

THE LIONESS

VOL XXXIX

AUGUST 1966

No. 3



THE LIONESS

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**CONTRIBUTIONS FOR NEXT ISSUE BY
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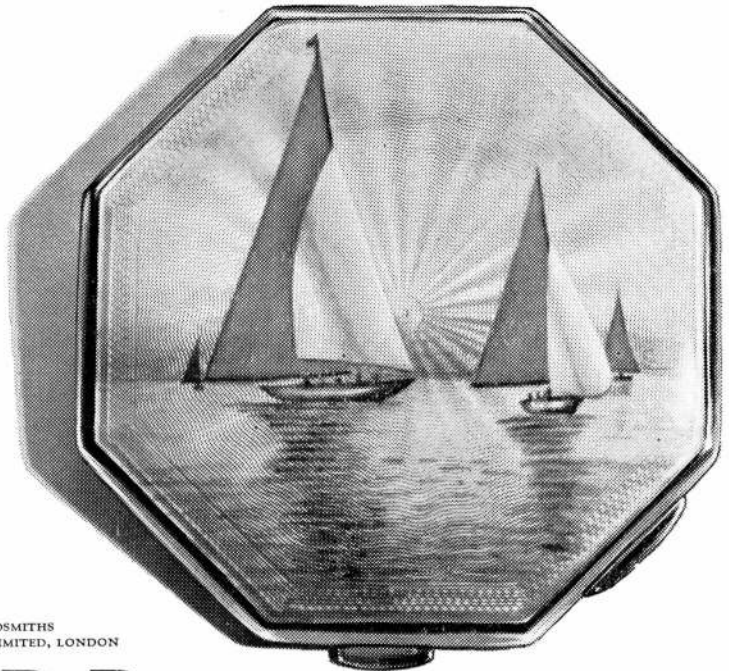
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Southern Area Re-Union, members at the Montague Motor Museum.

Mrs B. Rush, Organizing Secretary, centre with Mrs. R. Young, Chairman, Southampton Branch, on her right,

Photo by Ronald G. Longman Ltd.



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Editorial

THE main celebrations for the 50th Anniversary of the formation of the Women's Services will take place on Thursday 1st June, 1967. It is hoped that further details will be available for publication in the next issue. In view of this your Council had decided that there will be no Grand Re-Union next year. Scottish Area have kindly agreed to postpone their Re-Union by one year as well, so the next Grand Re-Union in London will be held in 1968 and the Scottish Re-Union in 1969.

The Annual General Meeting will take place as usual in the Duke of York's Headquarters on Saturday 11th March, 1967. The meeting will be followed by a tea party and Sale of Work in aid of the Benevolent Fund. Eastern, Western and Headquarters Areas have generously agreed to organize stalls, with assistance from Scottish and Northern Ireland Areas whenever possible. In spite of the fact that there will be no Grand Re-Union, the evening will be a rather special occasion as Miss B. Harvie Anderson, O.B.E., T.D., M.P., Vice President of Council, has kindly invited members to visit the House of Commons. Refreshments will be available but members may have to be limited so tickets will be required. Full details will be published in the November Lioness.

Members will be pleased to hear that Council has appointed Miss K. Ackland, O.B.E., as their second Life Vice-President. The first Vice-President is, of course, Dame Helen Gwynne-Vaughan. Miss Ackland has given unstintingly of her time and energy to the work of the Association for many years and still sits regularly as a member of the Benevolent Fund Grants Committee.

The Trust Deed for the Princess Royal's Memorial Fund has now been implemented and the £2,057 raised so far handed over to the Benevolent Fund Trustees to administer. About 400 roses have been planted in the Memorial Garden at Queen Elizabeth Barracks, and many of them are already in bloom. The garden will be seen by everyone who visits the Depot and Training Centre W.R.A.C. as it is sited between the main road and the square. It can be extended later if our resources permit. The Fund remains open and donations are always welcome.

The General Secretary wishes to thank members who responded to her appeal for stories of their War time service in Q.M.A.A.C. and A.T.S. Their manu-

scripts have all been passed to the Ministry of Defence and the writers may be hearing more in due course.

Re-Unions

Northern Area

THE Northern Area Re-Union will be held in the Sun Pavilion, Valley Gardens, Harrogate on Saturday, September 24th, 1966, from 3—6 p.m.

Tickets 6s 6d. (including Buffet Tea) from:—

A.D.W.R.A.C.,

H.Q. Northern Command,
Yorks.

Please apply before September 20th sending a stamped addressed envelope.

Southern Area

LIKE the "old soldiers who never die", the "old girls" keep going too! and to prove it 125 members and friends from the Southern Area joined together for a reunion which was held at the Montague Motor Museum, Beaulieu, on Sunday, May 21st. Members travelled from as far afield as Bath, Weymouth, Bournemouth, Oxford, Salisbury and Portsmouth for this event which is held annually in different parts of the area, and the presence of members from serving units was very encouraging.

Following tea in the Domus, Mrs. R. Young, Chairman of the Southampton Branch, welcomed everyone and said that they were pleased to have with them on this occasion Colonel P. M. Lipscomb, Chairman of the Southern Area Committee, and recently appointed D.D.W.R.A.C. Southern Command. In her reply, Colonel Lipscomb said how delighted she was to see such a happy gathering and gave information about the celebrations being planned for the 50th Anniversary of the formation of the Women's services in May 1967. In concluding, Colonel Lipscomb thanked the Southampton Branch members, and in particular Mrs. B. Rush, for organising and acting as hostess for this happy reunion.

WESTERN AREA

THIS was the first time that the Western Area Re-Union had been held in Manchester, and it was a great success.

All jokes about Manchester's rainfall can be well and truly forgotten as we had a lovely warm sunny day for the gathering.

The Shakespeare Hotel has never had so many women under its roof at one time, nor served so many cups of tea, but gossiping was such a thirsty business.

We were fortunate in having the President, Dame Regina Evans as our guest of honour, and she received an enthusiastic welcome from everyone present when she arrived with Col. Christy. They were met by Mrs. K. Brierley (Woolley) who is secretary of Manchester branch and served under Dame Regina in 1940.

In her address, Dame Regina outlined the tentative arrangements for next year's 50th Anniversary celebrations, and it was a nice change to have such information at first hand, instead of just reading about it.

An excellent buffet was provided by the landlady of the Shakespeare, and we did justice to it. During this time Dame Regina visited all the tables, and chatted with most people. Manchester's oldest member present Mrs. Wyatt, aged 86, and quite a few other ex-Q.M.A.A.C.s said they had really enjoyed the afternoon. We had guests from Yorkshire and from London, and all said what a happy reunion it had been. Who can say more?

Our thanks are due to Miss A. G. Learmouth, for her assistance and advice, and to all the members and friends who supported us.

C.A.D, NESSCLIFFE

ANY members who served in the Central Ammunition Depot at Nesscliffe and are interested in the Re-Union dinner are invited to write to:—

Major R. J. Read (Ret'd),
8, School Road,
Ashford,
Middlesex.

The Q.M.A.A.C.

OLD COMRADES DINNER CLUB

Q.M.A.A.C. Re-Union

ON Saturday 21st May 1966, 140 members of the Q.M.A.A.C. Dinner Club met at Derry & Toms for their Annual Re-Union.

Mrs. G. Cannon was in the chair, and Miss Nance Martin took charge of the business meeting after the dinner when the Officers of the Club were elected.

It was much regretted that the President, Mrs. Mayhew was not able to be present, owing to the recent death of her husband, Major F. W. Mayhew, M.C., T.D.

Cooking for the Army

It's easier now



Miss K. Elliott, W.R.A.C.

By courtesy of the Colchester Express

IT was a test of endurance as well as cooking ability when Kathleen Elliott cooked for Army personnel for three weeks out in the snow in the year when war was ending. It was the year of the widespread gas strike in London when Miss Elliott—later to be awarded the B.E.M. for her effort—had to cook on an open fire and built-in ovens.

Miss Elliott, now W.O. 1 Elliott of the 54 East Anglian Division/District had only been in the Army for three years.

She has risen, from pre-Army days when she was manageress of a confectioner's and baker's shop in Brighton, to become one of the five women supervisors and travelling instructors stationed at Colchester. This means she doesn't exactly cook any more, but is not prevented from doing so.

She recalled: "When I first started, Army cooks had to do everything—swab the floors, prepare the vegetables, and wash-up. We had to improvise in the kitchen. For example, using jam tins for cooking in."

Today the Army has first-class cooking accommodation and kitchen equipment. "And the food is not

so regimental. It is 100 per cent better than when I started and there's a choice too. For lunch there are four or five choices, different vegetables to choose from, and various sweets."

Cooking for the mass or for a few people—Miss Elliott often helps out when the G.O.C. is giving a dinner party—she doesn't mind which. "But I like doing fancy cooking. So I get more opportunity when there are only a few people." During the war she cooked for thousands of troopers.

