to Gravesend.

Tilbury looks just the same as it did 24 years ago, the station and docks and outside surroundings quite unspoiled. The ferry boats have improved, and run by diesel engines, but one pays 1s. 8d. return, while it was free to the troops during the war.

On arrival at Gravesend, here too the town looked just the same, except for a few supermarkets, the modernisation of Woolworths and the British Home Stores. I next boarded a bus for the village of Chalk and the famous White Hart Inn, which stands in its own grounds, the R.H.Q. and B.H.Q. of the 12th L.A.A. Regiment, where the 2nd County of London G.D. Coy., A.T.S., served. Here again the surroundings seemed as they were in 1939. The village green in front of the White Hart still there. A tent was installed on the green for the

Regimental Medical Officer's Post, and where some of the A.T.S., including myself, who were drafted to the Battery in 1939, were examined and passed "Fit for the Army." This was, of course, prior to the Training Centre days at Saltdean. May Cottage, which in those days was commandeered and used as the men's and A.T.S. cookhouse, still proudly stands and the old tumble-down sheds opposite are still there. These were used by the Unit for workshops and garages, and are to this day still being used by a garage proprietor.

A sad note to "the return." Daniel Pryor and his wife, licensees of the White Hart, were killed accidentally at sea about three years ago. It will be remembered that he placed his basement at the disposal of the troops for entertainment purposes, and named it "Dan's Den," but this is now no more.

As I was coming out of the grounds of the White Hart, there in the road was Gwen Smith on horseback. In fact it was she who told me of the death of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Pryor. Gwen Smith was a familiar figure during the war, but was known more to the R.A.F.

I next made my way to Thong Lane, nearby where the A.T.S. were billeted. The road has been widened now and is hardly recognisable at the top, it is like a new town where the aerodrome used to be, and to this day the Royal Air Force men still walk up Thong Lane to renew their memories.

AT GARELOCHHEAD

A. Gibson

AFTER nearly 20 years I wonder where all my "Old" Comrades of No. 1 Military Port, Farlane, Garelochhead, Scotland, have wandered to, and if they often look back on a hectic, but worth-while, time spent in this important military area. My own special friend, Sgt. Olive Bush, is now happily married and living in Australia with her three children, but keeps in touch with me and never forgets the lovely part of Scotland which she'd never have known, but for the war, as she was a "Sassenach" from Nottingham. At various reunions I have met a few of the "worthies," and also in the T.A., from which I retired in March 1959. Our Adjutant, Jun. Cdr. Henderson, has now risen to the dizzy height of Colonel in the W.R.A.C., having travelled all over the world in the course of her duties. I am pleased to say I have met her once or twice in the last few years. The famous "Malone" twins, both Sergeants, were a joy to us all, and I believe one is still a serving member. What busy days these were, with the men working a 24-hour day, and what a lot went on, under our noses, that we didn't even realise; such as the odd "things" floating in the Loch, which afterwards we knew had been part of the Mulberry Harbour. Also, two "daft" young Naval Officers used to hang around the Officers' Mess all day, and it wasn't till after the war that I gathered they'd been trying out the midget submarines, at dead of night, for the use of which one of them was awarded a V.C. Poignant memories return, too, of the Clyde, between Gourrock and Helensburgh, and the Gareloch, completely covered with boats,

ships, aircraft-carriers, the two "Queens," and every kind of craft imaginable, just before "D"-Day, and how thousands of these men were never to see Bonny Scotland again.

We had the prettiest and smartest of R.S.M.s, Doris Knight; she is now in Derby and keeps in touch with me occasionally. Senior Cmdr. Bryden was a popular and very fair C.O., and was ever busy looking after the welfare of all A.T.S. in the area.

What a thrill it was, too, to give the American Army Officers, who came over with the troops before "D"-Day, their first breakfast on British soil, although it broke our hearts to see them tucking in to three eggs and a plateful of bacon, when our own men would, maybe, be having a spoonful of dried egg or "bubble and squeak." Of course, the "Yanks" brought their own food with them.

We worked hard and long, as the Port never stopped, night or day, but how we played, and there were always far too few women in the area for the dances. A super Concert Party, the "Portlights" was a huge success, especially with the visiting ships' crews.

As most folks will have read in the papers, Farlane is now to be the area for the Atomic Submarine Base, at a reputed cost of £30 million, so it still has a special part to play in our defence system.

All at Sea

TRAVELLING, to my way of thinking, is one of the seven wonders of the world, especially if one is travelling on a huge luxury liner, and has been doing so for the past three years. On leaving the W.R.A.C., I applied for a post at sea with one of the largest shipping lines in the world. Interviews and waiting followed and, after a few impatient months, I began to give up the idea of ever going to sea.

When the time finally arrived, and I had boarded my first ship to report for duty, I couldn't really believe I was going to travel the world. My job as a stewardess brought me into contact with many interesting people, making lots of friends in different countries, and seeing some wonderful places I had never dreamed of in my younger days!

Since being at sea I have travelled to all ports this side of Australia, and as far as Tahiti in the Pacific, including all round the Australian coast. I have often wondered, when I've been in Sydney, if I would be lucky enough to meet any of the W.R.A.C. serving in Australia.

For the past year I've been made Nursery Stewardess, which is more interesting as I'm looking after children of all ages, from babies to the young teenager.

If I may add, the 12 years I served in the W.R.A.C. stood me in good stead for the kind of work I'm now doing. The experience of meeting people, trying to be a little diplomatic when the odd occasion arises, and, most of all, being used to travelling, as in my former days I served in M.E.L.F. and B.A.O.R.

M. W.

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Home and Leisure

REGIONAL RECIPES

THE first four of these recipes should be cooked on a bakestone, also known as a girdle or griddle in different parts of the country. The dictionary definition is "a round iron plate for cooking cakes over the fire." Those who are not fortunate enough to own one of these old-fashioned treasures can make do with a thick frying pan.

Singin' Hinnies

This North Country cake gets its attractive name from the singing noise it makes when it is put on a hot griddle.

- $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. flour
- 1 teaspoon baking-powder
- 1 large pinch salt
- 2 oz. butter
- 1 oz. sugar
- 2 oz. sultanas or currants
- a little milk to mix

Sieve flour, salt and baking-powder. Rub in fat, add sugar and fruit and mix to a stiff paste with milk. Form into a round about $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick and place on a lightly greased hot griddle. Reduce the heat and cook for seven to eight minutes until the underside is brown. Turn and cook the other side. When cooked, split, butter generously, cut into pieces and serve hot.

Irish Potato Bread

- 1 lb. cooked potatoes
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 oz. butter
- a little flour

Mash the potatoes, while still hot, with the butter and salt. Add enough flour to make a pliable dough. The amount required will depend on how moist the potatoes are. Knead well and roll out on a floured board. Cut into wedge-shaped pieces and cook on a hot griddle until lightly browned. Turn and cook the other side. Serve hot and well buttered. Any not required can be left to cool, and are delicious fried with bacon.

Scotch Pancakes

- $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. self-raising flour
- 2 oz. caster sugar
- 2 eggs
- pinch of salt
- milk to mix

Mix the dry ingredients together in a bowl and make a well in the centre, stir in the eggs. Add milk until you get a thick batter and beat well. Drop a tablespoonful of the mixture on to a very hot, lightly greased griddle. When it bubbles, turn with a palette knife and cook the other side. Serve well buttered, either hot or cold.

