

WVS/WRVS Bulletin/Magazine

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WVS BULLETIN

Birmingham Post & Mail

Mrs Thornhill and
Mrs Hanna have a
go on the stirrup
pump, at Birming-
ham County Borough
Civil Defence
Headquarters

(see overleaf)



WVS Bulletin

Oxford Mail & Times

EXCHANGING IDEAS

with

*two visitors from
the U.S.A.*

IN 1961 Civil Defence in the U.S.A. was reorganised, some responsibilities going to the Department of Defence and some to the Office of Emergency Planning which is in the Executive Office of the President.

At the invitation of Lady Reading, two representatives, Mrs Hanna, assistant to the Assistant Secretary of Defence, and Mrs Ashton Thornhill, Director of Women's Activities in the Office of Emergency Planning have been on a fortnight's visit to Britain to exchange ideas and to study the part which women play in Civil Defence in this country.

The programme arranged for Mrs Hanna and Mrs Thornhill was a very full one and included talks at the Home Office, attendance at a debate on Civil Defence in the House of Lords at which Lady Reading spoke, Conferences at Headquarters on Civil Defence, One-in-Five and Clothing and a tour of Civil Defence activities taking place throughout the country. Mrs Hanna also addressed a meeting at the Alliance Hall, Caxton Street composed of women responsible at top level throughout WVS for Civil Defence.

*Mrs Hanna and Mrs Thornhill watch
the pots boiling at a Civil Defence
Exercise, Kidlington Airport*

The visitors were amazed to find that, at an East Sussex Dispersal Exercise, 4,000 ordinary citizens were prepared to turn out on a Sunday to act as 'homeless', in addition to large numbers of volunteers who were 'on duty' in their Civil Defence capacity. Mrs Hanna and Mrs Thornhill expressed great interest in our method of training instructors, speakers and volunteers.

To find an enormous body of women working voluntarily in peace time, and trained and ready, now, for

any emergency, has struck many visitors as remarkable, even as enviable. Yet they recognise that this ideal of voluntary service cannot be imposed upon other countries, not only, as in the case of the U.S.A. because of the difficulty of co-ordination, but because the spirit of WVS came into being at a time of imminent danger and was translated into action by a handful of far-seeing women, and that this is the pulse without which the heart won't beat.

A good initiation into the complexity of problems of Civil Defence in the U.S.A. might be to contemplate the intricacies of co-ordination needed to set a centipede in motion: all those waving arms (or legs?)—how is it done? A country of 50 States and a population of about 180 million poses problems which we never have to face; in working from a central plan things tend to fall apart and discussions often end in retreat into statistics.

How then, does the U.S.A. face the problem of Civil Defence?

In 15 States much has already been done through the medium of 'public' education, both in schools, adult education centres and groups in Universities. Next year it is expected that nearly all States will follow this lead. Publicity is given through newspapers, television, radio and magazines, and through the booklet 'Fallout Protection'. But the

greatest effort of all has gone towards the survey of fall-out shelters by which it is hoped to provide shelter for up to 55 million people, since it is planned to have a shelter within fifteen minutes' walk of every urban home.

At a final discussion at Headquarters, Mrs Hanna demonstrated the Medical Self Help Training Unit, consisting of a small screen and projector together with film strips and booklets on every aspect of health, hygiene and first aid including radiation sickness and emergency childbirth. Should there be too few Red Cross instructors, the course would be conducted by volunteers who have, in the words of our visitors, been 'orientated'. The course, which consists of 8 two-hour sessions, will encourage the public to educate themselves in order to be self sufficient—not as formerly, until a doctor arrives—but when the doctor is not coming. This project is fully backed by the medical profession in the U.S.A.

We hope that the sightseeing, explorations and visits to two theatres (one being Stratford-on-Avon) which were slipped into the programme may have mitigated the tiredness our guests must have felt during such an arduous fortnight. For us, the visit was refreshing and delightful. As the old lady of 86 said when she volunteered to act as a 'case' during the Dispersal Exercise:

'It makes a change.'

