

THE LIONESS

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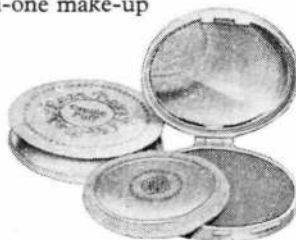


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H.R.H. The Duchess of Kent inspecting the Guard of Honour at the W.R.A.C. College

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THE LIONESS

Vol. XL

November, 1967

No. 4

Greetings from our President

DAME REGINA EVANS

MOST sincerely I wish you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. 1967 will always live in our minds as our perfect celebration year. How grateful I am to you all who made it a success by your participation in our festivities.

My wish to you now, is that the wonderful spirit of comradeship, shown in these two days, remain with you all and warm your hearts in the days to come.

Editorial

IT is hard to realize that Dame Helen Gwynne Vaughan the rock on which our Corps and Association were founded, has at last laid down the burden of service to which her life was dedicated.

We are proud and thankful that Dame Helen was well enough to be with us for our 50th Anniversary Celebrations on June 1st. It is not however as a frail old lady in a wheel chair that we will remember her in the years to come. Q.M.A.A.C. and A.T.S. will call events of their own service to mind but all of us, in the Association, will long remember how Dame Helen used to speak to us at our Grand Re-Unions and the wonderful ability she had to carry her audience with her. Such strong and colourful personalities are indeed rare and our lives are the richer for having known her.

Unfortunately Capt. Saxon, our Assistant Editor, has had to give up her appointment as she is being posted overseas. We thank her for her help and interest and wish her a happy tour of duty in FARELF.

Owing to the shortage of space the list of names of Members of Council is being held over till the next issue.

We are indebted to the Bishop of Birmingham who has kindly allowed us to print the text of the sermon he preached in Westminster Abbey on June 1st. It is appropriate that this should be published now, not only as a fitting finale to our year of celebration, but to remind us of the importance of carrying on the spirit of service, friendship and companionship which is the keystone of our Association.

After a year devoted to remembering the past, and giving thanks for the service of women in two World Wars, our thoughts now turn to the future and we wish all our members a very happy Christmas and good fortune in 1968.

W.R.A.C. College

Visit of Her Royal Highness The Duchess of Kent

AUGUST 9th 1967 was a great day at the W.R.A.C. College and will be long remembered by all present. It was the day on which Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, Controller Commandant, W.R.A.C., honoured the College with her presence. The occasion was the Commissioning Ceremony of the Forty Third Course of Officer Cadets and we were thrilled that Her Royal Highness was able to make the presentation and address and that this should be her first appearance in the uniform of the W.R.A.C.

We had spent weeks beforehand planning and preparing for this day but its complete success was so dependant on the weather. At approximately 10.30 a.m. the torrential rain which had fallen for most of the morning miraculously ceased, the Guard of Honour appeared, the Band appeared, and the sun appeared and shone for the rest of the day. Forming the Guard of Honour were members of Headquarter Company and the W.R.A.C. Staff Band played for the occasion.

At 10.45 a.m. two mounted military policemen appeared on the main drive followed by Her Royal Highness' car. She was greeted by Brigadier Dame Joanna Henderson and the Commandant of the College, Colonel M. D. M. Humphery. Her Royal Highness took the Royal Salute and then inspected the Guard of Honour and delighted a number of girls by speaking to them. She then inspected the Band and finally the permanent staff officers of the College had the honour of being presented to Her Royal Highness.

The Commissioning Ceremony was preceeded by a short service in the College Assembly Hall, the address being given by the Reverend E. W. Evans, M.B.E., B.A., C.F., Warden of the Royal Army Chaplains Training Centre and Depot, who is also Padre to the

College. Her Royal Highness then presented the prizes and other awards and addressed the 14 Officer Cadets who were being commissioned.

After the ceremony many people had an opportunity to talk with Her Royal Highness when sherry was taken on the lawn in front of the Assembly Hall. This was a delightful scene with our dark green uniforms mixing with the gay summer clothes of visitors. The W.R.A.C. Staff Band played during lunch which was taken on the Officers Mess lawn during the continued brilliant sunshine.

After lunch Her Royal Highness toured the College, everywhere she went she showed tremendous interest in the life of the College and the W.R.A.C. and stopped to talk with everyone she met. This brief account can give little idea of the great beauty and splendour of the occasion. Her Royal Highness with her charm and interest has won the admiration and devotion of us all. We await with eager anticipation the time when Her Royal Highness, the Duchess of Kent, will again visit the W.R.A.C. College.

Correspondence

The President, W.R.A.C. Association

Dear Madam,

I write to thank you and all members of your Association for your expressions of sympathy at the death of my cousin Dame Helen Gwynne Vaughan and for the wreaths sent to her cremation.

I am trying to arrange a Memorial Service at which I very much hope you will be represented.

Saltoun.

Dear Members,

Owing to the excessive increase in charges by Derry and Toms, your Council have decided to hold the Grand Re-Union in a large and comfortable Drill Hall at the Duke of York's Headquarters in 1968. Every effort will be made to make the function as enjoyable as ever and we will ensure pleasant surroundings and good refreshments. After the event we will ask for your comments to ensure that you get what you would like for the 1970 Re-Union.

C. E. Hammond,
Chairman of Council.

Dear Editor,

May I through these columns bring to the notice of your members details of the Y.W.C.A. Christmas Fair, which this year will be held on Wednesday, 22nd November, in the Westminster Suite of the Europa Hotel, Grosvenor Square.

This is a highly attractive event with stalls ranging from food to antiques and bric a brac, and during the course of the day there are many special attractions including a Fashion Show in the evening. The Fair opens at 11 a.m. and closes at 9 p.m. and admission is by Programme, price 2/6.

The Y.W.C.A. acknowledges with gratitude the support in the form of donations which it has received in the past from certain units of the W.R.A.C. and we hope that many of your members will attend the Fair and buy their Christmas presents.

If anyone reading this letter requires any further information, I should be happy to furnish it if they will contact me at the Y.W.C.A. National Offices, 2, Weymouth Street, W.1.

Shirley Beecham, Christmas Fair Organiser.

Association News

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

THE Annual General Meeting will be held at the Duke of York's Headquarters on Saturday, 9th March, 1968, at 3.30 p.m. Branch Resolutions, for consideration at this meeting, should reach the General Secretary by 29th December, 1967, to enable them to be printed in the February Lioness.

BRANCH SECRETARIES MEETING

THE Branch Secretaries Meeting will be held at 11.30 a.m. in the Duke of York's Headquarters. Members of Council look forward to meeting all Branch Secretaries for lunch, as their guests. Please notify the General Secretary by 1st March, 1968, if able to attend.

GRAND RE-UNION

THE Grand Re-Union will be held in the Duke of York's Headquarters, on Saturday, 9th March, 1968, at 5 p.m. Tickets, price 7s. 6d. each for members and 10s. for non-members, may be obtained from the General Secretary, Block 'E', Duke of York's Headquarters, Kings Road, London, S.W.3. after 1st January, 1968. Please send stamped addressed envelope with application.

Q.M.A.A.C. RE-UNION

THE Q.M.A.A.C. Re-Union will be held in the Central Mess, Duke of York's Headquarters, Chelsea, on Friday, 8th March, 1968, from 7 p.m. to 10 p.m. Tickets, price 7s. 6d., may be obtained from the General Secretary after 1st January, 1968. Please send a stamped addressed envelope with your application.

CHURCH SERVICE, SUNDAY, 10th MARCH, 1968

BY kind permission of Major General B. O. P. Eugster, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., M.C., members of the Association may attend the morning Service at 11 a.m. in the Military Chapel, Chelsea Barracks, Chelsea Bridge Road. Tickets are not required. All ex-service women and their friends are welcome.

Canoeing in the South of France

A TRIP to the South of France? Oh yes!—but those kind of things never happen to me. This did happen to five members of 10 Coy W.R.A.C., Aldershot and I was one of them. The others were Lt. Warren, Sgt. White, Cpl. Fish and Pte. Davis.

At last the great day, Sunday 19th March, arrived. At 0745 hrs our transport was waiting while we were still packing last-minute things into our haversacks. I think I must have taken everything but the kitchen sink in spite of the warning that we should take only the minimum requirements. At last we were ready. The trip down to Newhaven was uneventful, that is, except for getting to know 19 other members of the party, all boys from the Junior Parachute Company! We settled down quite quickly on the boat in spite of its being the first trip abroad for most of us.

The journey to Vogüé, in the Central Massif of France, took about 26 hours. Two incidents during the journey stick in my mind. The first was in Paris, where we had to wait for some time for our connection. We all split up into groups and went for a walk. We spent most of the time in a pavement cafe drinking hot chocolate and writing postcards. When we returned to the station one of the boys asked us if we would like some chocolate and said that the continental chocolate was “not the same as the stuff at home”—we found out that the “chocolate” he was enjoying was a flavoured laxative. He did not get much sleep that night! Neither did we, but for different reasons. There were a lot of French soldiers on our train and one of them had a bugle. That may not sound so bad but as he sounded Reveille every ten minutes or so he was not very popular (not with me, anyway).

On arrival at Vogüé at 0830 hrs. on Monday morning we were met by the advance party who took us in their minibus to the camp they had prepared for us. We were to sleep in tents for the next ten nights as we moved from place to place, some canoeing down the Ardèche and the Rhône, some walking to our final destination at Avignon. As soon as we arrived, C.S.M. Hutton, our chief canoeing instructor, had the coffee on and boiled eggs for us. I think those were the best eggs I have ever eaten.

It was suggested that we should try to get some sleep but none of us could think of sleeping. The canoes were all lying along the river-bank and the water was so clear that we could see the fish swimming in it. Eventually unable to rest, we managed to persuade the C.S.M. to let us get in the canoes.