Welsh Cakes

- $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. self-raising flour
- $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. lard

- $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. caster sugar
- 1 egg
- 2 oz. sultanas
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon nutmeg

Rub the lard into the flour, add sugar, sultanas, nutmeg and salt. Beat the egg and stir into the dry ingredients. A little milk may be added if the mixture is too stiff. Roll out on a lightly floured board till about $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick and cut into rounds. Cook on a lightly greased, hot griddle for about ten minutes, turning them when the first side is brown. Cool and dust with caster sugar.

Spanish Brains

A reader has sent the following recipe from Spain, which she says she has tried herself and found a pleasant change from the normal way of serving brains. Wash the brains well with salt and vinegar. Fry a clove of garlic and four whole onions in a little dripping in a stewpan until they are light brown. Add the brains and let them cook for a few minutes, then add $\frac{1}{2}$ glass of white wine with the same amount of chicken stock, a sprig of parsley and a sprig of mint. Simmer until the brains are fully cooked then add salt to taste and serve with a garnish of slices of fried banana.

History of Herbs

PARSLEY

PARSLEY is one of the plants that has been so long in cultivation that its native country is unknown, although the curled leaf form is said to have originated in Sardinia. It was certainly in use as far back as the first century and many suppose it was introduced into this country by the Romans.

Parsley is undoubtedly the most popular and universally used herb, and it is surprising to find that many of the legends associated with it are extremely sinister. The slow and patchy germination of the seed is explained by the fact that, after sowing, it goes nine times to the Devil and back before coming up, and that he likes it so much he keeps some of it for himself. The Ancient Greeks associated parsley with death, and victors at their funeral games were crowned with a wreath of its leaves. Welsh parsley, for some curious reason, means the gallows rope and gives rise to the proverb: "Welsh parsley is a good physic." On the other hand, a more cheerful belief is that only an honest man can grow parsley.

Even the smallest garden will find room for a plant or two and it can be successfully cultivated in a pot or window box. Its uses are too numerous to mention and few cooks will care to be without it. Parsley leaves can be dried in a cool oven, rubbed through a coarse wire sieve and stored in an airtight jar for winter use.

Leisure Wear Too . . .

BERNARD WEATHERILL, the Savile Row tailor with the reputation of over a century for correct military, sporting, court and formal wear for men, has long been known as one of the official tailors to the W.R.A.C. The smart appearance of his exclusive lovat worsted, incorporating a special finish in the cloth which helps to keep the shape and "new" look of the uniforms for a much longer time, is appreciated by many in the W.R.A.C.

A visit to 55 Conduit Street, just off Regent Street in London's West End, reveals that Bernard Weatherill specialises in ladies' leisure wear too. The Ladies' Department on the first floor, under the management of Mrs. Thomas, is devoted to beautifully tailored suits for town and country wear—and also the dress and jacket ensemble, so useful for informal occasions.

Each suit or dress is, of course, individually designed and tailored to complement the particular personality and figure. There is a wonderful selection of the finest pure wool worsteds, saxonies and novelty tweeds from which to choose, all from world-famous Yorkshire or Scottish mills.

Every customer has the personal attention of Mrs. Thomas, who is always willing to give expert advice on selection of fabric and suitable choice of style.

Our photograph shows a Bernard Weatherill tailored tweed suit for town and country. In pure wool overcheck tweed in muted shades, the jacket has low revers with tan contrast to set off the collar and pockets. The slim-fitting skirt has six inserted pleats for easy movement.



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Retirement

Miss F. M. J. Hadley, M.B.E.

MISS Hadley, for many years the senior R.S.M. of the Corps and one of its best-known Warrant Officers, terminated her engagement, and 24 years of active service, on 10th December, 1963.

Miss Hadley enrolled in the A.T.S. on 27th November, 1939, and was embodied on 11th December. During the War, she served with various units, was awarded the M.B.E. in the New Year Honours List in January, 1944, and ended with a tour overseas in the Middle East from 1945-46.

Miss Hadley will best be remembered for the invaluable contribution she made to training. She was already serving with the A.T.S. W.O.s' and N.C.O.s' School when this was reorganised and re-designated the W.R.A.C. School of Instruction, in February, 1949, and remained there for an unbroken period until 1st May, 1961. Many young Officers, and almost every Warrant Officer and N.C.O. in the Corps must have passed through Miss Hadley's hands at some time. Although she has now left, the memory of her outstanding devotion to duty and the influence she exercised will certainly remain for many years to come.

She takes with her our gratitude and best wishes on her return to civilian life.



(Photo. by courtesy of the Imperial War Museum)

R.S.M. Hadley (A.T.S.), from the portrait by Rodrigo Moynihan, R.A., in the Imperial War Museum.

Unit News

12 BATTALION W.R.A.C.

THE weekend of 14th-15th December, 1963, was a busy and festive one for 12 Battalion. The festivities started with a tea party given by the Corporals' Club for some of the boys from the local Dr. Barnardo's Home. This party has become a tradition of the Corporals' Club, and was enjoyed by the hostesses as well as the guests. The Christmas dinner was again abundant and excellent. Our thanks are due to W.O.I. Verrall and the cooks who worked so hard to ensure its success. From the moment the band started to play, there was no doubt that the All Ranks' Dance would be successful. The "with it" members of the Unit twisted and shook for three hours, almost without pause, and could probably have carried on for several hours longer.

We held our Carol Service on the Sunday. We are indeed grateful to the W.R.A.C. Staff Band who inspired everyone to join in with the singing of the well-known carols with enthusiasm and enjoyment. We have since heard the weekend described as "fab," which we believe to mean that it was thoroughly enjoyable.

The Warrant Officers and Sergeants have again contributed towards the provision of Christmas parcels for old age pensioners. During the past year, members of "B" Company have generously made donations to enable some housebound pensioners to travel by taxi to the Old People's Club. This they most sincerely appreciate.

W.R.A.C. WING, 6 TRAINING BATTALION, R.A.S.C.

WE may be in sleepy Somerset, but we continue to be one of the most visited units in the Army. During the last few months, our visitors have included the Director of the New Zealand Women's Royal Army Corps, the outgoing and incoming Directors of Supplies and Transport, officers of the Federation of Malaya, Group Officer Pentland, W.R.A.F., from R.A.F. Technical Training Command (coming to find out how the Army trains its drivers) and a day visit by 15 Chaplains from the Territorial Army. We have also been delighted to see recruiters from Northern and Western Commands and London District, and through the columns of THE LIONESS, would like to tell all the recruiters who have not yet been to see us that we would welcome them here if they apply for a visit through their Command Recruiting Officer.

S/Sgt. Bantock, our only representative on the first B.I. drivers' course in Yeovil, with 24 men, was one of only five who passed. There has been an inter-Service wedding in the W.O.s' and Sgts.' Mess. Our Sgt. Betty Wilson who instructs in Clerical Training Wing, married Sgt. Morris Cranidge, R.A.F., who is attached to 6 Training Battalion, R.A.S.C., while working on research with the local civil aircraft company.

The Battalion C.O. and O.C. W.R.A.C. Wing, with

several other officers, were privileged to attend the Trafalgar Night Dinner at the Royal Naval Air Station, Yeovilton, where we drank the Queen's health while seated, in accordance with Naval tradition, and rose to toast "The Immortal Memory" of Nelson.

The second series of competitions between the three W.R.A.C. platoons for "The Friendship Cup" (which

was presented to the unit by the Mayor of Yeovil to mark the friendship between the unit and the town) resulted in a second victory for M.T. Training Platoon. 2/Lieut. A. Christie and W.O.I G. P. Green (from FARELF) have been posted in and Capt. D. M. Drummond left M.T. Training Wing to take command of 14 Independent Company at Chester.