WVS Film 'WOMEN in GREEN'

Release Dates June, 1962

Date	Region	Town	Theatre	Days
June 11th	9	Rugby, Warwickshire	Granada	6
June 24th	London	Notting Hill district	Imperial	4

SEEING LONDON WITH PEN AND PENCIL

A Shankar Children's Competition prizewinner
visits Kensington WVS

It was a rather frightened and very shy little boy we met at Euston station, but then Reginald—although 14 and 4 days old—had only once in his life been away from Manchester for a night and that was with friends. Now he was coming to spend a week in London as the guest of Kensington Centre, having been one of the British prizewinners in the Shankar International Children's Art Competition. He was so shy that he was hardly able to speak, but his Hostess coped. Having shown him round the flat she left him alone whilst she prepared tea. Imagine her surprise on her return when he presented her with a beautiful sketch of an antique lamp which he had found. That broke the ice.

Kensington had arranged an interesting and varied programme for him, and he spent most of the time sketching. An added excitement was when one of the horses bolted during the Changing of the Guard. We had a moment of panic at the Tower of London because we could not find a raven immediately on arrival, and Reginald thought London was doomed, but we found them round the next corner! Never did the WVS member realise there were so many different suits of armour in the Tower! Reginald insisted on examining every one minutely so that he could memorise them. The whole operation took two hours and there was not a bench in sight! The escort to the National Gallery fared better when Reginald sat down in front of a religious picture and refused to budge until he had sketched it. He was surprised to find that Big Ben was 'in colour', having imagined it to be black-and-white (he had seen it only on the films) and although Buckingham Palace was as

expected, he was not prepared to find the open space surrounding it—he thought it was in an ordinary street!

The week passed all too quickly and it was time to go home. According to his hostess Reginald looked rather like a Christmas tree when she put him on the train. He had made so many friends and many of them had given him presents including two very large picture frames. We all enjoyed having him and are looking forward to the next visit.

(A paragraph about Reginald Gardiner was printed in the April number, page 19.—Ed.)

ROYAL
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The new Mother and Baby Club, Hammersmith

Left: *This is going
to surprise you*

Right: *Thank you
for the invitation.
May I think it over?*

ROYAL
VOLUNTARY
SERVICE

ROYAL
VOLUNTARY
SERVICE

Keeping herself to herself

A STALWART widow aged seventy-five, and 'doing' for a bachelor who lives nearby, Mrs. X daily shuffles across the street (she never fails), dons her carpet slippers, and vacuums and dusts, slowly but cheerfully ('never say die!'). In spite of being nearly stone-deaf and partially blind ('Doctors? Oh, I wouldn't trouble *them*!'), and in winter troubled with bronchitis, she is valued for her reliability and her clichés. 'Mustn't grumble! Beggars can't be choosers!'

She lives in a second-storey flat in a row of private villas, rent-controlled. She is so obsessed with the fear that she will somehow infringe the laws and be turned out or charged an exorbitant rent that she moves quietly whenever she is indoors so as not to disturb the landlord below; and after doing her daily work she walks the streets of the Borough, whatever the weather, till late afternoon—window-shopping, collecting her pension and buying her dinner which she cooks when she gets home. Then early to bed, in the winter largely to save paraffin for her heater (portable), in the summer mainly to avoid attracting attention to herself by her heavy tread on the landlord's ceiling—and always, summer and winter, to 'save her legs'.

She is fiercely independent, and will take no advantage of any local schemes, voluntary or council-sponsored, for the relief of pensioners. No trips on the river for her, no caravan holidays by the sea: ('I wouldn't like to leave my rooms empty: you never know!'). No lunch-clubs, no Darby and Joan: ('No, thank you very much. It's very kind, but I'm best on my own.')

Her niece, the only relative she cares about, lives in one room in Surrey

where she works as a Civil Servant. She visits Mrs X about once a month ('the fares are so high'). They sit together quietly by the window, watching the local drivers juggling for parking space against the kerb, or the local dogs fouling the pavement and sniffing at the lamp-posts. They would live together, these two isolated human beings, but neither can sub-let or share their lodging, and neither dare even suggest a change. 'Best leave well alone. Mustn't grumble!'

