

THE LIONESS

VOL XXXVII

NOVEMBER 1964

No. 4



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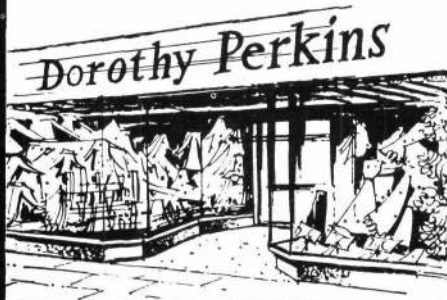
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WHO'S WHO

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of THE LIONESS)

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(Contributions and personal column advertisements)

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CHARGES

Personal column: 3 lines 4s. 6d., each additional line
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Reunion notices: Notices of forthcoming reunions where
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**CONTRIBUTIONS FOR NEXT ISSUE BY
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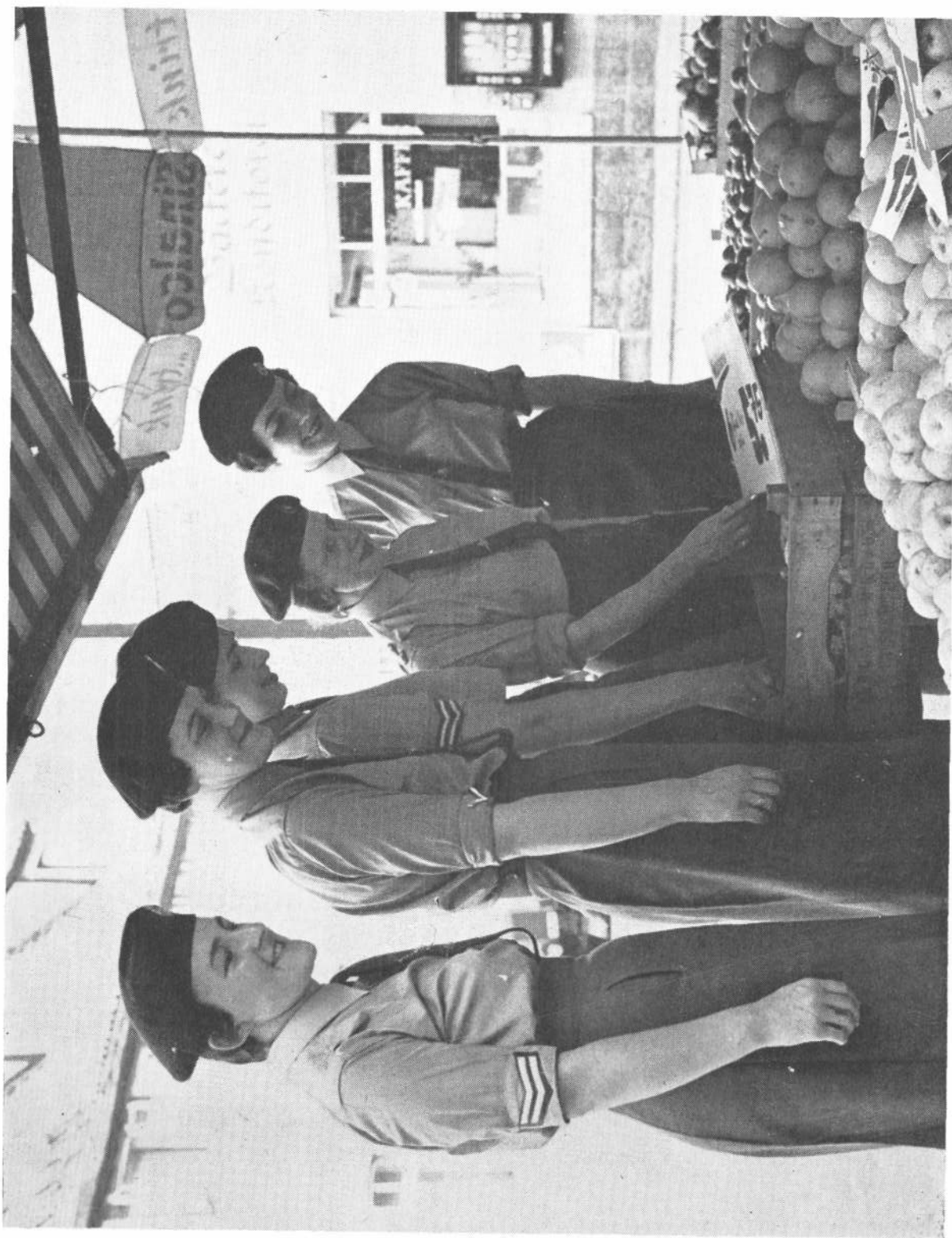


Photo by Public Relations

W.R.A.C. (T.A.) shopping in Germany



THE LIONESS

Vol. XXXVII

November, 1964

No. 4

Christmas Greetings From Our President H.R.H. The Princess Royal

THE recent opening of the new Queen Elizabeth Barracks at Guildford, by Her Majesty The Queen, was an outward symbol of the building of the W.R.A.C. on the foundations laid by Q.M.A.A.C. and A.T.S.

I send all who serve at the W.R.A.C. Depot and Training Centre a special message of good wishes for the first year in their new home, and hope that they, and all members of the Association, will have a happy Christmas and good fortune in 1965.

MARY

Editorial

THE Mills of God grind slowly but, before this edition falls through members' letterboxes, the reorganisation of the A.T.S. and W.R.A.C. Benevolent Funds, mentioned by the Chairman of Council in her report to the last Annual General Meeting, will have been completed and the Trustees will have held their first meeting.

The main purpose of this reorganisation is to save overhead expenses. Members may rest assured that the Funds will continue to be administered in accordance with the intention of their original Trust Deeds and that the interests of all three Corps, Q.M.A.A.C., A.T.S. and W.R.A.C., will be safeguarded.

The names of the first Trustees will reassure any who may still have doubts about the wisdom of this centralisation. The A.T.S. Benevolent Fund nominated three representatives to the new Committee. They are Dame Leslie Whateley, well known to so many as the Director, A.T.S., from 1943 till 1946, Mr. A. C. E. Musk, a director of Coutts Bank, who has been Treasurer and financial adviser to the Fund for many years, and the Lady Margaret Sandeman-Allen (*née* Marquis), Chairman of the Grants Committee. The three representatives from the W.R.A.C. Fund are Miss A. M. Martin, who served in the Q.M.A.A.C., and will look after their interests, Colonel E. W. Gibson, W.R.A.C. (Retd.), Chairman of the W.R.A.C. Committee of Management, and Lieut.-Colonel S. A. E. Heaney, W.R.A.C., 2 i/c Medical Services and W.R.A.C. Records. Both these officers served in the A.T.S. and have been members of Council for a number of years.

In addition to the six nominative Trustees, the Deputy Controller Commandant, W.R.A.C. (Brigadier Dame Mary Railton), the Chairman of Council (Miss V. K. Stead) and the Director, W.R.A.C. (Brigadier J. E. Henderson), will be *ex officio* members of the committee.

No change need be made in any existing covenants or bankers' orders; these will continue to be paid to the credit of the Fund they were made out in favour of, and any subscription or donation given to the A.T.S. Fund will be used only to help those who served in the Auxiliary Territorial Service. Money given to the W.R.A.C. Fund will continue to be used for Q.M.A.A.C., A.T.S. or W.R.A.C., where the need arises.

The reorganisation, unfortunately, will not solve all our financial problems or bridge the gap between income and expenditure. Your support is essential if the work of the Funds is to go on. At this season of goodwill, we appeal to all our members to help their less fortunate comrades who will have nothing extra to spare and who may be ill, cold and hungry at Christmas. This is no exaggeration, as in one recent case the children were barefoot on a cold winter day, and in another the mother was found to have starved herself to feed her children and had to be put on a special diet before she could take solid food again.

As the heart of Christmas lies in the family, so we who served in Q.M.A.A.C., A.T.S. and W.R.A.C. are bound together by the ties of service, comradeship and mutual interests. We wish a very happy Christmas and good fortune in 1965 to all our members, wherever they may be.

Letter Home

WIMEREUX, CHRISTMAS 1918

WE have been hard at work preparing for Christmas. For weeks past we have been making love to all sorts and kinds of people, and have, in consequence, managed to get hold of nearly all the things we wanted. It takes some doing to collect enough to feed 400-500 large and hungry people when one has to rely mainly on rations. We have been collecting stuff for mincemeat for about six weeks and have only just managed it.

We had a novel and curious party last Friday. We asked 20 men from one of the convalescent camps to come and help make paper flowers for the decorations. They were so keen that 100 turned up, three-quarters of an hour too soon, and asked pathetically if they could come again. They were so funny that you would have thought to look at them that their life depended on making paper flowers. They were a most earnest crew.

You would have been amused if you could have seen us for about a fortnight before Christmas. We all became absolutely shameless about asking for things. We got brandy for the puddings from one officer, sherry from another, etc. We actually walked up to an unknown Tommy in the street, who we knew came from a camp with a band, to ask for an orchestra for the dancing. We had a beauty in consequence. G.H.Q. wanted the same one, but "of course we came first."

At the last moment we heard that very likely the plum-puddings would not turn up, so, our hairs nearly grey, we started making them. You have no idea of the difficulty of getting materials for enough plum-puddings for 250 at one day's notice. I spent an entire morning invading seven butchers' shops, getting suet. We got them made in the end and they were jolly good.

The next horror was that the turkeys did not turn up. Happily, we got word of another lot at another place, flew off there and managed to secure them. This all happened on Christmas Eve.

The crackers arrived safely and were a huge success. The other table decorations were gradually appropriated by the girls in the course of dinner, to decorate their heads! We had a highly successful dinner. We borrowed sheets from the various sick-bays for tablecloths, and had crackers and tinsel paper flowers all the way down. It really looked festive and the girls were simply riotous with excitement and nearly lifted the roof off. It was the jolliest meal that I have ever been at. We were all cheered and had to make speeches.

After dinner we really had hard labour. We had 400-500 coming to the party and you may imagine what the food looked like for that number. We had hundreds of different-coloured blancmanges, millions of sandwiches, dozens of mince-pies, etc. The entire floor of our mess room was carpeted with food. It was a truly wonderful sight. The party, which was fancy dress, started at 6.45 and at 6.30 I flew up, washed my face, put on a clean collar, combed my hair and sallied forth.

The Command Paymaster was judging the dresses. There was a prize for the prettiest and one for the most original. The poor man nearly went out of his mind, but in the end managed to choose two. After he had departed I went off to change into my beautiful fancy dress; when I marched into the hut with it on, to my horror I was greeted with applause. I went puce in the face.

The party was an immense success. We had two huts full of dancers and the recreation room for games. As far as I could make out, they played kiss-in-the-ring quite steadily for four hours. Anyway, they were quite happy and the number of kisses was phenomenal. I was nearly inveigled into playing, but happily realised what the game was just in time. The whole house was unsafe, as mistletoe was everywhere; if one paused for a moment without looking up, one's fate was sealed. I escaped, but Brocklehurst was caught in the dusk by a Tommy.

A perfectly wonderful sergeant-major came to the party and was a perfect jewel of delight. He took tickets at the door, checked out the uninvited guests, soothed the drunks, and then collected all the dirty crockery, helped wash up and put the tables to rights for breakfast. He was such a splendid fellow that at one point I gave him my door key and left him in charge of the house while I had to be away. What we should have done without him I really don't know.

We eventually crept into bed about 4 a.m., feeling slightly second-hand.

I. A. TURNER
(late U.A., Wimereux II).

Christmas Shopping List

W.R.A.C. Car Badges		£1 13s. 0d.
W.R.A.C. Diaries:		
Leather wallets, complete with diary		19s. 0d.
Leather bound, with pencil		7s. 0d.
Plexide, without pencil		5s. 0d.
Diary refill for wallet		4s. 0d.
W.R.A.C. Glass Ashtray		6s. 0d.
W.R.A.C. Car Key Rings		7s. 6d.
W.R.A.C. Corps Prints		6s. 0d.
<i>Service with the Army</i> , by Dame Helen Gwynne-Vaughan		3s. 6d.

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The W.R.A.C. Association,
Block "E,"
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PLEASE NOTE: The Association is not selling Christmas Cards this year.

Reunion

NORTHERN AREA

SATURDAY, 12th September, produced a day of glorious sunshine for the Northern Area Reunion, held in the Lounge Hall at Harrogate, and by 3 p.m. it was evident that this had proved a popular rendezvous, if the milling throng was any guide.

Representatives were present from Bradford, Catterick, Derby, Grimsby, Hartlepoons, Hull, Leeds, Leicester, Nottingham, Sheffield and York—the only Northern Area Branch missing being Chesterfield, who had been obliged to send a block apology. In addition, we were also pleased to see a goodly number of individual visitors, who had travelled from sundry places for the occasion.

The Chairman of Northern Area, Lieut.-Colonel E. E. Michell, A.D.W.R.A.C., Northern Command, presided and was supported by Miss V. K. Stead, O.B.E., T.D., J.P., Vice-Chairman, and Mrs. E. M. Suttle, Hon. Secretary. Distinguished guests present included Colonel D. H. I. Wilson, O.B.E., D.D.W.R.A.C. Southern Command, and Mrs. A. J. Stevenson, Chairman of Council.

In opening the proceedings, Colonel Michell said she was delighted to see so many people present and was particularly pleased to welcome Colonel Wilson as guest speaker, and also Miss A. Gummersall of Bradford Branch, who is our very oldest member. Miss Gummersall duly "took a bow" to the accompaniment of a hearty round of applause and expressed great pleasure at being with us. Lieut.-Colonel Millington was unfortunately unable to come this year, but had sent her best wishes to everyone.

