



COMPTOMETER
MEDLEY

COMPTOMETER MEDLEY

Summer 1952

No. 8. NEW SERIES

Edited and Published by
FELT & TARRANT, LTD.
Aldwych House, W.C.2



A copy of each edition is sent free to every operator on Felt & Tarrant's mailing list. The intention is to interest and encourage Comptometer Operators for the benefit of themselves and their employers.



MAY WE REMIND YOU

the name "Comptometer," belongs to Felt & Tarrant and cannot rightly be used for any other make of Adding and Calculating Machine. For many years, in fact, Felt & Tarrant's slogan has been "If it's not made by Felt & Tarrant it's not a Comptometer."



THE eighth season of post-war reunions is being planned for the following dates, although one or two are provisional. Felt & Tarrant have pleasure to invite all Comptometer Operators to take part, and you should apply to your School if you have not had your invitation ten days before the date.

1952

Cardiff	26th September
Birmingham	6th October
Bradford	7th October
Leeds	8th October
Liverpool	9th October
Manchester	10th October
Glasgow	15th October
Edinburgh	16th October
Bristol	29th October
Leicester	7th November

1953

Sheffield	3rd February
Swansea	6th February
Nottingham	24th February
Belfast	3rd March
Dublin	5th March
Hull	10th March
London	19th & 20th March
Coventry	17th April
Middlesbrough	6th May
Newcastle	7th & 8th May

Felt and Tarrant AND YOU...

ALL Felt & Tarrant Schools in Gt. Britain are scheduled employment agencies within the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952. Schools will be glad to see Comptometer Operators at any time, also to help them if they need permanent or temporary work or if they need advice. So make sure you are on the mailing list and receive reunion invitations, magazines and calendars (all free). Notify any change in your name or address. Claim your half-guinea bonus if you introduce a girl who is enrolled as a pupil. Your nearest School can show you blazer badges which you can buy at cost price if you wish, also Comptometer shield brooches at 1/6d. each.

Holiday in Paris

by Eileen Russell



PARIS—city of the gay; whose eyes twinkle like a million stars; whose poets write of her; whose singers sing of her. Paris—where lunch without wine is like a day without sun. Easy to know and easier to love, Paris captivated me from the very first moment.

Crossing the road was the first adventure. It is not to be treated lightly. It has to be experienced to be believed. Imagine Oxford Street in reverse, double the speed of the traffic and throw in a road race to liven things up. Reduce the size of the traffic lights until they are like cocoa tins, and arrange for them to flicker on and off like advertising signs gone mad. Infuse each driver with the determination to race the man in front, or crash in the attempt. Arrange for the taxis to swerve madly to and fro. Now try to cross the street and you will have an idea of the French traffic.

Only one man can live in this turmoil—the gendarme who stands in its midst, nonchalantly swinging his white baton and looking oddly like a postman in his navy blue uniform with red pipings. Occasionally, and for no apparent reason, he blows furiously on his whistle, holds up his baton, and the traffic stops—just like that, with a screeching of brakes. Woe betide the driver who fails to stop at once, for then the gendarme bristles with anger, the driver protests, others join in and, in a trice, there is a free-for-all accompanied by much gesticulation and shrugging of shoulders.

Whilst this is going on the pedestrian has his chance and, if he is wise, scuttles across the road tolerably certain to escape being run down. At any moment the gendarme will blow once more on his whistle and lower his baton. This is the signal for the race to re-start and everyone hurtles off the mark once more.

Along the fashionable Rue de Rivoli there is an aura of glamour in every gown shop. Each display appears more pleasing than the last; each creation more breathtaking.

Another thing for which Paris is famous is her flower markets. Flowers of every hue and variety stand in never-ending lines,

their unaffected loveliness appearing like living rainbows.

Notre Dame is a marvel of Gothic architecture. Begun in 1163, the building of this wonderful cathedral was not finished until about the year 1230. Inside it is cool and dim and, perhaps for this reason, the magnificent rose windows appear to shine with splendour as the sunlight filters through and throws shafts of variegated light down and across the vast interior. Groups of candles glimmer and an occasional gleam illuminates the paintings of the Saints which adorn the walls.

One of my most memorable visits was to the Opera House to see the *Elvira* and *La Mirage* ballets. It was a thrilling experience to walk into the magnificent entrance hall, pass under the glittering chandeliers, ascend the impressive staircase passing the statues holding candle lights until reaching the top, and then pause by the fountain. The dancers were superb, their grace and charm sheer delight, their dresses a joy to behold.

An entertainment of a different kind, but none the less enjoyable, was that provided at the *Bal Tabarin*. The cabaret was put over with the glamour and splendour of a colossal Hollywood technicolor musical. The girls were full of life and vigour and seemed to be enjoying it all so much—at 2 a.m. too!

No one goes to Paris without visiting the Eiffel Tower. It is a marvellous piece of engineering construction and stands like a giant guarding the city. The top is reached in three stages. There is an imposing restaurant at the second stage with dancing at night. From the top I saw the many places I had visited. All Paris with her many irresistible charms stretched out far below me.

My stay, like all good things, ended too soon, but I have brought back many happy memories of Paris—her gay little cafes—wide boulevards and avenues with poodles strutting along in true Parisian manner—clocks on posts in the streets—strange perfume everywhere—all these, and many things more, will always remind me of one of the most beautiful cities in Europe.



MEETING Her MAJESTY

AMONG THE AUSTRALIAN CONTINGENT OF OPERATORS WHO VISIT THE OLD COUNTRY, AND TAKE COMPTOMETER JOBS HERE TO HELP PAY THEIR WAY, CAME MISS MARIE F. KING FROM SYDNEY. THE FOLLOWING IS HER OWN ACCOUNT OF THE SUPREME EVENT OF HER VISIT.

WHEN I return home to Australia my friends will ask about the highlights of my trip abroad. I have had many wonderful experiences, but the one I remember most vividly is my presentation to Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth at Cliveden, Taplow, home of the Viscount and Viscountess Astor. (Her Majesty is now Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother.)

The sky was overcast, but the lovely dresses of the ladies made a colourful scene to the beautiful background of Cliveden. We wandered through the lovely gardens down to the river admiring the beauty of our surroundings. Many Dominion people

were present. As the time drew near for the arrival of Her Majesty we returned to the house. Then the National Anthem was played and we knew the Queen had arrived. Suddenly the sun came out.

While waiting, I was approached by a lady and asked if I came from the Dominions. I replied "Sydney." When told I was to be presented to Her Majesty I could hardly believe what I had heard. As the minutes passed I felt very excited and a little nervous.

The Queen came down the stairs looking radiant in a lovely pale blue ensemble. I found myself being presented to a most charming Lady. I will never forget her sweet smile, her firm handshake. After a kind question about my visit to England, the Queen moved on. I was left feeling very proud and extremely honoured.

The many distinguished guests included Miss Margaret Truman and General Omar Bradley.

With reluctance I caught the train back to London, but never will I forget that wonderful afternoon. In the years to come I will always look back with great pleasure to that memorable occasion.

This photograph shows Miss Marie F. King, from Sydney, Australia. It was a pleasure to meet her in London. This is a good opportunity to recall how Comptometer Operators travel all over the world and soon find a job, if they want one, by calling at the nearest Comptometer School. In little more than sixty years, the Comptometer family has become a very large one and its members are found almost everywhere.



Getting Around

Girl in Holland

JOIN the Army and see the world, says the recruiting poster. "Get married and see the world" seems to be the alternative for most of the operators who have appeared in this "Getting Around" series. They have sent us their stories from all corners of the earth.

Mrs. Beryl Hamelink, however, is not as far away as some of her sister-operators. Her husband was in the Dutch Merchant Navy and is now a river pilot in Holland, so Beryl became a Dutch housewife.