Her employer discovered recently that both he and Mrs X ought to be stamping cards weekly as an insurance against an accident to her on his premises, and she mentioned this to me. Unreasoning panic was the only result of his willingness to pay both contributions—his and hers. 'I've asked, round about,' she said, 'and nobody's paying it. I've got my pension, and I'd be looked after in hospital. I don't want pay while I'm in there . . . and I wouldn't dream of claiming against him, anyway.' And she added: 'One woman did *try* to get it fixed up. You've got to go right across to the Pensions people, and then they ask a lot of questions and give you a form to fill in. *She* gave it up then. It's not their business. I like to keep myself to myself . . . and I've promised my niece faithfully, I wouldn't touch none of it. Let well alone. I'm quite satisfied.'

In spite of her deafness and blindness and slowness, she was prepared to give up a good job rather than conform, to risk not getting another. Fear of incomprehensible laws, a rooted dislike of 'interference', anxiety lest she commit herself by 'signing something', distrust of forms she couldn't understand (can *we* properly grasp the

(Continued on page 9)

A man's view of WVS

I AM a school-teacher and my wife is a member of Chesterfield WVS. Over tea some evenings we swap stories of the day's happenings, and I emerge from these sessions thanking God for the comparative peace and tranquillity that go with my job. And that bald statement would surely make many of my contemporaries rock on their heels.

In one of our local hospitals there is a department dealing with people regarded as mentally ill. This they undoubtedly are, but they are also often friendless, without relations, forgotten by the world outside. They are locked in, and not many from outside bother to knock at the door.

But WVS exist to tackle situations like this. Into that modern memorial to the callousness of the materialistic world go my wife and her colleagues, and the situation is far from easy. They meet women in various stages of their malady—residents of from 70 years' (yes, 70 years) standing, down to newcomers; sometimes seemingly sane, more often completely unreasoning; confidential, and often convincing talkers with ideas built up only in the cocoon of a far-away childhood.

In there my wife has been kissed and cussed, kicked and cuddled, all with the same illogicality of the naughty, or emotional child.

This may all sound somewhat harrowing, but when we get down to it we must admit that the basic situation is all too readily believable.

So how does WVS tackle it? This is not quite the field for the conventional (but none-the-less welcome) 'Cup of tea Campaign'.

The patients have a little—or sometimes a little more than a little—money, but they never handle any. Should they wish to celebrate—at Christmas or Easter—by acquiring a new dress, a packet 'perm', a pair of slippers, a packet of hair grips, a pair of nylons, a cardigan, jewellery, toilet requisites and beauty preparations, Easter eggs, etc., then the WVS member takes particulars, checks the financial position of the purchaser, goes to the town, makes all the purchases, comes back, fits on as and if necessary, records the purchase, and prepares the necessary financial details for the Hospital Treasurer.

About sixty patients are involved with an age range of 20 years to 90. At a recent Easter 'spending spree' the individual purchases, according to taste and financial status, ranged from 9d. to about £4, and in all about £58 of goods were bought and paid for. The patients pay retail prices, and the various Stores in the town allow WVS a generous discount. (Here may I say how extremely co-operative the shops in our town have proved to be.) The whole of the profit thus made is ploughed back into buying something for the ward to help brighten up the lives of the patients.

And what about the human touch? One day my wife, with the approval of the medical authorities, took one of the patients away from the building into a shop and on to a bus for the two miles journey to the patient's own home, where she stayed and had tea with her father on his 84th birthday. The patient made a purchase in the shop on the way, and tendered her own bus fare; and believe me, that really

made her day, as she had not handled money, or been out of the hospital grounds for over 20 years!

All WVS work has to be subjugated to hospital routine, a situation which brings its own troubles, but in the main co-operation and tact get over the obstacles very smoothly.