Colonel Wilson said she was charmed and honoured to come as guest speaker and thanked the gathering for inviting her, as it was a pleasure to see so many old friends again. As D.D.W.R.A.C. Southern Command, she gave some interesting information on what is going on in the regular Corps today and commented that it now included many girls whose mothers served in the A.T.S.—which was doubtless a sobering thought to many of the "young in heart" present. As always, one found the naughty ones at one extreme and the good ones at the other, but in between there was a large number of girls doing a useful and valuable job, although Cupid claimed his fair share of the total strength. The Corps continued to grow slowly and we should be proud that its members were carrying on the traditions we established. New buildings were being introduced, the highlight of 1964 being the opening of the new Depot at Guildford by H.M. The Queen on 30th October, and in 1965 a new School of Instruction would be opened at Camberley. These were significant milestones in our history.

Many of the regular Corps were now contemplating retirement after a quarter of a century of service, and thus the W.R.A.C. Association formed a link to bind past, present and future, but this would not continue unless everyone eligible was prepared to join and become an active member. It was of great importance to build up our Benevolent Fund and Colonel Wilson appealed to



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everyone present to give regular donations, however small, to ensure a permanent source of income to meet the ever-growing needs for which the Welfare State is unable to cater.

A vote of thanks to Colonel Wilson was proposed by Mrs. Cox and seconded by Mrs. Suttle.

Then came the main event of the afternoon and a fitting tribute to Colonel Wilson's remarks concerning the links between past, present and future—the final judging of the T.A. "Charm and Personality" contest to find "Miss Northern Command 1964." The panel of judges comprised Major-General H. T. Alexander, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., Chief of Staff, Northern Command, Mrs. Alexander, Colonel D. H. I. Wilson and Miss V. K. Stead, and their task was certainly an unenviable one. Thirteen finalists, who all appeared to have equal claims to both charm and personality, paraded *en masse* and subsequently returned one by one to face the panel for assessment and interrogation. In the absence of a computer, the judges had no choice but to wrestle valiantly with complicated mathematics, and ultimately

surfaced to announce the result—First, Pte. Sylvia West; Second, Pte. Patricia Potter; and Third, S/Sgt. S. Limbert. Mrs. Alexander presented the prizes to three delighted recipients and was in turn given a bouquet by Miss Northern Command 1964. A most hearty vote of thanks to the judges was proposed by Colonel Michell.

Following an excellent tea Mrs. Alexander presented the raffle prizes, which had been so generously donated by all Branches and many individuals in aid of the Benevolent Fund, and the proceeds amounted to £21 16s. 6d. An independent collection realised £10 3s. 6d., which produced a magnificent total of £32 to contribute to the Benevolent Fund. Mrs. Stevenson, as a member of the Grants Committee, thanked everyone present for such a wonderful donation and said it would be gratefully received and put to good use.

By this time "zero hour" was drawing nigh, and at 6 p.m. members prepared to depart on their homeward journeys. Regretful farewells were made and it seemed to be universally agreed that the 1964 Reunion has been a roaring success.



Photo by courtesy of the "Telegraph & Argus," Bradford

Past and Present meet at Harrogate. Miss A. Gummingsall (ex-Q.M.A.A.C.) with Pte. S. West, W.R.A.C. (T.A.)



40 Stirling Company, A.T.S., meet again at the Scottish Area Reunion

Readers Remember

LIFE IN THE A.T.S.

J. P.

THE telephone rings and a VOICE, in no uncertain tone, demands your "impressions of life in the A.T.S., or else. . . ." One gives a hasty thought to the consequences if the said impressions are not delivered to the VOICE by the stated time—shudders—realises there is no way out and attempts to turn the mind back over events which have taken place since a certain grey November morning in 1941. One is dismayed to find that the mind has not recorded events in a sensible, orderly fashion at all, but that the picture which presents itself before the mind's eye might have been painted by Picasso himself. Also, seen in retrospect, the pleasant undoubtedly predominates over the unpleasant. However, let us join the band of assorted pieces of femininity at the station on the said grey November morning and see what happens. . . .

Your first thought? "Are these to be my companions in the future?" Excited chatter—nervous high spirits—each one stating that, in the life upon which she is now embarking, she, at least, will hold her own and not be "sat on" by the brass-hats and "powers that be."

Eventually, the crowd, which has grown larger and larger, is disgorged at the journey's end—what next? Along comes five feet of humanity resplendent in khaki and on the arm stands out, in all its glory, a beautifully whitened piece of tape. "What is your job?" asks one of the crowd. "To teach you lot," replies "White-tape" in menacing tones. Next on the scene appears what

is later realised to be *the* means of transport in the Army from one given point to another—the three-ton lorry. The raw recruiting material is herded together, loaded on to the three-tonner, whisked away with amazing rapidity and finally dumped inside the gates of an imposing barracks.

Khaki-clad beings, formidable with stripes one, two or three, or pips one, two or three, appear and the mass is fed, rushed through rooms to give information, receive information, mug, cutlery and what you will, taken to their quarters and left to recover. The huts are warm, thank heavens, beds—well, it is somewhere to sleep, at any rate—let that be sufficient. Most mattresses are divided into three biscuits, and there are four blankets, two sheets and one pillow-slip to each bed. Each girl has a box—soldier's, A.T.S., for the use of, and shares a cupboard with her neighbour. In the twinkling of an eye, beds are made (only bitter experience teaches the best means of utilising the blankets); photographs of husbands, sweethearts, mothers, fathers, sisters, brothers, Uncle Alfie and Cousin Bert appear as if by magic and are pinned on lockers or stuck on window-sills. There are one or two chairs and a table, but, apart from that, there is no noticeable likeness to one's rooms at home.

The next day sees the start of the queueing system. Queues for medical inspections, queues for dental inspections, queues for uniforms and the best queue of all—the glorious NAAFI break. After the first day or two the programme has really started. This is IT. How quickly are the tricks of the trade learned: to nip out of bed a few minutes before reveille at 6.30 a.m. (ugh!) to commandeer the shower or bath before the mass arrives; to sprint to the front of the platoon for breakfast parade;

to dash back after breakfast to find a broom before they are all taken (oh yes, the "rookies" are responsible for the cleanliness of ablutions, corridors, etc., in addition to their own huts); to grab with the best of them at the table and sigh to realise that table manners are growing progressively worse.

The next few weeks quickly pass in a succession of drill periods, lectures, P.T., route marches, first aid, gas drill, inoculations, vaccination (then come those dreadful C.B. periods after inoculations when there is time to think and symptoms of homesickness begin to appear). The raw material is quickly and amazingly licked into shape on the square by instructors whose voices conjure up immediately a picture of Tarzan in agony. However, most of them have a sense of humour. After the first reaction of indignation at being the object of the bawling, it is extraordinary how anxious the recruit becomes to do the right thing. In fact, in all aspects of this new life, this anxiety quickly displaces the original determination not to be "sat on."

There is much that is funny to balance life. What could *Punch* produce to better the picture of the pre-war "ladies of fashion" leaving the "Q" stores with their first uniforms, caps perched on heads, skirts nearly to ankles, jackets with sleeves flapping, greatcoats completely enveloping and swamping our little ladies and kit-bags slung over shoulders? But what a transformation has taken place when the GREAT DAY arrives—what pressing (and what queueing for irons), what spit and polish, what cleaning and brushing has been going on immediately prior to this. There is gaiety and sadness, light hearts and heavy hearts, for the parting of the ways has indeed been reached. Friendships formed during those four weeks are about to be dissolved and the friends probably never seen again.

Will the thrill of the first passing-out parade ever quite fade from the memory? I don't think so: the band—the immaculate khaki figures with gleaming buttons, shining shoes, skirts with knife-edged pleats, hair drawn up tightly well above the collar (in accordance with Standing Orders), moving as one man (or rather woman), the feet picking out the rhythm of the drum—left, left, left-right-left. . . . Yes, for some, probably their last as well as their first large parade, but never to be forgotten.

Fun and gaiety is the order of the evening in the respective huts. Pyjama-clad figures are producing mysterious parcels of eats, bottles of pop are appearing, candles are stuck in bottles; the last feast is in progress, to which are invited one's company and platoon officers and N.C.O.s.

"Then came the dawn." In the cold half-light, the ever faithful "three-tonner" is weighed down with the same bunch (the same? No, never quite the same again) of girls, who are whisked along to the station. Thus the last word is written to the first, and probably the most memorable, chapter of one's Army life.

Events that follow in the next few years have much of a sameness about them.

Arrivals at large camps or small camps, or perhaps

even only a solitary house, situated in towns, near towns, or miles away from any town at all—settling down to the job on hand; reading yards and yards of orders appertaining to that particular camp: "Thou wilt not do this," "Thou wilt not do that"; numerous inspections by brass-hats, red-tabs and lesser lights; forming friendships, only to find that a malicious fate decides it shall be your particular buddy who is to be posted within 24 hours to the other end of England, or out of it; the camp concerts and dances; the much-maligned E.N.S.A.; the much-hated Company evenings (for the benefit of the uninitiated, it is laid down by the "powers that be" that on one evening of every week the "At" shall not leave her camp, but shall devote her time to domestic activities as befits British womanhood: darning, mending, cleaning, polishing, listening to lectures, etc.).

Ah, the speed with which the dust of camp or barracks is shaken from the heels when the precious 24-hour pass arrives. The lucky ones depart to their homes if within reach; the less fortunate to the nearest town to spend their weekly 11s. 6d., or whatever amount is delivered into eager outstretched hands when, on a certain day each week, after much time and energy has been expended on pressing uniform, polishing buttons and probably waiting 30 minutes in a cold room, the other rank receives from commissioned rank practical recognition for services rendered! Thereupon ensues one of the "wild orgies" for which the girls in khaki became notorious in the Press some years ago, viz., tea is partaken in a local café; Messrs. Woolworth & Co. become richer by a few coppers; the cinema is visited and finally the Toc H or Y.W.C.A. for supper.

All this leads to THE DAY—DEMOB (a glimpse of real organisation, incidentally), but with what mixed feelings is the khaki issue put on for the last time; sadness and gladness certainly walk side by side.

Weighing events in one's mind, has one lost or gained by becoming a member of the A.T.S.? Gained, most certainly. A never-to-be-forgotten experience. Friendships formed in a matter of weeks, which would have taken years in "civvy" life, by being together from morning to night under bad conditions, mediocre conditions or good conditions; sharing periods of being completely browned off with officialdom, red tape, bad quarters, poor cooking, etc., and periods of great fun. A.T.S. doing technical jobs on A.A. gunsites have, in many cases, astounded the men with whom they have worked by the speed and efficiency with which they have learned work completely different from anything they had previously tackled.

There has been a great deal of criticism of the A.T.S., chiefly that they spend their time leading a wild, drunken life or that they spend their time "square-bashing" and thus become masculine hoydens. While neither of the above is entirely groundless, each is, on the whole, nonsense. Walk down any street in any town or city, cordon off an area in which there are, say, 200 girls between the ages of 17 and 50, put them in uniform and there you have a company of typical A.T.S.—ordinary

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beings, drawn into the Service voluntarily or compulsorily through many and varied channels, from all walks of life, doing their jobs with or without, in Army jargon, zeal and ability, feeling continually "browned off," but admitting they wouldn't have missed the experience for all the tea in China.

Association News

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

THE Annual General Meeting will be held at the Duke of York's Headquarters on Saturday, 13th March, 1965, at 3 p.m. In order that Resolutions for consideration at the Annual General Meeting may be printed in the February issue of THE LIONESS, they should reach the General Secretary by 31st December, 1964.

BRANCH SECRETARIES' MEETING

THE Secretaries' Meeting will be held at 11.30 a.m. in the Canteen of 80 (Chelsea) Company W.R.A.C. (T.A.), Block "E," by kind permission of Lieut.-Colonel C. H. M. Milner, O.B.E., W.R.A.C.(T.A.). Members of Council look forward to meeting all Secretaries for lunch as their guests. Please notify the General Secretary by 1st March, 1965, if you are able to attend.

THE GRAND REUNION

THE Grand Reunion will be held at the Rainbow Room, Derry & Toms, Kensington High Street, W.8, on Saturday, 13th March, 1965, from 7 p.m. to 10.30 p.m. Tickets 10s. each, including refreshments. Applications for tickets to the General Secretary, W.R.A.C. Association, Block "E," Duke of York's Headquarters, London, S.W.3, after 1st January, 1965. Please enclose stamped, addressed envelopes with applications.

Q.M.A.A.C. REUNION

THE Q.M.A.A.C. Reunion will be held in the Central Mess, Duke of York's Headquarters, on Friday, 12th March, 1965, from 7 p.m. to 10 p.m. Tickets, price 4s. each, may be obtained after 1st January, 1965, from the General Secretary, W.R.A.C. Association, Block "E," Duke of York's Headquarters, London, S.W.3. Stamped, addressed envelopes, please.