Some operators up Middlesbrough way may remember Mrs. Hamelink when, as Beryl Mailen, she was in Middlesbrough School in 1941 and then worked with Richardsons, Westgarth & Co., Hartlepool, until she married in 1944.

Beryl says the Dutch are similar to the British in many ways but she thinks they make far more of home life. Every girl takes a Domestic and Housekeeping course and usually stays home and helps mother until she marries. And after she marries, a Dutch girl never goes out to work. The new home is usually all ready before the wedding takes place.

"I often feel homesick," writes Beryl. "and remember the good old days when I



Mrs. Hamelink, formerly Miss Beryl Mailen, Middlesbrough.

was a Comptometer Operator. I wonder if I could still work one. How I'd love to try. I often dream I'm operating. Although I get a holiday quite often I always just seem to miss a reunion. I'm still hoping to be lucky one of these days. I wonder if any of my friends from Middlesbrough would write to me."

Well, you know her name, you can see her photo on this page, and her address is Jan van Gayenloon 10, Vlissingen, Holland. All you want now is a pen and some paper.

Girl in Norway

YOU teach me to ski, then I'll teach you to operate the Comptometer."

This may be what Miss Envus Lloyd said to the Norwegian girls in Bergen, for we are told that she is rapidly becoming expert in racing down mountains. She, in turn, obtained a post as a Comptometer instructress for six months with the option of staying longer. "It has always been my ambition to go abroad and see how other people live," writes Envus, and she adds that the Norwegians are wonderfully kind and friendly. The scenery, too, is beautiful

with its mountains, fiords and picturesque wooden houses.

Although Envus considers herself lucky to have had this Norwegian experience, she mentions one or two snags. Owing to lack of rain, for example, there was often as little as four hours a day when electricity was available.

Envus was trained at Liverpool School in 1947 and worked for some years with J. Summers & Sons of Hawarden Bridge Steelworks in North Wales.

Girl in Ontario

WRITING to her old friends at Birmingham School, Miss Olive Smart says: "I have had many exciting times and covered quite a bit of ground. When I got to Canada my first job was as Comptometer Operator with the Dunlop Rubber Co., but after a while I got a position at a Hotel as bookkeeper, typist and payroll clerk."

After six months, however, Olive got the wanderlust again and went to help with the accounts of a bush camp. Although this was fifty miles from a town, a brand new electric Comptometer was available to enable Olive to deal with the pay of two thousand workers on a hydro-electric project on the Ottawa river.

Later, while convalescent after an operation, Olive went to stay with an Aunt in Florida and sums it up like this. "Here I was enchanted with the beautiful scenery and bird-life. Dancing at night beneath the palms and out in the open is a wonderful sensation. I was sorry to leave this wealth

of colour and warmth. Arriving back at Camp I had covered four thousand miles by bus and had travelled from eighty degrees above in temperature to forty degrees of frost.

Northern Ontario is wonderful at all seasons but I think I like the Fall best of all. The hills turn such beautiful colours, their beauty reflected in the river below. Maple trees have the happiest knack of producing every shade of gold, yellow and red which, with the green of the pines, change everything to Fairyland.

The snows come in November and the pines are so heavily laden that you fear they will snap. The icicles hang from the trees and sparkle in the sunshine.

The smell of pines and the sharp tang of frosty air is more to me than the smoke and grime of the City. Hills and valleys, myriads of lakes, large fast-flowing rivers and wide spaces hold more attraction than dirty streets and blackened buildings."

Girl in Sweden

COMPTOMETER Operators certainly get around. When Eva Broomhead obtained a post with the Royal Kiltie Juniors Band, imagine her surprise to find the producer of the show, Madeleine Fox, was also a Comptometer Operator, having been trained at Liverpool School. Last Summer this Band did a twenty thousand mile tour of Sweden in three months, playing eighty-seven towns from Kalmar in the south to Ornskoldsvik in the north.

Eva, whose stage name is Eve Bronté, was trained at Bradford School when she was sixteen and worked for four years as an operator. Her spare time was spent at her piano and she acted as accompanist to her local Light Opera Society.

The Show for the Swedish tour consisted of fourteen girls and boys who gave non-stop variety for an hour and a half followed by two hours dance music. In Sweden the main source of entertainment is the Swedish Folkets Parks. These have either an open-air or closed theatre, a dance hall and a restaurant. Different shows visit nightly. The largest towns have

funfairs as well, but even the tiniest villages in the heart of Sweden are included in the scheme. Eva tells us that audiences were so keen that in some places they sat out of doors for the whole show even when it was pouring with rain.

"Although we enjoyed it," writes Eva, "especially the cream cakes, steaks and butter (there is no rationing in Sweden) we were happy to be back in England. Even if the buildings are not so clean and colourful, they are still home to us all."

Below—Eva Broomhead at the door of the coach in which they toured.





Spanish Holiday

By M. Willacy

AFTER spending several interesting days in Barcelona, our party boarded the plane which took us to Majorca. On landing at Palma Aerodrome we caught our first glimpse of the almond and olive trees which grow in profusion throughout the island.

Palma from the sea is one of the most beautiful sights of the Mediterranean, its villas and hotels glistening pink and white in the brilliant sunshine. The climate here is perfect for a holiday—you can laze on the beaches, sheltered by scented pine woods, bathe in the warm green-blue sea, or sail across the numerous bays.

Those who are interested in music can visit Valldemosa where Chopin and Georges Sands lived. In that village we saw a display of National dancing given by the peasants—the women wearing beautiful white lace mantillas. Their heavy brocade skirts swirled as they danced and stamped their feet to the sound of mandolins, violins, bagpipes and the click of castanets.

Another memorable trip was to the Caves of the Dragon near the small fishing village of Porto Cristo. After admiring the stalactites and stalagmites, we entered a huge cavern containing the largest subterranean lake in the world. Seats were banked in tiers round the lake to form a natural amphitheatre and, as the lights were switched off, we were plunged into complete darkness. We eagerly waited for whatever was going to happen. From the distance we heard the sound of music, then a glimmer of light appeared as three illuminated boats glided over the water towards us. In the middle boat a string quartette played some of Chopin's music and the well-known Barcarolle from "The Tales of Hoffman." When this delightful concert was over, several more rowing boats appeared and these took us across the lake and out into the brilliant sunshine.

Bull-fighting should not be missed. To the English it may seem cruel sport, but it is spectacular and most exciting. The opening ceremony is a colourful sight. First come the matadors in boleroes and tights of various colours embroidered with

gold thread, and with beautifully embroidered capes over their shoulders. They are followed by the bandilleros, the picadors on horseback and, finally, a team of horses decorated with red and yellow ribbons. They cross the arena to stirring music, salute the President, and then disperse to their various places to await a signal by the President for the fight to begin. Six bulls are killed at one performance—each fight lasting about twenty minutes.

After so many years of rationing, it was certainly an experience to eat the local Spanish dishes. These included mussels, prawns and octopus cooked with rice. Fruit was always served in iced water and this was often accompanied by a bowlful of delicious roasted almonds.



SISTERS from SWANSEA

Mrs. Gloria Ackland (below) gave up operating owing to marriage and the arrival last year of a baby boy. Still carrying on, however, is her sister, Janice Wimmers, seen above. Janice completed her course in Cardiff School last year.

TWO YEARS

in Germany



Miss Rae Lewis, Cardiff.

NOT many girls are lucky enough to finish their schooling abroad, but this happy and interesting experience was enjoyed by Miss Rae Lewis from the end of 1949 to the end of 1951.

Rae's father was with the occupation forces in Germany and arranged for her to share his temporary home there and complete her schooling. After the excitement of boat-train, ship, customs, frontiers, they reached Hildesheim by way of Hanover. There were six hundred British children at the school, which was near the Kiel Canal in the north. The grounds were beside a large lake, with lots of swimming and yachting.