"No! You can't have a new uniform for five books of stamps."

Adelaide To Perth, 1963 Style

(Cpls. Pat Collier and Elizabeth Kirkman)

TURN on the petrol, switch on the ignition, push down the kick-starter of a Triumph Speed Twin motor-cycle, and away we went on the first stage of our overland journey to Perth.

Adelaide to Perth is nearly 1,800 miles. The actual distance is of no consequence, but it is the nature of the country through which the road goes that lifts an ordinary week's drive into something just a little adventurous. For roughly half the distance, the road is officially described as "unsealed," which means that the surface can vary from bad to not quite so bad. It goes without saying that in really wet weather, these dirt roads become completely impassable. Several weeks were spent happily pouring over maps, planning schedules, buying, borrowing and scrounging equipment and generally anticipating the event with great pleasure. Pat had an old, open sidecar fixed on to the motor-cycle, because on a previous exploratory trip to the Eyre Highway, she decided that three wheels would be an advantage over two on a bad surface. Also we reckoned that it would be easier to throw things into a sidecar instead of laboriously fastening everything on to the bike at least once a day.

Well, that was the theory. . . . Have you ever tried packing five bulky blankets, two bulging holdalls, a five-gallon can, two tyres (which, by themselves, seemed as unwieldy as tractor tyres), camping and cooking gear, enough food and water for a regiment and enough spares to stock a motor-cycle shop, into a not-very-big sidecar? Of course, we just *had* to take this, and we simply could *not* leave that. And as for the incredible amount of things that "we had to have handy at the top. . . ."

The great day finally came. The sidecar was piled high, the bike was festooned with panniers, bags, boxes and tins and at times we wondered if there would be room for us! However, we managed to squeeze on and away we went on a beautiful sunny afternoon. We were lucky to have fine weather nearly all the way—only after we had crossed into "Australia's sunniest state" did it begin to rain. Contrary to what we had heard, we did not find the scenery at all monotonous, and fully enjoyed each day's travel. After leaving the iron mines of Iron Knob, the country was thickly wooded, or so it seemed for the 58 miles to Kimba, as we saw nothing but trees on either side of the road. We soon became used to the vast distances between places and were quite seasoned when we came to two 130-mile uninhabited stretches in Western Australia.

Between Kimba and Minnipa we were pleasantly surprised to find a newly built bitumen road, so recent that it was not on any of our maps. Some of the maps issued by the petrol companies are extremely good and all of them are free. British garages please note! The country changed to undulating agricultural land, becoming flatter and barer, until eventually we saw nothing but

the low-growing spinifex and salt-bush with a surprising number of trees. We had been told that the Eyre Highway was dangerous to travel on, in summer at any rate, because "there were no trees at all to provide shade." For some reason people remember the fact that there are no trees on the Nullarbor Plain, a vast semi-desert area in the West of South Australia, but what they forget, or do not even know, is that the Eyre Highway only just touches the very edge of it. "Crossing the Nullarbor" is a phrase often used for the overland journey, and, while it may sound rather glamorous, it is not accurate. We drove across about 20 miles of treeless country. We had only one intensely hot day, and, as on all really hot days, we found that even furnace-like heat is quite bearable, it is the clouds of buzzing flies which make life a tormented misery. Fortunately we were not troubled by flies while we were on the move.

During our trek we met all kinds of people and it rather surprised us that, while some were really interested and talkative, others could hardly pass the time of day. Whether the latter were overcome with shock at the sight of us, or just disapproving, we did not know nor did we care. Of the chatty ones, there was a Hungarian who played his zither as we were sitting round our fire one evening, and on the same occasion, two Australian "graders" (men employed on the maintenance of the Eyre Highway—that's a laugh . . .) who enjoyed our fire, talked log-chopping between themselves and calmly broke our axe during a demonstration. There were the three Englishmen touring by Land Rover—they were so extraordinary clean and smart compared to the two dusty scruffs on the motor-bike. They said, that for some time before they overtook us, they thought we were three kangaroos!

The person who named the road the Eyre Highway must have been an incurable optimist, because anything less like a highway is hard to imagine. The 900 miles of dirt road between Port Augusta and Balladonia had us dodging pot-holes of various shapes and sizes, ploughing through sand and dust which was so deep in one place that we both had to get off and push, bumping over rocks, creeping cautiously over sharp, flinty, tyre-slashing stones and suffering (certainly not in silence) the irritating discomfort of the corrugated sections. There were rare occasions when we enjoyed the luxury of driving along stretches of flat, hard-packed mud and on which we even reached the dizzy speed of 35 m.p.h. Most of the journey was done in second or third gear, with quite a bit of bottom-gear slogging. Top gear might just as well not have been there. Our average speed for the unsealed road was a spanking 20 m.p.h. We drove about 100 miles a day, and our best effort was 130 miles. Petrol consumption for the whole trip was about 45 m.p.g.

The biggest thrill was a visit—far too short—to the Koonalda Caves. A three-mile detour led to these completely uncommercialised and unspoilt caves, which stretch for miles under the Nullarbor Plain. Unlike a lot of English pot-holes, the entrance was a large and

spectacular crater, into which we went down 70 feet by a rather shaky ladder. Then came an easy descent down steps cut into the earth, after which a narrow entrance led into the first cave. It was more of a vast tunnel than a cave as it led to the huge underground lakes, caverns and fantastic rock formations. To our everlasting regret we could only go in a little way as we had only one torch between us. It would have been dangerous to have gone out of sight of the daylight, because it would be ridiculously easy to lose sense of direction. Homesteaders have installed machinery to pump water to the surface, and to hear this working in the depths of the Koonalda Caves in the middle of nowhere, is as incongruous as hearing the train chugging up to the summit of Snowdon.

The times we camped out provided us with some unforgettable memories. It began to get dark about 7 p.m. and we usually gave ourselves an hour's daylight in which to get the tent pitched, our belongings stored properly and the billy boiling. Baked beans seem to be the staple food of campers the world over, from cowboys on the range to motor-cyclists on the Nullarbor! We had beans for breakfast, dinner, tea and supper, and if we wanted a change in the menu, we had beans. When we felt like a real feast with all the trimmings, we had beans. . . . We bought a sliced loaf one day and, a week later, we were still at it. We disguised it as toast, and it wasn't too bad. Firewood was no problem—everywhere the ground was littered with dead, dry wood.

Sunsets were glorious and the evenings were so utterly still and peaceful, as we relaxed after supper with cigarettes. Sometimes we camped miles from anywhere, and the vastness and silence made us feel so tiny and insignificant. The stars twinkled in countless thousands and we became quite practised at recognising constellations of the Southern Hemisphere. Star-gazing is one of Elizabeth's hobbies and she was well away every evening, Pat having to say "yes," "no" and "don't know" at appropriate intervals. The nights were not too cold, but we would have slept better if we had had air-beds or good sleeping bags. Fortunately for us, at that time of year, risk of snakes was negligible. Once we shared our tent with a huge scorpion (it was all of half an inch) and that and two small lizards were the only wild life we saw on the whole journey, incredible as it seems. Driving through an Aborigine Reserve one day, we were a little apprehensive to see a horde of Aborigines, mostly women and children, leave their tents and fires and come rushing to the roadside. But not to worry—they only wanted to have a good look at us and cheer us on our way.