At last we were on the water, terrified at first as the canoes seemed so fragile and frail in the strong current. When we had learned to paddle in time with our boy partners we didn't notice the rocking so much. We soon learned how to steer, to get in and out of the

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canoes (this was to prove very important to me) and to follow what our partners wished to do.

After about an hour on the water we all felt like a good sleep. While we were asleep the boys went for a run and when they came back they were made to dive into the water. All the noise outside woke us and soon most of us were also in the water which seemed ice-cold.

Each day, one of us went with Major Johnson, the C.O., into the nearest town to do the shopping. It is lots of fun to shop for about 25 hungry people when you can only just make yourself understood. All the cooking was done in mess tins on little camping-gas stoves.

On the morning we left Vogüé we were up early and had eaten breakfast and packed up camp by 0830 hrs; by 0900 hrs. we were pulling out on the river. The C.S.M. and I were together and when we went through the first rapid I thought it was one of the most exciting things I had ever done—out of the eight canoes in our party only two managed to get through without tipping over. It is an awful experience to go over in the middle of a rapid—and there is no such thing as stopping to put on dry things and have a cup of coffee—you just have to check the canoe, empty the water out and carry on.

Later on in the same day every one of the canoes capsized. It was at a calm part of the river where we did not expect any rapids. We had just gone round a sharp bend where the water was smooth on the surface but we suddenly found it bounced off one side of the

gorge, over a large flat rock in the middle of the river, to the other side and then into what looked like a very rough sea half a mile long. As soon as C.S.M. Hutton saw the rapid he knew we would never make it but was too late to do anything. Luckily for us there were some trees growing out of the water which was very black and deep and I must admit that I was scared to death. When I was told to jump out, I thought that this must be the end. Trust me to jump out on the down stream side of the canoe, so that the water brought it down on top of me and I had to dive underneath. It was impossible to swim against the current but by the time I managed to grab the branch of a tree the C.S.M. was sitting on the same branch waiting for me. I am very glad that he was because I am sure that I would not be here now had he not hauled me out by the seat of my life-jacket—not a very lady-like way to be rescued. At this rapid we lost one canoe altogether, one was stuck under a tree about a mile down the river and another had its back broken. We also lost seven, or should I say six and a half paddles. The rest of that day went by without further mishap but we learned never to become too confident. Somehow we reached the place where we were to camp for the night and related our story over supper to the others who had been walking.

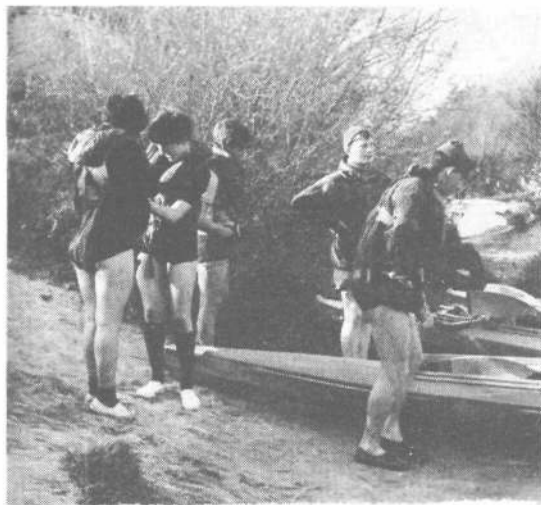
We survived the next day without any real trouble. At one point we had just gone through a rapid and round a bend when the river forked. We were told to keep to the right but one of the boys must have got his left and right mixed up. About three miles further on we pulled in to have lunch and found we were one canoe short—we all thought the worst but found them after about two hours search. I think both the boys now know their left from their right!

The day we went through the long winding gorge, or, to give it its proper name, the "Gorges de l'Ardèche", was the worst day I have ever spent. I think this was partly because everyone had talked so much about it beforehand. The Gorge was a most breath-taking sight; in most places there were high cliff-faces on either side of the river. The entrance is like a tunnel cut out of the rock by the river and once in there is no way out except down the river. I think we were all scared we might lose our canoes. There are twenty-nine rapids in the twenty-mile long gorge, all equally rough. The only place where we capsized was on a long narrow stretch with sheer cliffs on both sides and when the wind blew up as we were in mid-stream, it blew our canoe right out of the water. I thought I had had my lot this time but managed to get the canoe to the bank further down stream.

Soon after leaving the Gorge, the Ardèche joins the Rhône which is very wide and fast-flowing but has hardly any rapids at this part. The next day my place in the canoe was taken up by Lt. Warren while I continued the journey to Avignon in the minibus. We

spent three glorious days at Avignon just wandering around in the sun. It is a lovely old town with a large shopping centre, lost of pavement cafes and, of course, the old bridge.

We eventually returned to Aldershot on Friday evening 31st March, tired but very fit and with a glorious sun-tan which was the envy of all our friends.



L/Cpl. Corrigan, Cpl. Fish, Pte. Davies with two of the boys

A Trip to Remember

THE S.S. FANTASIA sailed out of Limassol harbour at 2100 hrs. on 21 April on its way to Beirut and we had at last begun our 15 day cruise around the Mediterranean.

As we tucked into our four course dinner (rather different from Mess food) we watched the lights of Cyprus fade into the distance, made up our minds to forget all about the Army for the next two weeks, and looked forward eagerly to the eleven stops we could make.

When we awoke next morning we were in Beirut and the sun was streaming through the port hole, so we hurried breakfast and went to have a look around. If there's one thing one needs plenty of in Beirut, it's money! We didn't carry much with us, but we were tempted to spend what we had around the maze of markets, especially in the famous Gold Market, we settled in the end, for some beautiful hand made brocade from Damascus.

After the shops, we wandered along to have a look at Pigeon Rock, where, for a few days every three years, a flock of white pigeons settle. No one seems to know where they come from or where they go to afterwards, just one of those strange things. After this we managed to lose our way trying to find our ship again, so, by the end of the day, tired and sun-

burnt, we were more than ready to clamber into our bunks and await our next stop—Haifa, in Israel.

We had two days in Israel and it was well worth it. Our feet had recovered by now, so we set them to work again and walked out of the town and up to the Carmelite Monastery for an almost aerial view of Haifa, stopping on the way for a rest in the beautiful Persian gardens and pausing to admire the Bah'ai Shrine with its shining gold dome.

We found everyone in Haifa very helpful and friendly, most of the younger generation being in military uniform, girls as well as men, and we found the same thing in Tel Aviv, which we reached by bus the next day. Tel Aviv with its sky scrapers and modern shops, could have been a thriving city almost anywhere. It was in Jaffa, the old part where we found the real atmosphere. After pushing our way through the crowded flea market, we escaped to the cliffs overlooking Andromeda's Rocks (where, legend has it Andromeda sat and waited for Perseus). We sat on a wall in the sun and admired the beautiful St. Peter's church and the fine view along the coast line to Tel Aviv. We were almost sorry to leave.

Next day we were cruising and the sea was a bit rough, half the passengers spent the day in their cabins, or swaying along the corridors looking rather green.

We had the same feeling next day in Corfu, but here the swaying had to take a back seat to the beauty. The colourful little streets, with lines of washing strewn across from window to window, were packed with souvenir shops and we seemed to be forever walking up and down steps. After a ride around the town in a horse and carriage we returned to the ship, just as the sun was setting. From the ship's rail we watched the sea and the distant mountains turning from pink to a dusty mauve and then gradually fade from view as darkness fell and we drifted out of Corfu, on our way once again. This time to Dubrovnik, in Yugoslavia.

It was here that we had our first dose of bad weather. It hardly stopped raining the whole morning, we were there. No one in Gruz (the dock area) could speak English, so it took us a while to find our way around, and, when we did we thought what a contrast, after the colours of Corfu, were the grey walls of the tall imposing buildings of Dubrovnik. It was an interesting place, packed with history, but Oh' the weather!!

Next day at 8-0 a.m. we reached the city we'd both been longing to see more than anywhere else—Venice. I think we both fell in love with it immediately we reached the local point that everyone makes for—St. Marks Square. We were determined to go on a gondola and what an unforgettable experience it was. There can't be anything quite the same as relaxing against the soft cushions of a gondola, drifting slowly up and down the quiet canals of Venice, with only the soft slap of the gondoliers oar to break the silence.

Then, suddenly, we were in the Grand Canal, and there was noise once again, water buses crammed tight with tourists, colourful restaurants along the banks and the beautiful Rialto Bridge.

We were sorry when at last we passed under the famous Bridge of Sighs and found our gondola ride was over. But there's so much to see in Venice. The glass blowing, fascinating to watch, and the girls making the delicate Venetian lace.

When we reluctantly left Venice that evening, we cruised through the Adriatic Sea, and our next stop was Katakalon, the port of ancient Olympia. It was May Day, the sun was shining and hardly a sound could be heard as we wandered along the quiet little roads of the village. Every house had a garland of flowers on its door and the children kept running up to us with flowers, which are certainly plentiful in Katakalon.

After a peaceful day here, the ship's crew decided to wake us all up again that evening with a Games Night and then as if that wasn't enough, at 4-0 a.m. we passed through the Corinth Canal, we could have slept through it of course, but, as the ship was towed quietly and slowly through the long, narrow water way we gazed up at the 260 feet high walls and were glad that we hadn't missed it.

Early next morning we had arrived in Piraeus, port of Athens. Our first destination was, understandably the famous, Parthenon, but there was so much to see in this hugh city that we kept branching off to visit places like, the National Park, the Royal Palace, the Pillars of Jupiter and Adrian's Arch. When we did reach the Parthenon we held our breath for a moment of the magnificent view of Athens spread below, all around us. There was far too much for us to attempt to see in one day but, of course we had a good try, and by the time we returned to the ship our feet couldn't have taken another step. By contrast, our next stop was the quiet, holy Island of Delos, so holy in fact that at one time no one was allowed to be born or die there. It is an enormous archeological site with some interesting mosaics and some fine stone statues. Almost as interesting to us were the lizards, quite large and brightly coloured, and the masses of flowers, showing up so well against the white stone.