CHURCH SERVICE, SUNDAY, 14th MARCH, 1965

BY kind permission of Major-General E. J. B. Nelson, D.S.O., M.V.O., C.B.E., M.C., B.A., members of the Association may attend the morning service at 11 a.m. in the Military Chapel, Chelsea Barracks, Chelsea Bridge Road. More seats are available than in previous years and all members are welcome. **Tickets are not required.**

“Squad Will Retire”

Capt. L. P. Gulston

DO you remember your first Ceremonial Parade? I remember mine with vivid horror. It was a showery day in 1952 at Thiepval Barracks, Lisburn, Northern Ireland, and from our forming-up spot—round the back of the W.R.A.C. accommodation, where the unseemly shufflings and herdings could not spoil for the spectators the illusion of the finished article—we could hear the tinny, echoing sound of the band playing “The Thin Red Line” on the rain-puddled square. Being the biggest thing in sight, I found myself on the extreme right, very young, very new, shaking with fear and stuffed with terrible injunctions to “practically carry the marker away as you march on, Private Gulston.” I obeyed so zealously that the marker rocked like an aspen leaf and the R.S.M. turned white and flicked at me a glance that should have melted the buttons on my B.D.—but it was not that which stuck in my mind. The burning scandal of the whole parade, chewed over with indignation right through Annual Camp, was the fact that BOTH our officers had *been out of step*! This, however, we scornfully agreed, was only to be expected. After all, officers were ROTTEN at drill and *always* let you down. (How could WE know that the poor things never DID any drill?)

Clustered with the rest in the Drill Shed at Liphook in December 1963, 12-year-old memories crowded back to me as 16 pairs of wary eyes regarded C.S.M. Highdon, who smiled at us with the placid, indulgent cynicism of a long-service Senior Rank. There we were, on a T.A. officers’ refresher course, 11 English, 3 Scots, 1 Australian, and me—individually perhaps a little jaded, a little egotistic, but now welded together in that intangible, anonymous entity “The Squad.”

“Good morning, ladies,” greeted the C.S.M.

“Good MORning, Sergeant-Major,” we droned in unison, standing uneasily easy.

“Assuming that you’ve all done the basic principles, we’ll start with ‘turnings at the halt,’ ladies. Squad—squad SHUN.”

We shunned, breathing hard with concentration.

“Squad will move to the right, right TURN.”

It was like the patter of hailstones on a tin roof.

“Ladies,” said the C.S.M. patiently, “you must count out the time—ONE-two-three-ONE. Once more—squad will retire, right TURN.”

“Wuntoothywun,” mumbled a few self-conscious voices.

“ALL of you.”

“Wuntoothywun,” came a little stronger this time,

“Louder, ladies, louder. Bring your voices up from HERE.”

Scrabbling in our diaphragms we discovered quite a respectable volume of sound. Eventually we managed a proper throaty roar and grinned at each other in embarrassment, feeling as if we’d sneezed in a crypt.

By the end of three days we were definitely “with it.” And then on the fourth morning we straggled into the Drill Shed to find C.S.M. Highdon gone and Sgt. Barnard, who had been laid low with flu, restored to her rightful place as our Instructor. Sgt. Barnard was neat as a whole sewing-basketful of new pins and looked awesomely efficient and businesslike.

“Good morning, ladies,” she said, “I believe you’ve been through turnings at the halt, at ease, attention, and marching?”

We smugly assured her that we had.

“Right. We’ll see how you get on, then.”

This suited us fine. We were bursting to show off our smart synchronisation and vocal agility to someone new. Lifting our knee-joints till they cracked and making our stomach muscles give of their best, we bellowed “WUN-TOOTHYWUN.” It echoed from the tin roof like the snarling of jungle beasts in Whipsnade.

When the ripples of sound subsided there was silence for a moment, then Sgt. Barnard’s clear, well-modulated tones cut across our complacent satisfaction.

“You will not SHOUT, please,” she said evenly. “Remember that you are Officers and Ladies. CALL out the time. There is no necessity to BAWL.”

We felt like naughty privates caught racketing in the barrack-room after Lights Out. The next time we executed a manoeuvre to the tune of a timorous whisper. Disorientated by the lack of noise, several rugged individualists turned the wrong way, so that startled people met face to face. This, of course, evoked a procedural dilemma cravenly ignored by the compilers of “DRILL—ALL ARMS.” To smirk at one’s partner and say “Fancy meeting YOU here” seemed not only unregimental but downright fatuous; to thrust forth the tongue was probably an offence under Military Law (and anyway, how many regulation inches?). Perhaps a brisk lift of the right eyebrow in salute, with an “UP-two-three, DOWN-two-three” . . . ?

I am proud to report that enough semblance of military decency was preserved to make us at least stand fast. In a hush so thick you could almost run your fingers through it, we waited, trembling, for the blast of wrath and derision which we deserved. So agonised was the tension, so real the apprehension, that we might have been watching our own 252s being made out.

Sgt. Barnard positioned herself in front of us so that her eye could make a comprehensive orbit. We braced ourselves and stared woodenly at whichever wall we happened to be facing.

With just the gentlest, subtlest edge of scorn, Sgt. Barnard passed her judgment.

“TATTY, ladies. Very, ve-ry TATTY.”

As a rebuke, its picturesque imagery was nothing short of genius, but it went much deeper than that. It caught

at our imaginations and became the catchword of the week. Should a clumsy hand (generally mine) slop coffee in a saucer, or drop a biscuit, or a careless foot trip on a mat, from some corner of the Mess a voice was sure to cry:

"TATTY—oh, very, ve-ry TATTY."

It pursued us in the lecture rooms; it hovered over the paths and grassy verges; it filled the anteroom with a jocular miasma; it even floated like a spectre along the corridors of the sleeping huts, so that, from a bath cubicle where a mat had been left rumpled or the soap sticky, borne upon the midnight air came the plaintive, accusing cry: "TATTY, ladies—oh, very, *very*, VERY TATTY."

In the end, however, Sgt. Barnard's exertions bore fruit, but just when she had our corners planed, so to speak, the course was over, and I suspect that very soon she was confronted with a new mass of unknadable dough!

On the first Sunday back with my Company in Belfast, I strolled out to the strip of concrete where the recruits are whittled into shape. One of my T.A. corporals was doing a splendid job with them.

"Count out the time," she commanded. "Now—squad will move to the right, right TURN—ONE-two-three-ONE."

The now familiar patter of hailstones on a tin roof resulted and several confused and worried souls turned left.

"You're not *thinking*," accused the corporal sternly. "Some of you don't seem to know your left from your right."

I slunk away at that stage, because I felt a frightful undermining of discipline coming on—I was sorry, actually SORRY for the recruits. In fact, I was all on their side.

So I went into my office and signed the month's AFG3518s. With the best will in the world, you can't, thank goodness, feel more than a superficial sympathy for a work ticket!

T.A. News

T.A. MASSED RETREAT AT EDINBURGH CASTLE

EVERY year, during the Edinburgh Festival, a military tattoo is held on the esplanade of Edinburgh Castle, which provides an ideal background for such an event. There is no performance of the tattoo on Thursday evenings and local units of the Territorial Army have permission to use the esplanade and the facilities provided for the tattoo, including seating and lighting, to put on a Massed Retreat on two Thursday evenings during the Festival. This privilege was granted again this year and the Territorial Army staged a Massed Retreat on 20th August and 3rd September.

In addition to the normal ceremony of beating Retreat,

members of the Women's Royal Army Corps belonging to 96 (Edinburgh) Coy., W.R.A.C. (T.A.), 97 (Lothians) Coy., W.R.A.C. (T.A.), 61st (City of Edinburgh) Signal Regiment (T.A.) and 100 (Fife) Coy., W.R.A.C. (T.A.), gave a display of Scottish country dancing to the accompaniment of the massed pipes and drums. The dancers were divided into three sets of eight and performed the dance "Bonny Brux." They looked most attractive; those dancing as women wore white dresses and tartan sashes, and those dancing as men, tartan skirts and white shirts. The dancers returned to parade with the massed bands for the playing of the sunset hymn and finale. The Salute was taken by the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, the Rt. Hon. Duncan M. Weatherstone, on the first evening, and by Sir Maxwell Inglis of Glencorse, Bt., President of the Territorial and Auxiliary Forces Association of the Counties of the City of Edinburgh, the Lothians and Peebles, on the second evening.

The two performances drew a total audience of approximately 8,000 and the proceeds have been donated to various Army charities. Both performances were generally agreed to be a great success and permission has been given to hold two performances again next year.

43 (WESSEX) DIVISION, W.R.A.C. (T.A.)

FOR the first time since reorganisation, all W.R.A.C. (T.A.) units in the Division camped together this year. H.Q. C.W.R.A.C., 71 (Bristol) Coy., 72 (Wilts. & Som.) Coy., 74 (Devon) Coy., 4 (Cornwall) Indep. Pl. and the W.R.A.C. Detachment of 43 (Wx.) Div. Pro. Coy. from Bristol assembled at Drake Lines, Blandford Camp, on 6th June, with a very full programme ahead of them.

In the first week, drivers from 71 and 74 Coys. took part with their affiliated R.A.S.C. companies in a four-day exercise run by 43 (Wx.) Div. Colm., R.A.S.C. Each night the convoys moved off to different positions on Salisbury Plain indicated by map reference—the male element were a little surprised on the first night to find W.R.A.C. at the right place at the right time, but took it for granted by the end of the week! The weather was kind on all but the last night and much useful experience was gained in driving on side-lights, reversing and cross-country driving—not to speak of delivering the goods while a full-scale battle, complete with thunderflashes, raged all round. The women soon learnt to make themselves comfortable in unaccustomed situations; their accompanying cooks performed miracles of field cookery and, as the word went round, it was surprising how many of the Column found reason to call.

Meanwhile, in Camp the excellent facilities ensured useful and interesting training in all trades: stewardesses staffed Officers' and Sergeants' Messes, where, by kind permission of H.Q. A.E.R. R. Signals, we lived in far greater than normal camp comfort; the A.C.C. from Aldershot District ran a very successful cooks' course; clerks and storewomen, in addition to taking a course, were given useful practical experience by being attached



The Duchess of Beaufort with Sgt. S. Newton of 74 (Devon) Company, W.R.A.C. (T.A.)

to H.Q. A.E.R. R. Signals offices; and learner drivers made great strides towards passing their tests. Medical orderlies were attached to the Camp M.I. Room and, as all the Regulars had to have typhoid inoculations, they found themselves gaining a lot of unexpected practical experience. Telephone operators ran the switch-board, which (once the users had mastered the intricacies of rather elderly field telephones) linked the various units with the outside world and with each other.

The middle weekend was the highlight of Camp, for our newly appointed Honorary Colonel, Her Grace The Duchess of Beaufort, paid us her first visit. Her Grace was met on Saturday evening at Salisbury station by C.W.R.A.C., Major P. E. Gordon-Thompson, and conveyed to Camp with an escort of W.R.A.C. Provost. On Sunday everyone assembled for an outdoor drum-head service, conducted by the Rev. Martin Cooper, Padre to 43 (Wx.) Div. Colm., R.A.S.C. This was followed by the annual Inter-Unit Drill Competition, and then Her Grace presented the Drill Cup to the

winning team from 74 Coy. and the Sports and Rifle-Shooting Cups to 72 Coy.

After taking coffee in the Sergeants' Mess, Her Grace returned to the Officers' Mess, where 70 guests were entertained to lunch. The Duke of Beaufort, Honorary Colonel of The Royal Gloucestershire Hussars, who had been visiting the Regiment in Camp at Penhale, called for his wife after lunch in a helicopter!

We were also visited by Major-General M. W. Prynne, C.B.E., Chief of Staff Southern Command, Major-General J. R. Holden, C.B.E., D.S.O., G.O.C. 43 (Wx.) Div./Dist., Colonel D. H. I. Wilson, O.B.E., D.D.W.R.A.C. Southern Command, Major-General C. L. Firbank, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., D.L., Chairman of Somerset T. & A.F. Association, and Lieut.-Colonel M. W. Hickson, M.B.E., A.D.W.R.A.C. Aldershot District.

Camp ended with the skilled Driving Competition for the Firbank Cup, which was won by 71 Coy. Sgt. Langman of Cheltenham was the individual winner with 94 per cent.

Memories of B.A.O.R.

Lieut. Mary Shorrock, W.R.A.C. (T.A.)

IT was Friday, 3rd July, 1964; there was a light, cold rain falling as I made my way to the railway station. I had been chosen as O.I.C. T.A. attachments to Regular Army Units in B.A.O.R. The seven lucky ladies, all from H.Q. W.R.A.C., 42 (Lancashire) Div./Dist., were to be affiliated to various units in B.A.O.R. for the next 15 days. Major Gildea, W.R.A.C., Major E. I. Davidson, W.R.A.C. (T.A.), R.S.M. Evans, W.R.A.C., and Sgt. Sones, W.R.A.C., were at the airport office in Manchester to meet us and say *au revoir* before leaving for Ringway Airport. It was there that L/Cpl. Stead discovered that the destination on her baggage label was marked "Gutersloh" and not "Dusseldorf." We were too excited at this stage to panic; it was the first time any of us had been to Germany. However, Major Smith, who was Movements Officer, was informed, and by the time we had walked to the aircraft the baggage had been found and all was well.

The flight took approximately 1½ hours, during which we were given light refreshments and a cup of coffee. Düsseldorf Airport was quite large, and how nice it was to see two W.R.A.C. sergeants, who were attached to "Q" Movements. We collected our baggage and changed our English money for Deutschemarks. Then we were met by R.S.M. Hodgson of 14 Bn., W.R.A.C., and a W.R.A.C. corporal from 16 Signal Regt., who escorted S/Sgt. Hinton and Cpl. McGurn to Krefeld, where they were to be employed for their 15 days. Cpls. Gorry, Johnson, Ross, L/Cpls. Marsh, Stead and I went by car to Rheindahlen. It was a lovely evening and the countryside was exquisite; the sight of the cornfields reminded me of the Germany I had read about.