There was the day when we finished driving in the dark, in more ways than one. After a lovely sunset, the evening quickly became very dark, making driving rather hard work, as a single headlamp is not the best equipment for night driving on a dirt road. Pot-holes show up very clearly though. According to our maps there was a motel within an hour's drive; imagine our feelings when we reached the place and saw a battered old sign saying "Motel closed." It also gave the information that petrol

was available 13 miles further on, so we resolved to push on there and stop, no matter what it was like. As if in sympathy with the general mood, the bike decided it would run out of petrol. Pat's fault for not filling up right to the brim at the last petrol place. So we had to unload the sidecar to get at the spare can, and pack everything on again—what a tedious ten minutes. Then, to our horror, the headlamp began to flicker ominously. After some miles, it went out altogether, so did the pilot light. By the most fantastic coincidence, we were then right outside the motel! We had not seen it before because it was hardly lit. It was new, only three-quarters completed and the proprietors were taking guests who did not mind pots of paint, ladders and general mess. It was any port in a storm for us that night, and we slept like logs.

The next day was a red-letter one—we reached the bitumen! With mutual congratulations, relief that there would be no more bumping, bouncing, jerking and jolting, and a "nuts to those who said we couldn't do it" feeling, the throttle was opened wide and the outfit hurtled on to that welcoming, blissfully smooth ribbon of newly built road. The 400 miles to Perth were a mere formality, or would have been if the motor-bike had been on top form. We could not get any speed out of it, and Pat tried all sorts of things to put it right. We had stops to clean the filter, check the plugs, blow the carburettor jets, adjust the contact breaker, but to no avail. Not until the last day did she realise that the ignition timing had slipped—just a couple of millimetres adjustment was all that was required. How infuriatingly simple.

Around Norseman there were numerous forests of tall trees, which eventually gave way to desert-like country. Western Australia enjoys the reputation of having the most beautiful display of flowers in spring, and even in autumn the landscape was fairly colourful. After a pleasant run, even if it was rather cold and wet at times, we passed through Coolgardie, Southern Cross, Merredin (where we stayed at the most wonderful and inexpensive motel) and finally drove triumphantly into Perth. The journey had taken us 13 days, four longer than we had expected, because, apart from the ignition trouble on the last lap, we had had another sort of ignition trouble after we set off, which lost us at least a day. About a third of the way across the unsealed road the sidecar tyre split; guess which was the one wheel for which we did not take a spare tyre? A day and a half was lost at Ivy Shed Tanks as we waited for some kind person to bring us a new tyre from Ceduna. If we were to make the trip again, we could do it in seven or eight days, given reasonable weather and no big breakdowns.

Perth, capital city of Western Australia, is a beautiful city and we were really sorry we could not stay longer than two days. We also regretted not having time to go to Kalgoorlie, the famous gold-mining area. Time was getting short, and we were extremely lucky to arrange a lift back on one of the huge, articulated lorry/trailers that carry enormous loads all over Australia. The Australian truck-drivers are an interesting and colourful lot of men. Our driver, Dennis, an Englishman, was good

company, and we had a hilarious time on the way back. As we munched our way through half a stone of grapes, it occurred to us to parody the song "Sipping Cider". There we were in the driving cab, "side by side and jaw by jaw, we spat our grape-pips out the do-o-or" and a bit more in similar style.

Dennis collected a little puppy, destined to become his travelling companion, rightly thinking that we could look after it on its first trip. Pongo gave us hours of amusement and was really very good. Twice the poor little thing was jolted right out of his box. He was so amazed and scared, that the puppy-sitters had to get to work to soothe his shattered nerves. We kept meeting other drivers all along the Highway (that word!) and at any and every opportunity there was a huge fire going and a tiny little billy-can lost in the middle of it. The men grumbled about the road, the weather, the trucks, swore continuously, hurled insults at each other, but really they loved the comparative freedom that their job gave them and would have done anything for each other.

The weather broke and we were glad to be in a warm, dry cab instead of being on the bike in heavy rain. We passed our former camping sites, now sodden and unattractive, the place where the sidecar mudguard gave up the struggle and was shaken off; Eucla, where there are the forlorn remains of the old telegraph repeating station, the story of which provides a fascinating slice of Australian history. Ivy Shed Tanks, Nundroo, Penong, Ceduna (headquarters of the Royal Australian Flying Doctor Service) were all passed in reasonable time, and at Kimba, Pongo took us for a walk in the early hours of the morning, and that ended with an impromptu feast of bread, butter and tinned fruit under a lamp-post at 2 a.m.! Between Kimba and Whyalla, our lorry, along with several others, became stuck in the mud, and a couple of hours were spent digging the lorries clear. On to the bitumen just before Whyalla, and from there it was an easy run to Adelaide. We arrived back at camp with a few days to spare in which to get ourselves and all our gear cleaned.

The motor-bike, that marvellous piece of machinery, without which such a trip would not have been possible, nor enjoyed so completely, was literally covered with mud, oil and fine red dust. She was in well-nigh perfect running order, though, and started first go when she was unloaded off the lorry. As well as having the time of our lives, we acquired a useful knowledge of outback travel—we know what to do and what not to do, what to wear and what to take and what not to take. We made the mistake of taking far too much. The next big trip will be a much more streamlined effort. We are greatly indebted to various people for lending us things, and to those who gave us encouragement and useful advice. The unfounded criticism we endured from some only served as a greater incentive to succeed. Among all the amenities of civilisation now, it is hard to imagine that we spent nearly a fortnight touring across Australia, enduring dust, flies and discomfort. But, it was real enough and there are

various marks on the motor-bike to remind us of a never-to-be-forgotten holiday.

Here's hoping that it will not be long before Jezebel III sets off again on the next trans-Australia trek.

On Stage, France 1919

Victoria Rumbold

SOON after the Armistice was signed in November 1918, the Southern Bases in France, such as Rouen and Le Havre, were closed and personnel were sent north, where most of the clearing up after the war was done.

To Ordnance, at Vendroux, came a man who was keen on amateur theatricals. He was sent to my office, and soon got a company together. He decided to put on a musical play called "My Sweetheart," a play, my mother told me later, she had seen years before in London.

Rehearsals went forward, but we lacked an experienced producer. However, a week before the advertised date, one was found who'd had something to do with the old Alhambra in London. As usual, I believe, with such people, after he'd attended his first rehearsal, he said everything was wrong and everybody dreadful, but it was too late to try and alter things, so we must carry on. Again, as usual, I believe, everything turned out wonderfully and we gave the play ten times, twice taking it further afield, after a tussle with "the powers that be," who were horrified at the idea that some of their precious Q.M.s were to spend two nights away from camp in the company of "men." However, a Q.M. Officer and Y.W.C.A. Officer were provided as chaperons and all was well, thanks chiefly to the C.O. who was my chief. The night Peace was signed, we were giving a performance in a camp almost on the sand dunes at Calais. Just as the show started the lights failed, so all doors were flung open to give light. At that moment a French Garrison at the nearby Fort decided to celebrate by firing all their guns, the shells screaming over our heads. A polite message from the camp C.O., also one to the electricians, and we were able to carry on, but just to end an exciting day, the lorry taking us back to camp decided to run into a ditch, fortunately with no casualties, apart from flinging us all in a heap on the floor.

On our first trip to Buely-Grenay, near Bethune, the French locals were so annoyed at not being allowed into the show (there was no room) that, just as the performance was starting, they started to set fire to some straw and barrels of tar, right against the hangar where we were playing. The C.O. was called out, he had to send for the Mayor to quieten things, so once again we "carried on" to a packed audience, and all was well.