Later that day we stopped at Myconos, a beautiful, unspoilt place, full of little whitewashed windmills. The tourists provide practically the only industry here and outside all the little white houses, were women and girls knitting the fine woollen garments that every shop along the harbour front sold. This is the sort of place that lingers in your memory long after you've left it behind.

By now we were almost at the end of our cruise and, as if in sympathy with us, the rain came down again at our next and last stop—Rhodes. We saw the spot where the colossus of Rhodes was supposed to have stood and tried to imagine the enormity of it. There

is a lot of history in Rhodes. A fact we could appreciate as, between showers, we wandered around the old walled city pausing to admire the fine castle which has now been beautifully restored. The sea was rough and the rain was still falling as we left that night on our way now to Limassol, a place sounding horribly familiar to our ears.

But all good things have to come to an end sometime and, even though it was over, our Mediterranean Cruise will stay in our memories for the rest of our lives.

Happy Wanderers,
Sandy Abbot—Marie Dewhirst.

A Dream comes True

A. E. Bull (ex W.R.A.C.)

DURING the Second World War a few of our Corps were privileged to serve in the United States of America and I was fortunate in being one of the lucky ones. Around midnight one April night in 1943 army transport conveyed our overseas draft from the London Holding Unit to a then unknown port, from here we set sail for the U.S.A. and after six, wartime days of crossing the Atlantic, New York Harbour was reached.

Then followed a few hours' train journey to Washington D.C. the nation's beautiful capital and a warm welcome by our own A.T.S. Commanding Officer of North America, this was the start of an 18-months' tour of duty served with the British Army Staff, I worked with the Royal Army Ordnance Corps on the wartime "Lease-Lend" programme. This posting was a wonderful experience, giving one the opportunity to see something of this vast country and meet its people.

Alas service in Washington ended all too soon and beyond the bad things of war, was made a thing of great beauty—friendships to last through the years of peace between our two great peoples and farewell to a fine nation beneath the Star Spangled Banner, with a promise to the many friends made, that one day I would return again.

Twenty-one years later these wartime friends were to be met again I feeling not a little sad that this time my re-visit to the U.S.A. would be made as a civilian, having completed my 22-years' service in the A.T.S. and W.R.A.C. but none the less eager to meet old friends and visit old places.

This time the journey took only eight hours flying time from London to Washington's fine new airport. Then came the long awaited visit to this beautiful capital and many friends. Any ex-A.T.S. who served here will be interested to know that the Cairo Hotel on 18th and Q. Street where we were accommodated, still stands; the foyer where N.C.O.'s did evening duties hasn't changed a bit; some members of the staff still work there and remembered the A.T.S. living there.

A look at the Pentagon Building, America's Department of Defence brought back vivid memories as many

A.T.S. worked there. From the outside they appeared very busy, no doubt the Vietnam War was the reason for so much activity.

Another place used by the A.T.S. for their annual medicals is the famous Walter Reed Army Medical Centre, in beautiful surrounds on the outskirts of Washington. Here I visited some United States Women's Army Corps patients; meeting one sergeant who had served during the War and who was about to retire to live at the Soldiers' Home. This fine Home, built in 1851, stands in parkland on the edge of the nation's capital; here men and women who have served twenty or more years in the Regular Army or Air Force may live—free from financial worries, for the remainder of their lives if they so wish. Apart from the original funds establishing the Home, funds for its upkeep are found from monthly deductions of ten cents from all enlisted personnel; fines and forfeitures; unclaimed estates from deceased and sales of effects of deserters provide for the operation and maintenance of its 2,400 residents. Everything one could wish for is available, rooms (the majority of which are private); good food; television; cinema, sports, hobbies room, library; bar; church and, during the summer evenings, band concerts in the grounds. Everybody I spoke to was very happy.

Many buildings, closed to the public during the war, can now be visited. Tours of the White House, home of America's President; the Capitol Building, housing the Senate and House of Representatives the country's governing bodies; the Supreme Court, a structure in white marble, also the Library of Congress where is enshrined the Declaration of Independence.

On a walk along the Potomac river one passes the lifelike marble memorials to many former American Presidents; not forgetting the 555-foot high Washington Monument, a trip to the top by elevator will reward you with magnificent views of the whole Capital.

Across the river in the nearby State of Virginia is Arlington National Cemetery, here are Service graves and the tomb of the unknown soldiers; also the grave of the much-loved President Kennedy which is marked by a flame from an everlasting torch.

Among the other places I re-visited was the British Embassy; here I found many of the same staff still working. I think what I missed most was the A.T.S. and British Army uniforms, once such a familiar sight.

Leaving Washington, after an hour's flight, I was in New York, this brought back memories of 48-hour passes to this city of wonders. I revisited the Statue of Liberty; the Empire State Building; famous Times Square; Broadway; Wall St. Chinatown; Harlem and many other places including the New York World Fair.

One special place which was quite new since the war days is the permanent Headquarters of the United Nations, covering eighteen acres of ground, with a 39 storey high Secretariat building, standing on Manhattan Island overlooking the East River—beautiful

bulidings which we hope and pray will inspire our world leaders to peace.

Now away from the big cities to Vermont State in lovely New England. Here I was warmly welcomed by our wartime American filing clerk, when we worked together she was a teenager now she is married and has two fine sons.

Autumn, or as the Americans say "the Fall" was now with us; everywhere I was taken had breath-taking colourful views of rivers, mountains and valleys—truly a foliage season! The golds and reds of birch and maple trees interlaced with the solid colours of evergreen and granite rock outcroppings, created a colourful panorama that only nature's paint brush could produce. Towns and buildings everywhere remind one of the early Americans; Vermont State really wants to hold on to its colonial heritage.

From this beauty I travelled by bus almost 200-miles to Montreal, Canada and re-visited many more places but this would be another story. Thus after three months wonderful holiday I returned to England so dreams do sometimes come true.

Memories of a "Girl on a Dolphin"

Setting off from Rheindahlen at 0600—4 W.R.A.C. and about 25 men—feeling excited and wondering what was in store for us.

At an overnight camping site near Baum les Dames, France, having to use a communal wash trough. (Finding it best when cleaning ones teeth to go "down stream" a little, in order to give other washers a clean water supply!).

Finding that there were locks on the outsides of the toilets, brilliant idea coming to mind—"3 of us go inside, 4th one locks us in until ready to make our exit". Passed unanimously—pulling chain—gush of water—feet, legs and handbag completely engulfed—thumping door, panic stricken—"can't get out". French eau de cologne?

Pitching tents at permanent camping site—pouring rain and torchlight. Great fun.

Compo Irish stew.

A comment "unable to sit and read Daily Newspapers in French-style 'Loos'."

Fascination and excitement of first dive—even more fascination on first night dive (carrying torches).

My joy, and 'bigheadedness' when I thought I had found a previously undiscovered sea monster—anticlimax when 'it' turned out to be 6 ft. Staff B—wearing his snorkel, mask and fins Ughh!

More Irish stew! Mrs. Beaton had nothing on us! —But oh, the state of our 'kitchen'.

The view of Pramouquier Bay as we had our morning shower.

Aching limbs during first week, but feeling fitter during the second week.

Len catching Octopus—Octopus 'catching' ants.

W.R.A.C. Officer 'taking' a shower when it was her turn to cook breakfast. (Afterwards she was much quicker!).

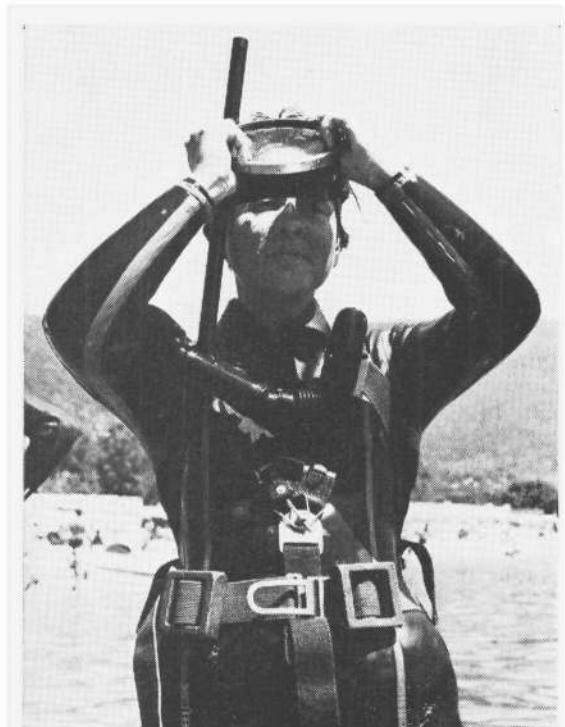
Farewell dinner at "our" beach bar. Lovely, warm moonlit evening.

Sadness, when packing up.

Great excitement when 4 grubby W.R.A.C. saw a "Long white thing with hot running water" in our hotel on the way back. We soon found out how to use it.

The feeling of 'flatness' (and fitness without fatness?) when we finally reach Rheindahlen.

" Pisces "



One of the "Girls on a Dolphin", (not the author)
Photo by Public Relations BAOR

Obituary

**DAME HELEN GWYNNE VAUGHAN,
G.B.E., LL.D., D.Sc.**

DAME Helen Gwynne Vaughan, who died on Saturday 25th August, 1967, in her 89th year, had a distinguished career in two quite different fields, the academic and the military.

She was educated at Cheltenham Ladies College and King's College London. After taking her B.Sc (Botany) Dame Helen specialised in fungi and became the first professor of Botany at Birkbeck College when the College achieved the status of a School of the University of London. She was head of the Department of Botany there for a total of nearly thirty years.

In 1911 she married Professor T. G. Gwynne Vaughan, who was a distinguished worker in her own field. Unfortunately they had not long together as he died in 1915.



Mrs., later Dame Helen, Gwynne Vaughan, Chief Controller, W.A.A.C.