She has won cups for the "fancy" cooking, including the Madame Prunier challenge trophy awarded for her cold fish dish entry into the Army section of the 1952 Hotelympia in London. The Army does much in encourage initiative of this sort.

The modern Army, at least in Colchester, is a help-yourself-one in the mess, "None of this lumping food on the plate and 'get on with it or leave it' as it was," said Miss Elliott.

Part of her job entails answering "distress calls" from various Army kitchens; they may be short staffed, for example, or in need of advice. It can take her all over East Anglia.

A life as a cook in the Army is not what it used to be, that is certain. Being the "chief cook and bottle-washer" no longer applies, and certainly the old cook house with its open fire stoves is as remote as jam tins being used for pudding basins.

The quality has certainly improved with having every man for his job and having modern appliances for kitchens, but Miss Elliott wonders: is it so much fun? She, for one, did not mind the work and even now plumps for home-made soup rather than buying it tinned.

Shopping List

Car Badges

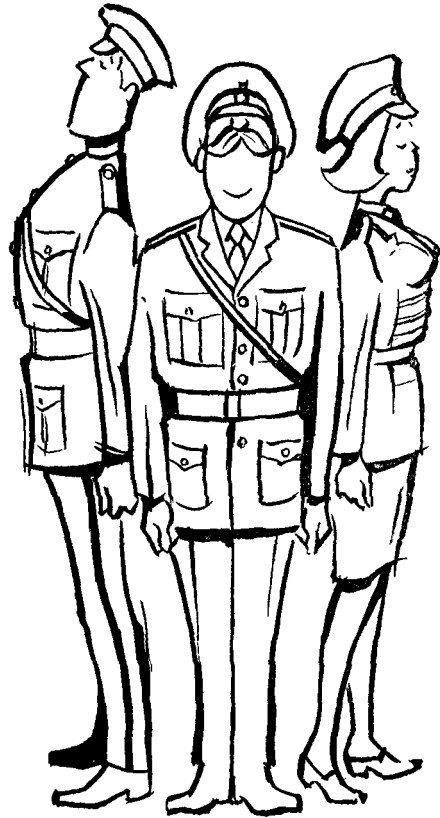
It is regretted that the cost of W.R.A.C. car badges has risen considerably and will have to be passed on to our customers. In spite of this we can still offer them to members at a special rate which is well below the recognised retail price. W.R.A.C. Car Badge (including postage) £1 17s. 6d.

Association Badges

There have been a number of complaints about the quality of the Association badges which were obtained about 15 years ago and have not been popular. The remaining stock has now been re-conditioned, the varnish removed and the brooches given a gilt finish at a cost approximately 10d. a badge. These reconditioned badges will be sold at 2/- each.

Corps Diaries 1967

A small number of extra diaries have been ordered and can be obtained from Corps H.Q. W.R.A.C., at the prices stated in the May Lioness.



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Corps Day in Northern Ireland

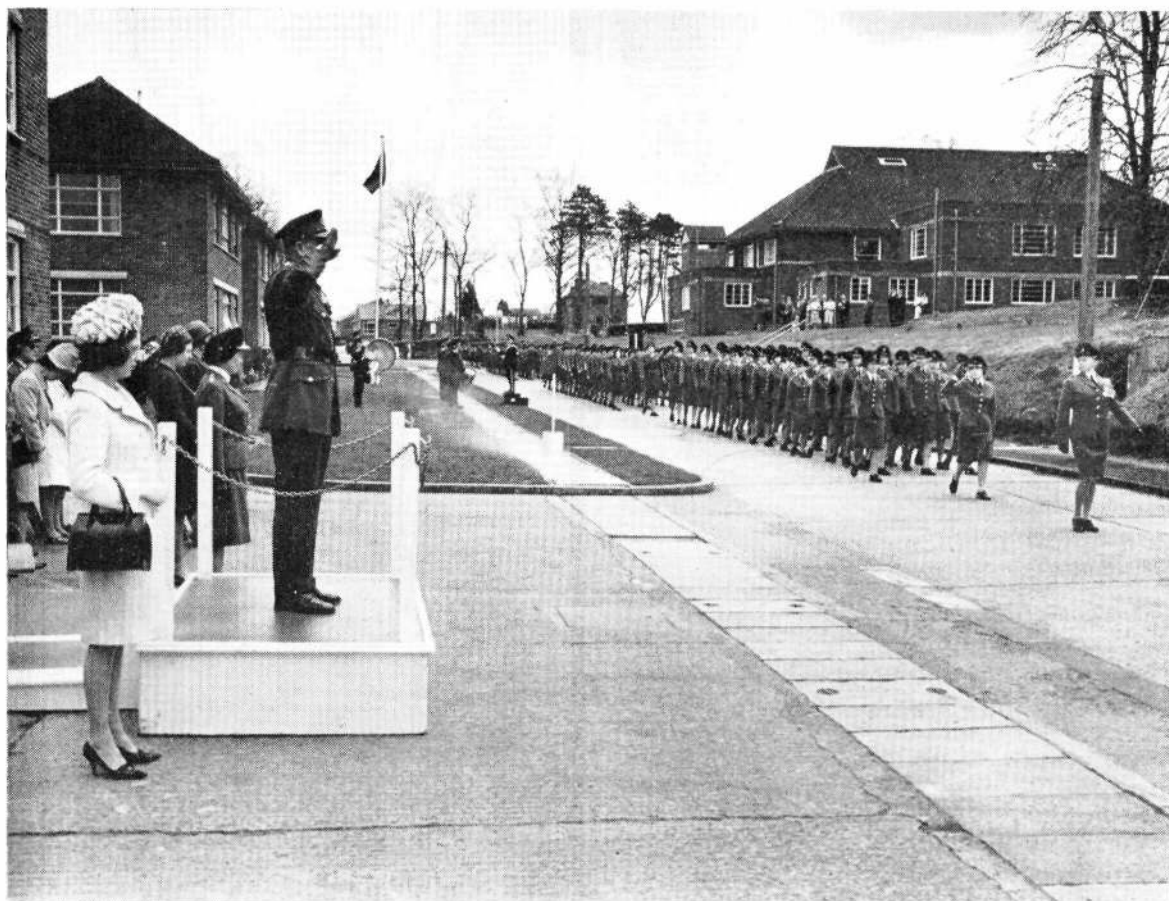
WR.A.C. Corps Day was held on Sunday 24th April. The morning began with a special Church Service in the gymnasium at Thiepval Barracks, Lisburn. All ranks of the Regular and Territorial Units were represented at the Service which was conducted by the Garrison Chaplain, the Reverend Hambly. The lesson was read by Lieutenant Colonel M. N. Jamieson, the Assistant Director W.R.A.C. and Officer Commanding the Ulster W.R.A.C. (T.A.). The Lady Dunleath, the Honorary Colonel of the Ulster W.R.A.C. (T.A.), also attended the Service.

After the Service, Lieutenant-General Sir Desmond Fitzpatrick, K.C.B., D.S.O., M.B.E., M.C., the G.O.C. in C, Northern Ireland Command, took the Salute at the March Past of representatives of Headquarters, Northern Ireland Command W.R.A.C., from Lisburn, 93 Coy W.R.A.C. (T.A.) from Belfast, 94 Coy W.R.A.C. (T.A.) from Londonderry, 95 Coy W.R.A.C.

(T.A.) from Newtownards and Portadown, 66 Signal Regiment (T.A.) and the Northern Ireland Command Company R.M.P. (T.A.) also from Belfast. The parade was led by a Major L. Brown W.R.A.C. (T.A.) of 66 Signal Regiment (T.A.). The Adjutant of the parade was Captain Mary Smiley (T.A.). Captain Smiley has just re-joined the Ulster W.R.A.C. after being away from it for some time in England. The band of the North Irish Horse played the March Past.

The Ulster W.R.A.C. (T.A.) held their Drill Competition on the Sunday afternoon. They performed on the Square in Thiepval Barracks. Three Drill Squads were entered by 93, 94 and 95 Coys. respectively. Captain Gough and W.O.I Dodge, R.A. the Garrison Sergeant Major, judged the Competition and the Lady Dunleath presented the Drill Shield. 93 Coy. from Belfast won the Competition for the second year running. They were led to victory by their sergeant, Staff Sergeant Jean Marshall.

To finish off the W.R.A.C. Corps Day celebrations, an "All Ranks" dance was held in the Junior Ranks Club on Sunday evening.



Corps Day in Northern Ireland, Lt-General Sir Desmond Fitzpatrick, K.C.B., D.S.O., M.B.E., M.C., taking the salute. Also in the picture, Lady Dunleath, Hon. Col. Ulster W.R.A.C. (T.A.).