The next trip, when we got to Bethune, for the return journey by train, we found one of the usual lightning French railway strikes was on. After much talk, it was decided to take us back to the billets, where we could sleep till 2 a.m., when lorries would take us to a small

station where a train would pick us up. It did, but dumped us miles from Vendroux, where the only transport was "Shanks's Pony."

We arrived in camp at 11 a.m., tired out, dirty and hungry, to find there had been consternation at our non-appearance in the early hours; we were all due at our offices at 9 a.m. How thoroughly we enjoyed everything, though, we had a wonderful crowd, some excellent singers, a good orchestra, many requests to take the play to other parts of France, which we regretfully had to refuse as it was all done in our free time. It was quite a concession allowing us to be away for two weekends. Finally, it is such a joy that, after all these years, a number of us are still in contact. The three principal Q.M.s meet periodically, Dora (Jimmy) James, Ruby Start, Vic Newing, all maiden names, Mrs. Copleston, the Q.M. Officer who chaperoned us, as Miss Francis, Gres, Reg. Tofield, of the lovely voice, L. Stanton, the man who started it all, Sgt. Allcorn and S/Sgt. Horn, who looked after the business side for us. So many others, remembered, but alas, no contact. Perhaps these lines will catch the eye of some of them, and they will get in touch with us. There are no friends like those made in the Services, especially in troublous times. "Age shall not weary them. . . ."

The Duke of York's Royal Military School

THE Duke of York's Royal Military School is a boarding school for the sons of soldiers. It was founded by Royal Charter in 1801 and moved from Chelsea to its present site at Dover in 1909.

The school is organised into eight houses of approximately 60 boys and provides a sound general education, either grammar school or technical, according to the boy's aptitude and ability.

Boys enter the school at 11 and are expected to remain until they take the General Certificate of Education "O" level, at 16. A two-year sixth form course leading to G.C.E. "A" level, is also available for boys who are likely to benefit from further education.

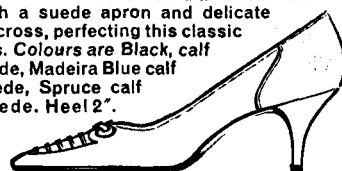
Board, education and essential clothing are provided free. Parents normally supply pocket money, some additional clothing and pay travelling expenses.

The School also provides a wide range of games, societies and clubs. All the boys are expected to join the C.C.F. at the age of 14.



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The sons of women who are serving, or have served, in the Women's Royal Army Corps, are eligible to apply for admission irrespective of whether their fathers served in the Army or not. Application for registration should be made between the ages of 8 and 11. A prospectus and further particulars can be obtained on application to the Secretary, The Duke of York's Royal Military School, Dover.

T.A. News

44 (H.C.) SIGNAL REGIMENT (CINQUE PORTS)
T.A.

THE Regiment has had its Administrative Inspection, the Inspecting Officer being Brigadier M. D. Price, O.B.E., who made a whirlwind tour of ten of our T.A. Centres. In addition, Colonel M. D. M. Humphery, W.R.A.C., visited us at Chatham; we were pleased that so many women were able to attend, as it was a very foggy evening.

S.S.M. Nicol and L/Cpl. Cates were members of the W.R.A.C. (T.A.) contingent at the Festival of Remembrance at the Albert Hall. This was a proud occasion for them, as this was the first time that members of the W.R.A.C. (T.A.) had taken part in this ceremony.

We welcome to the Regiment 2/Lieut. A. M. Heath, who has transferred to us from 76 (London and Kent) Company, W.R.A.C. (T.A.).

Regimental life is a series of never ending cycles. After the Christmas festivities, we had an officers' training and also a senior N.C.O.s' training weekend, in January. Now we start a series of three W.R.A.C. training weekends at Crowborough, one each in February, March and April, leading to annual camp at Sennybridge in May, 1964.

Branch News

BELFAST. We continue to hold our monthly meetings in spite of poor attendance. Residents from an Old People's Home were entertained in the early summer and we had a most enjoyable evening. In September, the Branch hired a minibus and went to Co. Down for an outing; the weather was excellent and we hope to repeat the trip in 1964. The Annual General Meeting was held in Victoria Barracks on 4th December, the same faithful few members attending.

BOURNEMOUTH. At the beginning of October, we gave a party for the local branch of the W.R.N.S. Association, in order to repay past hospitality. Our members provided the refreshments and ran the games and a quiz, which were greatly enjoyed by everyone. Eight members joined the ex-Service Parade on Remembrance Day, when Miss Messenger placed our wreath on the Cenotaph. At the A.G.M. held in November, all the officers were re-elected. There was one alteration on the Committee, from which Miss M. Barber resigned, Miss M. Miles being elected in her place. Since our last report appeared in *THE LIONESS* we have been pleased to welcome three new members, Mrs. I. Burt, Mrs. N. Jeffreys and Miss M. Pedder. We are most grateful to the T.A. Association for letting us have a room for our meetings—we shall not now have to wander from pillar to post as in the past. Will members kindly note that all future meetings will be held at the T.A. Centre, Lansdowne Road, Bournemouth, on the last Wednesday of every month at 7.30 p.m.

BRISTOL. The Annual Supper in November took place at the Stage Door Cafe, in Denmark Street. Although the charges were more than last year, the general opinion expressed by members was, it was well worth the extra money. At the British Legion Festival of Remembrance in the Colston Hall, several members took part. Mrs. Young carried our Standard and again, next day, at the civic ceremony. Mrs. Dunston placed the Branch wreath on the Cenotaph. The Annual General Meeting is to be held in future in March, and not February, as previously stated.

EDINBURGH. At the Annual General Meeting, held in December, 1963, the Chairman intimated that three members had died throughout the course of the year. Membership of the branch now stands at 81, and an appeal was made for an increase in the attendance at the monthly meetings, at present only attended by "the faithful few." The syllabus throughout the year had been a varied and interesting one. In June, our summer outing was taken by coach to Biggar and the surrounding country. We look forward to the Scottish Reunion to be held this year in Stirling. We send our greetings and best wishes for a prosperous New Year to all our members, both at home and abroad.

GLASGOW. Quite a few functions have taken place since our last report. We had a film show by Miss M. M. Thomson and a very successful "Hallowe'en Party," to which we invited members of the Club. On 23rd November, we had our Annual Dinner in the "Gros-

venor." Our chief speaker was Lieut.-Colonel G. E. M. Saunders-Davies. This Dinner was attended by about 40 members, and was an enormous success. On 19th December, we were invited to the Club Christmas Dinner. We had a delightful meal, and the function was enjoyed by all who attended.

GUERNSEY. Another year has passed, with our Branch being as active and financially sound as ever, but we have suffered a great blow through the death of our Secretary, Mrs. Marjorie Claff. The outstanding event of 1963 was in May, when we held a highly successful Whist Drive. In June we all visited the beautiful neighbouring island of Herm, where we enjoyed an excellent dinner. The remaining meetings have been varied and interesting, including talks, film shows, and a visit to the theatre. Our Annual General Meeting was held on 27th November, 1963, and Miss L. le Q. Sarre was appointed as the new Branch Secretary. We look forward to continuing the work of the Association in Guernsey with renewed enthusiasm in 1964.