Her career was twice interrupted by periods of war time service. First in 1917 when she joined the W.A.A.C. and commanded the women in France, until after the end of the hostilities when she was appointed Commandant, W.R.A.F., until 1919, when her outstanding service to her country was recognised by the award of the D.B.E.

Between the wars Dame Helen returned to her academic work and published a number of books and scientific papers. She was created a G.B.E. in 1929. During this period she continued her interest in the welfare of ex-service women and was appointed a Vice President of the Q.M.A.A.C. Old Comrades Association, on its formation in December, 1919. Dame Helen never shared the belief that the "war to end all wars" had been won and was instrumental in forming the Emergency Service, as a means of training potential officers, and acted as advisor to the War Office during the planning stages of the A.T.S. On the formation

of the A.T.S., in September 1938, she became Commandant of the Officers School, at the Duke of York's Headquarters, until her appointment as Director in July of the following year. She retired from the service in 1941 and, once again, took up her old job at Birkbeck College for a further three years.

Retirement did not mean idleness and she became Secretary, and subsequently Vice President, of the County of London SSAFA. Age and poor health finally compelled her to leave London and go to finish her days in the care of the R.A.F. Association, at Sussexdown, where the flag flew at half mast as a tribute to her passing.

C. F. T. writes:—

"All those of us who had the honour of serving under Dame Helen when she was Director of the A.T.S. must be profoundly affected by her death. We must all feel glad that, with her wonderful courage over physical frailty, she was able to be with us at the Service in Westminster Abbey and the Garden Party for the 50th Anniversary of the Services she loved so much and to which she had given such a great part of her life.

It is her power of hard work, clear and brilliant brain and outstanding knack of organization that, in the early days of the war, laid the foundations of the A.T.S. and W.R.A.C. I went to work under her at the War Office in the summer before the war began and soon grew to love and respect her. Some people were, at first, a little in awe of her but she had a delightful sense of humour and a heart of gold.

Today we salute the woman who taught us by her example that, no matter what hardships and hazards we might have to endure, our Country and Victory were the only things that mattered."



Dame Helen Gwynne Vaughan,
Chief Controller, A.T.S.

Photo by Pearl Freeman

D.S. writes :—

"Dame Helen was a delightful visitor, enjoying talking to intelligent people and equally enjoying teaching the young some of her many varieties of patience. She always enjoyed coming to Scotland, where her roots were, and never lost the capacity for telling a good story in broad Scots. In her determination never to be a burden she sometimes went a bit far. One time when going for a visit she told her hostess that she would arrive at Berwick on Tweed at a comparatively early hour. The hostess duly arrived in good time only to be told by a porter "If its an old lady you're looking for she's been in the waiting room for two hours". The Dame, having failed to get a sleeper on the later train, had come by an earlier one and was quietly playing Patience till the right time for the train.

When she retired from her professorship she took over the running of the County of London SSAFA and did that as wholeheartedly as everything else. Regularly she left her house at 8 o'clock, or earlier, to avoid the rush hour. She would accept no concessions on account of her age. She led the Army women in the Coronation ex-service parade, and kept up with the best of them. When the Parade dispersed one of her ex-officers, by some magic, found a taxi for her. The taxi arrived just in time to see her disappearing into a bus!

When she eventually had to give up and go to live at Sussexdown, she was treated with great respect by inmates and staff and one felt in the presence of Royalty when going into the dining room with her for a meal. Though she gradually got weaker physically her mind remained clear and she would talk about things past and present with all her old determination".

J. A. writes :—

"My personal memories of Dame Helen go back to 1917 in France. In 1938-39 with another war obviously inevitable, and life more than uncertain, I suggested I should model a head of her as an indestructible record of her at the height of her so distinguished career. She consented, and I began in her lecture-room in London University, first watching her lecturing to her students, men and women. This was a new person, scientist, master and woman.

Leaving her students to their work she came over to "sit" for me at the window, without any trace whatsoever of self-consciousness. If I wanted to study the set of her ears, the hair was immediately scraped back with a wet hand and the shape of the skull obligingly revealed. A male student found he needed help, and she at once got up and went to his aid. I watched, surprised and touched by her gentleness and her patience in helping him. She returned, reseated herself, and voicelessly mouthed "Perfect fool"; but her gentle patience could not have been more to one of

brilliant promise. To me this was a revelation of the Dame Helen I had not seen in the army, neither in France nor later in the second World War."

E. M. V. R. writes :—

"So our beloved Dame Helen has gone at last! It was with great grief that I read the announcement, though not with surprise, for I believe we all thought that the 50th celebrations would be her "swan song", as it was only her indomitable spirit that kept her alive to take part in them, and how thankful we are that she was able to be with us. So passes one of the most remarkable women of our time, strong and courageous. In face of so much opposition, she was able to see ahead that Womens' Services would be needed, and how right she has been proved and what a debt the country owes her."

A. G. writes :—

"The first time I met Dame Helen was when she came to examine the dinner at our hostel in Boulogne. I was standing at one of the tables and Dame Helen said "Ought I to know you?" I saluted and replied "I'm Gummersall 699". The rations were more suitable for the men in the trenches than for women working in offices and she made small changes that made the food more acceptable.

M. E. T. writes :—

"Dame Helen had such a splendid career and achieved all that she had set out to do in her long life. One cannot grieve for her but for ourselves at the passing of someone who we admired and respected for so many years. I am proud to have met her in the early days of the A.T.S. at the Duke of York's and to have heard her splendid speeches at our re-unions since the war."

London Branch write :—

"Her life of service was an inspiration to us all. It was by her endeavour that the A.T.S. was able to achieve so much. Dame Helen will always be remembered with deep respect by all members."

Miss G. K. Ballard

BRIGHTON Branch regret to announce the death of Miss G. K. Ballard, aged 72 years, on 6th July, 1967. She had been indifferent health for a long time, but her death came as a great shock. Miss Ballard joined the W.A.A.C. in August 1917 and served overseas as a clerk. Her devotion to duty earned a mention in despatches by Earl Haig. The Association has lost a very loyal member. Mrs. Ritchie and Miss Ashton, who had known Miss Ballard since childhood, represented the Branch at her funeral.

Miss J. Cambridge

WE regret to announce the death of Miss Joyce Cambridge on 30th July, 1967. Miss Cambridge was a Life Member of the Association and served in the A.T.S. from 1940 till 1945, with the rank of Chief Commander. Her overseas postings included Casablanca, Canada and East Africa. Miss Cambridge was also closely connected with the early work of the A.T.S. Benevolent Fund.

Mrs. H. Courtley

V.R. writes :—

"Q.M.A.A.C. who served with Ordnance in Calais and Vendreux will be sorry to hear of the death of Mrs. H. Courtley, known to us all as "Jimmie James". She met her husband in the play "My Sweetheart" which was produced by some of the Ordnance staff in 1919.

Three of us who played the principle female roles, have been friends ever since, meeting periodically, and Jimmie is the first to go. She intended coming to the Q.M. dinner this year but, at the last moment, decided against it, as her heart was not too strong.

Sympathy goes out to her husband from those who knew them so well, so long ago."

Miss F. K. Crowe

WE regret to announce the death of Miss Kathleen Crowe who joined the A.T.S. in 1939, retired from the W.R.A.C. in 1955 with the rank of Capt. and subsequently went to live in Quebec.

Mrs. S. S. Elliott, M.B.E.

LONDON Branch announce with regret the death of Mrs. S. Elliott (née Sawbridge) who served with Q.M.A.A.C. in Wimereux.

Miss M. Harvey

GLASGOW Branch regret to announce the death of Miss Mary Harvey, a life Member of the Association, who served in the A.T.S. from February 1939 till August 1946, with the rank of Sgt.

Dr. Mary Paton Ramsay

A.E.C. writes :—

"Dr. Mary Ramsay died at her home in Edinburgh on the 5th of July.

She was a daughter of Sir William Ramsay, the classical Scholar and Archaeologist, from whom she inherited her love of learning.

After graduating at Aberdeen University, where she was one of the earliest women Scholars, she continued her studies at the Sorbonne, where she obtained her doctorate.

In July 1917 Dr. Ramsay joined the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps. After training at the Connaught Club, she served as an Officer Replacement in the

Accounts Department of the Ordnance Depot in Calais. She later served for some time in Rouen.

She will be remembered by those who served with her with respect and affection."

Miss Ina McKay

BELFAST Branch regret to announce the death of Miss Ina McKay in August, after a long illness, patiently borne. Ina had been one of the Branch's most loyal, active and longstanding members and will be greatly missed by all her friends.

Miss R. Seabrook

WE regret to announce the death of Miss Rosina Seabrook on Monday, 15th May. Miss Seabrook was a Life Member of the Association, she joined the A.T.S. as a clerk in December, 1938, and rose to the rank of W.O.II. She passed the Staff Secretaries Course in June, 1942, and was commissioned as a Staff Secretary (Subaltern) three years later. Miss Seabrook joined the A.T.S. (T.A.) in May, 1947 and retired from the W.R.A.C. (T.A.) in 1945, with the rank of Capt.

Miss J. Thorp

WE announce with regret the death of Miss Jane Thorp who served in Q.M.A.A.C. at Dieppe and was a Cpl. in the A.T.S. during the Second World War. Miss Thorp had been a Life Member of the Association since 1923.

Thanksgiving and Service

Sermon preached by the Bishop of Birmingham in Westminster Abbey at the Fiftieth Jubilee Celebration of the formation of the Women's Services on June 1st, 1967.

"You are here this morning to give thanks for fifty years of splendid service in the Women's Organisations of the Services of the Crown.

But this ceremony is also linked with a service, and it is therefore yourselves that you dedicate as well as the organisations which celebrate their jubilee. And so I shall speak on two things: thanksgiving and service.