First stop was the Officers' Mess, where I was met by Lieut. Shirley Orr; she took me along to Room No. 12, which was to be my home for the following 15 days. The accommodation was extremely good, well equipped and most comfortable. Later in the evening, I was introduced to Capt. Audrey Purton, who had previously served with Major Gildea; and Lieut.-Colonel Robertson, her present A.P.M., was C.W.R.A.C., H.Q. 42 (Lancashire) Div./Dist., two years ago, so, of course, we had a lot to talk about.

By this time the girls had been taken to their billets, had a very appetising meal and been introduced to some of the W.R.A.C., who completely took over from the R.S.M. and escorted them around the camp, which had every type of amenity one could wish for.

On Saturday they were taken to Moenchen-Gladbach to see the shops and to try out using Deutschemarks—most confusing at first, but after a few days we were all quite used to it. Apparently an invitation from the R.A.F., to a dance at the Queensway Club, had been extended to include the T.A. girls, and they spent a very pleasant evening there and thoroughly enjoyed the dance. The club was visited quite frequently after that.

We were very fortunate on Sunday afternoon. Major John Humphries, R.A., offered to take four of us for a drive along the Autobahn. Eventually we stopped at a quaint little café by a lake, where we had a dish of luscious fruit covered with lashings of fresh cream. It was obvious that the German people love their food.

Monday morning was quite dull and at 0830 hours "A" Coy. personnel were to be on parade for inspection by Lieut. Patricia Downie, who was indeed astonished to see five girls in khaki, but she was very impressed by their excellent turnout and smartness. At 0900 hours, having reported to C.S.M. Lively, the girls were taken to their respective places of employment. The two Signal girls were already in position at Krefeld and L/Cpl. Stead was being taken care of as she was attached to 145 Provost Coy., W.R.A.C. Cpl. Johnson worked in Battalion Office under the supervision of Sgt. Avery, W.R.A.C., a very efficient Admin. Clerk, who knew all the answers. Cpl. Ross was in "A" Coy. Office and enjoyed working in a very pleasant atmosphere where she got on tremendously well with the W.R.A.C. Cpl. Gorry was employed as Assistant Caterer—a new task, which she enjoyed and where she learnt a great deal. L/Cpl. Marsh carried out her work very efficiently as a stewardess in the Sergeants' Mess.

I reported to "A" Coy. and worked with Lieut. Orr, Company Commander, and the two Platoon Officers, Lieut. Downie and 2/Lieut. Cameron. They were a jolly good team and I enjoyed every minute of my stay with them.

All the girls soon got into the routine and were carrying out their jobs very efficiently; fortunately they did not need any training (I was convinced that our T.A. training, in all aspects, came up to the Regular Army standard).

A coach trip was organised on the middle Saturday, which, of course, the T.A. took advantage of. They visited Roermond, a small town in Holland; it was a miserable, wet day, but they said it was a good shopping centre and they managed to take some coloured photographs and have a meal.

Lieut. Janet Clements took Shirley and me to Cologne on Sunday afternoon. It was rather cloudy when we left Rheindahlen, but turned out to be a beautiful sunny afternoon by the time we reached the city. Just outside we found an enchanted wood. It was delightful, and took me back to my Enid Blyton days. The country was thickly wooded and very flat (oh! how I longed for the hills at times). It was a pity we could not stay longer than two hours; we had to get back in time for dinner and then to the cinema.

Our second week was rather full and really exciting; it was arranged by 14 Bn. that I took Cpls. Gorry, Johnson, Ross and L/Cpl. Marsh to visit a W.R.A.C. Detachment at Bielefeld. During our journey we met all kinds of people and it rather surprised us that, while some were really talkative (I carried my phrase book around constantly), others could hardly pass the time of day. We were asked on several occasions if we were Americans. At the end of our three-hour journey we

wondered what kind of reception was in store. 2/Lieut. Pat Macleod was waiting on the platform to greet us and it was obvious that she was delighted to see us.

We were driven to H.Q. 1 (Br.) Corps, where the W.R.A.C. Detachment were attached. We arrived just in time for lunch; L/Cpl. Hatton and Pte. Owen, W.R.A.C., escorted my girls to their billets and then to the dining hall. The Officers' Mess was huge and very pleasant. Pat took me along to her room, which I was to share for three days. I was most grateful to her; she had taken a lot of trouble to make our visit a memorable one.

After lunch we all met at the W.R.A.C. Detachment Office. Pat explained the set-up of 1 (Br.) Corps (it was like a miniature Kremlin), stressing the importance of security. In the evening I met several of the male officers, who were delighted to have another W.R.A.C. officer in the Mess. The P.R.O. was very helpful; he arranged for a photographer to meet us the following day in Rinteln and take snaps while we were looking around the town.

We had a rather exhausting day on Tuesday. In the morning Pat had organised a visit to the War Dog Training Unit at Sennelager; the German driver arrived at 0900 hours with a minibus, it was about 80 degrees in the shade, and for two hours the heat was unbearable. It was an enormous camp, with acres of country around. We were taken to see the kennels, where the W.R.A.C. were employed as kennel maids. The dogs were making the loudest noise possible and it was obvious that there were strangers around. We were able to watch a demonstration by patrol dogs which were very well trained. The W.R.A.C. were busy brushing and grooming some of the Alsatians; they loved their job and had a great affection for the dogs. We then went along to meet the veterinary surgeon. He had a small clinic, which was very well stocked, and, of course, he was kept rather busy, as he did in fact carry out minor operations there.

After lunch we were to visit the British Military Hospital at Rinteln—that hot minibus again. It took approximately one hour from Bielefeld and on arrival we were met by the sister, who held the rank of Major in Q.A.R.A.N.C.; she was a delightful person and escorted us around the hospital. Unfortunately, it was operations day, so we were limited as to the number of wards we were able to visit. We were shown an iron lung and the sister told us that it was also used for demonstration to the nursing staff. The children's wards were very gay, nursery-rhyme pictures decorated the walls and there were endless toys for them. I was surprised to see how very efficiently military hospitals are run (I think most people get a very wrong impression); it was so up to date. Just as we were about to leave, we met the matron. It was sad that we only had time to spend a few minutes with her; she was so pleased to see us and was thrilled that we had managed to pay them a visit.

We were sorry we had to leave the next day, but we were due back in Rheindahlen. Princess Margaret was visiting the R.A.F. to present new standards and she was attending a Ball in the evening and, of course, that

was the main topic of conversation. As she was leaving the following day, the Royal cars had to pass 14 Bn. Office and Major Gribble very kindly gave permission for all the staff to line the pavement. We had a wonderful view and she really looked beautiful; her photographs do not do her justice at all.

Pay Parade was at 1100 hours and I was allowed to be the Paying Officer. I was so thrilled, as I wanted to try out my skill with Deutschmarks and pfennigs. At the end of Pay Parade I was surprised that all had balanced—my efficient T.A. training was responsible for that!

In the afternoon Capt. Chris Swan, O.C. W.R.A.C. attached to 68 Coy., R.A.S.C., took me along to visit the M.T.—very interesting, but the technical side looked so complicated. The W.R.A.C. drivers were employed by R.A.S.C. as staff car drivers to brigadiers and generals and they had the opportunity of taking these high-ranking officers all over Germany, sometimes staying for two or three days in one place. Chris introduced me to Major Bennett, O.C. 68 Coy.; he thought that the W.R.A.C. were doing a very worthwhile job. He was looking forward to returning to the U.K. in a few weeks' time to serve with 22 Tpt. Colm., R.A.S.C., in Southport (next door to H.Q. W.R.A.C., 42 (Lancashire) Div./Dist.).

My T.A. girls spent their last evening listening to classical music in the NAAFI (I hadn't realised that they were so highbrow). My own final night out was spent in Moenchengladbach. I was taken out to dinner; it was a mixed party from the Mess but was organised by the W.R.A.C. officers. We went to a Chinese restaurant—what a concoction of dishes we had! I just could not cope with the chopsticks—it took ages to get through the meal.

I awoke at 0730 hours on Friday. I hadn't started packing; I don't know why, but I kept putting it off. We were to leave Rheindahlen at 0945 hours. After breakfast I made my way to Battalion Office to say goodbye. We had a marvellous send-off; Major Gribble, Capt. Sunnock, the "A" Coy. officers and C.S.M. Lively waved goodbye to us and Audrey Purton and Patricia Downie travelled to Düsseldorf with us and stayed at the airport until our flight was called. My final wave was just as I stepped into the aircraft and managed to spot them in the distance.

I shall treasure the memories of B.A.O.R. The relationship between W.R.A.C. Regulars and T.A. is really wonderful.

Branch News

ADEN. The first meeting of the Branch was held in June, 1963. During the past year 19 ex-A.T.S. and W.R.A.C. have attended meetings. Unfortunately members do not stay long, as tours of duty in Aden are very short for Service personnel. This results in a very fluctuating membership. Members have helped to collect clothing and toys for Arab children in the Queen Elizabeth Hospital, Aden, and have also made children's clothing for the British Red Cross Society. They have

joined in with many of the unit activities. They ran a stall on Corps Day and helped to prepare and serve teas. The Director, W.R.A.C., Brigadier Dame Jean Rivett-Drake, D.B.E., A.D.C., was entertained by the Branch when she visited Aden in May. Meetings are held monthly. At the August meeting husbands were invited to attend a social evening, which was most successful.

BATH. The Branch has had quite a number of enjoyable social outings over the past months, including a visit to Prinknash Abbey and Pottery in Gloucester, when we not only had a guided tour of the Abbey and grounds but also saw the potters at work in the factory making their famous gold lustre and other wares. We had a film show in August, when several members showed coloured slides on their continental holidays, and recently a boat trip on the Kennet and Avon Canal was organised and an enjoyable evening was had by all. We still continue to meet twice monthly and meetings are well attended and keep members in touch. We are busy now making preparations for the Hallowe'en Fair, which is to be held early in November, at which the Branch has a stall.

BIRMINGHAM. Since our last report we have had very enjoyable outings, in real summer weather, to the stately homes at Charlecote Park and Ragley, both in Warwickshire. We have, unfortunately for us, had to say goodbye to two of our members—Miss Margaret Davis, who was married in June and now, as Mrs. Thomas, resides at 66 Pennygate, Spalding, Lincs. The wedding took place at Shenstone, Staffs., and the Branch was represented by Vice-Chairman Mrs. M. Hill and Miss E. Udall. Our very best wishes go to both Mr. and Mrs. Thomas for their future happiness. Miss Udall herself is the other member to leave us, as she sailed for Canada on 22nd September in the *Empress of England*. She joins her brother and his family at 114 Rosedene Avenue, Hamilton, Ontario. A bouquet was sent to the ship and carried all good wishes from the Branch for her future happiness in the new home. At one of our meetings we saw a cine film of Miss Davis's wedding and the outing to Charlecote. This was arranged through the kindness of Mr. Bolton, husband of our Secretary, and we are grateful to him for giving up valuable time for our enjoyment. We also have to report, with much regret, the loss of a third member, Miss L. U. M. (Molly) Bailie, whose death occurred in May last. Several members attended the funeral, forming a Guard of Honour, and each placing a poppy on the coffin as it passed by. Miss Bailie served in the First World War, was also well known for her artistic work and did a great deal for the Stratford-on-Avon Festival. In August four members attended the Dedication of the Jewish Standard, held in the Birmingham Synagogue, and the Standard of Central Branch, British Legion, was carried by our member, Mrs. Beeley.

BOURNEMOUTH. Our President, Mrs. Rumbold, continues to have coffee mornings for Q.M.A.A.C. members at her flat on the second Tuesday of each month. This year we have been pleased to welcome two

transfers—Mrs. D. M. Bradshaw from Portsmouth and Miss H. M. Walter from H.Q. Ten members and friends much enjoyed the Southern Area Reunion at Slimbridge at the end of May and were fascinated by the variety of wild fowl. Miss Lunnis kindly invited members to tea in July and afterwards some of us played clock-golf, while others wandered around the garden or chatted—a delightful way of spending a Sunday afternoon. During the summer months we have tried to get out more. One evening we had our meeting on the pier, on another occasion Miss Bull ran an enjoyable "observation test" in the town, and in September a few of us met in Christchurch for a look round, followed by a fish and chip supper. We joined the W.R.N.S. on their very pleasant evening trip to Brockenhurst in June and in August we went by coach to some Dorset villages, enjoying hunks of bread, cheese and pickles with something to wash it down at the World's End before returning home.

BRADFORD. The Secretary, Mrs. Suttle, who is also Secretary of Northern Area Committee, had the honour of attending a Buckingham Palace Garden Party in July. On a glorious, sunny day she went with Mrs. Stevenson, Chairman of Council, Colonel V. K. Stead, Chairman elect and Vice-Chairman of Northern Area, and Major Dixon, General Secretary, and it was a most memorable occasion. The Branch was closed during July, but in August the ex-Q.M.A.A.C. members were invited to be the guests at a party given by the younger members to commemorate the 50th Anniversary of the First World War. Our Chairman was in good form and good voice, and we heard more of her experiences. Others who attended were Mrs. E. Lumb, who returned from a convalescent home for the occasion, Mrs. E. Hemms and Mrs. G. Armitage. Due to incapacity and living away from Bradford, the other ex-Q.M.A.A.C. members sent apologies. A wonderful supper was provided, also transport for the infirm and a good time was had by all. Members will be pleased to know that Mary Brett is now recovering from a recent operation and, after a period of convalescence, we trust that she will be fully restored to good health. We also wish a speedy recovery to Miss E. Cocksedge, one of our pioneer ex-Q.M.A.A.C. members, who is in hospital as a result of falling down the stairs. Thirteen of our members attended the Northern Area Reunion at Harrogate, including four new members who found they had all served at Guildford at the same time. Miss Gummersall was given V.I.P. treatment and had a very happy time. We were delighted to have with us Mrs. Ross from Hessle and Mrs. Bottomley from Bridlington.