Photo by courtesy of the Belfast Telegraph

Regimental Wing R.A.O.C., Donnington

ELEVEN members of this unit set out on an Adventure Training visit to Switzerland on Friday the 11th March. We left Wellington, Shropshire at 10 a.m. and travelled across France into Switzerland, arriving at our destination, Grindelwald, in a blinding snowstorm twenty four and a half hours later.

We set out on a vertical climb up a steep, icy path to the Youth Hostel. A wooden notice board at the foot of the hill indicated that it was a 20 minute walk! With the weight of our rucksacks bumping on our backs and the rarefied air found at over 6,000 feet it seemed a long 20 minutes!

We were welcomed by the "hausfrau" at the large Chalet owned by the Swiss Y.H.A. When we had got our breaths back and settled ourselves in we found that we had a most magnificent view of the North face of the Eiger and could see the peak of the Jungfrau in the background. The Youth Hostel was centrally heated and very comfortable. The main drawback was no baths, and only cold water for washing in the ablutions. The food was plain but adequate.

Sunday morning found us all making our way back down the icy slope to the town to collect our skis, boots and sticks from the sports shop. We all felt somewhat strange carrying skis over our shoulders along the main street. The English Y.H.A. had organised daily half day ski-ing lessons for us. The first afternoon was spent gliding down the nursery slopes. At the end of the week several of the party were quite proficient, but needless to say some of us were still—gliding down the nursery slopes.

We were privileged to be watchers of the famous Harling Climb of the North face of the Eiger. From the hostel we could see the lights of the bivouacked parties at night and during the day the climbers could be seen quite clearly through the binoculars. It was interesting to use our map and compass to see the route of the climbers.

Early breakfast, a packed lunch, early supper and early bed were the order of the day every day. On Sunday the 20th March we arrived back at Donnington with no broken bones, and sunburned, sound in wind and limb—the envy of the rest of the unit.

W/64723 W.O. I L. Brooks, M.B.E.

On 2 July 1966, C.O.D. Donnington said goodbye to W.O. I L. Brooks, M.B.E., W.R.A.C., after twenty-five years in the Service. W.O. I Brooks enlisted on 3 July 1941 and spent the first eight years as a Convoy Driver. On re-allocation to Technical Storewoman in 1949 she was posted to Donnington and remained with that Depot until her retirement. She will be missed and all wish her success in the future.



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"A Revolution for Beginners"

TWO EXPATRIATES

SINCE writing "This be Ghana" quite a lot has happened in this part of the world. Just before Christmas diplomatic affairs took a turn for the worse and it was with some sadness that members of the training team turned out with the British Community in Accra to say farewell to the British High Commissioner. After this some of us thought that it was only a matter of time before the team would be drastically pruned and those more athletic members contemplated carrying out their daily P.T. by practice sprints to the Airport, just in case this might be necessary.

However Christmas passed peacefully and the usual turkey, pudding and paper hats were taken to the beach and appreciated by children and adults alike. The local "coal pot", which is the standard oven in Ghana, cooks most effectively with charcoal and produced some delicious meals to the extent that we were all groaning about over-eating and vanishing waist lines.

Coups have been very much to the fore in West Africa during the last few months and by February we had begun to lose count of them, so it was with some surprise when, on the 24th February, we found ourselves involved in one. At dawn on that morning Major N turned over in bed murmuring unflattering remarks about Ghanaian soldiers disturbing her sleep with small arms "practice"! Half a mile away Miss W had her nose an inch from the floor admiring the pile on her carpet and wondering if the next shot might bring down that ghastly picture which she had meant to throw away. As this was our first revolution it took a little time for the fact to sink in and so far as Major N was concerned (never at her best so early in the morning) all was as usual until her house boy reported, with his usual beaming smile, that there were 18 casualties in the Military Hospital. By this time Miss W had removed her nose from the carpet and in due course was escorted, with other team members, through the battle lines to a place of safety. Major N proceeded to the office through smiling battle clad soldiers who produced smart salutes and cleared the way through stationary cars, rather like the progress of a very important person on a very important mission. Nothing could be further from the truth of course but after a quick visit to the W.A.C. Officers Mess and O.R.'s lines and finding all was well her next thought was—where is Miss W, late in the office on such an important occasion? Not knowing at this time that a battalion of infantry and a squadron of tanks were using the block of flats where Miss W lived as an R.V. before assaulting buildings nearby, the Major swept off in her car to investigate, as the

Provost would say, the circumstances whereby one W.O.I. W.R.A.C. was A.W.O.L.! Again being greeted by rifle hugging soldiers and waved through military cordons came rather as a surprise but nothing to the surprise when a sudden sharp order to stop made her nearly stall her car engine. Thoughts of the local prison and Red Cross parcels for P.O.W.'s flashed across her mind and it was with some relief when a smiling Brigade Major popped his head in the car and requested that a civilian casualty be conveyed to the hospital. We had always wanted to be an ambulance driver anyway. Miss W by now was saying to herself I must find out what has happened to the Major, is she safe or has the Corps lost another reasonably hard working officer? Such is the nature of things that, having discovered through various means that Miss W was in good hands, the Major was "cooling off" with a delectable Pimms No. 1 which can be recommended as a good tonic if any of you are involved in a similar uprising.

It was not until much later in the day that the two female members of the British Team made contact and exchanged anecdotes on their experiences during an exciting and memorable military coup.

Now our days are enlivened by happy Ghanaians demonstrating in support of the new leaders. These are spontaneous gatherings where everyone enjoys themselves. White streamers of cloth are tied around the head and draped on cars as a sign of victory, then the dancing and chanting people, men, women and children parade through the main streets with the delight and cheers from passersby. Even the Ghana Armed Forces Wives Association staged their own demonstration and dressed in a motley collection of husbands military uniform sang their way through the streets of the capital.

The Ghanaians have a tradition of singing, or perhaps it's more accurate to say chanting, at any task that required physical exertion. An example of this is shown by the local dustmen on their weekly collection of rubbish. The collection is always in the afternoon when officers, exhausted after a long hot morning at work are snoozing quietly in arm chairs. The chant starts at the top of the road and mingles with the crash of gears, racing engines and banging dustbins. This continues down the road until ones own dustbin is reached with a crescendo of sound and then diminishes into the distance. Last week the peak was reached in normal fashion but suddenly died outside the Major's quarter. Oh splendid quiet! But not for long for into the garden came three dustmen, caps in hand and worried expressions on faces. When asked what was wrong the spokesman replied that,

"He", pointing to the centre man, "be hurt sister, you please give medicine". So "Sister Norman", one of the most incompetent First Aiders, administered medicine in the form of aspirin into an open mouth and antiseptic onto a bloody head. This was possibly a mistake because now the weekly musical delivery is accentuated by the explosive triple blast on a strident motor horn as our dustbin is emptied into the waiting lorry.

Both of us will be saying good-bye to Ghana very shortly and are looking out the thick woollies suitable for wear in an English summer!! We have already forgotten our smug reply to incoming travellers "Oh, you soon get used to the humidity" and instead ask anxiously "How much snow have you had?" or "Is the V.C.10 a smooth flight?"

Shopping expeditions have been undertaken for those last minute presents which are a must for returning travellers. Not for us the long, dusty, hot drive to the best place for African carvings. A combined duty and pleasure trip takes us aboard an Air Force plane with some trepidation but hope in our hearts. Major N says an "Otter"! One engine!! And tightens up her safety belt for imaginary greater security. Male passengers climb up with us dressed in white cotton overalls over uniforms and casually say "You're improperly dressed, where are your overalls?" We look at each others bare brown legs and there is no answer. Our gallant informer continues with "Its very important to wear them you know, to combat the first flash when crashing!" We sink further into our seats and send up individual prayers for survival. The engine roars and seconds later we are airborne, swinging over Accra and heading out to sea for the one hour coastal run to the port of Takoradi. The return flight was uneventful but there were anxious furrows on female brows, particularly Miss W's, who thought that the run up before landing was going to be difficult because of a sagging tail plane due to Major N's large crate of souvenirs. Miss W was quite convinced that the Pilot would need to jettison ballast and was of the opinion that if anything went overboard it wouldn't be the crate of mahogany and ebony figures, but herself. However a safe landing was made and the next problem was a "Works Study" on how to get the crate into a Fiat 600. "Where's the tin opener?" someone asked, "Not necessary" Miss W hurriedly replied and with a great push in went the crate and away went we with much laughter all round.

Nearing the end of our tours we feel we could write a book on "revolutions" and "beginners in Ghana" which would run to about twenty-five chapters. Knowing the difficulty the Editor has in cramming this tale in at all we have reluctantly restrained ourselves! However all literary efforts must have an ending, and we confess that as "beginners" we can't think of an appropriate one but seated in our V.C.10

seat we look out at the shimmering heat of the runway and think of the many new friends made and experience gained. However away with sentiment let us be practical we say, and wonder sadly if it's raining at London Airport.