The words "Thank God" may be meaningless cant. On the other hand they may be, and I hope are for most of us, the expression of religious emotion, the emotion of profound gratitude and joy being offered to One whom we as Christians worship, not only as our Creator and Preserver and the Ruler of the Universe, but One whom we know as parent and friend. But whether you have got to that stage or not, it is a good and wholesome thing to be thankful.

We thank God for the opportunity of coming together again this morning to meet our friends again

and to renew the fellowship of sight and hand. We thank God for the new experience that we gained in a community dedicated to a purpose. We thank God for the opportunity of seeing the greatness of the human spirit in endurance and achievement during the war years. We thank God for those who in the early days thought of the possibility of the Women's Services and for the persevering spirit which overcame the difficulties involved in any pioneer work, and for the voluntary enlistment of so many women for this dangerous enterprise fifty years ago.

The last thanksgiving I would mention is a proud one. It is a proud thanksgiving for the supreme sacrifice that our friends and loved ones made for their countries and their ideals. I know that this is not a memorial service, but we cannot help thinking of those who gave their lives. It is inevitable that memories are searched and old heart wounds begin to ache, and I would like to try and say a word of comfort and strength to them and to those who sometimes feel it was a bitter waste. But had they lived, what was our hope for them—for those who made the supreme sacrifice. That gradually they would take their place in life; would settle down in some home of their own; would carry out the daily duties in the office, shop, factory or elsewhere; would fill in their leisure with the usual ploys and pleasures; would be kindly, true and useful men; that by and by they would grow old and their interests would become circumscribed, their steps shorter; that in fact they would meander through a tame and decent life to an inconspicuous grave, and depart this life with not very much to show for it? Is that an unfair picture of so many ordinary lives? Is that the life of which they have been defrauded?

And what have they been given instead? They have become for ever a part of that splendour of the race that will thrill other generations till the end of time. They are the glorious tradition that will always be handed down. To keep this unsullied will be our chief ambition as a people. They are the tale that will be told each new age of youngsters, and these new hearts will catch fire, and these new eyes will light up, as they take in how brave and chivalrous a life can be. But they are part of the immortal dead who live again. They live again in minds made better by their presence; they live in pulses stirred to generosity in deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn for miserable aims that end with self. My firm unshakable belief is that they live on as individual personalities. But however controversial that idea may be, none can deny that they live on in our memories and in your own most hallowed traditions. There is no need then to talk about a waste! To what Jesus called the greatest they attained. "Greater love hath no man than this that a man lay down his life for his friends".

We will show forth our thanks not only with our lips but in our lives by giving ourselves to God's service.

And so I come to the second part—Service. How often this is marred by our own inadequacy.

It was a great evangelist called Moody who said "I have had more trouble with myself than with anyone I have ever met". Most of us if we are honest would say the same. Few people travel far in life without discovering that the major problem is themselves. The clear recognition of this fact is one of the elements in Shakespeare's greatness as a dramatist. Even the old Greek dramatists with all their insight caused their victims to fall to ruin and fail, because of a mysterious cosmic fate which ruled the destinies of gods and men. Shakespeare, however, shifts the battlefield to the souls of men—"The fault dear Brutus is not in our stars, But in ourselves, that we are underlings". Hamlet wrestles with his own hesitant, shocked and indecisive soul; Macbeth with his own ambition and remorse; Othello with his own insatiable jealousy. The greatest characters in Shakespeare's tragedies are all having it out with their own souls.

The insight of the dramatist lights up a fundamental law of life. Everyman's fate is himself. So elemental is this fact that one might expect people to determine resolutely to take charge of their own lives and characters, but the reverse seems to be true. We all have ways of dodging the issue.

We trust in our fortunate circumstances and privileges rather than in ourselves, like the lady in one of Walter Scott's novels who "relied upon a fine set of china to heighten the flavour of indifferent tea". Some think that they can bluff through life by having possessions, but there is a vast difference between possession and ownership. I don't possess any land, but no one can take the landscape from me. Possession is having a library of books you never read. Ownership is saying with Fenelon "If all the crowns of Europe were laid at my feet in exchange for my love of reading, I would spurn them all". Possession is having a house; ownership is having a home. Possession is material; ownership is spiritual. It is possible to possess millions and own nothing. How much a man owns depends on the height, and depth and breadth of his own soul.

Nor can we bluff through life by acquiring a mass of information. It is easy to be, as Alexander Pope put it, "A bookful blockhead, ignorantly read, with lots of loaded lumber in his head". But to be a straight thinking, reliable, intelligent person is difficult. Nor can we bluff through life by attempts to be useful. The choicest gift than anyone can give to his friends is himself at his best. Most people are willing to give anything rather than that. We will lend our names to good causes. We will even give lavish gifts of *things*. But how seldom do we see ex-

amples of that most excellent gift of gracious giving of true friendship and companionship; for so many of us have so little to give.

Behind all its disguises of dogma and ritual, all great religion has one common centre—Its insistent question is "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" And by soul is meant the whole invisible personality—the self-conscious being that thinks, purposes and loves. All great religions set men at life's central task of grappling with themselves, supplying them with both insight and power. At its height it has led men to the place where they not so much wrestle with themselves as are wrestled with by the Life from whom their spirits came, to be conquered by whom is victory, and whom to serve is perfect freedom, and it will be an evil day for the world if ever materialistic philosophy or practical paganism quenches the essential challenge of religion.

Build thou more stately mansions, O my Soul
As the swift seasons roll,
Leave thy low vaulted past,
Let each new temple,
Nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven
With a dome more vast,
till thou thyself art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell
By life's unresting sea".

Unit News

W.R.A.C. College

ALTHOUGH the main event in the life of the College recently has been the visit of Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, this has not stopped other activities.

Our recently acquired camping equipment has been put to good use. A party of 14 from H.Q. Coy, led by Lt. Greene, made an Adventure Training expedition into the New Forest. The heavy rain did little to dampen their spirits and some of them felt inspired to go off on their own the following week-end.

Officer Cadet Training now includes a three day scheme away from the Unit. This varies each time and last term took place under canvas. These schemes are organised and administered by the Officer Cadets and, in addition to being of great training value, are very enjoyable.

A very big excitement was the success of one of our Medical Orderlies, L/Cpl. Liz Beard, in the "Miss W.R.A.C. Southern Command 1967" contest. The final was held at the Army Air Corps Centre at Middle Wallop on 3rd August and many supporters attended. We hoped L/Cpl. Beard would win and were delighted when the 6 judges, who included Colonel P. M. Lipscomb, Jimmy Saville and Billy Cotton Junior, announced their decision.

There was inter-service camaraderie at the College recently when a party from the Surrey and North East Hants Association of WRENS visited one evening. They were met by W.O.I G. P. Green and taken on a tour of the College. Afterwards they were entertained with light refreshments in the Sergeants Mess where they met all the members and exchanged ideas and views of past and present Service life.

Although keen entrants in all sporting events the College has had little success apart from coming second in the Southern Command Rounders. However we are not disheartened and hope to do better in the winter games.

There have been many changes at the College recently, too numerous to mention, but we wish all those who have left us good luck in their new positions and welcome those who have joined us. One, however, who must be mentioned is Sgt. 'Pixie' Burden who retired in July after 28 years service, having spent the last 5 years as caterer in the Officer Cadet Mess. On June 19th Sgt. Burden was presented with the B.E.M. by Major-General C. M. M. Man, O.B.E., M.C., President of the R.C.B. On the same day it was learnt that she had been awarded the Meritorious Service Medal, only 100 of which are awarded each year. We congratulate her and wish her all the best in the future.

The College went on block leave for the first time this summer and now everybody has returned, refreshed and ready for the Autumn and Winter activities.

Corps Day in Hong Kong

SUNDAY 23rd April 1967 dawned bright and clear much to everyone's relief. We had all cheerfully agreed to the proposed arrangements for the Corps Day and did not want everything spoilt by bad weather. A beach barbeque in torrential rain would not have been fun!

The day started with a Service in St. John's Cathedral which, in the absence of a military church, has become our local church. The morning saw us all there to listen to a sermon by the Rev. B. I. R. Thomas (Chaplain to the Forces); to Capt. J. R. Barker W.R.A.C. reading the lesson, and to the W.R.A.C. collect.

The rest of the morning was spent in lazy preparation for the afternoon's activities. At 1400 hrs. transport rolled up and we embarked, about sixty of us, including friends, boy friends and officers, together with our kit. Beachwear in all shapes and colours; masses of drink, food and cooking equipment. Boy friends were heard to complain that they had only been invited to act as porters! After half an hour's drive out of the city and along the coast we arrived at Big Wave Bay, a beautiful sandy beach enclosed by rocks where the bronzed sun and wave worshippers congregate. Careful "snooperisation" by W.O.II Janes and we were soon organised.

Swimming costumes on, we all braved the cold but refreshing sea. We dried off in the hot sun, lots of us having to hide under enormous straw hats to prevent "lobster faces". The reddest face was from embarrassment rather than the sun, caused by a boy friend who when helpfully adjusting someone's bikini top was suddenly left with the complete top in his hands.

We settled down to serious sun bathing but were disturbed by delicious smells as our A.C.C. friends began to cook tea over the charcoal. By 1700 hrs our mouths were watering as the smell of steaks, chops, sausages and onions wafted past. Then the magic cry of "come and get it" and a scramble for platefuls of food. The O.C. was barmaid and served us all chilled local beer and soft drinks. A W.R.A.C. Signals Sgt. was also chilled when she became too obstreperous and was dumped in a large box of ice, so that only her head and feet showed! Came 1800 hrs and time to return. Lots of laughter, sun, sea and fresh air adding up to Corps Day thoroughly enjoyed by all.

C.A.G.

St. George's Ball, Hong Kong

ON 22nd April 1967, nine members of the W.R.A.C. Hong Kong turned the Clock back to the 18th Century to assist as "Goode Olde English Tavern Maids" at the St. George's Day Ball held in the Peninsula Hotel. This annual event is the largest Ball in the Hong Kong Social Calendar and the stately Peninsula Hotel with its crystal chandeliers and red carpets was the ideal setting. To add to this typically English scene the 2nd Battalion, The Queens Regiment, provided a dozen correctly dressed "Beefeaters" carrying long handled spears, to line the staircases and corridors.