BRIGHTON. On 26th July 15 members went to see Dame Helen Gwynne-Vaughan at "Sussexdown," Storrington. Nine of us went by the No. 22 bus that left Brighton at 2.10 p.m. We arrived at the bus station in good time, as we felt sure that the bus would be very full, in view of the number of holiday-makers in the town. However, we need not have worried, as the weather was so hot that the crowds were all getting scorched up on the beaches and

we nearly had the bus to ourselves. It is a very interesting bus route, as it goes right along by the sea as far as Shoreham, passing well-known landmarks and the new blocks of flats which seem to spring up like mushrooms, plus, of course, boats large and small at Shoreham Harbour. At Shoreham the route goes inland and through the very pretty little villages of Bramber, Steyning and Washington. We arrived at "Sussexdown" about 3.30 p.m. and met up with five other members who had travelled from Worthing and one from Pulborough. Dame Helen greeted us in her room and introduced us to Miss Lascelles, who was also visiting her that day and who served as her driver in the first war, and then suggested that we went into the lovely garden to join our General Secretary, Major Dixon, who had arrived earlier. One of our members, Miss Hilda Aldridge, gathered us together on the spur of the moment and took some excellent photos, and it was then realised that Dame Helen was still in the house and four members were on the other side of the garden! We were then summoned in to tea and Dame Helen ensured that we all sampled the delicious sandwiches and cakes. The time soon went and we reluctantly had to leave for home.



Brighton Branch at "Sussexdown"

CHELTEMHAM. During the past 18 months this Branch has been very active. At our A.G.M. in February, 1963, our first Chairman, Miss G. Douglas-Jones, who with Mrs. Kaye (Controller C. Knight) founded the Branch in 1960, retired, having completed her three years in office, with the grateful thanks of all members. She was succeeded by Lieut.-Colonel L. E. Holt. Miss B. Stanley-Clarke took over as Secretary from Mrs. Hulin. Mrs. Kaye, who unfortunately left the district, was elected a vice-president. We were very pleased to hear last autumn that Miss E. G. Marshall, of this Branch, had been elected Southern Area Representative on the Council. In October we had an "Open Meeting," to which friends and relations were invited. The Army Information Office very kindly showed us the two W.R.A.C. films—"The Mountain Road" and "The 24th July"—which we

thoroughly enjoyed. We also had a bring-and-buy stall, which brought in £10—£5 for the Benevolent Fund and £5 to keep us solvent for the rest of the year! In April three of our members, Mrs. Roberts (who kindly lent her house and garden), Mrs. Thompson (Chief Cdr. M. Dixon) and Miss Stanley-Clarke, organised a coffee morning in aid of the Benevolent Fund. It was a most enjoyable and profitable occasion, which raised £21 for the Fund. On 31st May we were very pleased to be able to welcome so many Branches—about 100 members in all—to the Southern Area Reunion at Slimbridge. We only wish we could have arranged better weather. During the past few years we have been most grateful to various members who have invited the Branch to hold our meetings in their homes. We were pleased to have Colonel D. H. I. Wilson at our last meeting, as she was staying with our hostess. We had our usual Christmas lunch party at the Majestic Hotel, at which 22 members and guests were present and Lieut.-Colonel M. S. F. Millington was the guest of honour—an honour indeed, as she came all the way from London just to join our very happy party.

EDINBURGH. The most notable event this season, undoubtedly, was the bi-annual Scottish Reunion, held, on 2nd May, for the first time within the precincts of Stirling Castle, in the Chapel Royal itself. The branch chartered a bus and, with others arriving by foot, train and car, we numbered well over 50 to enjoy together what proved to be indeed such a memorable occasion. The Guest of Honour was, of course, the Princess Royal, who graciously attended and, mixing freely with us all, chatted personally to many of us to the delight of all present. Miss Stirling herself presided and had the pleasure of welcoming so many old friends and new, who had come from far afield all over Scotland in unprecedented numbers. Not even the prevailing "Scotch mist," which greeted our arrival in Stirling, could damp the ardour of our high spirits on such an auspicious occasion. Our annual dinner was held once again in the Royal British Hotel, but although the numbers were slightly depleted this year, as always all present, including our friends from Glasgow, thoroughly enjoyed a wonderfully cheerful evening. The "faithful few" continue to support their Committee in their stalwart efforts to provide social recreation, at the very least, on the first Tuesday evening of each month in the drawing-room of the Women's United Services Club.

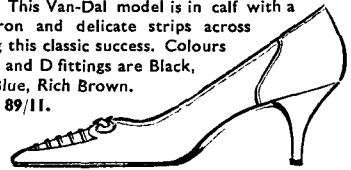
GLASGOW. Since our last report in the May issue of *THE LIONESS* we have had one or two very successful functions. In April there was a Whist Drive in the Club. At the beginning of May, as most of the members are aware, we had a very successful Scottish Reunion in the Chapel Royal, Stirling. Altogether about 60 members and friends attended this Reunion. We also, during that month, had the annual visit of the Ayr Branch to Glasgow. We had tea in the Club, and afterwards went to the Alhambra to see "My Fair Lady." In June there was an outing to Largs and, despite the inclement

weather, it was enjoyed by those members who attended. We had two outings in September, one to the Festival Tattoo, Edinburgh, and the other to Ayr Branch. The Annual Dinner will be held in the Grosvenor Restaurant, Gordon Street, on Saturday, 28th November, at 6 p.m. for 6.30 p.m. The Committee hope that there will be a large attendance this year. Tickets, price 26/6, may be had from the Secretary. Miss M. M. Thomson is organising a Sale of Work, which is being held in the Service Women's Club, 203 West George Street, on Wednesday, 18th November. This is being run by members of the Association, the Club and the serving W.R.A.C. "Operation WRACAD" is in aid of the W.R.A.C. Benevolent Fund. The Committee hope that this Sale of Work will be a success, and any member who wishes to give a donation should send it to Miss Crombie, c/o Service Women's Club, 203 West George Street, Glasgow. Up to the time of writing, individual members are busy trying to make money on the side. There are to be three stalls—cake and candy, household goods and fancy goods. The sale will be opened by Lieut.-Colonel Saunders-Davies, T.D., W.R.A.C. Miss Thomson will be pleased if all members of the Glasgow Branch of the Association will make a note of the date, and endeavour to come and support it. By the way, high teas are being served before the opening at 7.30 p.m., and during the evening, tea or coffee and biscuits will also be served. Do make an effort to come, and perhaps you will be able to pick up one or two Christmas gifts.

HEADQUARTERS AREA. Calling from Pollensa, Majorca, with a most sincere apology. Armed with what should have been a carefully prepared list of addresses, your Secretary sat down to despatch postcards to all quarters of the globe, only to discover that the folder was empty and the precious list presumably buried deep in a drawer at Myrtle Cottage. Please all forgive her and accept collective greetings from this paragraph with thanks from all faithful correspondents whose news it is so delightful to receive. Mrs. Ethel Speed writes from New Jersey of a student at Claymont High School who was suspended for wearing a "Beatle suit" to school! Major Walker of the N.Z.W.R.A.C. tells how all her officers look forward to seeing her copy of THE LIONESS, which she thinks must be the best read in existence. She has very happy memories of her recent visit to our "beautiful country." News too from "Buntie" Murison in Vancouver, who, as I write, will have completed a 7-week holiday in England. Mrs. Margaret Dallas has arrived



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safely with her family in Melbourne and tells how they have been fortunate enough to find a bungalow within reach of a school, nursery, church, shops and a beach! She would be happy to hear of any ex-A.T.S./W.R.A.C. in Melbourne. Lastly, from Mrs. Nora Nicoll comes her usual interesting letter from Manitoba. A spring snow-storm and end-of-March temperatures of 10°-15° above zero sound terribly severe, especially here, where we have had the hottest summer for 40 years. Among guests staying with me this year have been some Association comrades. Audrey Flint, probably best remembered as S.O.P.T., came in May. Major Bertha Walmsley, well known at the Blackpool Families Camp, struck the hottest fortnight of the summer and was followed in September by Major Anne Clarke.

LEICESTER. We were very pleased to welcome one of our own members as our speaker for the July meeting. The account of her work and problems as a Church of England Moral Welfare Worker in Leicester proved most interesting and opened up another field in which we could help. Five members attended the Northern Area Reunion at Harrogate. The finals of the Northern Command Charm Competition brought the old and young together and we feel sure that this was one of the happiest and brightest Reunions for some time. Leicester Branch bathed in the reflected glory of Pte. West, T.A., from the Leicester Company, W.R.A.C. (T.A.), who won the competition. Our success in the raffle was almost embarrassing and it was a pity that the winners were not present to choose their own prizes from the wonderful selection. Our thanks go to all those whose hard work made such a lovely day possible. We have heard from our former Chairman, Lieut.-Colonel W. M. Smith, M.B.E., who is now in Southern Rhodesia and is a Life Member of the Association.

LONDON. We have had some very good meetings during the summer months. In June Miss Sycamore, one of our members, gave us an interesting talk on her travels abroad during the war and in more recent years. The Acton Male Voice Choir visited us for the second time this year, with one of their very enjoyable programmes of songs. In July our members brought their photographs of earlier days, and we had a guessing competition of "who's who." On 4th August some of our members went to the Guildhall to hear the B.B.C. concert, "Music of the War Years 1914-18," and this was very much enjoyed. In September we were given a talk by Mrs. Christine Willis, describing her experiences as Mayoress of Newbury; she had enjoyed it all very much and we were able to share her enthusiasm.

PRESTON. The Branch resumed their meetings on 29th September. I regret to say our attendances are marred by sickness of parents and husbands; we trust God will give our members strength to cope with their task. We hope to have a night all together at our annual dinner on 5th November at the Masonic Hall, Saul Street, at 6.45 p.m. Any members and friends living out of town may come and will be very welcome. The evening is in conjunction with the Council of Ex-Servicemen's and Women's Associations. Twenty-nine regiments are on the Council, and regard this dinner and dance as their own Reunion. Dancing until 12 midnight. Members, please note—as the front entrance to the Drill Hall, Stanley Street, is closed at 6.30 p.m. each evening, the entrance is from St. Mary's Street. Preston Branch wish all members a very happy Christmas and a good New Year in every way.

SALISBURY. We have had quite a successful year, with meetings well attended. We are very happy and pleased to welcome Colonel Gibson as a member of our Branch. Last September we lost our very faithful and hard-working Secretary, Mrs. Harris. Only those who knew her well will know how much time and energy she put into Branch activities and loved doing it. We have lost a very good friend. Our Christmas Dinner was a great success and well attended, Colonel Wilson being our Guest of Honour. In April we ran a very profitable Jumble Sale; with the money from this and a generous donation given us at the dinner, we are now the proud possessors of our own Standard, which we hope to have dedicated at Fugglestone Camp, Southern Command, very soon. Two members had a day in London to attend the Annual General Meeting and Secretaries' Meeting. All our members contributed to the Southern Area Stall, which was a great success. On Sunday, 31st May, we travelled by coach to Slimbridge for the Southern Area Reunion; the Wild Fowl Trust proved an interesting and fascinating place. A good time was had by all; our thanks to Cheltenham Branch for a very successful day. Last month we welcomed Sgt. Adams, who has recently left the service and joined the Branch.

News of Old Comrades

MRS. M. Batterham, who is touring Australia in a Volkswagen Kooombie with her son, wrote a long and interesting letter about their six weeks' trip to Tasmania. She found the island fascinating, full of beautiful English flowers, apple orchards and potato fields. She visited modern factories as well as the old convict settlement, which is nearly all in ruins, although the bridges built by the convicts still stand, as does the Richmond Gaol of 1828, where she saw the flogging yard.

Mrs. E. Evans also wrote from Australia, sending an apron to sell for the Benevolent Fund. She had been looking forward to coming on a trip to England but has had to postpone it owing to ill health. We wish her a speedy recovery.

Mrs. N. Findlay (*née* Stone), of 88 Church Street, Woolwich, S.E.18, writes to say that she has been housebound for three years following spinal operations. She used to look forward to the Reunion, but is not able to come any more. She would like to get in touch with anyone who served with her at Derby C.O.D. between 1943 and 1945.

We congratulate **Capt. A. Sunnucks** on her success in the Women's Chess Championship and **Capt. K. Hahn** on winning a £1,000 prize from the Irish Linen Guild in a "Looking for Linen" competition.

Mrs. Suttle writes that she met **Mrs. Mary E. Edwards** (*née* Michael) when she was on holiday in Cleethorpes. Mrs. Edwards, ex-Q.M.A.A.C., served in Catterick, Ripon and France, and wished to be remembered to any old friends. She now lives at 1A Fairfax House, Wellica Avenue, Parkwood, Maidstone, Kent.

Mrs. J. Morgan (*née* Moon), ex-A.T.S., the Secretary of Salisbury Branch, would like to hear from any 1940-1944 members from the Army Gas School at Winterbourne Gunner.

Commissioning Ceremony

W.R.A.C. OFFICER CADETS

THE Commissioning Ceremony of the Thirty-Fifth Course of Officer Cadets will take place on Wednesday, 16th December, 1964, at 3.15 p.m., at the W.R.A.C. School of Instruction, Huron Camp, Hindhead, Surrey.

The ceremony will be preceded by a Drumhead Service and by a Service of Benediction at 2.30 p.m.