Flanders Revisited

Miss A. C. Rogers (ex-Q.M.A.A.C.)

I HAD the privilege of visiting the Battlefields of the 1914-18 war, with the Post Office Rifles O.C.A. in May this year. Most of us had not returned since 1919, what a difference this time.

Then, trenches, shell holes, shattered buildings, not a tree or a blade of green grass, to be seen for miles. Now, the rebuilt towns and villages, Churches and Public buildings, all restored, as much as possible, to their former glory.

We went to Festubert via Estaires—Poperinghe to Ypres, from Bethune, where we stayed 3 nights. At Ypres the Dedication service in St. George's Chapel was attended by the Burgo-master and his staff. A minutes silence was observed and a bugler sounded the Last Post and Reveille. Afterwards the Burgo-master gave us a reception in the Cloth Hall.

Speeches were made and references to the great part played by our Forces in the two wars. In the afternoon we went to the Cemeteries at Sanctuary Wood and Tyne Cot (Passchendale) and laid wreaths. At 9 p.m. we took part in the impressive ceremony at the Menin Gate, when each night, the busy traffic is hushed and Belgian burglars sound the Last Post. On this occasion, 4 smartly uniformed men, performed the ceremony. Next day a wreath was laid on the French War Memorial in Bethune. Then on to Dud Corner cemetery at Loos, Vimy Ridge with its magnificent memorial to the Canadians, Arras and Thiepval. Altogether 9 British Legion Poppy wreaths were laid at the different cemeteries.

Then we went to Bonn as ex Post Office officials and not as ex-soldiers, for 4 days. Here the Germans were most kind escorting us on sight seeing tours of the Rhine, Bonn, Cologne and Koblenz.

Our last stay was Dinant. A Belgian delegation escorted us through the Ardennes. We visited the Abbey de Maredsous and were interested to know that the priest who described the Abbey to us, had been a prisoner of war, because of his activities with the Resistance, in the last war.

The organiser of this Pilgrimage belongs to the Ancien Combatants, an association formed in France that has members in Belgium and Germany, but not as yet in Britain.

What a wonderful opportunity for us to meet people of other nations, promoting friendship, comradeship, for the common good.

Branch News

BOURNEMOUTH. Towards the end of last year we gave a party to which we invited the W.R.E.N.S. during which Captain M. C. Tomlinson gave us a most interesting talk on "The Modern W.R.A.C.". The branch was represented at the local Remembrance Day Parade by the usual faithful few, while the Secretary and her assistant, Miss F. Bull, were fortunate in being able to attend the Parade in London. In February our Annual Dinner was held at Forte's Florentine Restaurant when 13 members enjoyed the meal and a chat. One evening in March we made up a party to see "My Fair Lady" at the Pavilion. A talk by Mrs. F. Barnes on "Hairdressing and the care of the skin" was enjoyed and members were able to sort out several of their beauty problems—perhaps one day the next "Miss World" will be an "old soldier"! Miss J. Lunniss gave us a film show and commentary on her last visit to South Africa, which took us away from our chilly Spring to warmer climes. The Southern Area Reunion at Beaulieu, so well organised by Southampton branch, was greatly enjoyed by 11 members and friends. It was a most pleasant day and we were able to wander round at leisure seeing the house and motor museum, also the model railway, before joining the other branches for tea. Whilst a few members last year did not renew their subscriptions, we have been pleased to welcome Mrs. R. Burden, Miss A. Scott (from Weymouth) and Miss E. M. E. Mullins to the branch.

HEADQUARTER AREA. It seems but a short time since parcels were arriving from all over the world from members of H.Q. Area for the very successful Stall we organised at the A.G.M. but two years have passed and once more there is to be a Sale in aid of the W.R.A.C. Benevolent Fund and once again H.Q. Area is to have its own Stall. Once again members will undoubtedly rally to the cause. Your Secretary will be abroad until January 1967 so please send contributions to arrive after then to 2 Myrtle Cottage, Netherbury, Bridport. We already have quite a little collection of goods and a kind friend has given your Secretary some very nice little odds and ends which she hopes to convert into saleable articles while enjoying the Majorcan sunshine.

LIVERPOOL. Although the Branch has not had a report in *The Lioness* for some time we have been holding meetings regularly and have continued to be active. The Branch was represented at the Western Area Committee Meeting in Preston in September, 1965, and also at the Branch Secretaries' Meeting and the Annual General Meeting in Glasgow in March, 1966. The Branch Wreath was laid at the Cenotaph on Remembrance Sunday by the Branch Chairman and Secretary. The Secretary has regularly attended meetings of the Merseyside Council of Ex-Service and Regimental Associations. Ten members

enjoyed attending the Western Area Reunion in Manchester in May. We were pleased to hear more about the 50th Anniversary Celebrations to be held next year. Earlier in the year the Branch were pleased to be able to contribute to The Princess Royal's Memorial Fund. At Christmas we did as usual give presents to two or three members, and at Easter we made our usual gift of chocolate eggs to a local children's home. Our meetings have had about the average attendance we can expect but, as usual, the attendance at the Annual General Meeting in February was very small. This is most unfortunate as it is really the most important meeting of the year. In November we had our Annual Bring and Buy Sale and once again we have to thank our handful of staunch supporters for the success of this effort. It is, in fact, the Bring and Buy Sale which enables the Branch to continue its activities. We closed our 1965 meetings with a most successful and enjoyable Christmas Social. At our April Meeting one of our members, who is a Home Teacher for the Blind, came along and gave us a most interesting talk on the training she had undertaken in order to do this job and also spoke to us about her day to day work. Miss Burgess also brought along samples of the work done by the blind people for whom she is responsible, and members were able to place orders.

MANCHESTER. In December we held our usual Bring and Buy Sale, and used the proceeds to buy Christmas gifts for some of the older members. Our January meeting was held in town at the Shakespeare Hotel, as we thought we had better see what kind of place we were inviting people to, for the area reunion in May. We still hold most meetings at the R.C.T. barracks. Although the W.R.A.C. no longer have a rest room there, the R.S.M. kindly allows us to use the sergeants mess for a couple of hours, on the first Monday of the month. Our members gave us good support at the reunion, and it was nice to see so many familiar faces. Obviously our Secretary did not suffer her writers cramp for nothing. In March the Manchester and Dist. Liaison Committee of Ex Service Associations put on a smoking concert for us at the Millstone Hotel, and gave the proceeds to our Branch funds, for which we were very grateful. We usually hold one or two meetings at various members homes during the summer months, and so our June meeting was held at the home of Mrs. E. Dugmore (Stainfield) in Worsley.

OXFORD. The Branch received an invitation from the President, Mrs. E. P. Thomson, to a film show and supper, to be held at her home. This was for 7th December, and was attended by no less than 17 members—it was so nice to see so many there. For the first part of the evening we had a display of coloured transparencies of Mrs. Thomson's world circuit of America, Honolulu, Japan, Hong Kong and Bangkok, and the commentary given by her during the display

was excellent. This was followed by supper, and was a very enjoyable evening, one that will not be forgotten for a very long time. No meetings were held in January or February. This has been the custom of the Branch for many years, owing to uncertain weather conditions, and the very low attendance during these two months. On the 1st March we held a Bring and Buy Sale (members only). This was a very happy evening and well attended. We held a Beetle Drive on the 3rd May.

Unit News

12 Independent Company

THE past few months have been eventful for 12 Independent Company with many activities ranging from the physical vigours of camping weekends to the bustle of Open Day.

The first big event was the Army Cookery Competition in which we entered a unit team. Excitement heightened as we, first, became the London District finalists and then the Eastern Command finalists. Now all that lay ahead was Aldershot and the finals. The Officers' Mess was subjected to many meals of Scotch Broth, Grilled fish and Cheese sauce, etc., while our three contestants—Cpl. J. Shaw, L/Cpl. D. M. Marshall and Pte. L. A. Pickering perfected their skills! On the great day we were very thrilled to be placed second and only $1\frac{1}{2}$ marks behind the winners.

Summer suddenly seemed to be upon us and tents and compo rations were the order of the day. We set off on our first camping weekend in May to Fingringhoe, near Colchester, where thirty of our women had a marvellous and very active time. Swimming, horse riding, a visit to Clacton-on-Sea, rifle shooting and a map reading exercise occupied the weekend. We returned to Mill Hill tired but happy from our weekend in the sun and fresh air. We had another successful camping weekend in June where gallons of ice-cream were bought and consumed as it was far too hot for compo Irish Stew and Ginger Pudding!

A number of day trips to places of interest have recently taken place. We have been to Windsor and to Kew Gardens and are soon to visit Hastings, The Cheddar Gorge and Earls Court to hear Billy Graham. The most successful trip was to Portsmouth—the W.R.A.C. seem to enjoy visiting the Royal Navy!

