

WVS/WRVS Bulletin/Magazine

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WVS

BULLETIN

Harry of Hammersmith enjoys his WVS party



HONOURS AWARDED TO WVS

Birthday Honours were awarded to the following WVS members to whom we offer our congratulations

Officer of the Order of the British Empire

Miss Margaret Esther CHETTLE, M.B.E.
Regional Administrator, NORTH MIDLAND REGION

Member of the Order of the British Empire

Miss Betty Helen Isabella CUNNINGHAM
County Borough Organiser, DERBY

Olive Joan, Mrs EUSTACE
County Borough Organiser, STOCKPORT

Eliza Isabella, Mrs LEASK
Late County Organiser, ORKNEY

Pearl, Mrs LOWTHER
County Organiser, EAST SUSSEX

Heather, Mrs RATCLIFF
Overseas Member, R.A.F., IDRIS, LIBYA

Dorothy, Mrs WILKIE
Overseas Member, R.A.F., BRUGGEN, GERMANY

Dorothy Mary, Mrs WRIGHT
County Borough Organiser, BURTON-ON-TRENT

British Empire Medal

Ada Heartz, Mrs CAMERON
Clothing Organiser, SOUTH EASTERN DIVISION,
SCOTLAND

Kate Irene Sybil, Mrs WALLIS
Centre Organiser, YEOVIL BOROUGH

The Address

by

**the Bishop of Coventry, the Rt. Reverend C. K.
N. Bardsley, C.B.E., D.D., at the
WVS Anniversary Service in Westminster Abbey,
21st May, 1963**

St. John 13. *'Jesus, well aware that... He had come from God and was going back to God, rose from the table, laid aside His garments and, taking a towel, tied it round Him. Then he poured water into a basin and began to wash His disciples' feet and to wipe them with the towel.'*

'After washing their feet and taking His garments again, He sat down.'

'Do you understand,' He asked, 'what I have done for you? You call Me Master and Lord—rightly so, for that is what I am—then if I, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet, you also ought to wash one another's feet.'

'We have come here today with deep gratitude in our hearts for God's protection, guidance and blessing upon one of the most memorable agencies for good that has emerged in the past sixty years.

'The story of WVS is astonishing: in its short span of 25 years, WVS has built up its contribution of service in the realm of Civil Defence; in the sudden emergencies of national disaster; in its care for children (through its residential homes, clinics and holiday schemes); in its immense support in hospitals through canteens, shopping services, trolley shops; Health campaigns; Blood Transfusion service; Hospital Car service; Meals on Wheels; in its care for old people through Darby and Joan Clubs, through distribution of clothing; in its Prison Welfare, through its After Care Scheme and visiting of families of men prisoners; in its Welfare for Refugees,

Her Majesty's Forces—to mention but a few. What a prodigious list of kindly, thoughtful, compassionate services for mankind. But I do not propose to dwell further upon it. Suffice it to say that out of the tragedy and travail of war emerged this remarkable society of women pledged to service. It was remarkable that it ever began. It has been still more remarkable in its survival, adaptation and growth in days of peace. Under the inspired and inspiring leadership of its wise, firm and courageous leader, it has gone from strength to strength, till today it has found an important place among the great agencies for good that honour the name of Britain.

'But you would not want me merely to pat you on the back. We are all concerned about the future. Where do we go from here?

The second 25 years are more difficult, more important even, than the first; the devil's attacks become more insidious, more far-reaching; but I believe that all will be well provided you remember and even have before you the story outlined in my text.'

The Bishop then explained the words of his text. He spoke of the Passion play shown at Oberammergau and the way in which the meaning was so well brought out, showing that Our Lord was wanting to paint a picture which his followers would never forget, so that among all their memories, this would take precedence:

'Jesus rose from the table'

There was silence, speculation. What was He going to do?

“He laid aside his garments.”

How we need to do this. The garments of office tend to divide. Underneath the garments of a general, a bishop, a judge, stands a very ordinary person. Garments of office, medals of service, war ribbons—all these tend to make us believe that ‘we are different’. They tend to make us exalt ourselves over, for instance, the youngsters who didn’t do war service. How easily they make us a bit pompous; they make us expect and demand special treatment, and once that begins to creep in, the devil chortles.

“Jesus laid aside His garments—” and, *“taking a towel, He tied it round Him.”*

Slowly it began to dawn on the astonished disciples what He was going to do.

How terribly easy it is in the course of years (almost without knowing it) to lose our sense of motive. We clergy were ordained to serve a Master who Himself served. But, as the years go by, and we become a vicar, perhaps a rural dean, or a canon, or a bishop, we too easily forget this. The towel of service is displaced by the rosette on the hat—the mark of a canon—the gaiters—the dress of a bishop. We become an officer of our organization rather than the servant of the Servant of all. We become a little pompous, a little querulous, a bit edgy, rather die-hard. We cease to like changes, we talk about the good old days (when, incidentally, we were a big stone in a little pool; today we are a little pebble in a big lake). We begin to cling to our rank, to our job. We don’t like to see others, perhaps younger, coming along to do it better than we did.

Now, I am deliberately painting a black picture. The Church is *not* for the most part like this, and nor, I feel sure, is WVS. But there is a constant danger that confronts any society or agency for good: the danger lest our motives become sour. You and I have been called to serve, not to bask in the

sun of success, not to become people who sit back in the glamour of an assured position in a highly respected society. We can never ‘sit back’; we can never ‘stay put’. Always must we be facing new challenges, new demands. Whenever we think we have ‘arrived’ and can sit back, looking back—at that moment—both we and our society are in grave danger.