Applications for tickets, together with 2s. 6d. each for tea, should be sent by 4th December, 1964, to:

The Adjutant,
W.R.A.C. School of Instruction,
Huron Camp,
Hindhead, Surrey,
Surrey.

Home and Leisure

Christmas Fare

HERE are two alternatives to the traditional English plum cake for those who do not care for solid fruit cake.

American Christmas Gâteau

8 oz. flour
3 teaspoons baking powder
4 oz. butter
3 oz. caster sugar
2 eggs
1½ tablespoons golden syrup
¾ teacup milk
2 oz. chopped walnuts
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon cinnamon
¼ teaspoon cloves
¼ teaspoon nutmeg
1 teaspoon vanilla
½ lb. marshmallows

Cream the butter and sugar and beat in the eggs separately. Stir in the vanilla, the flour sifted with the baking powder, and the milk. Divide the mixture into two bowls. Add the syrup and spices to one half and the chopped walnuts to the other. Spoon the two mixtures alternately into an eight-inch cake tin and bake at 360° for one hour.

When cold, split the cake in two and cover the bottom portion with halved marsh-mallows. Put them under the grill long enough to melt slightly and sandwich the cake together again. Cover the top and side with coffee icing and decorate with walnuts and marsh-mallows.

Yule Log Cake

In France, this cake is often used for a sweet course at Christmas. The secret of making the log successfully lies in warming the sugar before adding it to the eggs.

Cake mixture: 2 large eggs

2½ oz. flour
4 oz. caster sugar

Filling: 7 oz. butter
5 oz. caster sugar

2 egg yolks
2 tablespoons strong black coffee
3 oz. plain chocolate

Put the sugar on a sheet of paper or foil on a dish and heat it in a moderate oven for ten minutes. Line the base of a swiss roll tin with well-greased paper.

Break the eggs into a bowl, add the hot sugar and whisk till the mixture is fluffy and pale, fold in the flour and pour into the tin. Bake at 450°, or gas mark 7, for six minutes. Turn out on to a rack to cool.

To make the filling, soften the butter, beat in the caster sugar and egg yolks, then add the coffee and melted chocolate. Stir till smooth and do not use until it is cold. Spread one third of the filling on to the cake and roll up. Spread the rest of the filling over the cake, mark with a fork to resemble a log of wood and decorate with a robin.

Yuletide Shortbread

A reader has sent the following recipe for a special Christmas shortbread.

6 oz. flour
2 oz. ground rice
1 oz. glacé cherries
1 oz. ground almonds
5 oz. butter
3 oz. caster sugar

Sift flour and ground rice into bowl. Rub in the butter. Add sugar, cherries (halved), and ground almonds. Work the mixture into a smooth ball, turn on to a board and form into a circle a little smaller than a prepared sandwich tin. Prick the centre and bake in a moderate oven until golden brown. Take from the oven and allow to cool before removing from the tin.

Cumberland Sauce

Here is an easy and quick recipe for this popular sauce, which keeps well and is delicious with turkey, ham, duck and other Christmas fare.

3 tablespoons redcurrant jelly
1 tablespoon orange marmalade
Juice of half a lemon
1 wineglass sherry
A pinch of cayenne pepper
½ teaspoon dry mustard

Put all the ingredients into a saucepan and stir them over a very low heat until they are mixed together. Cool and store in a screw-top jar or other airtight container.

Mulled Claret

This is not as expensive as it sounds and provides a warm welcome on a cold night at the start of any party.

1 bottle claret
2 nutmegs grated
2 oranges
12 lumps of sugar
12 cloves
1 stick of cinnamon
1 pint of nearly boiling water
1 wineglass of brandy (optional)

Pour the claret into a saucepan, add one orange finely shredded with the zest of the second orange rubbed on to the lumps of sugar, the cloves and cinnamon stick. Bring nearly to boiling point and add the hot water and brandy. Pour into glasses and sprinkle a little grated nutmeg on top. Serve immediately.

Headquarter Mess

MRS. ROLFE, who served in the Women's Forage Corps during the 1914-18 War, spent last winter in South Africa and painted a water-colour of "Proteas" for the Mess.

Mrs. Rolfe presented the picture to Brigadier Dame Mary Railton, who received it on behalf of the Corps, on 1st September, 1964.

Unit News



Princess Royal's Day Dance in Singapore

Photo by S. P. Lam

4 INDEPENDENT COMPANY, W.R.A.C.

WE usually have sunshine, but it started to rain on the afternoon of 20th April when nearly all the arrangements for an outdoor dance to celebrate Princess Royal's Day were complete. Puddles on the dance floor! Chairs and tables wet! Fairy-lights threatening to go "off"! But at five o'clock the rain cleared, the dance floor was swept again, the chairs dried and we went off to get ready feeling that all the finger-crossing and touching wood had worked. At seven o'clock darkness came, and at seven-five off went all the lights! An accommodating engineer mended the fairy-lights—but all hoped that the hairdos and faces "fixed" by candlelight would stand up to the stronger light outside! At eight o'clock we were all smiling and cheerful, ready to greet our guests. For the first time, we welcomed to the Company the Major-General in charge of Administration, Major-General G. R. Turner Cain, C.B.E., D.S.O., and Mrs. Turner Cain, and the new A.D.W.R.A.C., Lieut.-Colonel B. M. Metcalfe, M.B.E. As well as the usual buffet supper

(which disappeared like lightning) we had a "Sakay" stall—a local delicacy of chicken and meat on skewers, broiled over charcoal. Sadly at midnight we said goodbye to our guests, turned off the fairy-lights and groped our way to bed in the dark. Tomorrow was a working day!

On a more serious note, we said goodbye to Capt. R. North and Cpls. Fraser and Gordon of the New Zealand W.R.A.C. Before they left they presented the Company with a plaque bearing the N.Z.W.R.A.C. cap badge. When the Company accommodation is reorganised, this plaque will hang in the Dining Hall, as a tangible reminder of the links between the Corps, forged in Singapore.

Capt. M. Moore and Cpls. Mariu and Thomson have arrived as replacements and we wish them a happy tour.

12 INDEPENDENT COMPANY

THE move of 12 Battalion coincided with a major reorganisation. "C" Coy. at Woolwich has become 6 Independent Company, "D" Coy. has become the

W.R.A.C. Detachment of H.Q. Hounslow Garrison, and "A" and "B" Coys. have amalgamated to form 12 Independent Company. The disbandment of 12 Battalion is, inevitably, a sad occasion, but the new Company is in good heart and determined to live up to the tradition of its "parent."

To commemorate the long association of 12 Battalion with the Royal Borough of Kingston, Lieut.-Colonel R. M. Green, on behalf of the Battalion, presented a Park Seat to the Mayor, Councillor H. S. Lees. This seat, which bears the Corps crest, has been placed near the Coronation Stone outside the Guildhall. As a similar mark of the ties which existed between the Battalion and the Borough of Malden & Coombe, we have presented them with the "Wimpey" Shield. The presentation was made by Lieut.-Colonel R. M. Green at a meeting of the Borough Council on 22nd September. The shield was presented to 12 Battalion by the Governing Body of the Suez Contractors as a mark of appreciation of the help given by members of the Battalion to the families evacuated from the Canal Zone during the crisis of 1956. The reorganisation has meant many "goodbyes." To those who left us on the disbandment, we send all good wishes for the future.

The new accommodation at Inglis Barracks, Mill Hill, provides all that we could wish for in modern comfort. Although we miss Richmond Park, we find the surroundings here most attractive and, for London, quite remarkably rural. Now that we have settled down and are well "dug in," we welcome any visitors who would like to see how the modern Army lives.

17 INDEPENDENT COMPANY, W.R.A.C.

ON 7th August, 1964, 17 Independent Company, W.R.A.C., paraded for the last time as a Company, on the occasion of its integration into the Proof and Experimental Establishment, Shoeburyness.

In the brilliant sunshine the Company was led on to the parade ground by W.O.II J. E. Joanny, on her last day in the Army after 24 years' service. The W.R.A.C. were inspected by Colonel M. D. M. Humphery, D.D.W.R.A.C. Eastern Command, who then took the Salute as they marched past, led by the Officer Commanding. On their return they took their place between two troops of the Royal Artillery as the W.R.A.C. flag was lowered and the P. & E.E. flag was hoisted. The Superintendent of P. & E.E., Colonel A. W. Boyce, Royal Tanks, then took the Salute as the whole Parade marched past. The Parade was followed by drinks in the cookhouse, which were very welcome on such a hot day.

In the afternoon the W.R.A.C. were challenged by the male counterparts to a cricket match, which they won, but it was questionable how far this was due to the chivalry of the opponents. The day ended with an All Ranks Dance, the decorations symbolising "Women at Shoeburyness—past, present and future."



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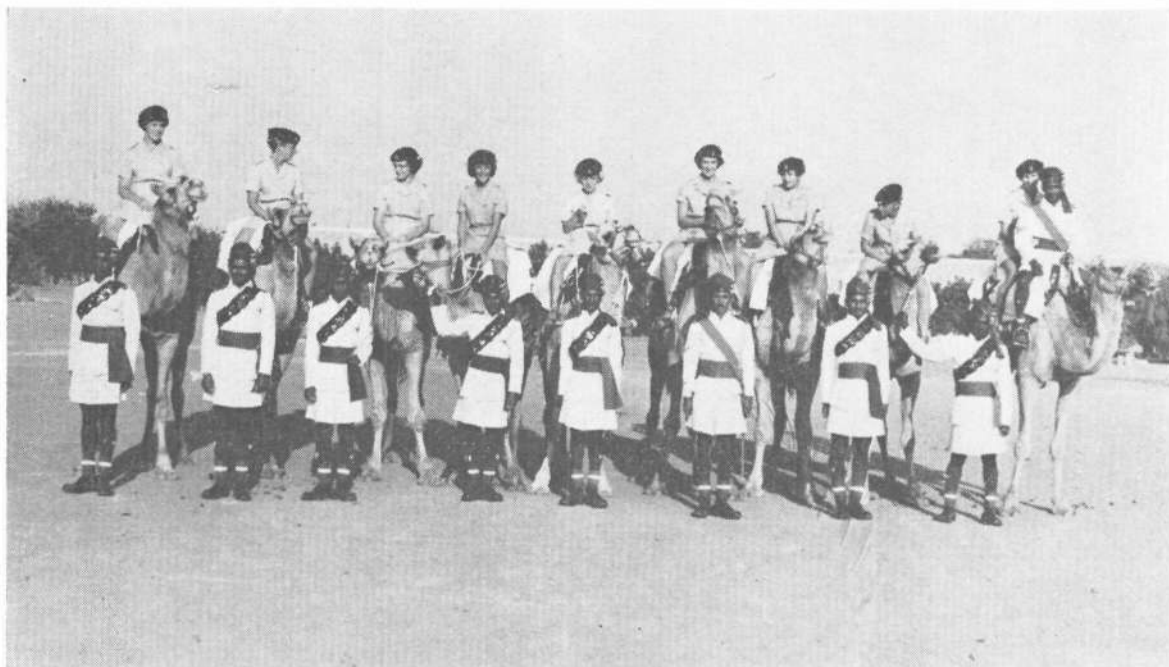
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28 Independent Company visit the Camel Section of the Federal Regular Army, Aden

28 INDEPENDENT COMPANY, W.R.A.C.

MEMBERS of the Women's Royal Army Corps first began arriving in Aden in February 1963, and on 10th April 28 Independent Company, W.R.A.C., was formed.

It has been a very busy time. On duty the women are employed in the various H.Q. Mideast offices and in the R.A.F. Comcen. There are also small detachments of Provost and Postal Workers.

The unit is inundated by dozens of invitations to barbecues, dances and parties. Some months ago 15 members of the Company went to sea for four hours in H.M.S. *Llandoff*—a welcome change from the "Barren Rocks of Aden." One wonderful "perk" allowed to Service people in Aden is a free flight to Kenya during each year served in the Command. Several members of the unit have been to the NAAFI Leave Centre near Mombasa, some to Tanganyika and several on safari.

The Company has helped the local Arab population in several ways. Children from the Queen Elizabeth Hospital, Aden, were entertained in the W.R.A.C. Quarters on 18th December and were given toys and presents. Several first-aid boxes have been packed and presented to the Aden Branch of the British Red Cross Society for use in local schools. Some of the women have made clothes for babies and toddlers who attend the Red Cross Welfare Clinics. Nurses from the Queen Elizabeth Hospital have been regular visitors to the unit, and we in turn have visited them. The nurses demonstrated Arab dancing and drumming, which was most appreciated.

During November 1963 the Company ran a "Take Your Pick Stall" in aid of the Freedom from Hunger Campaign and raised £10, which represented 10 per cent of the entire takings. This year the Company celebrated W.R.A.C. Corps Day on 23rd April by holding a fete and a Company dance; £78 was raised during the afternoon for the W.R.A.C. Benevolent Fund. Stalls were manned by all the H.Q. Mideast Branches employing W.R.A.C.

In the Inter-Service events against the W.R.A.F. we have done well. In October we gained first place in the free-style swimming. The W.R.A.C./W.R.A.F. drew with 14 points each. In the Athletics Championships held in March we won the first Inter-Service women's match ever to be held in Aden. The unit gained first position in the javelin, discus, high jump and the 100 yards relay events.

The majority of the women have enjoyed their tour. In fact, one-third of the Company have extended their service; this has meant, in several cases, their remaining in Aden to complete a full 18 months' tour.

BANGKOK

HER Majesty Queen Sirikit of Thailand recently presented over 300 merit pins to donors of blood to the Thai Red Cross.