Needless to say, Rae learned the German language. Indeed, she became so adept that she was first in her form and was presented with a prize by Sir Charles Keetley.

On her return to her native land last year, Rae decided to become a Comptometer Operator, and trained in Cardiff School.



ALL HAPPY

Famous for electric wires and cables is The London Electric Wire Company and Smiths Ltd. On a sunny day at their Leyton (London) Works the camera recorded this cheery picture of a dozen of their operators.

English Miss

GOES
By Ethel Gorton



faint melodious tinkle. And another noise like the incessant twittering of birds at night. After a few days I discovered this was the chirruping of grasshoppers.

The thousands of little fish swimming in the beautifully clear lake water when the steamer called at picturesque villages such as Hertenstein or Vitznau.

The parties of children, clad in mountaineering boots at that young age, off for a day in the mountains and singing away in their fresh young voices, with a spot of yodelling thrown in for good measure. They were usually attended by a Nun, and on one of the peaks I was struck by the incongruous effect of voluminous robes drawn up to reveal mountaineering boots.

The bedding hung to air from the bedroom windows. The quaint spotlessly white eiderdown on my bed and the big square pillows. The not-so-pleasant smell of artificial manure which, in a mountainous country incapable of supporting a great deal of livestock, is used extensively, and smells foully.

The beautiful workmanship in hand-wrought iron and wood, in tasteful broi-dery, and in their decorative churches. The flower-enwreathed wooden chalets, each with logs stacked high in readiness for the winter. Their imposing bigger houses, some in the Spanish style. The outdoor tea-gardens, usually at the water's edge, and so with an attendant host of midges. In the evening it was so "foreign" for the visitor from England to sit with a drink of some sort and listen to a small orchestra playing, oddly enough, mostly English tunes, but with a Continental flavour.

I was fortunate to travel by air from London to Basle but, because of the small windows and the engine on either side, only occasionally glimpsed land. There were beautiful cloud formations and views of the English Channel far below and the coast-line of France. Because of the flight, I think the awe-inspiring heights of Switzerland lost a little of their impressiveness for me.

(cont. at foot of next page)

The Underworld

By Muriel Foster

WHAT IS A THRILL?

COME with me down the Durnberg Salt Mines in Austria and find the answer.

A forty-five minute climb up to the village from the ancient town of Hallein brings us to the entrance. Over the door is the greeting "Gluck Auf."

We buy tickets, hand parcels and handbags over a counter and put on white hats, coats, and trousers which tie round waist and ankles.

A waiting guide takes us into a tunnel. His lamp throws a tiny beam of light ahead. We follow him in eerie shadow while he tells us the history of this wonderful world below the ground.

The tunnel goes on and on, but suddenly the head of a shaft appears. The guide swings his feet over the sides and we sit close together behind him, firmly gripping the shoulders of the person in front. At a word we are off, careering madly down to depths below.

Another tunnel and another shaft—five shafts in all—ranging from fifty to eighty metres in length. The air is cold but our pants are hot with friction. The end is reached always with roars of laughter. Is it funny? No, just sheer relief at landing safely.

The guide touches a switch and, to our delight, a lake is illuminated with coloured

lamps which are reflected in the water below. We clamber into an electrically propelled float and are drawn across to the far side. There are many such artificial lakes in the mines. They are filled up and left for a period before the water is piped off, leaving the salt at the bottom.

The guide tells us we are almost under Berchtesgarden, the famous abode of Hitler. Yes, we have gone from Austria into Germany. There in the mines are the frontier poles. Now we sit astride a long truck. Clasping one another tightly round the waist we go off at a terrific pace on an electric railway. The greeting at the entrance flashes into mind, "Gluck Auf." Yes, we fervently hope for "Good Luck" on the trip before us. It grows icy cold as we rush along into the blackness. A pinpoint of light appears. It grows bigger and bigger as we race along and come out at last into the sunlight.

Half dazed we make our way to the disrobing room and wash the salty stickiness from hands and faces. Our handbags and parcels are given back to us.

Conscious of a peculiar sensation in heads and "tums" we lurch forward like ships in heavy seas and walk the half mile to Hallein. We find a Gasthof where they serve tea, ham and eggs, so we soon begin to feel strong again.

English Miss goes Swiss cont

(cont. from page 8.)

To sum up, in Britain the food, accommodation and scenery can equal anything found abroad. I'm not nearly so confident about the standard of hygiene or the willing service which was apparent everywhere. I know the Swiss have not suffered the ravages of two wars. But they are very, very industrious and are obviously prepared to work hard for their prosperity.



I never enjoyed being back on our own River Mersey so much; never before had it looked so wide and turbulent and vigorous as when I returned from Switzerland, where there is little wind. I must confess that I did miss the sea breezes, but, having tasted the delights of "seeing new sights and hearing new sounds," I am determined that somehow I must save enough for another trip abroad next year—although at the moment it seems a most formidable task.



TRAVELLERS ALL



CAUGHT by the camera at Leicester Reunion, these three operators are associated with many thousands of miles by sea and air. Miss Harrison was on the point of flying to Toronto, Mrs. Mills is sailing this year to Australia and Miss Merrick had just returned from three months' holiday in America and Canada.

Miss Merrick, who sailed to New York on the Britannic and returned on the Queen Mary, kindly sent us a long and interesting account of her travels. The wide variety of scenery was specially notable, ranging from a bird's-eye view of New York from the eighty-sixth floor of the Empire State Building to the forests and lakes of Nova Scotia seen from the windows of a coach.

Miss Merrick did what so many of us have only seen on films. She took one of those waxed cartons, pressed a button and filled it with iced water, then drained it and threw the carton away. What a nice rich feeling! And surely many of us who have suffered from fuel cuts will be just the least bit envious of those Americans who "switch on the thermostat and the rooms remain the desired temperature . . . down automatically at night and up again in the morning."

Amusing, but less pleasant, was that Massachusetts skunk that prowled round the garbage bins for food and knocked off the lid with such a clatter that the skunk probably finished up in the next town. It is too bad, however, that the smell of a skunk does not vanish so quickly. "O boy," writes Miss Merrick, "I never wish to smell another."

Amusing, too, was the singing driver of the "Greyhound" bus that took them through New Hampshire, Maine and into Canada. As darkness came on, this driver lustily sang over and over again all the hymns he knew. This was just when his passengers wanted to settle down to sleep, so in the end they hinted that his singing and their sleeping could not be expected to merge. "Well," said the driver, "singing's the only thing that keeps me awake." No doubt they decided to put up with it rather than be driven into some yawning canyon.



L. to R. Miss Harrison (Toronto-bound) Mrs. Vera Mills (for Australia) and Miss Daisy Merrick, whose North American trip is described on this page.

Photo by S. & K. Commercial Photographs Ltd.

At a place called New Germany the method of travel changed to the "High-stepper" train. These trains are higher than usual because of the repeated floods in the valleys. Even the glass windows are double to give better protection against the tremendous storms. A feature in many districts was the picnic table. These are large tables of timber thoughtfully provided for travellers who carry their own food. In those parts, hotels and cafés are many miles apart.

And talking of food, and well in the "mouth-watering" category, was the visit to Hartwell Farm, Lincoln, a wonderful place for good chicken, lobsters and whopper steaks. Miss Merrick admits that they did such justice to the meal that they had forty winks when they resumed their journey. They woke, however, in good time for some excellent views of the Atlantic, some of them just glimpsed through the trees of lovely lanes.

And so, after the age-old scenery of the lonely places, back to the bustle and modernities of New York and soon back in Leicester again after a marvellous holiday that will never be forgotten.

Reunion Roundabout

THE seasons go flying round and it is almost a shock to realise that the seventh season of reunions since the war has now faded into the mists of pleasant memories.