HARTLEPOOLS. Some of our members attended the Northern Area Reunion at Harrogate in September. It was nice to meet old friends again and have a good natter, and we all enjoyed the day out. Our meetings have continued as usual with a very regular attendance and our plans for 1964 are well under way. To beat the wintry weather in these parts, we have put off our Annual Dinner until the spring. At our Annual General Meeting in November, we had a change of Secretary, but the rest of the Committee are to "soldier on."

HEADQUARTERS AREA. Time is rushing by and we shall soon be arranging on our Branch stall all the gifts sent in from far and wide. Before going any further I should like to thank everyone who has already contributed or is about to do so. Delightful offerings have come from Australia, Canada, the United States of America, as well as from nearer home. Mrs. Batterham, of Darwin, N.T., has given up her home there and, with her son, is now living in a Volkswagen "Koombie" and travelling all over Australia. She has sent us some colourful tea towels. Miss C. I. McDonald, in West Kilbride, keeps her brain active by learning languages from B.B.C. courses. She has tackled French, German, Italian and Russian! She is now coping with Spanish with some success. She also embroiders, as a charming tea cloth testifies. Not bad for one whose school days are 50 years past! Mrs. E. N. Nicholl (*née* Johnson), once of Neville's Cross and T.E.K., M.E.F., lives in Manitoba. A farmer's wife, she leads a busy life, but has found time to make us a very original and pretty apron. Other members who have also sent gifts are Miss Phyllis Cleeter, Mrs. Clara Edmunds (*née* Butt) of Mackay, Queensland, Miss Ethel Speed and Miss Warren of U.S.A., Miss Maclaren of Canada, Miss Green and Miss Ward of England. Mrs. "Miki" Allen from Australia asks for news of ex-members of 462 Bty. 133 (M) H.A.A. Regt., R.A., or of those in 439 Bty. who remember her. Mrs. A. B. Beeston sends a most interesting description of New Zealand and kindest regards to all in H.Q. Area Branch. Mrs. Veronica



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Dodkins, now with her husband in Gibraltar, would like to have news of Major Rosemary Kemp. It is splendid to hear from all these comrades and I hope that many more will be encouraged to write and perhaps send contributions to our stall, to me, at 2 Myrtle Cottage, Netherbury, Bridport. Finally, a very happy and prosperous 1964 to you all.

HULL. Our "faithful few," turning up in all weather, help to make our Branch meetings cheerful, and at times profitable, and we had a very good year, in 1963. The Dinner Party in April, always well attended, was held at a Chinese Restaurant this year for a change, most enjoyable. We paid a visit to our Chairman, Miss Stephenson; the weather being kind, we were able to wander round her lovely garden before our tea party. We are very proud of one of our members, Mrs. B. Smillie, *née* Peaker (how many remember her in the Q.M. Stores, Pontefract?) who sweeps the board at all our local flower shows, with her wonderful floral decorations. At our darts match in December, we played the Territorials of 88 (East Riding) Coy., W.R.A.C. (T.A.). Sad to say we lost, or should we say "Our eyes are dim, we cannot see," and something about "specs."? Anyway, it was a very pleasant evening, one we look forward to each year.

LIVERPOOL. We met again in September, after the summer break, and devoted the first part of the evening to discussing our programme for the next few months. The rest of the evening was then left free for members

to chat to one another about their holidays and to look at snaps. Our Branch Chairman, Mrs. A. Lappin, accompanied by Mrs. J. Steel, attended the Remembrance Service in Liverpool on Sunday, 10th November, 1963, and laid the Branch wreath on the Cenotaph. At our October meeting we had a Domino Drive and we again held our annual Bring and Buy Sale in November, which was most successful. It is upon this sale that we depend for the majority of our Branch income, and we must thank our members and friends for their loyal support of this effort year after year. We ended our year's activities by having a Christmas Social and Supper in December. Although the attendance was not very large, all present appeared to have a very enjoyable time.

LONDON. During the autumn we had some very interesting evenings. In October we enjoyed a film show presented by Nestlé's, giving a description of the making of coffee, from the picking of the beans, to the product obtainable in the shops. In November, Mr. Eaton gave us one of his very popular evenings of colour slides; on this occasion, the subject was Guernsey, with some very lovely views. We also had a very successful Bring and Buy Sale. In December we held an enjoyable Christmas party, but it was also in the same month that we heard with sorrow of the passing of two of our members, Mrs. Eaton and Mrs. Peters; they will be greatly missed at London Branch.

OMAGH. It was a happy little party which assembled for supper on 19th October, 1963, to mark the 25th

anniversary of the formation of the A.T.S. Amongst those present were seven who had attended the pre-war camp at Greypoint, in May, 1939. In spite of the passing years, it is (almost) true to say they did not look a day older than when they wore those glamorous uniforms of some 20 years ago. Authenticated photographs produced! Our little get-together has instilled new life into our Branch and it is encouraging to report that as a result, to date we have recruited two new members and a few more have had a change of heart and have decided to return to the fold.

WIMBLEDON. We started our winter session in September with a demonstration by Stork Margarine, which proved most interesting and instructive. In October we had our Annual Dinner at the Spread Eagle, Epsom, at which we were delighted to welcome members we rarely have the pleasure of seeing at our monthly meetings. In November we had our Annual General Meeting, at which, to our deep regret, our well-loved Chairman, Miss E. Abbott, retired from the Chairmanship. We cannot express how sorry we are to see her vacate the Chair which she has filled so efficiently for the past ten years, but we are very happy that she is not leaving Wimbledon, as was once her idea, and so we look forward to having the pleasure of her company still at our monthly meetings. We now have a Branch President and are indeed lucky in having Brigadier Dame Mary Railton, D.B.E., as our first President. We feel it is very good of her to undertake this office, in view of her many commitments. Our new Chairman is Miss A. K. Gregson, M.B.E. In December, we held our Christmas Party and were so pleased to have with us Mrs. Giles and two other members of London Branch, and Miss Coombes and Miss Rutter from 12 Battalion, Richmond Park. It was so nice of them to join us and everyone seemed to have a joyous evening.

Reunions

SCOTTISH AREA

THE 1964 Scottish Area Reunion will be held in the Chapel Royal, Stirling Castle, on Saturday, 2nd May, 1964, from 6.30 p.m. to 9.30 p.m.

Her Royal Highness The Princess Royal has graciously consented to be present and all Q.M.A.A.C., A.T.S. and W.R.A.C. will be welcome.

Tickets, 6s. 6d. each, can be obtained from:

Capt. B. Kearney,
Secretary, Scottish Reunion Committee,
H.Q. W.R.A.C. 51 Highland Div./Dist.,
Highland House,
Perth.

Please enclose a stamped addressed envelope with your application and make your cheque, or postal order, payable to the Secretary.

MERSEYSIDE A.T.S.

ON Saturday, 7th September, 1963, a small reunion of all ranks who served in "S" Coy., Mersey Group,

A.T.S., during the period 1942-45 took place in Reece's Restaurant, Liverpool. It was a most enjoyable afternoon. This was the second gathering; the first having taken place four years ago. On each occasion 13 (lucky?) attended, and some had not met in the intervening 18 to 20 years.

These reunions are planned for the afternoon so that those with husbands and families to care for can get to and fro more easily. If any reader served at any time in "S" Coy., Mersey Group A.T.S., at Hightown, Birkdale or Southport, we should be pleased to notify her of future reunions. Name and address should be sent to:

Miss J. T. Crooke,
Cranham,
20 Longdon Road,
Shrewsbury, Shropshire.