Among the British recipients was Sgt. A. Robinson, W.R.A.C., who is P.A. to the Military Attaché, Bangkok.



H.M. Queen Sirikit of Thailand presents a merit pin to Sgt. A. Robinson

W.R.A.C. Provost in Cyprus

N.C.O.s of 144 Provost Section, W.R.A.C., work with Cyprus District Provost Company, R.M.P., but are part of, and administered by, 27 Independent Company, W.R.A.C. The normal working day in Cyprus is from 0730 hours to 1330 hours. Duties carried out by the Section include: patrolling with R.M.P. N.C.O.s and Sovereign Base Area Police, out patrols to Limassol and Episkopi, plain-clothes patrols, static speed checks and wireless operating on I.S. exercises. N.C.O.s also assist S.I.B. whenever necessary, and are attached to R.M.P. "Q" Stores, Orderly Room and M.T. Office from time to time.

The rainy season in Cyprus is from November to March—January and February being particularly wet months. Summer dress is worn from April to November. The hottest months are July and August, when the temperatures reach 106°F. inland and between 95°F. and 100°F. on the coast.

Sporting and leave opportunities are very good. All ranks are able to join the sailing clubs, horse-riding schools and attend ski courses, both novice and advanced. In addition, 27 Independent Company, W.R.A.C.,

provide facilities for hockey, tennis, netball, badminton and swimming. Swimming courses for non-swimmers are held at the beginning of the summer season, together with life-saving courses for strong swimmers.

There are two recognised leave centres—the Bristol Hotel, Kyrenia, on the north coast, and the Pine Trees Leave Centre in the Troodos Mountain Range. Both are open most of the year. Kyrenia offers seaside facilities such as sailing, water-skiing and swimming, while Troodos provides an escape from the extreme heat in the summer, and winter sports from January to March inclusive. On the whole, the temperatures at Troodos are similar to those in the U.K.

It is reasonably easy and fairly inexpensive to visit nearby countries from Cyprus. The most popular place is the Holy Land. A tour to Jerusalem costs £25 and lasts seven days.

Clothing in Cyprus is an expensive item and it is advisable for the newcomer to bring a good stock of clothes with her. However, material is quite cheap, and it is possible to have dresses, skirts and blouses made locally at reasonable prices. Sweets, chocolate and toilet requisites are double the U.K. price, but cigarettes and spirits, though rationed, carry no import tax.

Cyprus has many ancient ruins and anyone interested in archaeology has plenty of opportunity for increasing

her knowledge in this field. Two ancient amphitheatres have been restored in recent years and from time to time Shakespearian plays are performed there, the casts being drawn from Service personnel and the local population. In addition, Cyprus is visited by various ballet companies, including the Ballet Rambert and the Bolshoi Ballet. There are numerous monasteries and castles to visit and excellent scenery to be admired all over the island.

Prior to the present trouble in Cyprus, Service personnel mixed freely with the Cypriots and shared their cafés and places of entertainment, moving around the island without any restrictions. However, since 21st December, 1963, movement has been limited to the Sovereign Base Area, except for personnel on duty. W.R.A.C. Provost N.C.O.s have been fully employed in the R.M.P. Operations Room since the Emergency and, for the first week, slept at Cambrai Camp in their rest room, which is large enough to accommodate six beds. Capt. N. T. Richards, O.C. Cyprus District Provost Company, R.M.P., is very pleased at the way the girls have responded to the situation, and has complimented them on doing an excellent job of work. These duties include wireless operating, recording messages and, very occasionally, driving.

Ten Tors Expedition, 1964

2/Lieut. V. A. Leahy

IN the autumn of 1963 it was decided to enter 15 Independent Company, W.R.A.C., for the Ten Tors Expedition, 1964. Research supplied us with a general picture of Dartmoor: its 250 square miles laced with bogs, streams, steep boulder-strewn tors and endless stretches of heather-covered moorland. It was to equip ourselves to cover this sort of terrain that we devised our training programme. With our P.T.I., Cpl. Dalton, also a member of the team, we devised a schedule consisting of walking, map-reading instruction and circuit training. Much of the physical training was done in the morning at an hour when most are still comfortable in their beds; We also spent two weekends on Dartmoor, which were very valuable in helping to adjust ourselves to the moor.

The whole essence of Ten Tors is its spirit of challenge. This was evident when we finally arrived at Junior Leaders' Regiment, Royal Signals, Denbury. Patrol Leaders were given their briefing, then allowed to retire in preparation for the next day.

Saturday morning, 16th May, dawned cold but clear on Haytor, our point of departure. We were the first patrol to arrive on Haytor and had plenty of time to take in the gay flags and bunting adorning it. After a short address and the Ten Tors Prayer, Patrol Leaders scrambled to collect route instructions, chose one from a possible three, passed through the departure gate, and had their cards stamped.

Our patrol was very fit, but as we formed up and marched off in Indian file, there were those around us who thought, "You won't keep that up for even a mile!" With a last wave to the C.O. and Gordon Hall, who had given us much valuable training in moorcraft, we disappeared down in the direction of Widecombe-in-the-Moor.

Some 2,000 young people started the great trek, and, according to their age and sex, their routes varied in distance. Ours was a 35-mile course over some rough country. At first the checkpoints were milling with people, but gradually they began to thin out. There were five other W.R.A.C. teams, and also representatives of the W.R.A.F. and W.R.N.S.; however, we saw none of them, and so concluded they had not chosen the same route.

From Top Tor to the moor entry-point took us over some pretty rough country. Some of the lanes we had to take, which were marked on the map, were by no means easy to recognise, and here, too, we met the solid ten miles of road walking before we entered the moor proper. From this point up to Sittaford Tor took us approximately an hour, totalling five in all. We stopped on the leeward side for lunch, and plotted our route to Higher White Tor. Here we learned the benefit of accurate map-reading and were gratified when we hit our chosen fording-place on the East Dart River bang on! By now it was very hot, and some patrols were resting beside the river. Two of them jumped to their feet and shouted, "The W.R.A.C.s are coming—on your feet!" Much to our amusement, this was to happen all along the route.

Great Mis Tor, the last one before night camp, was about six miles away. We reached it at 1545 hours. Only one other girls' patrol had passed through, viz. Edgehill Girls' School. The tented camp was well hidden and we had to march down to the road to find it. We were now rather tired, but when we realised that the C.O., C.S.M. and Sgt. Greensit were waiting to cheer us on, we brightened up. At first they did not see us, but our tramping feet in studded boots soon warned them of our arrival!

We turned in early, after relaxing and having a chuckle at the good-natured sparring between Ptes. Hudson and Davie. Next morning we learned that we were the only W.R.A.C. left, apart from four members of a patrol from 74 Independent Company, W.R.A.C. (T.A.); we shared their feeling of disappointment, but were even more determined to get on and finish the course.

We started off just after 0600 hours, and covered Hollow and Leeden Tors comfortably. The next, Pew Tor, was a different matter. We had to skirt round an out-of-bounds area, which meant trekking up and down some pretty steep gradients, and it was difficult to control one's pace on the downward slopes.

We arrived at Cox Tor ahead of schedule, but the C.O. was there, waiting to wave us on up to the top. Here we stopped for lunch before attacking the longest haul of all, Cox to Fur Tor. We jumped unceasingly over the many dry channels snaking their way across this part of the moor; we waded through bogs and paddled through

streams—much to the amazement of other patrols, who preferred to remain dry-shod!

This stretch was the real challenge to the solidarity of the patrol. It was hot and uncomfortable. We were getting tired, yet no one would admit it. Ptes. Hudson and Horton kept up a constant repartee, Ptes. Davie and Fraser mused aloud on various methods of catching the moorland ponies and taking them back as pets. We all sang to the accompaniment of the radio, but it was a supreme effort to keep going when Fur Tor seemed to be no nearer. Then, suddenly, over the next rise, there it was! Relief gave us second wind and we plodded on to the top. It was comforting to hear the groans from the boys as they hauled themselves to their feet at our approach, and realise that they, too, were tired!

From Fur Tor our next and last objective was Hare Tor. The stream circling the bottom of it led into an almost perpendicular ascent to the top. On the way up, Cpl. Dalton pulled a muscle in her leg and Pte. Hudson and I were suffering from cramp, so I called for a ten-minute break. After this we all felt much better and bashed on up to the top. Having raised the Corps Flag, we fanned out and, for the last time, marched in to the finish. The feeling of relief, excitement and achievement was overwhelming, and it was a very happy patrol from 15 Independent Company which returned, singing to Denbury.

On Monday, 18th May, we assembled for the prize-giving; we were very proud to receive our medals and certificates, which will remind us in future years of the Ten Tors Expedition and the feeling of comradeship and achievement it gave to the team. Ten Tors is indeed a challenge which is well worth accepting.

The Military Heraldry Society

THE Military Heraldry Society was formed in 1951 as a focal point for collectors of cloth formation signs, shoulder titles and patches, sleeve insignia and any other such badges of military formations throughout the world. The Society publishes a free quarterly illustrated bulletin with world coverage of this subject for the dissemination of information and to assist members to contact each other. A membership list is issued each year in order to facilitate correspondence. All members are encouraged to use the bulletin by sending information or queries and advertising their requirements.

The President of the Society, Lieut.-Colonel H. N. Cole, O.B.E., T.D., F.R.Hist.S., is a leading authority and the author of several books on military heraldry.

The Military Heraldry Society maintains a permanent display at the Imperial War Museum in London.

Membership of the Society is world wide and includes museums. On a basis of area membership there are European and American representatives on the Committee. New members are welcome whether they actually collect or only wish to keep themselves informed about

this wide field of interest. At present there is no entrance fee and the annual subscription of 7s. entitles the member to receive the bulletin, attend any meetings, which are usually held in London, and allows free use of the Society's Library.

Anyone interested in the Society is invited to write to the Publicity Officer, The Military Heraldry Society, c/o 36 Myddleton Road, Ware, Hertfordshire, England, for further details.

London Gazette

PROMOTIONS AND APPOINTMENTS

REGULAR ARMY

Captain: Lieut. N. R. Wilkes.
Lieutenant: 2/Lieut. V. M. Williams.
Lieutenant (Q.M.): W.O.I T. Buchanan.

RETIREMENTS, ETC.

REGULAR ARMY

Brigadier Dame Jean Rivett-Drake, D.B.E.
Major J. Berry, T.D. (and is granted the hon. rank of Lieut.-Colonel),
Major P. J. B. C. Campbell.
Lieut. J. M. Adams, Lieut. L. E. W. McCowatt (*nee* Huxtable),
Lieut. G. M. Abbott, Lieut. E. A. Payne.

SHORT SERVICE COMMISSION

Lieut. J. Z. E. Wheeler.

Officers' Postings

(Up to 30th September, 1964)

Brigadier J. E. Henderson, Director, Women's Royal Army Corps.
T/Colonel J. Fisher, A.A.G., A.G. 16, Ministry of Defence.
Lieut.-Colonel B. M. Ridler, Liaison Officer, W.R.A.C.
Major R. M. Engel, O.C. Officers' Wing, W.R.A.C. School of Instruction.
Major J. G. Frame, 288 Signal Squadron (S.H.A.P.E.).
Major A. E. Herdman-Grant, P.S.O. 54 Division/District (T.A.).
Major C. E. Leese, O.C. 27 Independent Company, W.R.A.C. (Cyprus).
Major H. Powell, O.C. 23 Independent Company, W.R.A.C.
Major J. D. M. Ravenscroft, W.S.L.O. Western Command.
Major M. M. Sims, S.C.A., Royal School of Military Engineering.
Capt. P. M. Baldwin, O.C. 28 Independent Company, W.R.A.C. (Aden).
T/Capt. V. R. Armstead-Fairweather, 251 (W.R.A.C.) Signal Squadron.
T/Capt. J. M. Clements, Administrative Officer, Army School of Education.
T/Capt. P. E. Davey, Officer Cadet Wing, W.R.A.C. School of Instruction.
T/Capt. D. E. Henry, O.C. W.R.A.C., H.Q. Northern Command.
T/Capt. P. Ineson, O.C. 2 Independent Company, W.R.A.C.
T/Capt. J. V. Pearce, W.O. & N.C.O. Wing, W.R.A.C. School of Instruction.
Lieut. J. R. Warren, Assistant Education Officer, Depot and Training Centre, W.R.A.C.
2/Lieut. L. Almonds, 14 Independent Company, W.R.A.C.
2/Lieut. S. E. D. Berwyn-Jones, 18 Signal Regiment (Singapore).
2/Lieut. L. S. Brown, Army Team of Lecturers.
2/Lieut. M. H. Dennis, 7 Independent Company, W.R.A.C.
2/Lieut. M. J. Hall, 4 Communications Company.
2/Lieut. G. Head, 12 Independent Company, W.R.A.C.
2/Lieut. C. V. Hickman, Depot and Training Centre, W.R.A.C.
2/Lieut. J. M. Hill, 9 Independent Company, W.R.A.C.
2/Lieut. M. E. Howes, 68 Company, R.A.S.C. (M.T.) (B.A.O.R.),
2/Lieut. J. R. Jones, Depot and Training Centre, W.R.A.C.
2/Lieut. A. T. Lappin, 6 Independent Company, W.R.A.C.
2/Lieut. P. J. Longley, 14 Independent Company, W.R.A.C.
2/Lieut. M. B. Merrett, 4 Independent Company, W.R.A.C. (Singapore).
2/Lieut. H. Mugford, 2 Independent Company, W.R.A.C.
2/Lieut. A. E. Pavey, Army Team of Lecturers.
2/Lieut. J. M. Reed, 6 Training Battalion, R.A.S.C.
2/Lieut. A. T. E. Sealey, 24 Signal Regiment.
2/Lieut. L. K. Short, 14 Signal Regiment.
2/Lieut. R. E. Smith, 8 Independent Company, W.R.A.C.
2/Lieut. L. C. Stubbs, 4 Communications Company.
2/Lieut. G. L. Sudbury, 1 Independent Company, W.R.A.C.
2/Lieut. J. Whalley, Depot and Training Centre, W.R.A.C.
2/Lieut. M. S. Wing, Depot and Training Centre, W.R.A.C.