“Then Jesus began to wash His disciples’ feet.”

The humility of it! The glorious never-to-be-forgotten humility of this incident: the Lord, Son of God, the greatest Leader the world has ever known, kneeling to wash the dirty, tired feet of His own followers. It is staggering in its loveliness and challenge. For that is what it must always be—a challenge to all of us. Our greatest task is to be preparing others to do more effectively what we have done and to be glad that they are doing it better.

I remember one day listening to a young and potentially brilliant violinist. It was his first public appearance. After the performance I met the father. After expressing my admiration for this brilliant performer, I asked the father if he had trained his son.

Very humbly he replied: ‘Yes, I gave him his early tuition; I gave him all I knew, but when he began to surpass me, I handed him on to the experts.’ What lovely humility!

A society will always thrive so long as the spirit of humility prevails—the genuine desire that others shall do better than we could do, the desire that the future shall be even better than the past. This can only happen in the spirit of feet washing.

“If I, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet, you also ought to wash one another’s.”

Peter didn’t want the Lord to wash his feet. He thought it was ‘a bit infra dig.’, if I may use this phrase. It didn’t seem to him quite right that

a master should serve an inferior. But in this he was gravely mistaken, not merely because those are the right priorities, but because he needed to be washed; his tired feet needed refreshing—he needed inspiration. And don't we all at times?

'We are going on, year after year, doing our best, serving day in, day out, to the very best of our ability; and sometimes, almost without knowing it, the spark, the light, the inspiration, goes out of our work. We plod gamely on, but it all becomes 'a bit of a bind', and effort, a 'slog'. And the reason is that we have lost touch with the Master—the ONE who alone can keep the inspiration alive.'

The Bishop told of how, one day, weary in body and mind he had entered a city Church, and had there sat down to rest. A sermon was being preached—one he would never forget—of which the text was '*All My fresh springs shall be in thee*'.

'I can still hear' he said 'those words repeated again and again. I can still remember how I walked out of that city church knowing that I had been refreshed. It is my prayer that you, too, may walk out of this Abbey today, refreshed and strengthened by a renewed encounter with the *living* Lord Jesus Christ.

'You may think that in this sermon I have said some hard things. I have only said them as warnings, and because I had a feeling that you would not want me merely to say 'sweet nothings'—merely to pat you on the back, though that I do from my heart. I thank God for the loyalty, the endurance, the truthfulness, the devotion with which, over the years, you have served your Lord, your Queen, your Country. WVS, which has had such a glorious past, will have a still more glorious future, provided you ever keep before you the message of

the story from which my text is taken, with which I end my address.'

The Bishop then repeated the text from St. John 13.

*The Bishop of Coventry with
Lady Reading in Korea, 1935*

Extracts from the Address
to WVS Advisory Council
on May 8th 1963, by the
Secretary of State for Home
Affairs, the Rt. Hon. Henry
Brooke, M.P.

CIVIL DEFENCE in 1963

**‘... on the millions
of survivors the race will depend ...’**

The Threat

The fundamental purpose of the foreign and defence policy of the Government is to prevent war. This is the very foundation of all our efforts in the councils of the world. To that end we are firmly committed, with our allies, to a belief in disarmament. But until the time comes when the nations of the world have disarmed—and none can say when that will be—there remains the possibility that nuclear weapons might be used against this country. This could come by design, or from some miscalculation at a time of increased tension. It is the fervent hope of every one of us that this will never happen, but while the possibility remains it is unquestionably our duty to take steps to mitigate the consequences for those who would survive. There are many imponderables if we try to see where an attack would fall and on what scale. The enemy's intentions, the weather, the extent to which we are ourselves prepared—all play their part. In any event there would be casualties and destruction on a horrifying scale and little hope for those within the completely devastated areas, *but there would be millions of survivors* and on them the race will depend. That cannot be said too firmly or too many times. There are those who profess to believe otherwise. They delude themselves—the pity is that they deceive others. There would be millions of survivors. They would need the help

which civil defence could give them. Civil defence could not prevent the casualties and destruction. It could make the difference between life and death for those who survived the attack. It could relieve suffering. It could contribute to the restoration of some form of ordered life. I want to go on to tell you what we are doing to ensure that we do not fail in this great responsibility which has been laid upon all of us.

Civil Defence Policy

After the war ended in 1945, our civil defence organisation was practically closed down, but our peace was short-lived, for you will remember that in 1948 the international situation worsened. That was the time of the Berlin blockade. In the light of that situation the Government of the day decided—and there is no party difference in this—that civil defence should form a permanent part of the country's defence system, and a programme of measures, broadly on the 1939-1945 pattern, was introduced. It was recognised that the invention of the atomic bomb had produced a threat of greater dimensions than before but, although the scale of damage might be greater, the problems to be dealt with were seen to be of the same kind.

The immense destructive effects of the hydrogen bomb, invented in 1954, and the terrible threat of radioactive

fall-out which it brought, had a profound effect on our civil defence thinking as it had, of course, upon the whole of our thoughts on defence. When the full effects of the new weapons had been evaluated it became clear that the problems which they would produce would be so different in scale that they would be different in kind. We began then upon a far reaching revision of our civil defence preparations to fit them to meet this new threat. That process of revision has continued and is still continuing.