WESTERN AREA

WESTERN Area Reunion will be held in Birmingham on a Saturday afternoon in early May 1964. Details will be published as soon as accommodation has been confirmed.

Ypres 1914-64

FIFTY years after the outbreak of the First World War the town of Ypres is making special arrangements to celebrate 1964 in a spirit of homage to those who died, and trust in the sincere desire for peace of the people of all nations. All ex-Service men and women, and their families, will be welcome, and a special souvenir will be presented to anyone visiting the town during 1964 who served in the 1914-18 War.

Further details of programmes, etc., can be obtained from the Tourist Service, Town Hall, Ypres.

The Nuffield Club

THE Nuffield Club for Junior Officers of H.M. Forces, 93 Eaton Square, S.W.1, has recently extended the membership of the Luncheon and Dining Club to include:

- Ex-members of the Nuffield Club who have retired from H.M. Forces.
- Officers of the Reserve of the Armed Forces.
- Officers of the Territorial Army.

The Annual subscription is £1 1s. and application should be made to the Secretary.

Headquarter Mess

THE Annual General Meeting of the W.R.A.C. Headquarter Mess will be held in the Duke of York's Headquarters at 2.30 p.m. on Monday, 27th April, 1964. Notices will be sent to members as soon as the accounts have been audited.



[Photo. by Belgrave Press Bureau.
Major M. E. Clarke, W.R.A.C., after her marriage to Major G. Bol at Chelsea Old Church on 5th October, 1963.



The Army (Women's) Lawn Tennis Team are looking forward to the summer. Back row: Cpl. P. Sutherland, Capt. F. Routh, Major M. Saffery, Capt. H. Meechie. Front row: Lieut. P. Tortoishell, Major M. Maclagan, Major J. Comyn, Lieut.-Colonel C. de Garis Martin.

News of Old Comrades

Miss M. Thorpe writes that she has now returned to live in York, where she first joined the A.T.S. in 1938. She was one of the original four members who founded the 11th West Riding Clerical Company, and recalls an afternoon tea party at the Royal Station Hotel.

We apologise for having incorrectly stated in the

November LIONESS that Jun. Cdr. Jagger was deceased. We are glad to report that she is, in fact, alive and well and is now Mrs. G. Maunsell. The photograph and caption came from what was believed to be a reliable source and we had no means of checking the statement, as Mrs. Maunsell is not a member of the Association.

Obituary

Mrs. M. Claff (née Mitchell)

IT is with deep regret that Guernsey Branch report the death of Mrs. Marjorie Claff, on 12th October, 1963, after a long illness patiently borne. She joined the A.T.S. in April 1943, and was an Admin. Sergeant, serving in various Units in Southern Command. She returned to civil life in May 1946. For the past five years she had been Secretary/Treasurer of our Branch and had proved herself to be an indefatigable worker, sparing no time or effort to keep the Guernsey Branch, of which she was so proud, always active. Her biggest disappointment was when she was unable to attend the Secretaries' Meeting in March last year. We all remember her cheerfulness, enthusiasm and very kindly disposition, and we have lost a very capable Secretary and dear friend.

A. M. B.

Mrs. J. M. Dodd

BOURNEMOUTH Branch regret to report the death of Mrs. J. M. Dodd at Swanage on 28th November, 1963. Mrs. Dodd served in the A.T.S. from 1941-44 and had been a member of the Branch since 1957.

Mrs. N. Eaton

Mrs. C. Peters

IT is with great sorrow that we announce the deaths of two of our ex-A.T.S. London Branch members—friends and very near neighbours.

Nan Eaton joined the A.T.S. before the war, and rose to the rank of Sergeant. She joined London Branch in 1946 and served on the Committee continuously until her illness in December, 1962. During the last few months she had fought bravely a losing battle—often in very great pain. She died peacefully on 12th December, 1963, at the age of 51 years. For her loyalty, sense of humour, and readiness to help everyone at all times, we shall sorely miss her. We extend our deepest sympathy to her husband Frank—well known to London Branch for his "Holiday Slide" evenings with us.

With the passing of Clarrie Peters, ex-A.T.S. R.S.M., on 10th December, after a very short illness, there is another gap in our ranks. Clarrie was at Saltdean at the beginning of the war and was known and loved by many. She joined London Branch about four years ago, and her cheery, helpful presence will be missed by us all.

Mrs. MacKechnie

G. M. writes:

It is my sad duty to inform you of the death of Mrs. MacKechnie (Louie Elder), one of the early members of the W.A.A.C., in hospital at Salisbury, S. Rhodesia, on 30th October, 1963. Of recent years, Louie made several trips to Europe, hoping to benefit her health. She was last here in 1961, when she went to the Q.M.A.A.C. Dinner in the House of Commons. Then her health began to deteriorate but, after a period in Westminster Hospital, she was able to fly back to Salisbury. Despite a brave fight, which won the admiration of

her nurses, she is now at rest. To all of us who knew her in Le Havre during the difficult days of 1917-18, she was a brave and loyal comrade.

Mrs. E. A. Randall

CANTERBURY Branch regret to announce the death of Mrs. Eve Randall, who joined the A.T.S. in November 1941 and left in May 1948, with the rank of Sergeant. By special request, the Branch Standard was carried at her funeral by Mrs. J. J. Wells, the Secretary.

Mrs. N. E. Aburrow, M.B.E.

R.Q.M.S. M. Taylor, W.R.A.C.

Miss M. Wareham

WE regret to announce the death of three other members of the Association, Mrs. N. E. Aburrow (née Cable), who served overseas as an officer in the Q.M.A.A.C., R.Q.M.S. May Taylor, who was still serving in the W.R.A.C. at the time of her death, and Miss Margery Wareham (ex-Sgt., A.T.S.) from the Staff of the W.R.A.C. Corps Headquarters.

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 N. Court of Maidstone Branch laid the wreath on behalf of the Association.

"London Gazette"

PROMOTIONS AND APPOINTMENTS

REGULAR ARMY

Major: Capt. H. Powell.

Captain: Lieut. K. M. Johnson.

Captain (Q.M.): Lieut. (Q.M.) M. Sharp, M.B.E.

Lieutenant: 2/Lieuts. R. A. Holloway, A. J. Smith, S. C. E. Orr, S. W. Jones, B.A. (from S.S.C.)

2/Lieutenants: S. M. Elderkin, C. V. Hickman, C. E. Hunter, V. C. Bennett, J. R. Barker, J. M. Hill, H. M. C. Beaver, C. L. Swire, L. C. Stubbs, L. M. Morris, M. M. F. Reid.

2/Lieutenant (on probation): L. N. Heath, J. K. Warren, B.Sc., M. J. Cook.

RETIREMENTS, ETC.

Major W. G. Merrells, Major L. M. Stephens, Major G. F. Fleetwood-Jones, M.B.E., Major J. Greenwood (née Melville), Capt. M. E. Ross, Lieut. P. A. Jackson.

SHORT SERVICE COMMISSION

Major M. Coverdale.

OFFICERS' POSTINGS

(Up to 31st December, 1963)

Major E. J. Bowles, D.A.D.W.R.A.C., H.Q. Eastern Command.

Major M. G. Campbell, Training Officer, H.Q. (Ulster) W.R.A.C. (T.A.).

Major E. M. Cowper, P.S.O., H.Q. W.R.A.C. 44 (H.C.) Division/District (T.A.).

Major B. M. Godin, Officer Commanding W.O. & N.C.O. Wing, W.R.A.C. School of Instruction.