I am one of the many husbands whose life is enlivened and enriched by having a WVS wife. A while ago she was ill in bed for some weeks. My first telephone call was to one of her colleagues, and immediately a great

deal of anxiety was magically removed from my shoulders. For one thing the Meals-on-Wheels service was put at our disposal. This at least saved my wife from a fate worse than death, because to say the least, my catering is limited and unimaginative.

In this article I have necessarily given the personal angle for which I hope to be forgiven. As a mere man, may I express my fullest admiration for WVS—and also my amazement that such unpredictable creatures as women can so successfully work together in such harmony.

Keeping Herself to Herself

meaning of their involved clauses?)—and superstition too. Clearly she felt, in her muddled way, that to insure against evil chance was to *invite* that

(continued from page 7)

chance evil—and would the psychologists say that she was altogether wrong?
*Margaret Myers, Old People's Welfare,
Hammersmith WVS*

Water

Water

Everywhere

EVER since the first cave-woman was dragged by her future spouse or pushed by an unfriendly brontosaurus into a pool of water heated by the sun, she has had a fixation about warm water. She washes dishes, clothes and unwilling children in it, but most of all she washes herself. Men see H²O as a good thing, and as long as they have hot water, soap that smells like soap and *not roses*, big towels, and the privacy in which to bellow forth about how they'll go no more a-roving, they are content. Not so the female of the species. She (or to be perfectly honest —we) must have certain necessities like bath oil, bath salts, bubble bath, bath powder, soap that *does* smell like roses and, above all, the perfect bathroom. Women are the great philosophers of the world, and as most of their great thinking (like 'I'll dye my hair green and *then* he'll take some notice!') is done in the bath, the stage must be set just right. When our cave-woman ancestor decided she wanted warm water in the cave by the fire, a chain reaction was started that has culminated in the crafty way in which we murmur sweetly, 'John, wouldn't it be terribly practical if we made a few teeny weeny little alterations in the bathroom?' Even Cleopatra in moments unrecorded by Shakespeare or Shaw must have whispered softly to Antony,

'Darling, I think pearl would be much nicer than all that nasty gold'. While we wouldn't be willing to return to the bath of Cleopatra's day (unless the results were the same), the changes over the last hundred years alone have been so great that it is worth having a backward glance. These changes show what a woman can accomplish, and it is no wonder that many men are convinced that to a woman 'progress' is synonymous with 'change'.

The Victorian bathroom was often a converted bedroom, and its major feature was darkness. Heavy wallpaper, Oriental rugs, gas lights and a small coal fire for warmth did little to brighten up a room predominated by mahogany as all the fixtures were encased in this wood. The enormous sink, of porcelain, was set in a wide marble rim, and the commode and tub were in wooden cocoons. The tub was long and slim, and its depth gives one visions of leisurely soaks—for the slender. One wonders, however, how the portly Victorian gentlemen ever got in the tubs, or, what is far more serious, how they ever got out again!

In the 30's the stark look came in. Mahogany vanished from the scene, and everything was white, white, white. The tub rose from its encasings and perched on little feet (in a wide variety

*The major feature of the
Victorian bathroom was
darkness*

of design) the basins shrank in size (was this because of bobbed hair?) and stood uncertainly on skinny metal legs. The commode was gone, and I doubt anyone wept at its passing! Despite all the modern advances, and the walls firmly encased in tile, this bathroom was far too hygienic and efficient for the average woman to loil about in with a clear conscience. All the perfumes of Araby would have felt decidedly out of place in the bathroom of the 30's and, although the pace was slowed down by two wars, the room that combined modern fittings and luxury finally appeared.

The first thing one notices about the bathroom of the 60's is colour. Tiles, walls and floors are available in every imaginable shade, and all of the fittings can match. If you have dreamed of soaking in a lavender bathroom, this is the era for you! Not only are colours in, but one can see them, and oneself, quite clearly, as the rooms are flooded with light and lined with mirrors. And shelves!—glorious shelves on which to pile the many things (like bath oil, bath essence, etc.) utterly necessary for bathing. The tub has had its legs amputated, and it rests serenely and invitingly in streamlined porcelain with side rails to prevent dangerous falls. The basins are oval and come on glamorous pedestals (that are rather low for a tall person) or can be fitted on the wall at any height.