Control

In order to give aid to the injured, to find shelter for the homeless and to bring some order out of chaos, it would be essential to maintain a system of control, and we have made provision for this. You will have heard lately a good deal about R.S.G.'s. As the Prime Minister said in the House after Easter, there is nothing mysterious about their existence. In the last war we had Regional Commissioners, whose function was to co-ordinate Government activity in each Region and take charge on behalf of the central government if communications between London and the Region broke down at any time. They did not. It is widely known that our defensive plans for any future war, whether nuclear or conventional,

include provision for a similar, essentially civilian, organisation. These Regional Seats of Government are, in fact, the headquarters from which Regional Commissioners would operate in a war emergency and, as the Prime Minister said, considerable progress has been made in their provision. If we were attacked, all home defence measures would depend for their effectiveness on a system of control which could ensure that life-saving operations were properly directed and the surviving resources were put to the best use. We should have to gather together in each Region the control of resources which are normally the function of Government, whether central or local, and also of other services like gas and electricity. We should also need at these centres the heads of services, both civilian and military. This chain of control must reach downwards. It is an essential precaution to link these centres with the headquarters of the local authorities. The counties and county boroughs are already responsible for many aspects of the maintenance of life of the community. In our view, these authorities should be able to bring all their knowledge and resources to bear on the vast problems which could face us in war and in the struggle for recovery.

(To be concluded next month)

The WVS Childrens' Holiday Scheme

Arrangements for holidays for needy children are now well under way, but the yearly problem comes round again; how to ensure that the children are suitably clothed, which in England means prepared for cold, rain (and sun).

Unwanted boys' and girls' clothes in good condition would be most gratefully received by your local WVS.

Region 10

Abercromby, Mrs M. E.
 Adams, Mrs D. C.
 Adams, Mrs M. E.
 Anderson, Mrs A.
 Almond, Mrs M.
 Baron, Miss D. I.
 Baxendale, Mrs E. R.
 Beck, Mrs B. A.
 Behn, Mrs C. M.
 Bell, Mrs J.
 Bennett, Mrs J. E. A.
 Bent, Mrs H.
 Bevan, Mrs A.
 Birkby, Mrs R. H.
 Blundell, Mrs E.
 Bradley, Mrs E.
 Broadbent, Mrs G.
 Brown, Mrs C. M.
 Burke, Mrs L. J.
 Burley, Miss J. G.
 Butler, Mrs D.
 Butler, Mrs E.
 Cardwell, Miss M. A. W.
 Carter, Mrs A. M.
 Cavender, Mrs W. M.
 Chew, Mrs A. G.
 Clarke, Mrs M. E.
 Clay, Mrs M.
 Clayton, Mrs E. G.
 Golbert, Mrs A.
 Goulson, Mrs C.
 Cubbon, Miss A. J. J.
 Cumbus, Mrs E.
 Cureton, Miss W.
 Currington, Mrs L.
 Davies, Mrs L.
 Davies, Mrs M. J.
 Dean, Mrs R.
 Dodd, Mrs E.
 Donald, Mrs J.
 Driver, Mrs A.
 Dyer, Mrs L.
 Earnshaw, Mrs C.
 Edge, Mrs M.
 Edwards, Mrs B. E.
 Ellis, Mrs D. M.
 Eustace, Mrs O. J.
 Everin, Mrs E.
 Fletcher, Mrs C.
 Fox, Mrs S. A.
 Fox-Davies, Mrs D. C.
 Fulham, Miss N. B.
 Gash, Mrs L.
 Green, Mrs M.
 Grindey, Mrs K.
 Grocott, Mrs N.
 Grundy, Mrs E.
 Halliday, Mrs E.
 Harper, Mrs E. M.
 Hartley, Mrs B.
 Haworth, Mrs M. S.
 Haynes, Mrs J. N.
 Henshall, Mrs S. A.
 Higham, Mrs A.
 Higham, Mrs E.
 Higson, Mrs M. J.
 Hinde, Mrs F. M.
 Horner, Mrs M.
 Host, Mrs M.
 Houlker, Mrs M. B.

The WVS Medal

Awards from July to September 1961

Howard, Mrs M.
 Hughes, Mrs N.
 Jackson, Mrs F. G.
 Johnson, Mrs L.
 Johnson, Mrs M.
 Johnstone, Mrs S.
 Keating, Mrs S.
 Kelsey, Mrs M.
 King, Mrs G. R.
 Laithwood, Mrs N. C.
 Lawson, Mrs N.
 Leather, Miss H.
 Levy, Mrs M.
 Lewis, Mrs L. B.
 Lewis, Mrs M. W.
 Lomax, Mrs E.
 Lomax, Mrs L.
 Mannion, Mrs E.
 Marlan, Mrs E. E.
 Marsh, Mrs G. M.
 Mayes, Mrs E.
 McConnell, Mrs M. L.
 McLeod, Miss P. M.
 Melly, Miss E. M.
 Meredith, Mrs M. H.
 Mitchell, Mrs A.
 Milton, Mrs D.
 Nadin, Mrs M. M.
 Natrass, Mrs M.
 Neil, Mrs L. P.
 Newene, Mrs I.
 Ormesher, Mrs F. M.
 Orr, Mrs H.
 Parker, Miss K. C.
 Parkinson, Miss E.
 Pilkington, Miss M. F.
 Plant, Mrs L.
 Pollitt, Mrs A.
 Potter, Mrs M. J.
 Potwell, Mrs E.
 Quale, Miss M. C.
 Rentwick, Mrs J.
 Rhodes, Mrs M.
 Roberts, Mrs E.
 Rusbridge, Mrs E. J.
 Rushton, Mrs S. E.
 Sanderson, Mrs L.
 Schofield, Mrs E.
 Schutt, Mrs H.
 Shearn, Mrs A. C.
 Shepherd, Mrs H.
 Simons, Mrs E.
 Smith, Mrs E.
 Smith, Mrs E. A.
 Smith, Mrs H.
 Smith, Mrs H. H.
 Smith, Mrs M.
 Steel, Mrs M.
 Straker, Mrs D. B.
 Sturdy, Mrs B.
 Swindells, Mrs A.
 Tarr, Mrs G. M.