Those who have had anything to do with the arranging and carrying through of Comptometer reunions find a lot of pleasure in recalling the many thousands of guests who have come along and shown their happiness in laughter, applause, community singing and in many photographs that have appeared in the pages of the *Medley*. This happiness has rewarded and delighted the organisers and has left no doubt whatever in their minds about the rightness of continuing the reunions. The eighth season, therefore, is already being planned. Twenty towns are included in the series and the

dates appear on page one as you may have noticed already. It gives Felt & Tarrant much pleasure to invite all Comptometer Operators to these gatherings and it is hoped that the numbers of guests will continue to increase as they have done in previous years. It is noticeable that many operators who live a long way from the towns somehow contrive to turn up, not once, but year after year, and it is gratifying to have this proof that the reunions are well worth attending.

It is possible to print only a few of the excellent photos which were taken last season, and these appear on the next pages. They show better than anything else the happiness that pervades all Comptometer reunions.

Photo by Manchester Weekly Newspapers Ltd.

Below—This section of a Manchester audience is a good "illustration" of many audiences throughout the British Isles.



Reunion Roundabout



KENNY VERNON, the South African radio impressionist, introduced a special line in smiles—and hats—at Bristol reunion.



Photo by Manchester Weekly Newspapers Ltd.

ACTIONS & SMILES SPEAK LOUDER THAN WORDS

But we might add that these five operators from Parkers (Ancoats) Ltd. are not at a loss for words when expressing their satisfaction with Manchester reunion.

AND THE JOLLY QUARTETTE below registered full approval of the arrangements at Liverpool.

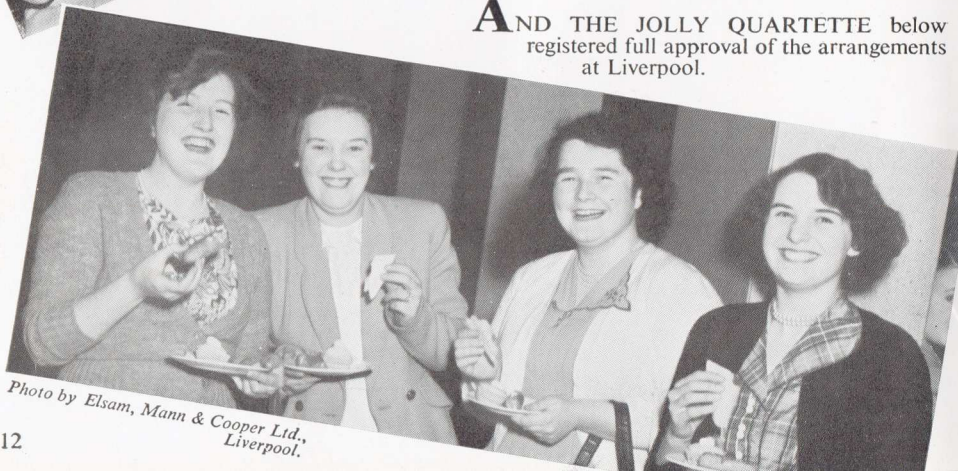


Photo by Elsam, Mann & Cooper Ltd., Liverpool.



Photo by Leeds Guardian.

DOES he believe her? What are these Leeds operators telling the "Boy from Wagga-Wagga?" Whatever the reason, we do know that Bill Kerr stayed considerably longer than the four minutes he talks about.



WHAT IS THE SAXAPHONE player trying to do? Why is his friend holding him back? Birmingham guests may remember whether this operator ever got around to conducting.



Photo by Yeldham Unwin, Coventry.

THE TWENTY-SIX operators shown below well deserve a niche in the pages of the Medley. They braved the elements and travelled all the way from Peterborough to join the guests at Leicester reunion.



Photo by S & K. Commercial Photographs Ltd. Leicester.



Mannequins from Lewis's Royal Polytechnic displayed latest fashions to Glasgow guests.

FASHIONS & Smiles

IN spite of the unforeseen competition of a General Election, more than a thousand operators enjoyed the Glasgow reunion. An expert display of ballroom dancing did not prevent the guests dancing in their own chosen way. An excellent buffet and attractive music helped to complete a memorable evening.



Getting down to it—an informal way of dealing with welcome refreshments at Edinburgh.

Below—A section of Cardiff audience enjoying the entertainment, which included Ivor Owen, the sparkling comedian from "Welsh Rarebit."



Photo by H. J. Whitlock & Sons Ltd.

Below—Operators in Yorkshire always enjoy their reunions to the full. This section of a Bradford audience gives pictorial proof of their pleasure.



Photo by Bradford & District Newspaper Co. Ltd.

Beating for the Band



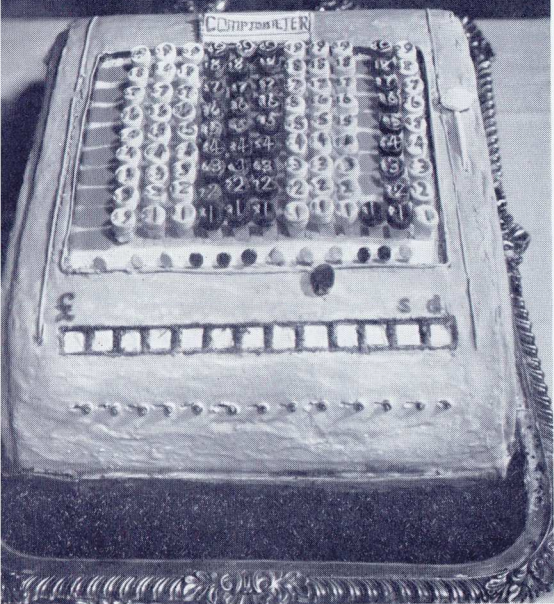

DO COMPTOMETER OPERATORS MAKE GOOD BAND CONDUCTORS?

WHETHER they do or not, they certainly caused a lot of amusement when they took over the baton at several of last season's reunions.

The idea apparently started at Bradford and proved to be such a popular feature that it was introduced at other places. A few girls, selected at random, were given cards, and later they were invited to the platform. Not knowing what

it was all about, some of the shyer ones tried to make their escape when they were asked to conduct the orchestra. The musicians also pretended to walk out when the amateur conductors had to admit they were not members of the Musicians' Union. However, these difficulties were smoothed out, much to the delight of the audiences, and even the band seemed to enjoy it thoroughly as they entered into the spirit of the game whole-heartedly.





"Counting on Cake"

... said the guests at NOTTINGHAM. And they certainly set a big division problem when it came to carving up this "sweetest Comptometer ever" into 300 pieces. We are told that it was just managed, in spite of the record attendance. The new rendezvous at the Astoria Ballroom was highly popular.

Photo by Marshall & Co., Nottingham.



IRISH Smiles

and Irish miles—for this quintette on your left came all the way from Dundalk to DUBLIN reunion. They found it well worth while.

Photo by Ross Studio, Dublin.

Actions Speak-

and surely few words are needed to describe the reactions of these four jolly guests at BELFAST reunion.



Sheffield Shines—

THERE was a larger-than-usual audience at Sheffield to enjoy music, magic and mirth. Several operators became co-operators in magic with Frank Holmes, but, even so, his tricks went screamingly awry. Among other entertainers were Ken Morrison, the accordionist from "Music for the Millions," and those voices of Radio Luxembourg, Alan Fenn and Tommy Austen. The Community Singing was a credit to Yorkshire girls.

but Hull is Shy

NOT that they were shy of laughter, or when it came to Community Singing. It was just that the photographer failed to keep his date; probably his courage failed him with so many girls about. Actually Hull had a programme very much the same as Sheffield and enjoyed it in the same good Yorkshire fashion. And so, Hull, you are in the news, though not in the picture, but we look forward to some photos next year of your cheery smiles.