We were fortunate to have a bright sunny day for the Open Day on 19th June 1966. Approximately 300 parents and friends were able to attend. All the accommodation was open to the public and we received many comments of praise and admiration for our lovely, modern accommodation. The W.R.A.C. Staff Band played throughout the afternoon and we had displays of netball and a Field Post Office set up to show the work of the Army Postal Service; there

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visitors could buy postcards of the camp and have them stamped with a special F.P.O. stamp and posted on the spot.

29 Company W.R.A.C.

THE winter months soon sped by, and these were highlighted by the Annual Administrative Inspection in January which was carried out by Lt.-Col. E. E. Michell, who had recently taken her appointment as A.D.W.R.A.C. H.Q. BAOR, and later in March by a visit from D.W.R.A.C.

The more energetic of the unit took part in ski-ing, and some even "survived" the winter survival course held in Norway. A team of eighteen led by 2/Lt. Chatterton were very successful in taking part in the Maple Leaf Marches. A lot of hard practice and determination were some of the factors which contributed to the excellent results achieved by this team. We hope that they obtain even better results in the Nijmegen Marches which take place in July.

The constant changes of personnel still continue and during this period we were sorry to say goodbye to Lt. Bennett, Staff Sgts. Palmer and Peterson, Sgt. Colquhoun, and to the many junior members who left on marriage, and various postings. We wish them good fortune wherever they may be.

Berne March, Switzerland

Sgt. J. L. Cheal

MARCHING in BAOR is now a popular pastime. The girls are training in earnest, and there is now much rivalry between each unit.

I had already taken part in the sixteen mile Maple Leaf one day march in the north of Holland. Then I overheard that a team of men were being sent to Switzerland to march in the fifty mile two day Swiss March. I considered myself quite capable of joining the team and covering the course with the men. There was one worry though, the men were to carry packs and rifles. I looked appealing at the leader, and it was decided that the only burden I would have to carry would be myself. Thus, on 20th June, eight men and one small girl left in the early hours of the morning. We arrived in Berne, Switzerland, eight hours later.

Our first necessity, of course, was to report to reception. That was when I came across a grave disappointment. The Swiss authorities would not allow women to march the fifty mile course. My pleading was in vain, so instead I was to cover the forty mile route with a team from London of the Metropolitan Policewomen. I made friends straight away with the Policewomen, and managed to get over the shock that the smallest team member was five foot four, and that I, being only five foot, would certainly have to step it out !

On Saturday morning at 07.00 hours we started marching. Incidentally the team leader was a Police Sergeant. He was the centre of fascination to all and sundry as he was wearing the "Bobby's Helmet". As we commenced marching, so we began singing, and continued to do so throughout the day. Of course breath was needed when we came to each hill, and then it was a case of who had the strongest pair of lungs. Gradually voices stopped until I generally found I was left singing solo !

At the beginning of the first day it was extremely cold and a light drizzle had set in. How mad could I possibly be to do such a crazy thing. I had intentions of marching in full uniform. However the Policewomen appeared in shirt sleeve order, and I then realised that I could not let the side down and cowardly took off my jacket, trying hard to feel warm and stop my teeth from chattering.

Our songs covered every conceivable subject. After learning a couple of the real English Bobby songs, I then taught them the Army versions, such as "Old King Cole" and "Coming Round the Mountain". During all this singing we marched in fine style covering five miles per hour. As we passed each team we received an applause, which boosted our spirits, made us sing louder and step out even more.

The course was tough but made easier by such interesting countryside. We marched up hill and down dale, through forest paths, which were rather muddy, and then onto the open road. Many of these roads were unmade and it came very hard on the feet tramping over the shingle and cobbles. We were therefore thankful for the restplaces, where we could relax for five minutes at a time ; for a drink and a chat with the other teams. By the end of the first day I had just about marched the Policewomen off their feet, and only hoped that I would feel as fit next morning.

The second day came harder. This time we set off at 06.00 hours, and the sun was just coming up. It was a splendid sight watching the mist rise from the valley, and we knew it was going to be a very warm day. My shoes by this time were feeling rather thin, and I was glad of the extra studs I had put in before the march. In actual fact I had visions of me walking the last three kilometres in barefeet !

During the last day we had to march through the middle of a firing range. The red flag was flying and so were the bullets. I felt I wanted to crawl on my hands and knees through this attack.

By mid-morning we were passing team after team. Representatives were marching from Swiss, Dutch, German, French, Luxembourg, Belgian and American forces. There were youth clubs, gymnastic teams, Girl Guides and Boy Scout Patrols ; then we passed the families and individual entries. In all there were eight thousand marchers. This year was the first time there had been representatives from the British armed forces and the United Kingdom.

At long last the march was drawing to a close, and we could see the crowds of spectators ahead of us. The cheering grew louder and the ovation we received was tremendous. We all felt that after a cool reception from the Flag Raising Ceremony we had now earned our popularity and were accepted by all nations. As we marched in open order through the streets of Berne, the band struck up and we were led into the Festival Square, where we each received a medal. A few minutes later the team of men also marched in, singing lustily and looking as fresh as when they started.

What a tremendous feeling having finished the course. My feet were sore but free from blisters, but alas my uniform skirt did not serve as the best style to march in. The weekend was finished off by an international singsong in the marquee, and firm friends made with yet more people.

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T.A. News

51st Highland Division Report from Denmark

"Tjen dit land", "Serve your Country" the motto of Danmarks Lottekorps brought together once more N.C.Os from each side of the North Sea.

Because of the tremendous success of last year exchanges, a party of two Officers and seven N.C.Os from this Division are spending a week at the Danish Home Guard Camp School at Nymendegab in Denmark and two Danish Officers and two Corporals come back to spend a fortnight at Fort George with H.Q. W.R.A.C. and 11th Battalion, The Seaforth Highlanders in July.

Colonel L. Gerlach-Nielsen, Korpschef Danmarks Lottekorps in her welcome emphasised that language must not be a barrier to learning and that during our visit we must capture the spirit of Nymendegab. This will not be hard to do for kindness and hospitality are being showered upon us and we feel very much part of the family.

The visit is of special interest at this time for the organisation of this School and the training carried out could well serve as a model for our future Volunteers and Territorials.

London Gazette

PROMOTIONS AND APPOINTMENTS

REGULAR ARMY

Lieut.-Colonel: J. L. Rankin.
Captain: Lieut. J. A. Jeffries.
Captains (Q.M.): Lieuts. (Q.M.) G. Baylis, M.B.E., M. Evans, A. I. Purton, I. T. Friend, H. M. Shenton, B. Hooper, E. K. Anton, E. J. Morgan, G. W. Thompson, T. Buchanan, S. C. Farmer, K. M. Dicker, B.E.M.,
Lieutenant: 2/Lieuts. B. Blueman, B.A., M. Venmore, S. J. Poat, J. Lowe, T. M. Forrest, J. M. Bunyan, R. M. Scott, L. D. Merrin, S. E. Messom, S. E. Tarry, P. A. Carnell, P. J. Longley, H. Mugford, G. Head, J. M. Reed.
Lieutenant (Q.M.): W.O. I G. W. Thompson.
2/Lieutenants: (on probation) A. A. Hutchison, B. Blueman are confirmed in their appointments.
2/Lieutenants: P. L. Sanders, B. A. Simmons, M. Richardson, L. M. Mortimer, S. C. Cooke, P. G. Lewis, L. Hancock, P. J. Stothert, D. M. Feaver, C. J. Booth, E. A. Irvine, L. R. Saunders.

LIMITED SERVICE COMMISSIONS

Major: Capt. J. Hands, B.A.
Captain: Lieut. P. Ineson.

SHORT SERVICE COMMISSIONS

2/Lieutenant (on probation): M. M. McCarthy is confirmed in her appointment.
2/Lieutenants (on probation): G. A. James, A. F. Brown.

RETIREMENTS, ETC.

REGULAR ARMY

Lieutenants: P. M. Jackson, C. A. MacDonald, M.A.

BIRTHDAY HONOURS LIST

C.B.E.: Colonel M. D. M. Humphery.
M.B.E.: Lieutenant M. E. Hart, (T.A.), Major P. Norman.
B.E.M.: W.O. II C. J. Boshier.

Exercise Greensleeves 1965

Pte. M. H. DUNN

IT all started when we first read about the planned trip on bicycles to the Eiffel countryside from our daily orders.

At first it made us all laugh, and was the cause of many jokes in our rest room that day, but even so, seven girls volunteered for it. After that I think it was pretty well forgotten about until our names appeared on orders to take part in the exercise.

Later on it was found that seven of us could not be spared, so three girls from Krefeld and an officer made up the party. As most of us had never even looked at a bike since leaving school, we decided to hold practices to get us in trim for the thirty miles a day we would be expected to do.

I pushed my bike out of the block at about 8.20 a.m. on the day we set off. Just as we were loading the bikes onto the lorry, the Krefeld girls arrived with their officer.