The evening was a tremendous success starting with a five course meal, followed by the "Girls in Green" dressed somewhat differently for the occasion, and having been made-up specially by Revlon, serving genuine English ale (much to the displeasure of the local breweries). Half way through the evening the barmaids left their trays of beer to distribute newspapers to the guests, who after some initial surprise at this gesture, discovered that they had been flown out specially from England by BOAC.

The evening was not all work for the barmaids, some taking part in the Sir Roger de Coverley and the Lancers while others turned all mod for occasion and took the lead, when the steel Band of the 2nd Queen's Regiment played Calypso-style music. The evening was so enjoyable that there are certainly nine W.R.A.C. in Hong Kong who hope that they may be asked to don 18th Century clothes again next April and, who knows, they might even extend their Hong Kong tours to do so!

MEDALS FROM MONTY

WE congratulate Sgt. Phyllis Beuzeval on being presented with the B.E.M. and the Long Service and Good Conduct Medal by Field Marshal Lord Montgomery.

Sgt. Beuzeval joined the A.T.S. in 1941 and has been Chief Clerk of the Training Section at Mons Officer Cadet School, Aldershot, for the past four years.



Field Marshal Lord Montgomery presenting the B.E.M. to Sgt. Beuzeval

Corps Day 1968

CORPS Day will be held at the Depot and Training Centre W.R.A.C., Guildford, on Sunday, 28th April, 1968. All members of the Association will be welcome. Further particulars will be published in the February *Lioness*.

Here and There

A.D.W.R.A.C. Scottish Command writes :—

"It is with great pleasure that we welcome Major General F. C. C. Graham, C.B., D.S.O., Colonel, The Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, as Honorary Colonel, W.R.A.C. T. & A.V.R., Scotland.

Until the disbandment of the Territorial Army on 31st March 1967, General Graham was Honorary Colonel of the W.R.A.C. (T.A.) 51st (Highland) Division. He has always been an excellent friend and supporter of the W.R.A.C. and we are delighted to have him back with us in his new appointment.

General Graham is also an honorary life member of the W.R.A.C. Association".

Miss M. Druitt writes :—

"I am sure old "Metropolitans", and all who went Overseas from that Depot, will be delighted to learn that their "dear little" M.O.—Doctor Olive Anderson—was awarded the O.B.E. in the recent Birthday Honours. She went to the Palace on Tuesday July 11th 1967.

The Honour was awarded her for the following:—

1. Services to Medicine in Belfast.
2. 10 years ago was installed as the first woman President of the Ulster Medical Society—(first woman to hold that office in the Society's 150 years in existence).
3. Ulster's first woman anaesthetist.

Dr. Anderson was Poppy Day Organiser for the Malone Branch of the British Legion, and in 1961, received that Body's highest award—the gold Badge—for her Services.

Congratulations 'Doc' from all those to whom you administered "Medicine and Duty".

Miss N. Osler writes :—

"What a memorable year 1967 has been for many of us crammed with memories, some happy, some unfortunately not so happy. Many of us were stationed abroad whilst others in Great Britain were engaged in duties of similar importance and thus the wonderful and lasting friendships made during and after the two World Wars have endured, something of which we are immensely proud.

We in Hastings and St. Leonards had a small Re-Union with some of the London Branch members and enjoyed meeting our former comrades.

On the evening after the Anniversary celebrations in London we visited the Imperial War Museum to see some W.A.A.C. films kindly arranged by Druitt. These were much enjoyed.

On Saturday June 4th, the Q.M.A.A.C. Dinner Club celebrated its 18th Anniversary Dinner, at Derry and Toms. This year the tables were octagonal and were

considered to be much easier for conversation than the long tables. These dinners are so enjoyable that it is not surprising that membership increases yearly. More surprisingly everyone seems to get younger in spite of the added years. The recipe "Happy comradeship".

Mrs. E. H. Buckingham writes from Alberta :—

"I hope all the celebrations went off well. I managed to get together a little dinner party for six, in Edmonton, but they were not all Ex-Q.M.A.A.C. However they had all been members of our Ex-Service Club in the 1930's and seemed to enjoy the get-together.

Canada, this year, is enjoying the visits of members of the Royal Family, including the Queen, and many other celebrities but a great many of us in the West, being over 2,000 miles away from "Expo" at Montreal have to be content with reading about them".

Mrs. H. M. Thomas writes from New South Wales to recall memories of her service in France in 1917-1918, and to say that she, and three other ex-W.A.A.C. from Bourge Camp, are having a small Jubilee Celebration of their own.

Miss G. M. Edwards, who served for 14 years as an administrative clerk in the W.R.A.C. (T.A.), is now managing a modern micro wave restaurant in Leicester. We wish her well in her new venture.

We congratulate **Sgt. Perry, L.Cpl. Andrews** and **Pte. McVeigh** of 29 Coy W.R.A.C., who joined a team from 68 Squadron R.C.T., and came second in the Maple Leaf March at Hoogeveen in Holland. They were beaten by a Canadian Team.

Q.M.A.A.C. History

The Author, Colonel J. M. Cowper, has asked for two corrections to be made to her Short History of Queen Mary's Army Auxiliary Corps. These will be included in any future reprint but, in the meantime, members may like to amend their own copies of the book as follows:—

Page 39 delete Majestic Hotel, insert Metropole Hotel.

Page 59 after Bostall Heath delete Essex insert Kent.

Reunion

County of London

THIS is to remind all members of the former County of London Branch of the Association and any old members of 327 Bn. and 80 Coy that we are meeting in the Colville Hotel (opposite the Duke of York's Headquarters) on Monday 13th November, at 7 p.m. Miss Barbara Robinson, and others, have promised to be there. Do come along.

Branch News

AYRSHIRE. We held our annual Country Dance evening and Raffle on Wednesday 5th April, and once again it was a great success and boosted our finances by £17 12s. 0d. We were sorry to learn of the death of our oldest member Miss C. H. Service. She was a founder member of the Branch, interested in all our activities and enjoyed visits from some of the members, our last being on her 90th birthday in November.

On 25th April we visited "Fusilier House" headquarters of the W.R.A.C. (T.A.). We were welcomed by the C.O. the Marquis of Ailsa and were shown over by S/Major Law and Sgt. Bulloch, a welcome cup of tea followed our tour of inspection served by W.R.A.C. (T.A.) members. In May we paid our annual visit to Glasgow Branch, we had a lovely tea in their Club room then on to the Jimmy Logan's show in the Metropole Theatre. We had a lovely evening for our bus run on May 24th to see the gardens of Bargany Estate, Dailly, which have a beautiful show of azaleas and rhododendrons. Supper followed at Trochrague Guest House which is run by nuns.

Six of our members were able to be present at the Jubilee Celebrations in London and found it a wonderful experience to be part of the great congregation in Westminster Abbey and the gay throng at the Garden Party, a day we will long remember. It was the turn of Glasgow members to visit Ayr on 16th September when a record number of 32 enjoyed tea at the Country Club followed by the Summer Show at the Gaiety Theatre. I am happy to say that our membership keeps increasing and we look forward to welcoming more new members this autumn.

BATH. Members of the Branch, including Q.M.A.A.C., attended the Celebrations in London and had a thoroughly enjoyable day. To celebrate the 50th Anniversary Bath Branch held a very successful Cocktail Party in the Banqueting Hall of the Guildhall on Saturday, 24th June, at which Colonel P. Lipscomb, The Mayor and Mayoress of Bath and other local dignitaries attended and all three Services were represented. In September members and friends had an enjoyable evening trip over the Severn Bridge into Chepstow where they had dinner at a delightful Hotel.

BOURNEMOUTH. Following the 50th Anniversary celebrations of the three womens Services held in London, Bournemouth held its own celebration on July 5th. In the Lower Pleasure Gardens on a special raised dais, the Corporation had laid out, in 15,000 plants, the three badges. These were officially opened by the Mayor and Mayoress with a big gathering of the three Services. For the W.R.A.C. we had attending Colonel Lipscomb and Colonel Macfie. Afterwards a buffet supper was held at the Red Roof Hotel which completed a memorable occasion.



The Mayor of Bournemouth opening the gardens on 5th July

BRIGHTON. Although we have not reported for some time, we are very much alive. In May we had a tea party at the home of our member Mrs. Gladys Wye and her sister Miss Bowley. Ten members attended the Jubilee celebrations on June 1st, and on the 18th twelve members and friends went on a coach and rail trip to the "Bluebell Line" which is a stretch of privately owned railway running between Sheffield Park and Horsted Keynes. The General Secretary has passed several new members to our Branch and, in August, we were invited to tea at the home of one of them, Miss M. McKinley Brown of Eastbourne. Both she and her friend Mrs. Sedgwick were drivers in Q.M.A.A.C., and Mrs. Sedgwick's daughter was in the W.A.A.F. Seven of us travelled from Brighton by bus and were joined at Seaford by another new member. Mrs. Mandeville. It was a most interesting afternoon. In addition to our three hostesses we were introduced to an American lady who was staying with them and to Mrs. Downer (ex Q.M.A.A.C.). One of our members, Miss Davina Williams, has been on a working holiday in Australia and New Zealand and sailed home in September. She has written us some very interesting air letters during her travels.

CANTERBURY. In April we had a film show arranged by the Army Careers Information Office, depicting life in the W.R.A.C. and Q.A.R.A.N.C. The May meeting was an outing to Charing for a Tudor Fair, and on a real summers day, the costumes were a joy to behold. Nearly all our members managed to get to the Jubilee celebrations on June 1st, and enjoyed themselves. Also in June, our President, Miss M. E. Machin, gave a garden party for us at her home in Charing, with refreshments fit for a Queen. In July we went to see the Royal Tournament at Earls Court and had a meeting at Dover in August.