Taps are also low and streamlined and, if one has a Cleopatra streak, can be purchased in gold. A porcelain dressing table is also available in the wide range of colours and on it, at the Modern Bathroom Exhibition, rests a telephone with a cord long enough to reach the tub. This, to the male mind, will be a serious menace—combining the two most time consuming female occupations: talking on the phone and lolling in the tub. Knowing the ingenuity of women, we have no comfort to give, as when the new television-phones come in, the phone bill will not drop. The bubble bath bill will climb!

Alison Buck

Bathroom of the 60's

The Times

Wives and children of the 1/6th Gurkha Regiment arrive in England. They were met by WVS Overseas member Phyllis Castle who has been working with them since 1956 and is helping them to settle in their new homes at Tidworth.

REPORTS FROM EVERYWHERE

Kent again

The Children of Kent have won the knitted squares competition sponsored by *Woman's Realm* for the second year running. Congratulations! Industrious 'Joans' are making the thousands of squares into blankets, many of which have already been sent to Beirut for refugee babies.

Leicester Mercury

A WVS by any name

One of the local doctors in Shoeburyness Sub Area is now in the habit of popping little notes through the door of the Centre Organiser when he feels that some of his patients need visiting. He refers to her as 'Mrs Meals-on-Wheels'. No matter what she is called, she is happy to have the doctor's close support.

ROYAL VOLUNTARY SERVICE

Right: *A cup of tea is not the most important thing this time: H.R.H. The Duchess of Gloucester talks to members of the WVS Darby and Joan Club, Boston, during her tour of WVS Offices in Lincs./Holland on April 16th*

ROYAL VOLUNTARY SERVICE

Below: *What's wrong with a pram? The inauguration of a village Meals-on-Wheels Service, Great Eccleston, Lincs.*

Lancashire Evening Post

Addys, Boston

Widower praises Laundry Service

'Sir, may I endorse wholeheartedly the publicity you gave to the WVS laundry service? My wife was unfortunate to have been a chronic invalid for years before she died, and these magnificent people turned up regularly every Monday and Thursday. Without this laundry service I honestly don't know how I could have kept up with clean bedding; in fact it would have been impossible. I may also add that their smiles helped me in a very trying situation.'

They Know How

The top form of a local girls' school gave a party for 30 old people. WVS Enfield Highway Centre were asked to suggest names, two members being invited as well. The members were most impressed by the trouble taken and the kindness shown. The entire afternoon was planned and carried out by the girls, who provided the entertainment, baked cakes for tea and partnered their guests for games and dancing. Each of the old people was escorted home by two girls and it was difficult to know who enjoyed the party most—hosts or guests.

Members of East Riding and South Holderness WVS arriving for their talks to lifeboatmen and their wives

ONE-IN-FIVE

Sound Advice

A Parody on the poem *To the Virgins to make much of Time*, by Robert Herrick (1591-1674).

Gather your Hearers while you may,
Old Time is still a-flying;
If you don't get them day by day,
You'll be for ever trying.

For you, unless you look alive
And have your Talks in plenty,
Will never get your One-in-Five,
Or even One in Twenty!

So be not coy, but do your best
Your backlog to diminish,
For if you once should lose your zest
You'll never, never finish!

Leicester Mercury

A family of three who lost their home and most of their belongings in a fire at Thurmaston, Leics., are fitted out at the WVS County Clothing Store, Leicester

BABUSHKA AGAIN

The Trousers

WE sat in the car and waited, whilst the rain teemed down. Old Ermolow, who still wore his Cossack boots, breeches and hat, had discovered that one of our team of Counsellors was a keen fisherman, and had volunteered to show him a wonderful place in the pine forest surrounding the Siedlung where there were wood-ants' nests—just the thing for bait! It had been fine and sunny when they set off; now the minutes ticked by and seemed to become hours, and there was still no sign of anyone. At last, out of the trees, staggered a figure—tired and soaking wet up to the knees. They had not found a single ants' nest, but old Ermolow, refusing to be beaten, had gone on alone deeper into the forest leaving our friend to return alone.