I was very surprised as one of the girls and I had been in the same room at Guildford, and although I knew that she was somewhere in Germany I had no idea she was coming on the exercise.

The lorry took us to Kornelimunster just outside Aachen. With a big grin the driver helped us to get the bikes out and organise ourselves. Was he laughing at the sight of us, or just wondering if we would ever turn up at 12 o'clock in Koblenz 5 days later?

We rode along happily behind each other for some time, but then the seemingly flat pleasant road turned into a series of long steep hills. Only a few could be ridden up, and most times we had to get off and walk. Many hills later we stopped at the next pub (coke only) for the first of many breaks.

We cycled through Schönesee and Hellenthal, and other villages, most of them are very old styled but attractive in a quaint way. Between each was miles of countryside, some of the fields we passed looked quite gay. The hay stacks were dome shaped, and on top of each was a coloured cloth, pink, white, green and blue. In front of some of the cottages we passed they had grown a huge hedge, even higher than the actual cottage.

We had forgotten that lots of German pubs close on Monday afternoon, until we tried to get something to eat at lunch time. For at four different places we were told "further on". Eventually we found a nice restaurant, and amused the other guests when we ordered everything "mit pomme frites" keeping to the best English traditions of "and chips please".

From Monchau we were soon on the outskirts of Reifferscheid where we were stopping for the night,

after having cycled for 32 miles. To get to the Youth Hostel we had to go up an extremely steep cobbled hill, and after all we had gone up that day, it was all we could do to manage it.

Next day we were up early and after stripping our beds went outside to take some pictures. Breakfast was typically German, black bread, rolls, butter, jam and horrible tasting coffee. The weather at this time looked dull and rainy, and as we washed up, we kept our fingers crossed for a nice day. Seven pairs of crossed fingers must have done some good, for it turned into a beautiful day.

The roads were much easier not nearly so many hills, and as we had our instructions on how to get to the next youth hostel, Pte. Thomas and I cycled on through Kronenburg, Stadtkyll, Junkerath, Birgel and Hillesheim, where we stopped for our lunch.

From there it was only a short haul to Gerolstein, our nights stopping place, and although we had some difficulty, we eventually found the hostel. We had arrived and settled in a couple of hours before the others came. After supper while we were sitting in the garden, Pte. Crew fell and hurt her wrist, but after it was bandaged it seemed to be alright.

Again we were up early but, to a bad start. Pte. Crew's hand had been hurting her all through the night, so Captain Neville took her to the local hospital. They thought it was broken, so put it in a splint. Fortunately when we returned to camp we found it had just been a very bad sprain. Captain Neville and Pte. Crew waited at the youth hostel for transport to pick them up and take them back to camp. Then to bring Capt. Neville straight on to the third nights stopping place, Wittlich.

We cycled through Grees, Neroth, Bleckhausen, Manderscheid on to Wittlich. We looked forward to our nights stay in Wittlich, as we had heard it was a large modern town, with a garrison of French soldiers. In the end though, after the supper things had been washed up, I think we were too tired to care. But we spent just as an enjoyable evening listening to the other hostellers singing to the accompaniment of a guitar, and joining in in English, any of the choruses we recognised.

The next day with Capt. Neville once again one of the party, we set off through Dorf, Bausendorf to Alf. From Alf we had to go to Cochem, following the river Moselle. At first it was very interesting, and easy, as it was completely flat. After a while it became monotonous.

I did not think much of the river Moselle at all, it seemed grey and not at all romantic. Though I suppose if the sun had been shining, it would have helped. The miles of grape vines were fantastic. They grew at the top of such high slopes, it seemed impossible for anyone to keep their balance, and at the same time pick bunches of grapes.

It rained most of the day, but we did not mind too much, as if it came on too hard, it was an excuse for a break. As we had had mostly good weather up till then it seemed to be tempting fate too much, to complain.

The Cochem youth hostel was marvellous. A huge modern building, it seemed to be cheating to only pay a mark or so to stay there. It even had a lovely view. From one of the windows you could see a castle on top of a hill surrounded by clouds and mists, giving it a magical appearance. We spent that evening quietly exploring the hostel, and its grounds, and playing a few games of cards.

On the last morning of our trip, public relations were coming to take pictures for our home newspapers, or army magazines. So after breakfast we spent some time trying to make ourselves presentable in our jeans and jumpers. From then on the time and miles flew on until we cycled into the square at Kobern, and saw the most welcome sight in five days, our three ton lorry.

We were all very proud that it was not quite 12 o'clock, and most thankful that we had made it, and were finished with cycling for a while. I hope I am not giving the impression I did not enjoy the trip, I did, it was an experience I am glad I did not miss. Several things along the way made an impression on me.

No matter how poor, or little, or large and seemingly well off the villages were we passed, each one had a church, which looked freshly white-washed and well cared for. Apart from the churches there were frequently little sanctuaries. One as large as a cottage with an altar, and vases of flowers. Another, a small wooden cross and some wild flowers in a jam par, just set back from the road. Near a timber yard, a huge cross, made from two straight tree trunks. I have never seen this sort of thing in England.

Another difference was the women working in the fields, whether in long black dress down to the ground, putting the cut hay into sheaves. Wherever we went though, in a dark village pub, or modern cafe, the people were always very friendly, and wanted to talk to us as soon as they knew we were English.

In fact for the Germans and Germany I have only praise. Tell me though after a hard days cycling or walking, why must the youth hostel be built on top of the highest hill in the district?

Excercise Greensleeves 1966

IN June, 1966, six members of the unit again set off on bicycles, this time bound for Luxemburg. The following are extracts from the combined diary kept in the expedition.

7th June.

Pte. J. R. Watson.

Got up this morning to the quiet strains of "Colonel Bogie".

Had breakfast at 7.30 a.m. It was typically continental, i.e., rolls, jam and coffee. Simple but very tasty. We left Trier Youth Hostel at 8.30 a.m. We decided beforehand to make our way to Grevenmacher which was our next youth hostel. The party divided into two so that Miss Bunyan, Cpl. Shepherd and myself set off together.

In Konz, Cpl. Shepherd's bike decided to play up, so we had to find a cycle shop. Having got it mended we set off again. The weather was very hot and the scenery was a welcome change from Krefeld.

At Oberbillig we stopped for lunch. It was a picnic affair which we ate while dangling our feet in the river Mosel. We finally reached the border and after much English/French/German sign language we managed to arrive safely in Grevenmacher. We met up with the others who directed us to the Youth Hostel.

9th June.

Pte. L. Bristow.

We dragged ourselves out of bed at various intervals between 7 o'clock and half-past. We had a lovely breakfast of newly laid eggs and fresh crusty bread with butter and jam.

We set off in our respective groups at approximately 8.30 to obtain the full benefit of the gorgeous sunshine, which wasn't too hot early on. However, by the time we reached our destination it was over 100°F.

The first part of our journey, which took us through Lorentzweiler, was rather exciting as it was mostly down hill with dangerous bends and curves. We met up with the other group outside a cafe and Miss Bunyan fixed the chain of my bike. The journey to Ettlebruck was uneventful apart from a few long walks uphill, when we found we could cycle no more.

After tea we were sitting on the terrace having coffee, playing cards and singing, when we noticed there were a few visitors, standing downstairs patiently waiting for us to notice them. Ten young men to be exact! There was no stopping us! We had a pleasant time talking (mostly sign language) and listening to one of their tape recordings.

Surviving in Norway

Pte. J. F. Proctor

EARLY one Saturday morning about 10 W.R.A.C. started out from H.Q. BAOR for Norway. We left Rheindahlen for Dusseldorf in a mini-bus and from there we had rather a long train journey to Hamburg. Once at Hamburg, we had a rush to find the next train, which was for Copenhagen. On the way we went on two ferrys, where we could change our money.

When we arrived at Copenhagen, we met some girls from Berlin who were joining us for the course, and then went on to Oslo. This was an exceptionally long journey. We found seats in a large carriage and the seats could be manouvered into different positions. *Once comfortable one or two girls managed to drop off to sleep.* We all wakened up with a start, when a man wearing rather large boots, came crashing through the carriage, switching on the lights as he went. *One of the girls looked at her watch and nearly died with shock.* It was only 3.15 a.m. We learned that we had arrived in Sweden.

We got to Oslo at about 8 a.m. Sunday morning, where we met some Kif girls. We had rather a rush to get on the train for Lillehamer and by this time we were all starving. One of the Kif girls asked us if we would like something to eat, after everybody had stopped stressing how hungry they were, we were given some delicious cheese sandwiches and a mineral each. On the way to Lillehamer we passed some really breath-taking scenery. Upon passing one of the many frozen lakes, we were very lucky to see two elks. Even the Norwegians rushed to the windows to get a glimpse of the animals.