DUMFRIESSHIRE. This has been a most exciting year for the Branch. Our 20th Anniversary Dinner

was held in the Cairndale Hotel on March 8th, when our three special guests were Mrs. Russell Simpson from Edinburgh, Lt.-Colonel Saunders Davies A.D.W.R.A.C. and Capt. V. Hart of the New Zealand W.R.A.C. It was a very happy evening. For the 50th Anniversary celebrations we hired our own Continental Touring Coach and went up to London for four days, travelling by day both ways. On board were 20 ex-service women, comprising 1 ex Q.M.A.A.C., 15 ex A.T.S., 1 ex W.A.A.F. and three ex WRENS, so we were a very representative company. The bus was filled up with some interested friends. The celebrations exceeded our expectations and everyone was deeply moved by the simplicity and splendour of the Service in Westminster Abbey. Needless to say the Garden Party was the event of a life time, especially to us provincials, and the joy of having three Royal guests was like a dream come true. Most of us met many old friends and the afternoon just passed too quickly in those beautiful surroundings. Our annual bus outing took place in July to Galloway and we were favoured with a lovely sunny day so everyone enjoyed the outing, the members of this Branch will have treasured memories of 1967.

GLASGOW. On April 4th we held a very successful "At Home" in the Club to which members of the W.R.A.C. (T.A.) of the disbanded local units were invited. As a result of this 12 now members joined the Association. On April 30th we were invited to tea by Miss Betty Harvie Anderson at her home in Quarter, and spent a very happy afternoon there. On May 20th we held our Annual Theatre Night and were joined by members of Ayr Branch to tea in the Club before the Theatre. Six of our members travelled to London for June 1st, they enjoyed themselves tremendously and renewed old acquaintances. During the same month we joined the members of the Ex-Servicewomen's Club in an outing to the Glasgow City Chambers. On September 16th we paid a reciprocal visit to Ayr to join their members in the Annual Theatre Night. This also was a most enjoyable occasion.

LONDON. We have continued our meetings during the summer months. In April Dame Mary Railton showed us some interesting coloured slides of a holiday spent in Norway, also some of Tripoli and Nicosia which she had visited during her service days. In May we were given a talk on the work of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution; later in the month twenty three members went to the Strand Theatre to see the play "Getting Married" by Bernard Shaw. To mark the 50th Anniversary the Branch arranged a coach outing for Q.M.A.A.C. members and they spent a very enjoyable day at Hastings. Many of us were present at the celebrations on June 1st. and we wish to thank all concerned in making possible such a wonderful day.

Later in June we enjoyed an evening of songs by the Acton Male Voice Choir. We had no organised activities in August or September.

SHEFFIELD. The Branch is on the threshold of a busy season. The first meeting was very effervescent with holiday chatter. One member had the privilege of visiting an old friend in Toronto. They went together to Montreal to see Expo 67 and there was much pow-wow of the old convoy days at Chilwell, Castle Ashby and Castle Donington. We wish Betty Kenderdine (née Burgess) well on her marriage but we are sorry to lose her now that she lives in Tunbridge Wells.

The past year has been very eventful. There was the annual, but most essential, nightmare Jumble Sale; the enjoyable visit to the Pantomime. Our good cause this year was the Salvation Army in gratitude for all they did for us in the War years. We had a social evening with films and refreshments. Our Secretary and Treasurer attend the various meetings and keep us all well informed about other Branches. We were pleased to welcome back our Chairman after her winter months in South Africa and most interested to hear of her experiences. Twelve of us were happy to attend the Jubilee Celebrations and Miss Ivy Dixon was able to share our perfect day.

We had our own little Art Show where everybody exhibited something they had made. Hidden talent truly revealed. We now have our annual dinner in the summer time and find it more congenial. Our final event was a coach trip to Crich Tramway Museum where we had great fun prowling around the sheds looking at such a wonderful collection of old trams and actually having a ride on an old Blackpool "Toast Rack".

Retirements

Major (Q.M.) E. E. Harrison, M.B.E.

Major Betty Harrison, who retired in September after 28 years active service, had a unique career in many respects. She served in every rank of the A.T.S. from Volunteer, in March 1939, to W.O.I, in May, 1943, was one of the first R.S.M.'s to be granted a regular Quartermasters' Commission, in 1954, and was awarded the M.B.E. in the following New Year's Honours List.

It is also interesting to note that Major Harrison's last job as an R.S.M. was with the Driver and Clerks Training Centre, W.R.A.C. and that she finished her Army career with the modern equivalent of the same unit, holding the appointment of O.C. W.R.A.C. 6 Trg. Regt. R.C.T. An unusual achievement in itself.

Major Harrison's kindly disposition has earned her many friends, regular and T.A., and we all wish her well in her retirement.

Benevolent work in the Army

THE Army Benevolent Fund came into being at the end of the Second World War, with capital provided by the Army's share of the rebate accumulated from Service canteens and clubs at home and overseas. Its charter was, and still is, to provide financial support for the charitable funds of the Corps and Regiments of the Army and also for those national Service Charities which provide for the soldier, ex-soldier and his dependants. The internal resources of these organisations had become quite inadequate by themselves to provide for the cases of need amongst the millions who had served in the two World Wars, and for their dependants. Today, there are over a million soldier survivors of World War I who are now approaching old age, and some four million from World War II. Adding to these, those who have since served in the Army in Palestine, Korea, Kenya, Malaya, Borneo, Cyprus, the Middle East and elsewhere keeping the Queen's Peace, there are now over five million soldiers and ex-soldiers.

In February, 1960, the Control Board of the Army Benevolent Fund set up an Appeal organisation to enable the Fund to become an active raiser of the Funds, as well as a more passive distributor.

The Fund's small Appeal organisation set to work with the target of raising an additional £200,000 a year from the Army itself and an additional £150,000 a year from the nation at large.

The Army too set about the task of raising its quota of the target with a will and the increased income now coming to the Fund and to the Corps and Regimental Associations from both the Army and the nation has already enabled certain positive improvements to be made in the field of Army benevolent work. Firstly, the total of annual grants by the Fund has been restored to the 1959 level and now considerably exceeds the level of the lean years which followed. The average grant per case which Regimental Associations can now make has risen from the 1961 figure of £5 to one of £11.

As well as these positive steps forward the Army Benevolent Fund is now embarking on several new projects. One of these is the institution of individual Bursaries at selected Schools or Homes for children of soldiers and ex-soldiers in need. These vary from £50 to £250. Another is a system of supplementary Pensions of £1 per week for aged widows of soldiers living on the barest minimum of subsistence, and already £7,000 has been earmarked for this service in 1967/68. Yet another, and of particular interest to the serving soldier who may wonder where his 'Day's Pay' subscription is going, is the making of long-term loans, where need is shown, to serving soldiers to enable them to resettle in civilian life on termination of colour service, or to their widows if the husband is

killed whilst serving. In many such cases this involves house purchase.

All will agree that the above represents great progress in the field of benevolent work in the Army, but we still have a long way to go before we can face the world in the knowledge that the Army's standard is second to none.

Editors Note :—

Generous grants from the Army Benevolent Fund in the past have helped to get the W.R.A.C. Benevolent Fund off to a good start. It should also be noted that serving and ex-service women have already been helped with bursaries and supplementary pensions under the new projects mentioned above.

Commissioning Ceremony

THE next Commissioning Ceremony at the W.R.A.C. College on Wednesday 13th December, 1967 will be held in the morning at 1130 hrs.

The Ceremony will be followed by a luncheon for the Inspecting Officer, official guests, Officer Cadets and their parents and friends.

Any W.R.A.C. Officer wishing to attend should apply to the Adjutant, W.R.A.C. College, Portsmouth Road, Camberley, Surrey, enclosing a cheque or postal order for fourteen shillings and sixpence (14/6) if they require lunch (drinks included). If there is a heavy demand it may be necessary to limit luncheon tickets to those who apply early owing to the lack of space in the Officers' Mess.

Applications for tickets for luncheon in the W.O's and Sgts' Mess should be forwarded together with a cheque or P.O. for 7/6 made out to the Mess, to the Adjutant.

Cheque and P.O.s for the Officers' Mess should be made out to the P.M.C.

Officers' Postings

(1st June 1967—31st August 1967)

Brig. The Hon. M. M. Anderson, D.W.R.A.C. M.O.D., London.
Col. S. A. E. Heaney, A.A.G. A.G. 16 M.O.D., London.
Col. B. M. Metcalfe, Commandant Depot & T.C. W.R.A.C., Guildford.
Lt.-Col. A. R. Robertson, A.D.W.R.A.C. Northern Command, York.
Major D. M. Athoe, R.A.E.C. Instr. Unit FARELF, Singapore.
Major J. Hands, W.R.A.C. College, Camberley.
Major A. M. Harle, O.C. Officer Cadet Wing W.R.A.C. College, Camberley.
Major B. Rosenbaum, G.S.O. 3 A.S.D. 4 M.O.D., London.
A/Major H. G. Meechie, O.C. W.R.A.C. 6 Trg. Regt. R.C.T., Yeovil.
Capt. (Q.M.) E. K. Anton, Admin. Offr. & O.C. W.R.A.C. 235 Sig. Sqn., Malta.
Capt. (Q.M.) G. Baylis, T.O. 251 W.R.A.C. Sig. Sqn., Salisbury.
Capt. D. M. Drummond, A.C.O. (W.S.), Bristol.
Capt. (Q.M.) E. J. Morgan, Admin. Offr. Change of Air Station, Malaya.
A/Capt. M. B. Barlow, H.Q. London District Pro. Coy., London.
A/Capt. J. E. Blakeley, O.I.C. W.R.A.C. Det. Camp Admin. Staff R.A.P.C., Worthy Down.
A/Capt. B. Bluman, O.C. W.R.A.C./Asst. Adj. R.S.M.E., Gillingham.