Taylor, Mrs C. C. J.
 Vicis, Mrs D. I.
 Wain, Mrs I. M.
 Walsley, Mrs E. A.
 Westhorpe, Mrs D. M.
 Wharton, Mrs E. C.
 Wickham, Mrs D. H.
 Wilde, Mrs N. M.
 Wilkinson, Mrs G. G.
 Wilson, Mrs G. R.
 Winter, Mrs M. F. A.
 Wolstenholme, Mrs E.
 Woolwich, Mrs M. E.
 Yates, Mrs C.

Scotland

Aitken, Mrs M. H. B.
 Betts, Mrs M. F.
 Birse, Mrs N. J.
 Blair, Mrs M.
 Borthwick, Mrs J.
 Caldwell, Mrs M. K.
 Cameron, Mrs A. H.
 Campbell, Mrs M.
 Corbett, Mrs J. B.
 Coutts, Mrs A. S.
 Craig, Mrs G.
 Cranna, Mrs K.
 Cumming, Miss W.
 Danskin, Mrs M. A.
 Darroch, Mrs G. D.
 Davidson, Miss G. P.
 Duncan, Mrs E.
 Duncan, Miss H. M. E.
 Elliot, Mrs A. B.
 Fraser, Mrs J. F.
 Forrest, Mrs E. S. B.
 Garrick, Miss M. T.
 Grant, Mrs M.
 Greep, Mrs A. G. B.
 Guild, Mrs A. F.
 Hammond, Mrs S. P. A.
 Henderson, Miss B.
 Hill, Miss H. J.
 Hunter, Mrs I. B.
 Hunter-Arundell, Miss E. M.
 Hutcheon, Miss J.
 Jamieson, Mrs M. B.
 Johnston, Mrs H. D.
 Johnston, Miss I. W.
 Kingston, Mrs W.
 Knox, Mrs C. G.
 Lawrie, Mrs A.
 Loudon, Miss M. T.
 MacDonald, Mrs A. M.
 Malcolm, Mrs M. E.
 Marr, Mrs M. D.
 McCall, Mrs S. J.
 McIntyre, Mrs I. S.
 McIver, Mrs A. M. W.
 Melles, Mrs H. R.

SPAIN IN RETROSPECT

THE tinkle of bells on the donkey's necks greeting the sun; the throaty growl their masters make to speed the beasts on: these are familiar early morning noises in the Spanish countryside. And living in an old converted water mill, the sound of the rushing stream underneath the house also becomes part of our life—a mimicry, almost, of the 'rainy day' in Britain.

But the sun was there to appease us, shining on our terrace, on the bridle of a donkey, on the whitewashed walls of the mountain cottages and on the stark buildings nestling in the blinding white slopes of the Andalusian mountains, for it is a rule strictly kept in Andalusia that every house must be whitewashed at least once a year.

Much of the coastland in this part of Spain is a shabby wasteland and uncultivated, for although labour is cheap, Spain is still a country of poverty. In spite of this the tourist bug is beginning to bite, building is increasing steadily, the cheap and ugly new buildings neglecting the ideas of beauty that old Spain understood so well.

But we were in the old Spain now with the sun, the sea, and the sky—and of course Maria. Maria was enchanting in her dusty black peasant dress, with her nut brown face of wrinkles and a toothless smile that would slay a thousand hearts. Maria had ways of her own: when we arrived, tired after a sleepless night on the plane, she was bedecking the place with vases of violets, and could not be distracted into putting sheets and blankets on the beds for us to have some sleep. Or after we had been waiting for a meal for hours she would plonk a dish the size of a soup tureen

'...the gardens of the chapel where the children were playing marbles...'

on the table, filled with one of her delicious paellas, the beam on her face only to be changed later to a look of amazement that we had consumed only half of it.

Maria lived in the villa throughout the summer, keeping it whitewashed and spotlessly clean, and returned to her relations when the winter came.

The villa was decorated with furniture of locally made unpainted wood, which gave a bare but rustic effect. In the one room downstairs there was a huge open log fire. Here we sat in the evenings, shutting the heavy oak door on the cold mountain air. Outside, the stream rushed underneath us as a train does through the night, and the shutters clicked together in the wind of the Levant.

Every morning we did the shopping for the day. There were two small

towns near us from which to choose: either we drove down the narrow winding road, punctuated with a series of potholes, to the coastal town of Fuen-girola, or we walked further up the mountain side to the beautiful little town of Mijas. We once asked Maria to come with us and she went away to get ready, appearing an hour later looking exactly the same. After that we went alone.

Carrying our enormous baskets of strong plaiting that we had bought there, we would first go and collect our letters from the Post Office, which consisted of a round polished table in a dark room on which the mail was laid. Then, pushing the behind of a donkey politely out of the doorway, we would smile gaily at the Postmistress—our ignorance of the language preventing us from having a longer con-

versation—and go to the little all-in-one shops to buy the food. With the aid of a phrase book and a little searching through the junk, we would manage to buy what we wanted, (or so we thought until it appeared later on the table in its cooked state).