Photo by Sheffield Telegraph & Star

Frank Holmes had trouble with tricks in spite of willing assistance from operators at Sheffield and Hull.



Swansea Way

THIS section of a big Swansea audience shows approval of the bill of fare. The people of Wales like good singing, and they got it from Frank James, the principal tenor of Welsh National Opera. The fun came mainly from Ivor Owen, of "Welsh Rarebit" fame.



MIDDLESBROUGH

THIS Operator used her feather duster to conduct the band — also to conduct a spring clean of the musicians. Perhaps that pate was too tempting to resist. Jos. Q. Atkinson and his Broadcasting Sextet took it all in good part and the guests had a great night.

Photo by Mathers, Middlesbrough.

NEWCASTLE

THERE were two big nights at Newcastle, and this corner of the audience shows that operators in the far North-east are well able to uphold the tradition of smartness which distinguishes all Comptometer gatherings. The programmes were the same as at Middlesbrough, and included that "Wot Cheor Geordie" comic Dick Dalton.



Photo by Turners, Newcastle.

COVENTRY

NOT only did they conduct the Band—they also became part of it. Yes, those are musical instruments in spite of their resemblance to things that lie in wait for

husbands who get home late. Was it a Coventry Rumba? — or a Lady Godiva Samba? At least it was jolly.

Photo by Yeldham Unwin.



Bill Cargill takes his time (a gold watch), and a large audience takes its cue, from their London favourite, Rita Williams, singing "For he's a jolly good fellow."

reunion. The audience yelled approval, and we know operators everywhere will join in congratulating "our Bill" and wishing him many more happy years.

"Watch for BILL"

AS reunion time comes round again, committees all over the country are on the watch for Bill Cargill. He is the man who makes advance arrangements for halls, bands, entertainers and catering. Some weeks before each party he visits the Town and does all in his power to arrange a show that will please the guests.

On the night itself, the assembled operators are on watch for Bill as the clock nears 6.30. They know that his sonorous voice will again ring through the rafters and set in motion an evening's happiness which he himself has done so much to prepare.

His affable personality has become known to many thousands of reunion guests during the last seven years, but, for more than twentyfive years, the offices of Felt & Tarrant have been resonant with that same well-known voice. To mark this long and loyal service, it was a gold watch for Bill this time. It was graciously presented, on behalf of Felt & Tarrant, by Rita Williams on the final night of London



ESSENCE OF REUNION

WE can think of no better way to close these reunion pages than by showing the picture below. Here is an operator who has spotted an old friend. The joy is typical of thousands of similar meetings. This is true reunion — its heart and its core.

Framed by the girl's arm — and quite by chance — is your Editor in the dim light that suits him best.

Photos on this page by London Newsagency Photos Ltd.



Never was laughter more hectic than when Nick Nissen (left) treated London operators to his astounding version of Figaro's famous solo. Several guests were on the verge of hysterics.





Mrs. W. Tepper, who was trained in London School some years ago, has written the following account of an unusual way of setting up home. She makes it sound most attractive.

I WONDER what the smartly dressed Comptometer Operator in nylons and high heels would say if you asked her to have a row on the river before coming to work. "Unusual" did you say? Not a bit of it! I do it every morning—and like it.

For the past three years, my husband, our son and I have been living on our fifty-six foot yacht at Richmond, and none of us would exchange the life for the conventional house or flat. We have all modern conveniences—fresh water (we fill our 160 gallon tank each weekend) bath, radio, coal fires, and we generate our own electricity for light and power.

In the summer we go cruising as far as our fancy—and money—will go. No queuing for trains and scrambling for accommodation in crowded seaside towns. We take our home with us and I may even cook the dinner under way. Power cuts; annoying neighbours; floods; we just rise above them. If the view gets boring . . . we change it.

This year we plan to extend our cruising range. My husband is installing two new Diesel Engines of 100 H.P. each, so, with a bit of luck, this year's summer holiday will be a trip to Norway. And, who knows? . . . some day I may even learn to swim!

Mr. and Mrs. Tepper, together with their son, have a home they can move wherever there is water. Here they are enjoying a cruise on the Thames.



"Ah! Twins!"



THE Editor is always delighted when a "twins" photo turns up, and older readers will know that scarcely a *Medley* goes by without at least one example of twin operators.

When, as in this case, there is also a bride, the Editor's joy is complete.

The bride (centre) was Miss Ivy Dilly and is now Mrs. Bennett. The bridesmaids are the twins Joan and Marjorie Tinham. They all work at John Lewis & Co. of Oxford Street and were all trained in London School.

The wedding took place at St. James' Church, Paddington, and we are grateful to Mrs. Bennett for sending these details together with the charming picture.



TWO SUCCESS STORIES

Reprinted by kind permission of THE SILENT WORLD—
a Magazine for the Deaf.



ANNE MARIE was born in Holland and, unfortunately, completely deaf. After the death of her father a few years ago, the family came to settle in England. Anne Marie had never worked and she was getting into a bad state of melancholia, feeling that she was of no use in the world.

It was then arranged for her to take up a Course of Calculating Machine Operating although the authorities were very dubious as to her ultimate success.

Although Anne Marie had the dual handicap of being completely deaf and of living in a country which was not her own, she had assets which were to stand her in good stead; she was a very attractive girl with a quick intelligent brain and she could lip-read perfectly.

Anne Marie made continued and successful progress, passing all her tests with commendable awards until finally she became a fully trained Operator.

A prospective employer gave her a test, which was highly satisfactory, but he did not want to commit himself finally, expecting no doubt that Anne Marie's deafness would be a drawback. So at first she was told to go for two days, at the end of which was given one month's trial, and,

having given complete satisfaction, is now happily working permanently.

JANET'S is a rather different story. She comes from North Wales—was a perfectly normal, happy young person who took up nursing as a career, doing very well indeed. Then unfortunately her health began to give way and, more unfortunately still, she became very hard of hearing, which was a tremendous handicap to her.

Eventually, Janet had to give up all thought of her chosen and beloved hospital work and the future seemed to present a very dim and uncertain path. Again the suggestion was put forward for Calculating Machine Operating.

After only a few days Janet was finding her feet and feeling very much like her old happy self. She was naturally capable—and she became as keen as she had been on her nursing.

She made splendid progress, passing her tests with the highest awards, and is now nearing the completion of the Course. Once again she will settle down to becoming a happy and independent citizen.



Family

TWINS AND A BABY BROTHER

UNDER this heading we invited operators to send family pictures. First to respond was Mrs. Elizabeth M. Waller of Wallsend, Northumberland. A photo of her four-and-a-half year old twins is shown, and we are told they are very fond of their baby brother, Neil, who is three years younger.

Mrs. Waller was a pupil of Newcastle School and was employed for some years by Swan, Hunter & Wigham Richardson. Not only is she the mother of a charming family; she is a pianist and singer and a member of Wallsend Slipway Amateur Operatic Society, in whose productions she has taken several principal roles.

At last year's North of England Musical Tournament, Mrs. Waller sang her favourite aria, that of Mad Margaret from "Ruddigore," and won the silver medal which is first prize in the Gilbert and Sullivan Opera Class.

We congratulate this young mother on the fullness of her life to date. We are glad that she has a young sister whose footsteps have rightly been directed towards Newcastle Comptometer School.



Above—Mrs. Waller as "Mad Margaret" in the Gilbert and Sullivan opera "Ruddigore."



Right
The Waller twins,
Alan and Rosalind.



Matters!

Lucky 18th

NUMBERS & THINGS

STILL on the subject of families, we have received the following letter from Mrs. Phyllis Moggs of Ruislip, near London. Mrs. Moggs concisely touches on a number of things, such as the ways of husbands, the operator who forgets to notify a change of address, the thoughts of baby sons and the old, old charm of lucky numbers.