We arrived at Nordseter at about 2.30 p.m. on a beautiful sunny day. We were told that we would not get a meal until 5 p.m., but could have coffee and buns as soon as we found our rooms. The rooms were quite large and airy. *In one corner there was a boiler,* which was to be kept going in order to keep the rooms warm. Two bunks ran around the walls and on each bunk there was a sleeping bag and a pillow. On a table were 4 bowls and a jug.

Quite a few of us didn't waste much time making for the dining hall which was quite large and had a very friendly atmosphere. After a snack of about half dozen rolls and 3 cups of coffee we made our way back to the block where we met the Kifs. We were very grateful that most of them spoke English. We were then informed that our uniform was to be issued after tea. We had a couple of hours to spare so most of us made our way to a small shop, to buy post cards, souvenirs and so on. The sun was still shining so we went on to a church.

On the way we had to cross over some snow, it was quite soft, but a path had been made by skiers, we

were told to keep to the path, so we wouldn't sink, *but as always someone stepped out of line, and with an exclamation down she went, up to her waist in snow.* After we had all finished laughing, we began the task of hauling her out, and then carried on to the church without any further mishaps.

After a rather unusual tea of cheese and fish the time arrived to collect our uniform. It consisted of a Khaki shirt, grey pullover, coat, trousers, web belt, cap, warm socks and rather heavy boots.

Reveille was at 6.30, we all leaped out of bed (we had to, because it took such a long time to struggle into our uniform). We watched our Kif room mates very closely and after about $\frac{3}{4}$ hour we all finally dressed and managed to learn how to walk in it. 07.15 was breakfast time, we all managed to reach the dining hall walking like miniature Franksteins.

Once again we were met with cheese, fish, bread, milk and coffee. After breakfast we had a lecture on "Cold Facts about keeping Warm!". We then went to find our skis and learn how to put them on. Around the back of the hut, there was a frozen lake, we found out that this is where we were going to practise the basic points of skiing. The majority of us were worn out just struggling to the lake. We all stood in a line facing the instructor who taught us to turn right and left and then how to about turn which looked very easy. This is where I found out that once down, it takes the instructor to get you onto your feet again. With the 'about-turn' mastered, we learn a little cross-country skiing. We had by this time stripped off our jackets and web belts. We finished about 3.30 in the afternoon. Not many of us went out after tea most of us crawled into our sleeping bags.

On Tuesday we woke again to a glorious day, a wash in cold water and an agonising half hour climb into our uniforms. We were informed that we were going cross-country skiing all day and needed our flasks and sandwiches. *After breakfast we made for our class room to learn a little about the compass, after which we again made for our skis.* All in single file we made our way cross-country with the instructor patrolling up and down, ready to help us up, by now one or two of us had found out that it is even worse trying to get up with a rucksack on. We had lunch at the bottom of a rather large slope with a ski-lift. We were told to go to the top of the slope so we could practice ploughing. One girl decided to see how steep it was, the next thing that happened was a couple of 'Oh No's', and a 'Help' and two instructors were untangling her at the bottom. On the way back to camp, some of us found a few bushes we hadn't seen on the way there.

Wednesday was another gloriously sunny day. By this time getting into uniform was no trouble at all. We learned that once again we were going out all day,



Pte. Proctor in Norway

Photo by Public Relations

we also found out that the Public Relations people were coming to take photographs of us, standing up expertly or sitting down—expertly!!! We spent most of the day learning how to plough, and how to cook our rations for the next day.

On Thursday we awoke to a very disappointing day, the wind was blowing and snow was falling. We found that we were spending the night in a snow cave. We started out about 10 o'clock and reached our destination around 2 p.m. where we waited for the Kif's to join us. We were all allotted parts of a mountain where we were to make our snow caves. It took about 4 hrs. to complete a snow cave. Once our snow caves were built, we crowded inside and started to eat our rations. I think everybody was in bed at about 5 p.m. that night, it was very cold. Never was I so relieved to hear a cheerful 'Good Morning' from one of our instructors. The weather was about the same as Thursday, with the wind blowing and snowing. We hurried back to camp looking forward to a meal and a hot drink. After lunch we went to our classrooms for a talk on 'Walking in Snowshoes'. We tried out the snowshoes for a while and then the instructor said that we were going to run a relay against the Kifs in them. We won. We then had a cross-country

race against the Kif's on skis, again we won, by a very small margin.

After dinner we had one or two films and cake and coffee. Followed by a little presentation of prizes for the winners of the snowshoe relay. The winners won chocolate with nuts and the losers won chocolate without nuts. The Kif commander ended the evening by saying that we had better walk back to the block in twos or more because there was a gale blowing up.

Next day we all got up at 6.30 and, instead of climbing into uniform, we climbed into civvys. At breakfast we all made our sandwiches and filled our flasks, ready for the journey back.

Disc Jockey

WE congratulate Pte. Ann Plumridge on her success as a disc jockey with the British Forces Broadcasting Service in Malta.

Pte. Plumridge is a Signal Squadron Pay Clerk. Broadcasting takes up most of her spare time but she still manages to fit in some sightseeing and swimming.

Maple Leaf March, Holland

2/Lt. J. E. R. Chatterton

AFTER 3 weeks of constant practice, 16 girls from 29 Coy. took part in the jointly organised Dutch/Canadian 'Maple Leaf Marches' on 7th May at Hooegeveen, a small town in Northern Holland.

We had to arise at the hideous hour of 5 a.m., and by 6 were on the bus and away. The drive up through Germany soon passed as some sang whilst others (somehow) slept. At Hooegeveen all appeared to be chaos with troops of several nations milling around with police and civilians. However we were soon guided to the accommodation which had been arranged for us with charming Dutch families, one or two girls to a family.

At 2 p.m. we all assembled in the cattle market and were glad to see some familiar faces from Rheindahlen amongst the dozens of teams competing in the various distances. Gradually team after team and band after band marched away through the town and through crowds who applauded the 'foreign girls'. We followed a team of children, who we hasten to add were marching only 10 to 15 kms., whereas we were to march

25 Kms. (16 miles), and a band, and found the pace far too slow for us. Once out of the town the band left us and we were able to step out at a good pace. We passed many children's teams as their route joined our on occasions and to our delight, passed several men's teams as well, though many more passed us. However, this was not a competition on time so it did not really matter. The route took us through some very attractive Dutch countryside which we decided was a lot less smelly than its German counterpart.

We sang most of the way and did not stop to rest once—had we stopped we wouldn't have started again, and reached the town about 3¾ hrs. later. As we marched in there was much applause and cheering from the crowd and we were later told we looked as fresh as when we started. We did not feel it!

However, a change of clothes and a meal found us back at the hall where the prizes were awarded and here all our hard work was to be rewarded. Certificates were presented to all those who were 'very good' in



29 Company W.R.A.C. on the Maple Leaf March

the military 25 Km. group and when we did not get one of these we thought it was because we were not even 'very good'. Then came the 7 best teams, rated 'Excellent' and awarded cups, and who should be 7th but '29 Company W.R.A.C.'. Our enthusiasm and joy knew no bounds and everyone in that crowded hall certainly knew who we were! We now have a cup, a certificate, a group medal, and another medal each to remind us of our day in Hooegeveen. We were particularly proud of beating so many male teams as about 25 teams had entered this particular class and only 3 were female.

Now we intend to try for more day marches and our final goal is the Nijmegen Marches at the end of July. 100 miles in 4 days, Nijmegen here we come.

Obituary

W.O.II V. F. E. Butler

WE announce with great regret the death of W.O.II V. F. E. Butler, killed in a road accident near Baldock on Thursday the 9th June 1966.

W.O. II Butler was a person of dauntless cheerfulness, who will be sadly missed by all, particularly members of her last Unit, 80 (Chelsea) Coy W.R.A.C. (T.A.) of 54 (E.A.) Div/Dist. W.R.A.C. (T.A.).

She was a person with a great capacity for understanding others, which was shown in the many ways she was always willing to help her friends and colleagues. In everything she did, she showed the utmost care and infinite patience.

To her friends she was a 'good friend', to all who knew her in the Army she was both a friend and a 'good soldier'.

Our heartfelt sympathy is offered to her mother and family.

Miss F. A. Day

MEMBERS of the Nottingham Ex-Service Women's Club heard with regret of the death of Miss Florence Annie Day, on the 26th May.

Miss Day served with the Q.M.A.A.C. in 1917 at St. Leonard's and Hastings, later transferring to the W.R.A.F., with whom she served in Cologne. During the Second War she worked with the N.A.A.F.I. from 1940 to 1943.

After demobilisation in 1919 Miss Day joined Toc H and did much of their early work in Australia, in particular building up the Toc H Lunch Club in Brisbane in 1925. Later, she returned to England and joined the Rev. Tubby Clayton's staff at Toc H Headquarters at All Hallows, London, until 1964, when she retired and returned to live with her nephew and niece in Nottingham. For the past year she had been in failing health and latterly had been in a Nursing Home.