Our shopping completed, we would wander down to the gardens of the chapel where the children were playing marbles round the statues and laughing in the spray of the fountains. The donkeys tethered to the rings in the walls stared at them placidly. I felt that if a bomb should destroy this world it would somehow leave alone this little town and the life within it, and the donkeys would still be going slowly down the mountain side in the evening, the tinkle of their bells announcing the end of another day.

Angela McFadzean

GOLF

The Spring Meeting of the WVS Golfing Society was held at Swinley Forest Golf Club on May 23rd. Fifty-two members played and the results were as follows:—

Division I

| | |
|-----------------------|----------|
| Scratch: Mrs Everard | 83 |
| Runner-up: Mrs Crew | 84 |
| 1st H'cap: Mrs Slater | 89-16=73 |
| 2nd H'cap: Mrs Palmer | 91-15=76 |
| 1st 9 holes: Mrs Benn | 38½ nett |
| 2nd 9 holes: | |

Mrs Cave and Mrs Crew tied with 37½ nett

Mrs Cave won on last 6 holes

Division II

| | |
|---------------------|-----------|
| Scratch: Mrs Salter | 91 |
| Runner-up: Mrs West | 96 |
| 1st H'cap: Mrs Kup | 104-31=73 |

2nd H'cap Mrs West 96-22=74
tied with Mrs Salter, 91-17=74
Mrs West taking the prize, Mrs Salter ineligible

1st 9 holes: Mrs Ireland 36 nett
2nd 9 holes: Mrs Bartley 34 nett
Partners' Better Ball:

1 Mrs Spencer and Mrs Kup 67½ nett
2 Mrs Everard and Mrs Salter tied with Mrs Palmer and Mrs Mobbs 68½ nett.

Mrs Everard and Mrs Salter won on the last 9 holes.

Foursomes Stableford: (13 holes)

1 Mrs Benn and Mrs Winfield 27pts.
2 Mrs Pole and Mrs Nash 25 pts.

The Golfing Society is open to members of the WVS past and present who possess an LGU Handicap, and Spring and Autumn meetings are held each year. The Hon. Sec., Mrs. Whitlock, Four Banks, Upper Warringham, Surrey will be pleased to send details.



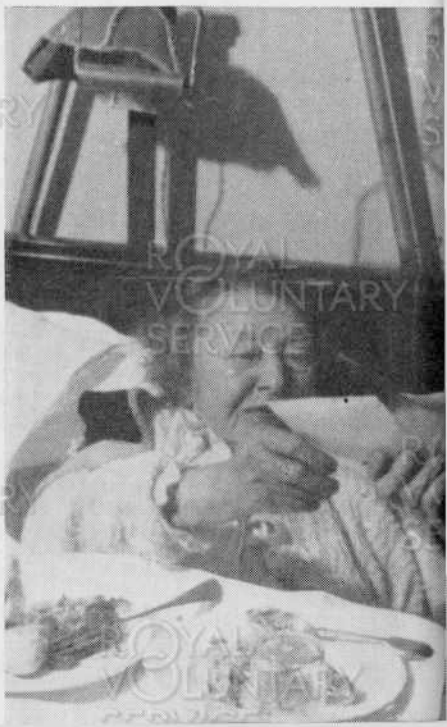
Stills
from a 35 mm.

MEALS ON WHEELS

Film Strip
produced in
conjunction with
WVS

by Camera Talks

*On loan to WVS from
Food Department, WVS Headquarters*





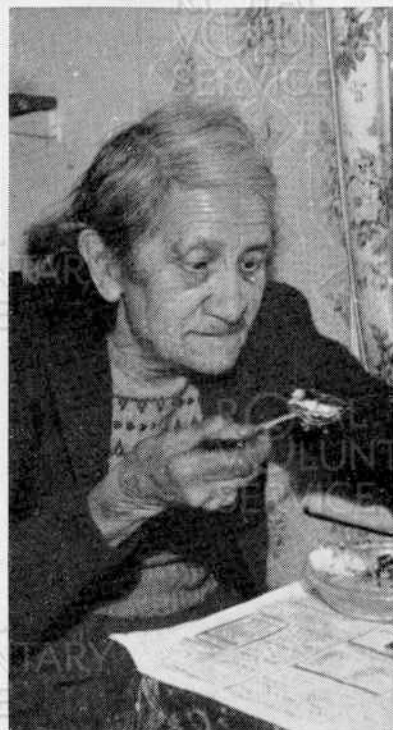
planning
the
routes

behind the scenes

it's not only the meal
but a friendly face



a very
welcome
meal



MORE DELICIOUS



MILK

RECIPES



SALMON MOULD

(Serves 4)

Ingredients

- 1 tin (7 oz.) pink salmon
- 2 level tablespoons cornflour
- $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice
- 1 level tablespoon tomato ketchup
- 2 rounded tablespoons
cooked cold peas

Method

- 1 Drain and flake the salmon.
- 2 Blend the cornflour and a little of the milk to a smooth cream.
- 3 Heat the remainder of the milk and when boiling pour onto the mixed cornflour, return to the saucepan and stirring constantly bring to the boil and cook for 3 minutes.
- 4 Add fish, lemon juice, tomato ketchup and peas. Season to taste with salt and pepper.
- 5 Pour mixture into a 1 pint mould or pie dish and leave to set in a cold place.
- 6 Turn out mould onto a bed of lettuce and decorate with tomato wedges.