A/Capt. A. K. Brown, W.R.A.C. College, Camberley.
 A/Capt. E. A. Condict, P.S.O. Depot & T.C. W.R.A.C., Guildford.
 A/Capt. F. J. Harlow, G.S.O. 3 (Int.) H.Q. FARELF, Singapore.
 A/Capt. N. G. Hughes, 24th Signal Regt., Catterick.
 A/Capt. V. Leahy, W.R.A.C. College, Camberley.
 A/Capt. M. Mackenzie, O.C. W.R.A.C. 68 Sqn. R.C.T., Germany.
 A/Capt. M. M. McCarthy, 6 Trg. Regt. R.C.T., Yeovil.
 A/Capt. S. E. Stott, W.S.L.O. Southern Command, Reading.
 A/Capt. S. E. Tarry, S.O.P.T. H.Q. Western Command, Chester.
 Lt. P. A. Ames, 16 Indep. Coy. W.R.A.C., Kineton.
 Lt. C. R. Bolland, 6 Coy. W.R.A.C., Woolwich.
 Lt. E. M. Mathers, 4 Coy. W.R.A.C., Singapore.
 Lt. K. R. O'Shea, 1 Coy. W.R.A.C., Edinburgh.
 Lt. H. M. Smart, Depot & T.E. R.M.P., Chichester.
 Lt. M. E. Ward, 4 Comms. Coy., Cheltenham.
 2/Lt. P. A. Bainbridge, 6 Coy. W.R.A.C., Woolwich.
 2/Lt. A. M. H. Barcroft, D Coy. W.R.A.C. 16 Bn. R.A.O.C., Bicester.
 2/Lt. A. F. Brown, Messing Officer Depot & T.C. W.R.A.C., Guildford.
 2/Lt. C. P. Brown, P.A. to D.C.G.S. M.O.D., London.
 2/Lt. G. P. M. Brown, 10 Coy. W.R.A.C., Aldershot.
 2/Lt. P. M. Crowe, 12 Coy. W.R.A.C., Mill Hill.
 2/Lt. A. L. C. Cunningham, 10 Coy. W.R.A.C., Aldershot.
 2/Lt. E. R. C. Flanders, 12 Coy. W.R.A.C., Mill Hill.
 2/Lt. J. M. Harrison, 28th Signal Regt., Germany.
 2/Lt. S. P. Hill, 16 Indep. Coy. W.R.A.C., Kineton.
 2/Lt. P. S. E. Hollingbury, School of Artillery, Manorbier.
 2/Lt. M. Jones, 251 W.R.A.C. Sig. Sqn., Salisbury.
 2/Lt. M. R. Lloyd, W.R.A.C. College, Camberley.
 2/Lt. E. A. McLelland, H.Q. Hounslow Garrison, Hounslow.
 2/Lt. G. P. Platt, Army School of Education, Beaconsfield.
 2/Lt. A. M. Rowe, 6 Trg. Regt. R.C.T., Yeovil.
 2/Lt. M. G. Silcock, Depot & T.C. W.R.A.C., Guildford.
 2/Lt. K. C. S. Swallow, 8th Signal Regt., Catterick.
 2/Lt. W. M. Tyler, Depot & T.C. W.R.A.C., Guildford.
 2/Lt. A. M. Williams, 29 Coy. W.R.A.C., Germany.
 2/Lt. H. J. Wish, 12 Coy. W.R.A.C., Mill Hill.

London Gazette

PROMOTIONS AND APPOINTMENTS REGULAR ARMY

Captains: Lieuts. E. Ironmonger, F. A. F. Chandler, J. K. Warren.
 Captain (Q.M.): Lieut. M. J. Evans, from S.S.C.
 Lieutenants: 2/Lieuts. H. R. Greenland, D. F. Rumsey, J. L. Ryves,
 P. A. Marvin, C. R. Podmore, M. H. Smart, E. A. Condict, R. A.
 Stuart, P. A. Ames, E. M. Green.
 2/Lieutenant (on probation): P. M. Crowe.

SHORT SERVICE COMMISSIONS

Captains: Lieuts. A. Adamson, M.B.E., M. S. Crawford.
 Lieutenant: 2/Lieut. K. R. O'Shea.
 2/Lieutenant: K. R. O'Shea.

T & AVR

Major General F. O. C. Graham, C.B., D.S.O., is appointed Honorary Colonel, W.R.A.C. T & AVR, Scotland, 1st April, 1967, in a new appointment.

RETIREMENTS ETC. REGULAR ARMY

Colonel: J. Fisher, C.B.E.
 Major: K. I. Cunningham.
 Captain: J. C. Swann.
 Lieutenants: M. M. F. Reid, P. B. Fereday, C. A. Howell, M. S. Clinton-Rowland, A. M. Gelston, L. D. Williams, J. R. Sanders.
 2/Lieutenants: D. D. M. Byrn, J. K. Valentine, M. M. Andrews, M. E. Richardson, M. M. Howard-Higgins.

LIMITED SERVICE REGULAR COMMISSIONS

Lieutenant: D. Hurrell.

SHORT SERVICE COMMISSIONS

Major: M. E. MacLagan, M.B.E.
 Captain: J. Nixon.
 Lieutenant: J. M. Reed.
 2/Lieutenant: G. A. James.

Personal Column CHARGES

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

For Sale: Officers No. 1 Dress (£3 10s. 0d.) Greatcoat (£3) No. 2 Dress (£1) Hat (10/-) Height 5 ft. 6 ins. Bust 34 ins. Waist 24 ins. Hips 36 ins. Box No. 12/67.

For Sale: Officers No. 1 Dress complete. Khaki Greatcoat, Complete Mess Kit. Height 5 ft. 6 ins. Bust 38 ins. Waist 30 ins. Hips 38 ins. Box No. 13/67.

For Sale: In aid of Benevolent Fund. Officers No. 2 Dress, Height 5 ft. 8 ins. Bust 38 ins. Waist 28 ins. Hips 40 ins. 2 White Shirts 14½ ins. Neck. Offers To Box No. 14/67.

For Sale: No. 2 Dress as new (£15) Moss Bros. No. 1 Dress (£8) Greatcoat (£10). Size 10-12 Box No. 15/67.

Maureen Lee 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. (Thursday 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 in 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.

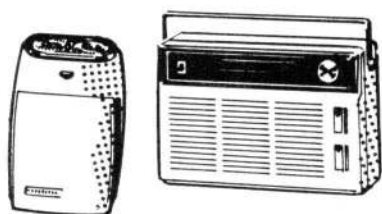
Printed Private Stationary, Basildon Bond, Croxley Script. Queen velvet, etc., boxed. Full details. Miss J. Firmin, 26 Lee Road, London, N.W.7.

Ladies: Buy British Bargains in Bri-Nylons by post. 3 prs. 10/-. Post free. Guaranteed perfect. Size 8½-11. Shades light, medium and dark. Cash with order to Dept/C 26 Lee Road, London, N.W.7.

Wanted: Books on Women's Services, especially "As Thoughts Survive" (Whateley). "Blue Tapestry" (Laughton Mathews). "Wings On Her Shoulders" (Beauman). Box No. 16/67.

R. SILCOCK & SONS LTD. of Inglewood Hall, Ledsham, Cheshire, have the following vacancies for their Staff Training College:—Head Cook (Female). Experience in plain cooking (approx 40). Young Lady (Single) General Assistant. To care for Male Staff Trainees Accommodation. Both posts are well paid, residential and all found. Details of age, previous employment to the Warden.

Wanted: Secretary/Treasurer for Ladies Club in Aberdeen. Resident post. Free cottage available if required. Salary in region of £600 per annum. For further particulars apply to: Messrs. L. MacKinnon & Son, Advocates, 23, Market Street, Aberdeen.



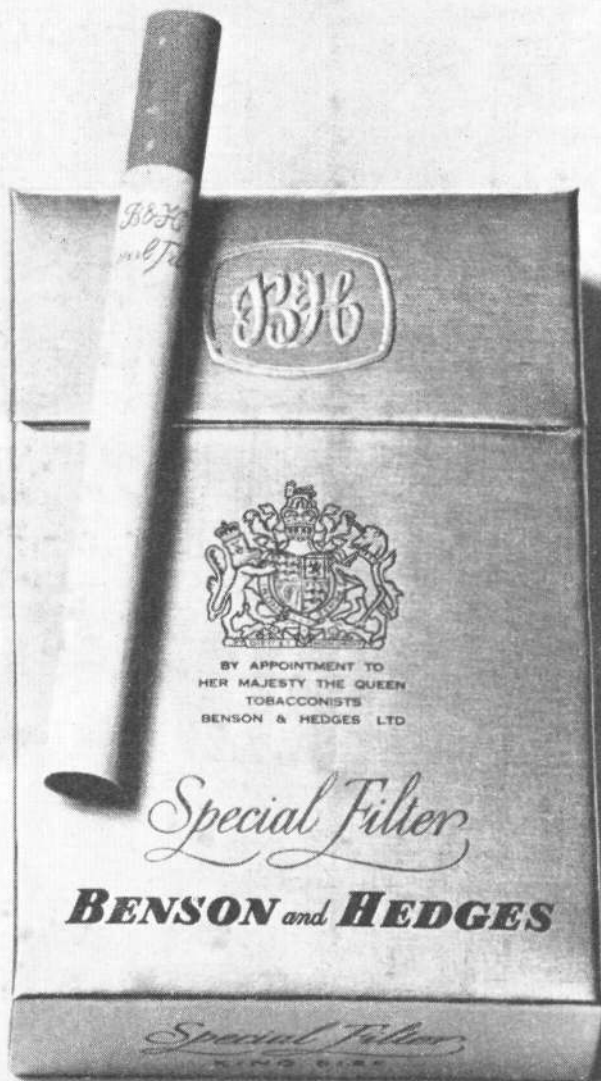
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