Following a Service and Cremation in Nottingham, Miss Day's ashes were taken to All Hallows, where a Service of Thanksgiving for her life and work was taken by the Vicar, the Rev Colin Cuttell, and the casket placed in the undercroft of the Church where she had spent many years in the work so dear to her heart.

Miss A. Fulton

C.M.F. writes:—

"Friends of Miss Agnes Fulton of Unit 2, Wimereux, will be very sorry to hear of her death. She will also be remembered by those who enjoyed holidays at "Shanghai", the riverside camp at Old Windsor, when she was in charge with Miss Barclay (also of Unit 2, Wimereux) as her assistant.

Miss Fulton spent many years in Canada as a Dietician in a large hospital. She returned home to care for her Mother who died a few years ago. Since then her health has not permitted her to attend any of the Dinners or Re-Unions but she took a great interest in the activities of Ex-Service women."

Mrs. M. Rothwell

SALISBURY Branch regret to announce the death of Mrs. Mary Rothwell whose boundless generosity and kindness to A.T.S. and W.R.A.C. of Southern Command will be recalled by many, particularly those who knew her during the war years.

Acknowledgement

MRS. Butler and her sons, Roy and Jimmy, wish to express their sincere appreciation to all the many friends and colleagues in Units throughout the country who, through their sympathy and kindness, have enabled them to lose a certain amount of their grief in the knowledge their loss is shared. Particularly their thoughts go to all those who attended the funeral and sent floral tributes whom they have unfortunately been unable to contact personally.

BRANCH DIRECTORY

List of Branch Secretaries—Amendments

Wolverhampton. Miss M. Davies, 4, Carol Crescent, Lyndale Park, Wednesfield, Wolverhampton.

9 Independent Company W.R.A.C.: W.O. II. B. V. Wood, W.R.A.C., Stirling Barracks, Larkhill, Wilts.

10 Company W.R.A.C.: W.O. II. K. M. Prior, Thornhill Barracks, Aldershot, Hants.

251 W.R.A.C. Signal Squadron: W.O. II. A. McIntyre, W.R.A.C., H.Q. Southern Command, Wilton, Salisbury, Wilts.

The Storm

Pte. E. Wakefield

Something, strange, of heavy laden skies, today.
Sullen, drifting, softly away.
Any moment, to shed its latest tear
While all await, in expectancy
For that, which seems so near.
Something odd in the restless trees
How they rock and sway with the breeze.
As if, to-day, in all uncertainty
Their bows, were meant to tease.
Something sad, in the wild bird's cry
As though the song, were only a sigh.
Then, it came! In all outbursts of fury.
Tumbling and crashing, for all it was worth,
Only to choke and swallow the earth
Outcast skies, grew lustrous and riled.
Lightening, leaped, lurid and wild
Thunder, rolled in deathly moans.
Loud and merciless, were the tones
I would wait . . . watching in fascination
Till all was reconciliation
The Storm' had passed, all anger gone . . .
A certain smile, I saw just one
Something, fragrant, a joy passed words,
It was the golden sun.

Editor's Note: Pte. Eva Wakefield is a cook at the W.R.A.C. College and recently won the Southern Command Talent and Enterprize Competition with some of her poems.

Officers' Postings

(Up to 31st May, 1966)

Col. M. D. M. Humphery, C.B.E., Commandant, W.R.A.C. College, Camberley.
Col. P. M. Lipscomb, D.D.W.R.A.C. Southern Command, Salisbury.
Lt.-Col. B. M. Metcalfe, M.B.E., Holding & Drafting Company, W.R.A.C., Guildford.
Major M. R. Ashplant, 28 Independent Company, W.R.A.C., Aden.
Major D. P. Chandler, B.J.S.T.T. GHANA, Ghana.
Major E. G. Joynt, W.R.A.C. College, Camberley.
Major M. B. Latham, D.A.A.G., H.Q. A.F.C.E.N.T., Fontainebleau.
Major P. Norman, M.B.E., Holding & Drafting Company, W.R.A.C., Guildford.
Major G. A. Sergeant, H.Q. D.E.M.E. (A.), London.
Major I. M. Smith, G.S.O. 3(S.D.) H.Q. Southern Command, Salisbury.
Capt. B. Neville, W.R.A.C. College, Camberley.
Capt. C. G. Parsons, Army School of Education, Beaconsfield.
T/Capt. M. B. Barlow, S.C.(Manning) H.Q. FARELF, Singapore.
T/Capt. L. H. Campion, G.S.O. 3 D.I. 4(a) M.O.D., London.
T/Capt. E. Ironmonger, S.C. (A.G. COORD) H.Q. FARELF, Singapore.
T/Capt. V. A. Leahy, 259 (COMCAN) Signal Squadron, Cyprus.
T/Capt. M. H. Paterson, 251 W.R.A.C. Signal Squadron, Aldershot.
T/Capt. M. M. F. Reid, W.S.L.O. H.Q. Southern Command, Reading.
Lieut. G. M. Butler, R.A.E.C. Instructional Unit, Catterick.
Lieut. A. M. Collins, P.T.S. Q.A.R.A.N.C., Aldershot.
Lieut. M. J. Cook, A.E.S. FARELF, Singapore.
Lieut. C. E. Hunter, S.C.(A.) M. 2 (a) M.O.D., Stanmore.
Lieut. N. G. Hughes, 15th Signal Regiment, Aden.
Lieut. P. J. Longley, Holding & Drafting Company attached Northern Command, York.
Lieut. J. M. Perry, 24th Signal Regiment, Catterick.
Lieut. G. Stubbs, 233 Signal Squadron, N. Ireland.
Lieut. E. Tye, 24th Signal Regiment, Catterick.
2/Lieut. C. J. Booth, 251 W.R.A.C. Signal Squadron, Salisbury.
2/Lieut. S. A. Boyack, 24th Signal Regiment, Catterick.
2/Lieut. J. L. M. Brady, 8th Signal Regiment, Catterick.
2/Lieut. S. C. Cooke, 251 W.R.A.C. Signal Squadron, Salisbury.

2/Lieut. D. M. Feaver, 8th Signal Regiment, Catterick.
2/Lieut. E. M. Greene, W.R.A.C. College, Camberley.
2/Lieut. L. Hancock, Trials Establishment R.A., Manorbier.
2/Lieut. E. A. Irvine, Depot & Training Centre W.R.A.C., Guildford.
2/Lieut. A. T. Lappin, 10 Company W.R.A.C., Aldershot.
2/Lieut. P. G. Lewis, 6 Company W.R.A.C., Woolwich.
2/Lieut. J. Lowe, 29 Company W.R.A.C., Germany.
2/Lieut. L. M. Mortimer, 9 Independent Company W.R.A.C., Larkhill.
2/Lieut. L. M. J. Oliver, H.Q. C.W.R.A.C. 43 (Wx.) Div./Dist. (T.A.), Taunton.
2/Lieut. M. E. Richardson, 8th Signal Regiment, Catterick.
2/Lieut. L. R. Saunders, 12 Independent Company W.R.A.C. Mill Hill.
2/Lieut. P. J. Stothert, 8th Signal Regiment, Catterick.
2/Lieut. B. A. Simmons, 10th Signal Regiment, Hounslow.
2/Lieut. P. L. Sanders, 1 Independent Company W.R.A.C., Edinburgh.

Personal Column

For Sale. No. 1 Dress, £8. No. 2 Dress, excellent condition, Moss Bros. New shirts, £14. British Warm, £10, o.n.o. 5 ft. 6 ins., 36-26-38. Mrs. Villiers, 37C Cromwell Road, Hove, Sussex.

Wanted by ex W.R.A.C. Officer and her mother, a companion-help willing to assist with cooking. Age up to about 60. No housework. Country village in Berkshire. On bus route. Box No. 5/66.

B I Driver wanted—must have held N.C.O. rank—to drive mini-busses owned by Private Company operating a Public Bus Service in the Orpington-Biggin Hill area. Prospect of advancement to supervisor if satisfactory. Applicants must live within ten miles radius of Orpington. Former Type 'R' P.S.I. preferred. Apply 7, Mosyer Drive, Orpington, Kent.

Maureen Lees and her friends, the "Good Neighbours," invite you to patronise their permanent display of the work of the war blind and disabled at 17 The Rake, Bromborough. Orders taken. White Elephant Stall to defray costs. Open weekdays 10 a.m. to 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 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.

For Sale. Officer's Greatcoat and No. 1 Dress. Excellent condition. Size 36-26-38, Height 5 ft. 2 ins. £17 o.n.o. Box No. 6/66.

For Sale. Full set of Bernard Weatherill uniform, complete or by separate items. Height 5 ft. 6 ins., bust 34 ins., waist 24 ins., hips 38 ins. Box No. 7/66.