SWISS RASPBERRY TRIFLE

(Serves 4)

Ingredients

- 1 small punnet fresh raspberries
- 2 tablespoons orange squash
- 2 tablespoons caster sugar
- 4 slices Swiss Roll
- 3 level dessertspoons custard powder
- 3 level dessertspoons sugar
- $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk

Method

- 1 Put raspberries in a bowl, sprinkle with 2 tablespoons caster sugar and orange squash. Leave in a cool place for about 3 hours.
- 2 Place slices of swiss roll in a serving dish.
- 3 Combine custard powder and the remaining sugar in a bowl. Blend to a smooth paste with a little of the milk. Heat remaining milk and pour onto custard. Return to pan and cook, stirring constantly, until custard comes to the boil; boil 3 minutes. Cool.
- 4 Spoon raspberries and juice over swiss roll slices and save a few raspberries for decoration.
- 5 Pour custard over cake and raspberries. Decorate with raspberries and a little whipped cream if desired.

Keep milk cool, clean and covered

Liberation Day, Channel Island

Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother talks to members who formed a Guard of Honour at Government House, when she visited the Channel Islands on Liberation Day, May 9th, 1963. His Excellency, the Lieutenant Governor, Vice Admiral Sir Geoffrey Robson, K.B.E., C.B., D.S.O., D.S.C. is seen on the left

Lady Hillingdon, Vice-Chairman of WVS, accepted a new van presented to Weston by friends of the WVS

Western Daily Press

Trying
it
out

SCOTTISH PAGE

Wider Horizons

Lady Reading has told WVS to 'Think Outwards and Look Outwards', and this advice certainly triggered off an idea at Tarves in Aberdeenshire. The Village Representative often noticed the boredom of the village corner boys on Saturday nights. This set her mind working and she decided that, having large empty attics in her house, she would offer them to the lads for a club. In her own words—'little did we know what we were letting ourselves in for'.

Starting off with eight boys, two soap boxes and a tatty rug, the club has grown to twenty strong. Work began in earnest. The boys set about it with gusto and scraped and re-painted the walls—in egg y yellow and pale puce—and soon pictures of athletes and pop singers and at one end a somewhat lop-sided mural, lent a decidedly contemporary touch to the décor.

A large desk, one or two chairs and some floor cushions soon found their way upstairs. A huge table top was 'begged' from the Church Hall and some old trestles borrowed from the school, since when table tennis competitions have waxed wild and noisy.

Next the boys pooled their books to

form a small Lending Library, while to help pay for their coffee and sandwiches, they put 4d. in the kitty every Saturday. Five of the boys decided to form a musical group—three guitars, drums and a vocalist—and under the name of 'The Vostocks' gave their first public performance at the local Women's Guild. Here they were such a success that many other bookings followed and they have gone from strength to strength. One of their most important performances has been a concert organised to raise funds to supply the local Boy's Brigade Company with new bugles.

The club, which is called 'The Attic Club', is run by the boys for the boys—not a highly organised affair, but just a corner in which to relax, play table tennis and other games, have discussions and music over a friendly cup of tea.

The Village Representative says that, apart from the tatty rug, 'our only contribution has been the fixing of an electric plug and an adaptor so that the boys could use a record player, radio, tape recorder and so on'. She went on to say that apart from providing venue and vitamins it is doubtful whether WVS can really claim this effort except

as a 'brain child'.

This is rather a modest assessment of the situation since Tarves WVS have provided the solid foundation upon which the lads have been able to build up their club and not only enjoy themselves, but give pleasure to others and help to raise money for social projects.

Also WVS cuts the Saturday night sandwiches — no small task where twenty boys are concerned; and lastly we have not had any mention of heating, lighting and power or wear and tear on attic stairs!

Congratulations Tarves—good luck and long life to The Attic Club — a triumph of private enterprise.

WVS Services Welfare Overseas

A young National Serviceman looks back

WHAT do the letters WVS mean to the Serviceman? That I cannot answer. I must leave it to members of Her Majesty's Regular Army to do full justice to the story of the Women's Voluntary Service overseas. But I can, perhaps, put into perspective the reaction of one humble appreciative National Service airman.

It is difficult to recall your period of service in the Forces without some sentimentality. The bad things are forgotten and the good times take on an unrealistic hue. It was a great experience. We were young. We were thrust straight from school into a society almost completely alien to our previous way of life. Obeying orders, square bashing, rifle drills, fatigues—all came to us harshly at first. The props that most of us need to make life tolerable, mother, father, girlfriend, were all taken away at once. A man had to find his own feet in this new society, and quickly.

After a period of training I was sent out to Berlin. That was a few years ago when Berlin was a different city. The wall had not been built. Bitterness after the war had settled into a peaceful acceptance of the tragic situation. Neon lights flashed outside the cinemas of the Kurfürsten Dam, cameras and watches shone invitingly in the shop windows, everyone looked

remarkably well fed. It was only if you looked more closely around you that you found you were hemmed in.

Although reprehensible perhaps to the outside observer, it was very necessary to the Serviceman to forget the realities at times. We would go to the little piece of England in the city. This was the NAAFI in the centre of the British Sector near the Freedom Flame that is to burn until Germany is reunited. Here WVS worked and here it was that I first met them. They organised a rest room, a real home from home, with comfortable chairs and a large selection of up-to-date English magazines. Nothing exciting, nothing dramatic but just those small unlooked-for services so much appreciated by the young man far from the warmth and security of family life. Under such circumstances it is precisely the little things that count and for which we were most grateful.