Major M. E. Gribble, 2 i/c 14 Battalion, W.R.A.C.

Major C. L. Harling, D.A.D.W.R.A.C., H.Q. Northern Command.

Major M. M. Power, G.S.O.2, A.E.R./T.A. 1, War Office.

Capt. L. E. Allardyce, 48 (S.M.) Division Signal Regiment (T.A.).

Capt. D. M. Beckett, 145 Provost Company, B.A.O.R.

Capt. P. R. Bryans, 42 (Lanes.) Signal Regiment (T.A.).

Capt. D. P. Chandler, 53 (Welsh) Signal Regiment (T.A.).

Capt. M. A. Mack, Officer Commanding W.R.A.C., F.V.R.D.E., Chertsey.

Capt. S. P. Richards, Officer Commanding, 22 Independent Platoon, W.R.A.C.

T/Capt. W. Alderman, Army Team of Lecturers.

T/Capt. D. E. Bowman, G.S.O. 3 (C-in-C's Committee), H.Q. B.A.O.R.

T/Capt. J. Gairns, Messing Officer, W.R.A.C. School of Instruction.

T/Capt. R. A. Holloway, 2 i/c, 20 Independent Company, W.R.A.C.
 T/Capt. M. A. Moore, B.A., O.C. 2 Training Company, Depot and Training Centre, W.R.A.C.
 T/Capt. J. Z. E. Wheat, Messing Officer, Depot and Training Centre, W.R.A.C.
 Lieut. J. M. Adams, W.R.A.C. Administrative Officer, H.Q. 1 (B.R.) Corps.
 Lieut. F. A. F. Chandler, 27 Independent Company, W.R.A.C.
 Lieut. F. E. Carver, 251 W.R.A.C. Signal Squadron.
 2/Lieut. A. P. Christie, W.R.A.C. Wing, 6 Training Battalion, R.A.S.C.
 2/Lieut. A. M. Gelston, 252 Signal Squadron (Operating).
 2/Lieut. F. E. Greaves, 8 Independent Company, W.R.A.C.
 2/Lieut. M. E. McCabe, 18 Signal Regiment.
 2/Lieut. D. M. Moore, W.R.A.C. Technical Officer, School of Artillery, Manorbier.
 2/Lieut. S. L. Stephens, 5 Communications Company, W.R.A.C.
 2/Lieut. J. R. Barker, 14 Signal Regiment.
 2/Lieut. H. M. C. Beaver, 12 Battalion.
 2/Lieut. V. C. Bennett, 8 Independent Company.
 2/Lieut. P. M. C. Downie, "A" Company, 14 Battalion.
 2/Lieut. S. M. Elderkin, 14 Independent Company.
 2/Lieut. D. E. Henry, W.R.A.C. Signal Training Centre.
 2/Lieut. C. V. Hickman, 9 Independent Company.
 2/Lieut. J. M. Hill, Depot and Training Centre.
 2/Lieut. C. E. Hunter, Depot and Training Centre.
 2/Lieut. L. M. Morris, 2 Independent Company.
 2/Lieut. C. C. Parr, 233 Signal Squadron.
 2/Lieut. P. D. Pitt, 28 Signal Regiment.
 2/Lieut. M. M. F. Reid, Depot and Training Centre.
 2/Lieut. E. A. Robinson, H.Q. Company, W.R.A.C. School of Instruction.
 2/Lieut. C. Stubbs, Depot and Training Centre.
 2/Lieut. C. L. Swire, 9 Independent Company.
 2/Lieut. C. M. Whistler, Army School of Signals.
 2/Lieut. H. Woodhams, R.A.E.C. Instructor, Q.A.R.A.N.C. Preliminary Training School.

NEW YEAR HONOURS

D.B.E.—Brigadier J. E. Rivett-Drake.

M.B.E.—W.O.I A. Adamson.

B.E.M.—S/Sgt. E. Embrey, W.O.I B. E. Roberts.

BRANCH DIRECTORY—AMENDMENTS

Guernsey: Miss L. le Q. Sarre, Le Puits, Havelet, St. Peter Port, Guernsey.

Hartlepool: Mrs. L. M. White, 198 Stockton Road, Middlesbrough, Yorks.

London: Miss M. Slocombe, 48 Gorefield House, Canterbury Road, Kilburn, N.W.6.

Lonsdale: Mrs. M. J. Summers, 4 Ambleside House, Ridge Estate, Lancaster.

Salisbury: Mrs. J. Morgan, Ashley, 11 Farley Road, Salisbury, Wilts.

Southampton: Mrs. D. M. Prudent, 63 Harrison Road, Swaythling, Southampton.

14th Battalion: W.O.I D. Hodgson, British Forces Post Office 40.

9 Independent Company: W.O.II A. Prior, Stirling Barracks, Larkhill, Wilts.

Personal Column

For Sale. W.R.A.C. Subaltern's green greatcoat. Lined in red and well tailored. Height 5 ft. 6 in., size 36-26-38. Almost new and in excellent condition. Any reasonable offer accepted. Box No. 1/64.

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. Housekeeper (working) in the Nuffield Officers' Club, 93 Eaton Square, London, S.W.1. Resident post. Applicant must be capable of handling staff, but a learner would be considered. Aged 40-55. One and a half days off duty during the week. Salary according to experience and ability—not less than £6 per week. Apply to the Secretary. Tel. Belgravia 1539, between 9.30 a.m. and 5 p.m.

Vacancies occur for women aged 17 to 40 years as teleprinter, cipher and signen operators, drivers, clerks and cooks with 44 (H.C.) Signal Regiment (Cinque Ports), T.A. Centres are at Bromley, Canterbury, Coulsdon, Chatham, Dover, Margate, Maidstone, Shorncliffe, Tunbridge Wells, Brighton, Bognor Regis, Eastbourne and Worthing. Previous Service experience is useful but not essential as training is given. For further particulars, including pay and allowances, write to: Lieut.-Colonel M. H. Seys-Phillips, T.D., R. Signals, 44 (H.C.) Signal Regiment (Cinque Ports), T.A., Yeomanry House, Boxley Road, Maidstone, Kent.

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.

Colonel Morgan will be at Can Blay, Pollensa de Mallorca, from May to October. Friends interested in an out-of-the-rut holiday in Majorca are invited to write to her at 2 Myrtle Cottage, Netherbury, Bridport, as early as possible.

The Service Women's Club, 52 Lower Sloane Street, London, 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.

Companion-Secretary wanted in Lake District. Must be able to drive car and read aloud. Many country interests public and private. Pony kept. Mrs. MacInnes, Dacre, Nr. Penrith.

Wanted. Physical Training Instructress (21 years or over) for female patients of all ages, at Winterton Hospital, Sedgefield, Stockton-on-Tees. £10. 3s. 10d. per 42-hour week. Health Services national conditions for holidays, sick pay, superannuation, etc; appointments subject to satisfactory medical examination. Canvassing Committee Members or Senior Officers either directly or indirectly will disqualify. Apply to the Group Secretary, by POSTCARD, for an Application Form.

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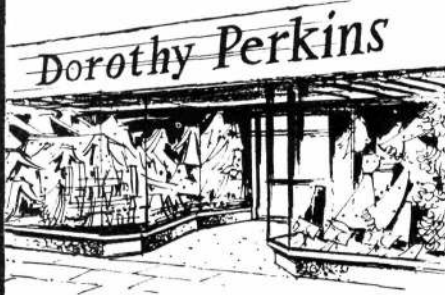
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