"Dear Editor,

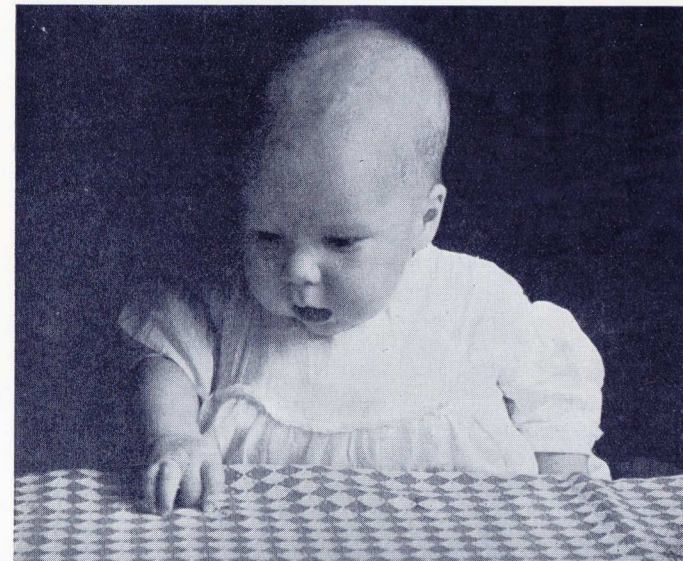
Thank you for my copy of the *Comptometer Medley*. I do enjoy reading it so much, and my husband likes looking at the pretty girls! I also pass it on to my neighbour. Although she is a Comptometer Operator, she has not notified you of her change of name and address, and is not therefore on your mailing list.

At the end of last year, I gave up Comptometer operating for a while, and I thought you might like to see the enclosed picture. My small son was 10 weeks old

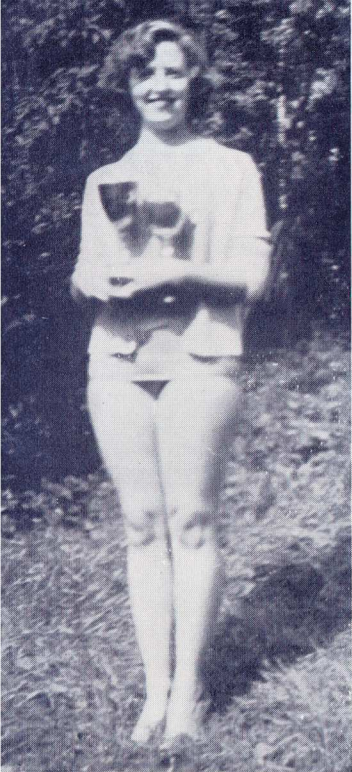
when this was taken, and he says 'Why do you need a Comptometer Mummy, I can count on these lovely squares.'

Perhaps because I learnt to use the Comptometer I am very interested in figures and numbers. I celebrated my 18th birthday while training at the London School, and I did not then realise what the number 18 would mean to me. Three years ago I was married on the 18th September, only to discover that my father-in-law's birthday was on the 18th July and my mother-in-law's on the 18th November. Nine months later, on the 18th June, we were most fortunate in being able to move into a modern flat.

This year, on the 18th May, our dear little son Ian was born; so perhaps you can understand why my thanks for the *Comptometer Medley* are so belated—today is August 18th!"



Young Ian
Moggs thinks
calculating
is just a
matter of
fingers and
squares



Miss Margaret Birch with some of her trophies.



WHARFEDALE SWIMMER

WELL deserved were the vouchers awarded to Miss Margaret Birch at Bradford reunion.

Skipton is delightfully situated in the Yorkshire Dales and it was at Skipton Amateur Swimming Gala that Margaret was first in the 100 yards senior club championship, first in the 50 yards handicap and then carried off the diving championship.

Three "firsts" should have been enough for most swimmers, but Margaret still had another job to do. Along with her male partner she gained second prize in the mixed obstacle race.

Margaret is an operator with John Dewhurst & Sons of Skipton.

Things

they DO



GAMES

MRS. M. JONES (right) is pictured with some of her golf and tennis trophies. While employed as assistant supervisor by Liverpool City Treasurer, this young lady won the N.A.L.G.O. tennis trophy five years in succession. At her Golf Club she won three Meetings in 1949, the Spring Meeting in 1950, and the Captain's Prize and the Autumn Meeting in 1951.

Mrs. Jones has recently returned to operating in a temporary capacity and thoroughly enjoys visiting different Firms in the Liverpool area and dealing with varied work.



Carnival



PICTURED below, with her attendants, is Miss Jean Valerie Withers as Queen of Langley Carnival, and the whole is charmingly typical of a fine summer's day. Jean had been to Switzerland for a fortnight's holiday with a Youth club and returned home to find she had been chosen for Carnival Queen. Langley is near Birmingham and Jean was trained in 1950 at Birmingham School.

Chorus

EACH year the staff of the British Railways' Revenue Accountant at Newcastle stage their own revue. As usual, Comptometer Operators are well represented. This photograph was taken during rehearsal. In front is Anne Clark, and fourth from the left is Barbara Mawson, both trained at Newcastle.

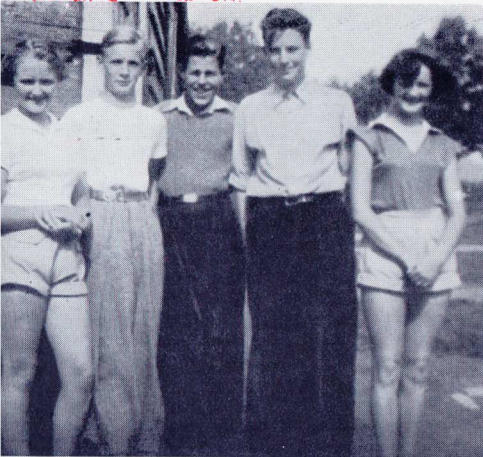
Photo by courtesy of Newcastle Chronicle & Journal Ltd.





Youth Hostelling

ABROAD



Pat Huntington (left) with three Dutch friends and her sister Cynthia.

MISS PAT HUNTINGTON, a seventeen year old operator in Bradford district, went for a novel holiday last year with her father and sister Cynthia. Although not expert cyclists, they decided to strap their kit on bicycles and take a trip through Belgium, France and Holland.

Spending nights at Youth Hostels, they met people of many nationalities. At Calais, for example, their fellow-hostellers included three from Scotland, one from Wales, some English, six Norwegian, one Austrian, six Australians, two from New Zealand, one Dutch and five French. Cycling along the Belgian coast they teamed up with three Belgians, a boy and two girls. Other hostels had a similar international atmosphere, but usually the British turned up in numbers, including twenty-five scouts from Dorset and thirty cyclists from Chiswick Grammar School. This was at Domberg, in Holland, where they stayed two days because it was so enjoyable. They spent the time swimming, sunbathing and playing games with other hostellers.

The weather was not always so kind. On their way to the Mariakerke Hostel, Ostend, they were caught in a cloudburst

and arrived wet through. Having only one pair of shoes each, they walked about barefooted for some time while their shoes dried.

Needless to say, they ran into a few surprises and experiences.

At Heist Hostel in Belgium, for example, the girls were not allowed to wear shorts and had to change into skirts. Pausing for an afternoon on the beach at Blankenberge, they found that they had to pay ten francs for a swim in the sea. One night they met a party from Wigan, and Pat and Cynthia went with some of them to a dance which resulted in their being locked out. Curfew at all hostels is at 10 p.m. However, they banged loudly on the door and were allowed in after a mild scolding by the Mother. The wardens of hostels abroad are referred to as Mother and Father.