If you were in any minor trouble with affairs back home in England, WVS were ready to listen, to offer advice, to suggest to whom you should write, in fact to provide welfare that was all the more welcome because it was voluntary and not thrust on you willy-nilly. The WVS rest room and its amenities was one of the few things that I never heard criticised by the 'grouzers' who usually condemned everything from force of habit.

Whilst I was in Berlin I was concerned in a very minor way with work amongst the refugees from the East. I learnt to appreciate that their wrench

from their homes had been infinitely greater than mine when I entered the Forces. Both then and now I have been concerned with people from Eastern Europe. I have heard countless refugee stories, some comic, but most painful and harsh and it is in this connection that I have come across another WVS service. These refugees are often ill. They need new props but have entered a world that is racing ahead with little and they are always lonely. They have had all their props taken away without any hope of them being restored, time for them. The WVS does help them, again in small ways maybe, but as I have already said these are important, very important to the in-

dividual.

Voluntary services are often dismissed. The problems are seemingly too vast, the numbers too great. But one soldier cheered up, one refugee reminded of kindness that he thought no longer existed is worth all the effort. This might sound sentimental, perhaps you may say that life is really not like that but loneliness is not swept away by anything other than personal concern and active personal concern at that. For this reason alone if for no other, the WVS Overseas Service is appreciated by one National Serviceman. And I feel that I can vouch for thousands of others in far away places.

Peter C. Stupples

... first encounter

Last month we published an article written by a member training in London for her first job with Services Welfare, Chelsea. 'first encounter' continues her experiences, which will be of great interest to those thinking of following her example.

'Having left behind the carefree atmosphere of the training centre we now find ourselves in Germany and, we pray, ready for our first encounter with Services Welfare.

En route to her first posting (in this case an Irish Regiment) this trainee decided that a quick visit to a hairdresser was called for, remembering all she had been told about first appearance, first impressions and so on. Thus, full of confidence and attired in a brand new uniform, she drove up to the guard at the barrack gate to be greeted with a smart salute which sent her spirits soaring. Alas! this was but short lived! Hardly had she time to ask the way to the WVS Room, before a menacing face appeared at the car window. Recognising the uniform but not the face she heard a threatening voice demanding in what sounded like a foreign language; 'they'll not be taking our Paddy away from us, will they?' Ego utterly deflated she frantically tried to recall to mind any 'aids

and advice for all situations'. Nothing occurred to help her. Indeed she felt a horrid sinking feeling of being more or less unwelcome and an intruder! The very nickname 'Paddy' conjured up visions of a very Irish WVS well established and able to understand her countrymen's speech.

Realising that the expensive hair-do had been entirely wasted, the WVS member decided it was very, very necessary to find a more suitable approach if she were not to appear to be a complete 'square' and alien when she made her first appearance at the WVS Room later that evening.

She decided upon the following strategy:

- (a) to recall the memory of her own Irish grandmother (long since departed);
- (b) to reveal her knowledge of the exploit of this regiment when it hijacked 'Taffy', the goat mascot of a Welsh regiment, and painted it green the night before St. David's Day.

With nerves somewhat restored, the member timidly went along to the scene of her trial, having first to walk the whole length of the barrack square and wishing it could have been done under cover of a smoke screen!

'Paddy', was, as she had imagined, very Irish and full of her native charm. In the men's own language she told them 'the stranger' was a trainee and would be staying but a short time, at which assurance they uttered a prayer of thanks for their deliverance, and told 'the stranger' she was welcome. They assured her they would be on their best behaviour and asked her not to believe any stories she heard about them.

Some days later, after being badly beaten at draughts; playing endless games of 'Sorry'; enjoying a flutter at the 'Bingo' session; beating two of their best players at darts; and as a non-smoker accepting a challenge to smoke a cigarette without turning green, she suddenly realised she was 'accepted' and had cleared the first hurdle in this really fascinating and much needed work in Germany with Services Welfare.

Doreen Vlielanders Hein

A VISIT TO 'WVS CYPRUS'

WHEN I mentioned casually to a member of our Overseas Department at Headquarters, that I was going to Cyprus for a holiday, she said 'oh, but you must call in on WVS there'. The WVS Administrator for the Middle East is stationed in Cyprus and there are no fewer than eight of our overseas girls there, each in charge of a club in an Army or R.A.F. camp.

Cyprus is a fine island for a holiday—there are good beaches and a warm sea, beautiful flower covered foothills, lemon and orange groves and scarlet flowered pomegranate trees, craggy mountains, romantic castles and monasteries. All these are within easy reach of wherever you may be staying. But the camps, perhaps reasonably from the point of view of the Cypriots, are in isolated and somewhat barren spots.

It must, however, be said that though the sites may be bare and isolated, excellent accommodation and married quarters have been built.

We set off at the somewhat early hour, for holidaymakers, of 8 a.m., though once on the road we realised that everyone in Cyprus is well into their day by then. We drove the 70 miles to Famagusta, were whisked round to four clubs in four different camps. The reason for this haste was that the clubs would be open in the morning for men off shift duties, but closed in the afternoon. Evening visits, which would see the clubs in full swing, were unfortunately out of the question for us as we were staying too far away. Each club was different but each in an excellent building with cool and spacious rooms for reading, letter writing and games, balconies and a bar. In some cases an inviting sea was a stone's throw away.