We drove back disconsolately to the little inn where we were staying and surveyed our dishevelled colleague, whose trousers were past description, and wondered how on earth we were to make him presentable by the next morning when he had an appointment to see an important gentleman in the Housing Ministry. I suddenly had an idea—Babushka! Being a dressmaker she had an ironing board and an iron, and all we had to do was to get the trousers dry. At 7 o'clock the next morning my fellow-Counsellor and I drove back again to the Siedlung where we knocked on Anna's door, and he explained his plight. Anna exclaimed in horror at the sight of his trousers, and having produced a blanket for him to wrap himself in, busied

herself with preparations to heat the iron. I sat outside in the car, and my friend gave me a running commentary through the window. Suddenly he gave a gasp, disappeared, and five minutes later came out through the door looking somewhat crestfallen accompanied by Babushka who was wearing a beaming smile of satisfaction at her handiwork. I looked at the trousers—they certainly had a knife-like crease, BUT . . . Oh! my goodness! Dearest

Anna had plonked the legs into a large jug of water and had then ironed them dry again with a nice, red-hot flat iron leaving a nice sheen on them and a large scorch-mark just at the knee!

We went that morning to the Housing Ministry, and anyone who saw us might have wondered why the tall man in the grey suit was carrying an outsize briefcase in such a way that it bumped against his knees.

Sheila Armstrong

Leicester Mercury

Lately all the wives had an evening out together, dining and going to the theatre, while the husbands stayed at home to look after the babies.

Why he ran

A little boy en route to a Children's Home, escorted by a WVS member, was met at the station by a kindly nun. On seeing her he dropped his suitcase and fled from the station, crying: 'Cor blimey, a penguin!' After he had got over the shock he climbed into the glistening new shooting brake, saying: 'Is this Jesus's car?'

Larbert WVS is sending this blanket to its adopted refugee. Each square bears the initials of the member who knitted it

The Old People's Laundry Service run by Leicester WVS delivers and collects in a van presented by the Rotary Club of Leicester

It's not only the Babies that Bounce

The Erith (Met. Kent) club for mothers and bonny babies is a most lively one, and the mothers enjoy their weekly 'natter'. The conversation ranged one week from what to do when you see a mouse to 'Mum telling me how many children I ought to have'.

Response

After attending a Children's Conference, the Centre Organiser of Barry and her colleagues left with many plans, one—the sending of letters to all Heads of Schools to find children in need of holidays—was put in hand at once, and many replies were received asking for more details. The School Inspector is also very anxious to help.

Appreciation

After a fire in Latchford, Warrington in which a family lost their house and their entire possessions, the WVS County Borough Organiser, Warrington, received letters of thanks from the owners of the house, thanking WVS for the help they gave in setting up a new home, and from the Chief Officer of the Welfare Services who wrote: 'It is very nice to know of such grand organisations at a time of need. For the help which has come through your department I can never thank you enough.'

A Wonderful Response

'We are doing very well as far as our children's camps at Ilkley are concerned. The Centre Organiser at Ilkley has been to speak to the Townswomen's Guild. She inspired them so much that they made us their 'charity' for this year. We are to receive a cheque from them which will banish any financial worries.'

Helping to Hospital

The WVS Representative in a village in Tonbridge Rural District has arranged for a list of days on which members go to Pembury Hospital to be printed in the Parish Magazine so that elderly people wishing to visit or having to attend hospital can be given transport. This has already proved helpful. WVS run four Out-Patients and one Visitors' Canteen at this Hospital. Seven members are receptionists for various clinics and flower arranging is carried out daily.

Burnley again

Last year Burnley Choir won the Orry cup at Blackpool Festival, and this year, on April 12th, they won the Casey cup, and the Selneec cup for part singing. They received very high praise from Miss Isobel Baillie who was the adjudicator, and who singled out their conductor for his work. The choir, which came into being about eighteen months ago, is formed of members from each of the four Darby and Joan Clubs, and the average age is 70. They wore what was described as 'taking' apparel: white blouses and black skirts, with round their necks a rosette of WVS ribbon, red and green with the Darby and Joan Club badge in the centre.