Another day the two sisters managed to lose father, who unfortunately had all the money, food, passports and hostel cards. They had to go without food all day and it was a great relief when they reached the Ostend hostel in the evening and found Dad waiting for them. Their 7 o'clock meal was the first since 8 a.m. breakfast and they certainly needed it. The day still had more incidents in store however. The girls went with a crowd along the beach and got back ten minutes late. The Mother of the hostel told them they could not come in and she went to look for Dad to tell him about his naughty daughters.

Dad, however, was also out, and turned up with some more late hostellers while the argument continued. After a lot of excitement, during which the hostellers inside offered to let the latecomers climb up with the aid of blankets, the Mother relented and opened the door. Next day, however, Pat and Cynthia were top of the list for "chores." They had to wash the floors of the dining room and verandah, but some good-natured Belgian boys helped them and it wasn't too bad.

With one or two exceptions, all the hostels were clean. Good food was available at reasonable prices. The girls and their father got back home sunburned and happy after a very strenuous fortnight.

TIME MARCHES BACK



SINCE 1945 the Comptometer annual reunions have achieved country-wide recognition. Long before that, however, between the two great wars, Comptometer Operators in several districts were organising dances, rambling clubs, swimming clubs, hockey teams and other get-togethers. We are reminded again of this by the interesting photo of "Bristol and West of England Association of Comptometer Operators"

which was taken nearly a quarter of a century ago. In the centre of the photo is Mr. Glyn Evans, now Manager of Felt & Tarrant's Cardiff area, and we note that Miss Kathleen Chell was Secretary and Miss Nesta Gedrych was Treasurer. Several of the girls are still working as Operators. So is Mr. H. W. A. Maine, who was elected President of the Association, and by whose courtesy we are able to show this reminiscent photograph.



West Country Operators in the Days of Long Ago.



My Love Affair



It happened in the Summer in the merry month of May;
He said he'd never loved me, that he didn't go my way;
He gave me back my tie-pin; I gave him back his ring;
Now the sky above is cloudy
And no birds sing.

I crawl along the embankment; the water looks so clear,
But a voice breaks through my reverie,
"You can't do that there 'ere,"
So I stagger on still further for I haven't far to roam,
And there's many a deadly weapon
When I get home.

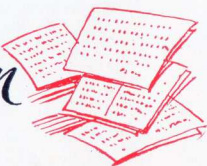
I sit alone in silence, no hope at all for me,
No telephone, no postman, no friendly cup of tea,
Just poison in the left hand, pistol in the right;
If I don't soon pull the trigger
I'll die of fright.

Then when I'm just deciding that it's now or not at all,
I hear the postman knocking; there's a rustle in the hall;
At once the future's brighter and life's so good to me;
Of course you've guessed what's coming . . .
My *Comptometer Medley*.

Clare Brittle



Essay Competition



A FEW YEARS AGO we invited readers to vote for the main *Medley* features in what they considered to be order of merit. The wishes of the majority were accepted and the magazine is therefore largely of operators' own choosing.

The Editor thinks it may now be a good idea to invite readers to pronounce judgement on the general style, interest and arrangement of the pages. In other words, which pages do you find most pleasing?

Here is your chance to say what you think under the following headings:—

1. Best page or pair of pages—and why.
2. Second best page or pair of pages—and why.
3. Worst page or pair of pages—and why.
4. General suggestions for future *Medleys*.

In making your choice, include the inner and outer cover pages. Do not write more than four hundred words in total.

Prizes of £3 3s. each will be given for essays which are sufficiently well-written and lively enough for printing. Send your attempts to The Editor, Comptometer *Medley*, Aldwych House, London, W.C.2.



Miss Shirley Tatham, Halifax.

QUEEN of SAVINGS

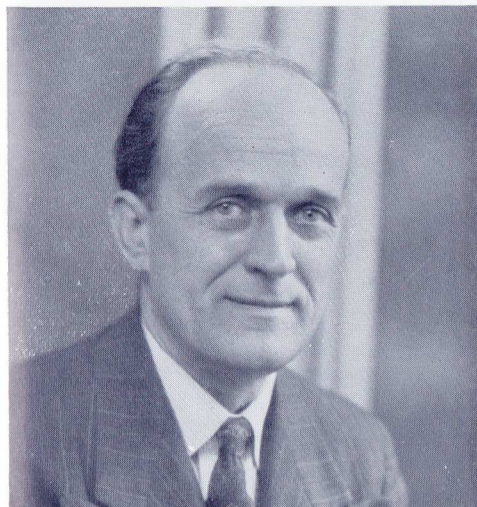
THE honour of being this year's Halifax Savings Queen belongs to Miss Shirley Tatham, a twenty-one year old Comptometer Operator in the Borough Treasurer's Office.

The selectors took into account appearance, diction and deportment. Her photograph is ample evidence that Miss Tatham will carry out her duties with charm and dignity that cannot fail to help the good cause of the Halifax Savings Committee. The Queen attends various activities arranged by this Committee. Fellow-operators will be a little envious to learn that Halifax traders presented Miss Tatham and her two attendants with lovely gowns, shoes, stockings and evening-bags.

Miss Tatham was trained at Bradford Comptometer School in 1949. We hope her year's "rule" will coincide with a year's bumper savings.

WHO'S WHO?

A Series of Felt & Tarrant Personalities.



Mr. T. Rosser, Manchester.

MR. TOM ROSSER needs little introduction to thousands of operators in the Manchester Area.

For twenty years he has been Chief Mechanic at Manchester and it was twenty-seven years ago that he first joined the Repair Department. What Mr. Rosser does not know about the inside of your Comptometer is nobody's business.

Hundreds of operators in Manchester district already know how willing Mr. Rosser is to help on those rare occasions when a Comptometer breaks down. Others can find out by phoning him should the need arise.

MR. ALBERT BANTIN first began to take an interest in Comptometers as long ago as 1913. He has been looking after them ever since except for four years' interruption during the first world war.

From 1919 to 1922 Mr. Bantin was the first Branch Mechanic at Glasgow. After that he came to London and quickly won recognition for his skill and reliability. During his many years in the London Area he has become acquainted with thousands of operators and has peered into thousands of Comptometers.

Mr. Bantin reminds us that the shape of Comptometers has changed quite a bit but that operators remain much about the same . . . and a good thing too!



Mr. A. H. Bantin, London.

Operators' PRIZE LISTS

number and the Editor thanks all operators who "had a go." The best submissions appear in these pages, and several of them give a most interesting picture of conditions in other countries. Prizes have been awarded as follows:—

GENERAL

Miss E. Broomhead, Bradford: "Girl in Sweden" £3 3 0	Miss M. Foster, Bristol: "The Underworld" £2 2 0
Miss E. Gorton, Liverpool: "English Miss Goes Swiss" £3 3 0	Mrs. M. Jones, Liverpool: "Games" £2 2 0
Mrs. B. Hamelink, formerly Middlesbrough: "Girl in Holland" £3 3 0	Miss M. F. King, Australia: "Meeting Her Majesty" £2 2 0
Miss P. A. Huntington, Baildon (Bradford): "Youth Hostelling Abroad" £3 3 0	Miss R. Lewis, Cardiff: "Two Years in Germany" £2 2 0
Miss D. Merrick, Leicester: "Travellers All" £3 3 0	Miss O. Smart, formerly Birmingham: "Girl in Ontario" £2 2 0
Miss E. Russell, Uxbridge (London): "Holiday in Paris" £3 3 0	Miss S. Tatham, Halifax (Bradford): "Queen of Savings" £2 2 0
Mrs. W. Tepper, London: "Floating Home" £3 3 0	Miss M. Willacy, Manchester: "Spanish Holiday" £2 2 0
Mrs. I. Bennett, London: "Ah! Twins!" £2 2 0	Miss J. V. Withers, Birmingham: "Carnival" £2 2 0
Miss M. Birch, Skipton (Bradford): "Wharfedale Swimmer" £2 2 0	Miss C. Brittle, St. Helens (Liverpool): "My Love Affair" £1 1 0
	Miss E. Lloyd, formerly Liverpool: "Girl in Norway" £1 1 0