At each club we were met by the WVS member in charge—a smiling, welcoming figure in crisp, light green tropical uniform. What impressed us most of all was the sheer size of the field, so to speak, in which each of our girls works—alone in her job, though surrounded by human kind. WVS ways were visible in each club, but so was the individuality of the members, each one friendly, approachable and providing a touch of 'home' for the men posted there. An event for which parties were being organised was the coming of the Ballet Rambert, which was to give performances in the magnificent keep of the mediaeval castle of Kyrenia. For Cyprus this was a big event and people from all over the island would flock there, not least amongst them being members of the Services, encouraged by WVS.

This brief picture of the work of our girls overseas was inspiring to see, and there must be many in this country who would welcome the opportunity to do such an absorbing, rewarding and interesting job.

Marion Massey

Somerset Darby and Joan Club Rally
Friday, May 24th, was red-letter day for about 500 Members of Somerset Darby and Joan Clubs when they attended a Service in Wells Cathedral.

This was conducted by Bishop Wilson and the address given by the Rt. Rev. E. B. Henderson, D.S.C., M.A., Bishop of Bath and Wells, who took for his theme the promises and comforts of the 23rd Psalm. The singing was led by the combined Choirs of Stoke-sub-Hamden and Weston-super-Mare Clubs.

After the Service, the congregation proceeded to the Palace Gardens, which the Bishop had kindly placed at their disposal, and where he welcomed and shook hands with each Member. This gracious gesture added to the Old People's happiness.

Cumberland & Westmorland Herald

Lady Reading and Lord St. Oswald, Joint Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Agriculture, were among spectators at a Food Flying Squad Rally at Winters Park, Penrith. Seven Food Flying Squads from the North and North West of England and from Scotland took part.

The weather was perfect and tea was served on the lawn by Members of the Axbridge R.D. WVS and the County Staff.

Targets

One-in-Five Targets have been reached by Huntingdonshire and Carlisle. Over 49,000 people heard the Talks during the March quarter, in spite of the bad weather.

Chesterfield
Hospital
calling
Athens

Derbyshire Times

Order of the British Empire

The Queen having approved, a service of the Order of the British Empire is to be held at 2.30 p.m. on October 30th in St. Paul's Cathedral. The Duke of Edinburgh hopes to be present as Grand Master of the Order. Altar silver and a cope of the Order will be dedicated at the service.

Those belonging to the Order and holders of the British Empire Medal who are desirous of attending this service are invited to apply for a ticket to the Registrar, Order of the British Empire, 8 Buckingham Gate, London, S.W.1. The closing date for applications is August 31st. If the demand for tickets exceeds the allotted number of seats available, it will be necessary to hold a ballot.

Applicants for tickets are requested to state their full name and the class of appointment which they hold in the Order, namely, K.B.E., C.B.E., O.B.E., or M.B.E., or whether they hold the medal of the Order. Letters customarily shown after the name denoting other orders, decorations or medals should be stated.

WVS in the Royal Tournament

This year, when WVS have completed twenty-five years' Service, we have been accorded a very nice compliment by the R.A.F.

Patients' thanks to WVS

'Sir We, the patients of Murphy Ward, Chesterfield Royal Hospital, would like to publicly thank the members of the WVS for the tele-trolley which was handed over to the hospital. It is a magnificent gift, much appreciated by us, and is in good use daily. This gift, in addition to the good services normally provided by the WVS is one more proof of its keen interest in those who are required to spend a period in hospital.

F. B. HESSON (on behalf of the patients of Murphy Ward).

On the evening of the presentation, Sheffield University graduate, Marinos Komninos, picked up the telephone beside his bed in the hospital, and heard his 11 month-old daughter crying at her home in Athens, nearly 2,000 miles away.

Arising out of the work done by WVS Overseas for the R.A.F. in Gan, came a request for a WVS member to appear in the Royal Tournament with the R.A.F. The scene in which WVS appears is set in Gan and depicts a wounded man rescued from ambush on his way home to hospital. The mercy plane touches down in Gan and is met by doctors, Red Cross and WVS.

On the opening day, when WVS appeared in the arena, the commentator said: 'Ah, here comes WVS', and before he could say another word, deafening applause broke out — absolutely spontaneously. As WVS walked across the arena, entirely by herself, the applause continued and we really felt that it was a real tribute to all the work done by WVS for the Services at home and overseas over the years.

WVS Lawn Tennis Tournament

The Annual WVS Lawn Tennis Tournament will be held on the courts of the All England Lawn Tennis Club, Church Road, Wimbledon, by kind permission of the Committee, on Tuesday and Wednesday, September 17th and 18th.

The Regional Pairs will be played on Tuesday September 17th. Pairs representing their Region in this Competition, **must be nominated in writing by their Regional Administrator.**

The American Doubles will be played on Wednesday September 26th.

Entry forms from: Miss K. M. A. Steele, WVS County Borough Office, 17 Auckland Road East, Southsea, Hants.

Final details in the August Bulletin.

Her first Communion

This little girl, a member of one of Chelsea's adopted refugee families, was photographed after her first Communion. She is dressed from top to toe by Chelsea Centre. Her dress, veil and charming little head-dress came through a Catholic member, who also gave her a new 'Missal'; another knitted her pretty white cardigan and her friends at the Centre provided all the rest. Although it seems as if the child were carrying a cross, she actually has a candle in her hand, with a little white garland to prevent drips.

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