Idea

'We have tried the experiment in Beechfield Hospital, Watford of appointing a personal shopper who has undertaken to buy the little oddments needed weekly which we cannot stock

in the 'shop'. This relieves pressure on the trolley shop team.'

WVS as Tracers

A rather unusual little job came our way recently, a letter was received by Birmingham WVS via Regional Office, from the 'Daily Sketch and Daily Graphic' enclosing a cheque for £1 which, they said, 'one of our readers sent anonymously for the Birmingham Granny recently evicted from her caravan'. Their News Manager added: 'I had enquiries made but was informed that it would be unlikely that this lady could be traced, so I thought you might be able to help some other pensioner in similar need.' WVS succeeded in tracing the Granny. It was found that she and her grandchildren were not evicted from their caravan but were moved from the site on which they had been living. The old lady is 78 and bedridden and her grandchildren are aged 10 and 14. WVS was pleased to hand the £1 over to her.

R
V
S.

One-in-Five Campaign Launched

In April last, Lady MacColl, Scottish Chairman, Scotland, was interviewed on Scottish Television in the 'Here and Now' programme at the peak hour of 6.5 p.m. She answered questions on various aspects of One-in-Five, including survival shelters.

New WVS Centre for Stirling Burgh

Refuge rooms for survival were also very much in the news in April after the official opening by Lady MacColl of the new WVS Centre in part of Beechwood House, Stirling, which has been given by the Town Council.

That part of the house comprising the ground floor rooms and one upstairs room, which is to be used for special social events connected with WVS, provides, downstairs: office, kitchen facilities, clothing store, sewing room and a room for Darby and Joan meetings. Various exhibitions were staged on Opening Day in these premises. In addition there is a stone-built deep shelter—7 ft. by 10 ft.—fully equipped and stocked to keep a family of four alive for at least 48 hours.

A Silent Industry

In her speech the Chairman paid tribute to all the branches of WVS activity to be carried on at this centre and coined the phrase—A Silent Industry—to describe the perpetual nature of work in a clothing store. There are 57 such stores in Scotland which receive clothing every day. During the emergency caused by the recent hurricane 'Hattie', 75 bales of clothing were sent to British Honduras.

The Tree of Service

This device had been drawn on the window blind and hung in the hall for all to see. The tree springing from the roots of the WVS bore the fruits of the 15 services which are in operation in Stirling.

Interest—a Necessity

A WVS member who is on the staff of the Aberdeenshire Office lost her sight five years ago, and after training at the Royal School for the Blind and at a rehabilitation centre learned to use the Braille shorthand machine. She takes telephone messages and dictated

Aberdeen Journals Ltd.

letters down on the machine which enables her to read them back by touch and to type them. The member says, 'When I lost my sight, what I required most of all was an interest. WVS have given me that. I find I get as much out of it as I put into it.' We salute her courage and enterprise.

The Wheel Comes Full Circle

The saying, oft repeated in our youth, 'Keep a thing for seven years and you'll find a use for it', has more than a germ of truth in it. Over 70 pairs of black and fawn woollen stockings which Perth City Clothing Team tried, unsuccessfully, to dispose of were gratefully accepted by an Orphanage in Korea, through the good offices of a Convent in Perthshire. The young ladies who fall heir to the black ones will, doubtless, find solace in the fact that their sombre legs are now in the height of fashion.

'Flowery' Meals

Meals-on-Wheels are to be made more attractive for Crieff Old Folk. The Local Flower Arrangement Club are supplying posies to accompany the meals.

The WVS Medal

Awards up to the end of June, 1961

Region 6

Hounsell, Miss A. M.
Hounsell, Mrs. H. A.
Howard Rice, Miss F. N.
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Then she turned to us with a look of indescribable bliss and said: 'All my life I've wanted a coat like this and a pair of elastic-sided boots. Isn't God good to me?'

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