FAMILY PHOTOS

Mrs. P. Moggs, Ruislip (London): "Numbers and Things" £2 2 0	Mrs. G. Ackland, Swansea (Cardiff): "Sisters from Swansea" £1 1 0
Mrs. E. M. Waller, Wallsend (Newcastle): "Twins and a Baby Brother" £3 3 0	Miss J. Tingham, London: "Ah! Twins!" £1 1 0
Miss J. Wimmers, Swansea (Cardiff): "Sisters from Swansea" £1 1 0	Miss M. Tingham, London: "Ah! Twins!" £1 1 0

MORE PRIZE WINNERS WANTED

WE hope to award more prizes than ever in our next *Medley*. What can YOU do about it? What about that exciting experience, that embarrassing moment, that competition you won? We want anything that is of interest to your fellow-operators,

and a glance through these pages will give you some ideas. Prizes up to £3 3s. are given for operators' own original entries. You can send them through your nearest school or else direct to: The Editor, Comptometer Medley, Felt & Tarrant Ltd., Aldwych House, London, W.C.2.

PLEASE PASS IT ON

WE sincerely hope you have enjoyed this magazine. If you have finished with it, perhaps you could pass it to a girl or her parents and so help to introduce someone else to the progressive career of Comptometer Operating. Alternatively, we will

gladly post copies to your friends if you will send us their names and addresses. Your co-operation will help to meet industry's great demand for operators. What is more, you will share in the bonus scheme by receiving half-a-guinea for each new pupil introduced and accepted.

RHAPSODY

FOR MEMORY OF IVOR NOVELLO

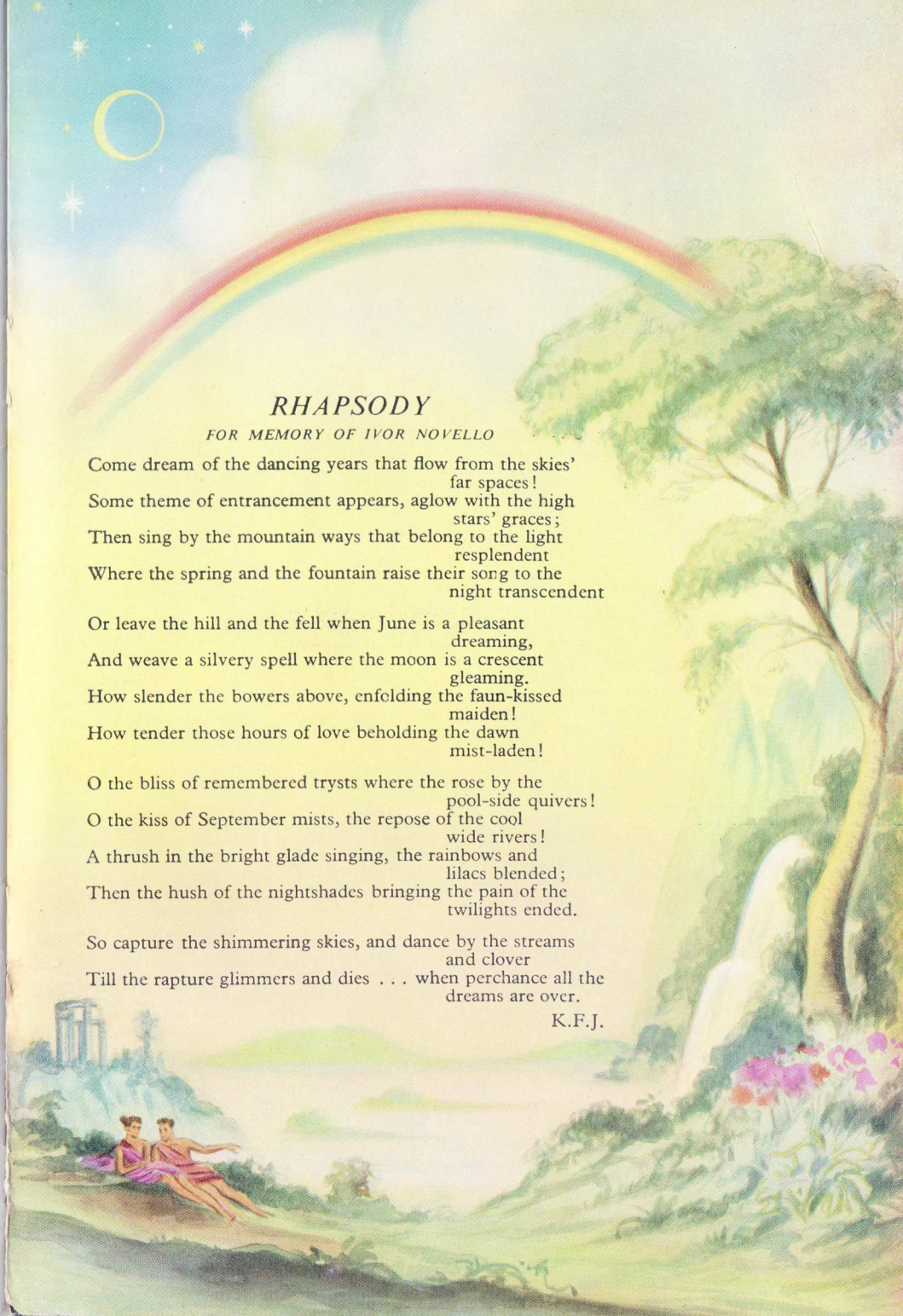
Come dream of the dancing years that flow from the skies'
far spaces!
Some theme of entrancement appears, aglow with the high
stars' graces;
Then sing by the mountain ways that belong to the light
resplendent
Where the spring and the fountain raise their song to the
night transcendent

Or leave the hill and the fell when June is a pleasant
dreaming,
And weave a silvery spell where the moon is a crescent
gleaming.
How slender the bowers above, enfolding the faun-kissed
maiden!
How tender those hours of love beholding the dawn
mist-laden!

O the bliss of remembered trysts where the rose by the
pool-side quivers!
O the kiss of September mists, the repose of the cool
wide rivers!
A thrush in the bright glade singing, the rainbows and
lilacs blended;
Then the hush of the nightshades bringing the pain of the
twilights ended.

So capture the shimmering skies, and dance by the streams
and clover
Till the rapture glimmers and dies . . . when perchance all the
dreams are over.

K.F.J.





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BRISTOL: Pearl Assurance Buildings, Marsh Street
Telephone: Bristol 24753

CARDIFF: 15, Working Street
Telephone: Cardiff 26957

COVENTRY: Halifax Chambers, High Street
Telephone: Coventry 4806

DUBLIN: College Park Chambers, 11, Nassau Street
Telephone: Dublin 62443

EDINBURGH: 42, George Street
Telephone: Central 5457

GLASGOW: 62, Robertson Street
Telephone: Central 8094 (Glasgow)

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Telephone: Leeds 23453

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Telephone: Leicester 22577

LIVERPOOL: 3, The Albany, Old Hall St.
Telephone: Central 1893 (Liverpool)

LONDON: Aldwych House, Aldwych, W.C.2
Telephone: Holborn 4374

MANCHESTER: 196, Deansgate
Telephone: Deansgate 3887 (Manchester)

MIDDLESBROUGH: Bank Chambers, Wilson Street
Telephone: Middlesbrough 2513

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE: 12, Ellison Place
Telephone: Newcastle 21831

NOTTINGHAM: Gordon House, Carrington Street
Telephone: Nottingham 43664

SHEFFIELD: Parade Chambers, East Parade
Telephone: Sheffield 26052

WE ARE ALWAYS GLAD TO SEE YOU