Regina House

(Reprinted by courtesy of the *British Legion Journal*)

IN its attractive Hampstead setting, enhanced for the occasion by brilliant sunshine, Regina House—the British Legion Women's Section's newly converted flatlet house for ex-Servicemen's widows and ex-Servicewomen—was opened by the former Minister of Pensions and National Insurance, Mr. Richard Wood, M.P. Mr. Wood, accompanied by Mrs. Wood, was welcomed by Miss Bronwen Smedley-Crooke, Women's Section National Chairman, Dame Regina Evans, former Chairman, after whom the house was named, and Lord Carew, National Chairman of the British Legion.

The scheme was mooted several years ago. In 1961 it was unsuccessfully debated at National Conference, but the following year branches put forward—and passed—a resolution asking the Women's Section Central Committee to provide flatlets for widows of ex-Servicemen and ex-Servicewomen in need of a decent home. It was then decided to adapt Regina House for this purpose.

The rents, which have been kept as low as possible,

are inclusive of rates, central heating and hot water, and vary between 35s. and 50s. a week. The annual income derived from these rents will not meet the expenses of the house and W.S. branches, with their usual generosity, have pledged financial support for this, their newest scheme.

The first lucky tenants consist of eight ex-Servicemen's widows, six of whom are war widows, and four ex-Servicewomen, one of whom is a war disability pensioner. Their ages range from 42 to 75 years and they come from as far north as Manchester and the Isle of Man and as far south as Devon.

Naturally, it is the feeling of independence and a real place of their own that appeals to them.

"To have my own front door key is wonderful," said a 72-year-old ex-Servicewoman, who left her one-room place in Worthing to come to Hampstead. "Not to have to fetch my water from the bathroom, to come and go as I please—these are the things that mean so much to me."



Photo by courtesy of the British Legion

Dame Regina Evans welcoming the former Minister of Pensions at the entrance to Regina House

Obituary

Miss L. U. M. Baillie

MEMBERS of W.A.A.C. at Unit I, Wimereux, from early June 1917 and onwards will be sorry to learn of the passing of Mollie Baillie on 8th May. Her illness lasted only a few days; she was found dead in her chair by a friend visiting her. She had made arrangements to go to the Western Area Reunion but was too ill to attend. She was cremated, and many of her W.A.A.C. friends were there to place poppies on her coffin and also a beautiful poppy wreath. (This was her last request.)

Baillie was a very gifted person, having written and staged many plays of a historical nature. She was also an excellent needlewoman and taught this subject at Hands-worth. Her class made and dressed dolls in true Shakespeare style, using material from the Stratford Theatre. These were later on show in Birmingham. Her pupils have also broadcast at Christmas in plays with dresses made by themselves.

Mrs. L. W. Chilvers

NORFOLK Branch announce with deep regret the death of Mrs. L. W. Chilvers on 6th September, 1964. Winifred Chilvers was widowed in 1917, when her husband was killed in action. She herself then joined Q.M.A.A.C. and served with distinction in France. In 1929 Mrs. Chilvers founded the Norfolk Branch of the Q.M.A.A.C. Old Comrades; and when those of us who served in the A.T.S. in the Second World War were demobbed, she and her members welcomed us most warmly to their monthly meetings. It was her drive and energy that has kept the Branch in being until the present day.

Mrs. Chilvers was a keen Conservative and an enthusiastic bowls player.

Burned out of their home in Norwich by enemy action in 1942, she moved with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Stubbs, to Great Witchingham. Here she cared for them devotedly until they died at the ages of 102 and 95 respectively. Hers was indeed a life of loyalty and of service.

M. C. W.

Mrs. V. E. Elliott

WE regret to announce the death, after a long and painful illness, of Mrs. V. E. Elliott, who served in both the A.T.S. and W.R.A.C. first as a storewoman and later as a corporal cook.

Mrs. B. M. James

MRS. BERTHA JAMES (*née* Castle), Q.M.A.A.C., died on 22nd August in a Wanstead nursing home. She went to Dieppe in May 1917 as one of the first telegraphists and met her husband in France. She was an early member and later Secretary of the Golders Green Branch of the O.C.A. and was also active in the British Legion. During the early years of her illness she was tended devotedly by her husband until his own passing, and the subsequent years in a wheelchair found her still vigorous in mind though crippled in body. She brought to

her severe handicap the courage we have learned to expect from members of our Corps, but no one should grieve that her long ordeal is over. O. N. and N. E. S.

Mrs. J. A. Wilson

IT is with much regret that we have to announce the death, on 15th July, of Mrs. Jean Wilson (Jean Kerse, Q.M.A.A.C., Unit II, Wimereux), member of the Edinburgh Branch of the Association and twice elected President of the Women's United Services Club, Edinburgh, in which she took a very keen interest. She had great strength of character, a cheerful disposition, and was always ready to lend a helping hand. She is greatly missed by her many friends in Edinburgh and London, by whom she was held in very high esteem.

M. G. K.

TRIBUTES TO A COMRADE

Mrs. L. W. Chilvers

F. C. writes: Mrs. L. W. Chilvers joined Q.M.A.A.C. in 1917, served in Unit II, Wimereux, at Belle Vue in Claims or F.C.L., and was discharged in 1918 on compassionate grounds. All who knew Chillie will miss her great charm, her will to help others, her generous help to many causes, her friendship to so many who spent holidays at her newly made home at Sheringham—she lost her Norwich home in the blitz and had lived at Great Witchingham for many years, having spent her time keeping house for her ageing parents, who passed away a few years ago.

E. H. writes: I should like to express my sincere regret at the passing and say a few words of appreciation of the late Mrs. Chilvers, of Norfolk, as I was one of the original members of the Branch.

When I came to Norwich in 1929, I advertised for ex-Service women in the district. Miss Newbury (deceased) replied and suggested getting in touch with Mrs. Chilvers. This I did, and a Branch was formed in the autumn, with Mrs. Chilvers as Secretary, which post she held until October 1963! Surely this is a record.

We older members will remember her kindness and hospitality at her New Year parties, and how she would always help anyone "down on their luck."

V. R. writes: I would like to pay my tribute to the late Mrs. Chilvers, as I was one of the seven members who formed the Branch in 1929, though I was transferred from Headquarters in London, having been a member since the beginning. Before the Areas came into being, I represented Norfolk on Council. At that time a Branch of 20 could send a representative, and one of 50 two, to Council, and Chilvers worked so hard until we got the required number. She was a most prolific letter writer, and by that means only was the Branch kept together during the last war. Such faithful secretaries can be ill spared in the Association.

She was a most devoted daughter and it is sad to think that she did not live longer to enjoy her freedom, though her rather sudden death at the end prevented a long and painful illness.

Review

"JUDO FOR WOMEN"

Margot Sathaye

WHY do women take up judo? This question is posed by the author in her introduction to *Judo for Women*, a comprehensive little book published by Foyles in their Handbooks for Sports-lovers series, price 4s.

Perhaps one of the answers to this question, for our younger readers, is that judo is now included in the Duke of Edinburgh's Award Scheme and anyone considering taking this up as a subject will find the book most helpful.

Margot Sathaye, herself a Black Belt, gives a brief history of judo, followed by practical advice about clothing, how and where to join a club and other points of conduct and approach to the sport that the beginner needs to know. Most of the book is devoted to a clear description of the various techniques needed for both training and contests and is well illustrated with explanatory drawings.

Personal Column

For Sale. Officer's No. 1 Dress, greatcoat, No. 2 Dress, etc. Height 5 ft. 3 in., bust 34 in., waist 26 in., hips, 38 in. Mrs. Wheeler, 5 Rhine Banks, Cove, Hants.

For Sale. W.R.A.C. Officer's green greatcoat, with red lining. Height 5 ft. 6 in., bust 36 in. Seldom worn, condition as new. Also one W.R.A.C. Officer's No. 1 Dress hat and an Officer's beret, both size 7. Any reasonable offer accepted.—Box No. 5/64.

For Sale. No. 1 Dress jacket and skirt, 35-26-38, £10. Various shirts (green), collars, etc.—Box. No. 6/64.

For Sale. No. 2 Dress, measurements 38-28-40. Weatherill tailored. Good condition. £15, to include two white shirts with trubenised collars—Box No. 7/64.

For Sale. No. 1 Dress uniform, £5. Worn four times. Height 5 ft. 8½ in., 36-26-36. Miss Brown, 1 Launceston Place, W.8.

For Sale. Officer's No. 2 Dress, excellent condition, and two white bush shirts, £12 complete. To fit height 5 ft. 7½ in., size 37-29-39. Collar size 13½ in. A.R.O. (W.S.), Army Information Office, Devonport, Plymouth.

For Sale. W.R.A.C. (T.A.) Captain's Service Dress. Jacket and skirt, 34-24-37. Skirt length 25 in. Greatcoat to fit same. Khaki cap, 6½. All with badges and buttons.—Offers to Box No. 8/64.

For Sale. W.R.A.C. Subaltern's green greatcoat. Bust 36 in., height 5 ft. 6 in.—Offers to Box No. 9/64.

For Sale. No. 1 Dress and greatcoat in good condition. Height 5 ft. 5 in., size 36-28-40. Also sundries. £17 10s. o.n.o.—Box No. 10/64.

Wanted. Officer's No. 1 Dress. Height 5 ft. 3 in., size 38-28-40.—Box No. 11/64.

A vacancy for a Sgt. Permanent Staff Instructor (Type "R") occurs with 44 (H.C.) Signal Regiment (Cinque Ports), T.A. This Sgt. will be required to visit T.A. Centres at Dover and Margate. Preference will be given to a candidate who lives in either of these areas. Applicants must hold a current driving licence. Signal experience is desirable but not essential, as training can be provided. For further particulars write to: Yeomanry House, Boxley Road, Maidstone, Kent.

A vacancy exists for Adjutant on Consolidated Rates with H.Q. W.R.A.C., East Lowland District, Edinburgh. Applications from W.R.A.C. (T.A.) Officers and ex-Regular Officers will be considered. For further particulars write to: C.W.R.A.C., East Lowland District, 28 York Place, Edinburgh.

W.R.A.C. P.S.O. A vacancy exists for a Permanent Staff Officer with 48th (S.M.) Signal Regiment (T.A.). Ex-Signals-trained W.R.A.C. Officer required, but consideration given to others prepared to attend a Royal Signals course. Successful applicant will be granted a T.A. Commission in the rank of Captain W.R.A.C. (T.A.). For full details of pay and conditions apply to O.C. 48th (S.M.) Signal Regiment (T.A.), Cateswell House, Stratford Road, Hall Green, Birmingham, 28.

W.R.A.C. P.S.I. A vacancy will exist early in 1965 for a W.R.A.C. Sgt. who is Signals trained as a Communication Centre Operator. Applicant will be required to enlist on a Type "R" engagement. For full details apply to: O.C. 48th (S.M.) Signal Regiment (T.A.), Cateswell House, Stratford Road, Hall Green, Birmingham, 28.

Maureen Lees and her friends, the "Good Neighbours," invite you to patronise their display centre at 46 Beaconsfield Road, New Ferry, Wirral, Cheshire, where work of the blind and disabled is on sale. Orders taken. White Elephant Stall to defray costs. Open weekdays 10-3 p.m. (Thursdays 1 p.m.).

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.

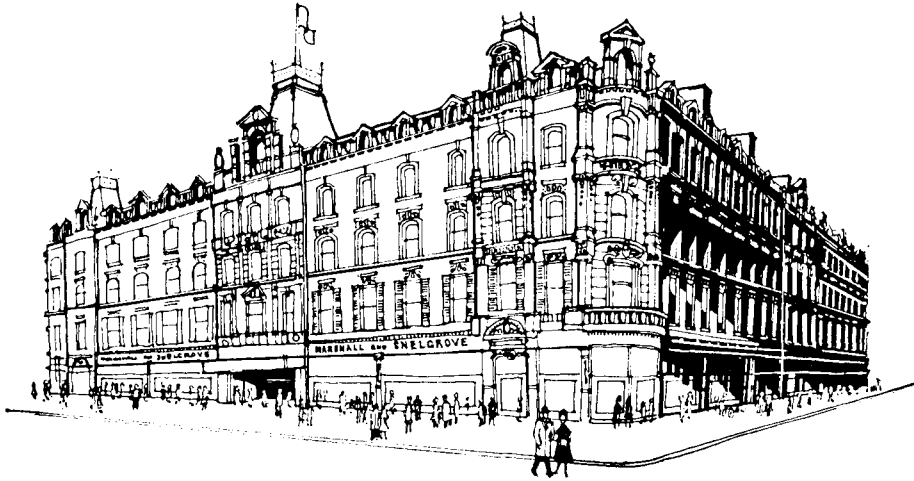
BRANCH DIRECTORY

Amendments

Unit Branch Secretaries:

W.R.A.C. Wing, 6 Training Battalion, R.A.S.C.: S/Sgt. D. Bond, Houndstone Camp, Yeovil, Somerset.

W.R.A.C. School of Instruction: W.O.I G. P. Green, Huron Camp, Hindhead, Surrey.



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