

NINETEEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY THREE

Comptometer 1953 Medley

No. 9. 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 ninth 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.

1953

Cardiff	25th September
Birmingham	5th October
Bradford	6th October
Leeds	7th October
Liverpool	8th October
Manchester	9th October
Edinburgh	28th October
Glasgow	29th October
Bristol	3rd November
Leicester	6th November

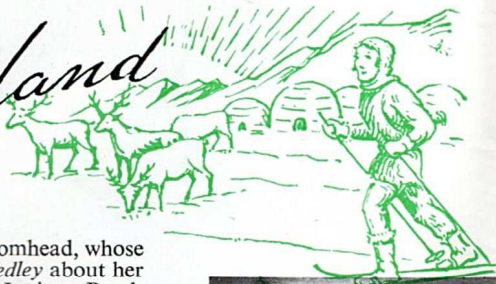
1954

Swansea	5th February
Nottingham	23rd February
Sheffield	3rd March
London	15th & 16th March
Hull	23rd March
Belfast	30th March
Dublin	1st April
Coventry	5th April
Middlesbrough	28th April
Newcastle	29th & 30th April

Felt & Tarrant AND YOU

ALL Felt & Tarrant Schools in Great 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.

Girl in Lapland



BRADFORD-TRAINED Miss Eva Broomhead, whose stage name is Eve Bronté, told us in the last *Medley* about her adventures in Sweden with the Royal Kiltie Juniors Band. They have now done a further long tour, but this time crossed the Arctic Circle and played to the Lapps. Very beautiful in Summer is that land of the midnight sun, with reindeer trotting merrily beside the coach, but Eve has no wish to be there in Winter.

They also played throughout Sweden and then crossed by ferry to play the theatres of Denmark. At Copenhagen they had Bob Hope in the audience. He was to appear on the stage there the next night. After that came an extensive tour to entertain the American Forces in Germany, much of the ground being covered by snow, so that it was nothing unusual for the whole company of seventeen to have to dismount and push the bus out of a snowdrift.

"An interesting life," Eve concludes, "with no time for boredom."



Girl in Holland



Girl from LATVIA



ANOTHER happy sequel to our last *Medley* comes from Mrs. Hamelinck, formerly Miss Beryl Mailen of Middlesbrough. We printed her Dutch address because she had expressed a hope that some operators would drop her a line. Just to prove once more that Comptometer Operators are one big family, here is an extract from one of Beryl's letters:

"Since the last *Medley* came out, I have had such a lot of letters, not only from operators, but from brothers and sisters of operators, some asking me to find them pen pals in Holland. I was very pleased. One young operator wrote and asked me for some hints on Holland as she and her husband are going to spend a holiday walking through Holland and Germany. I hope they will be able to find time to visit us."

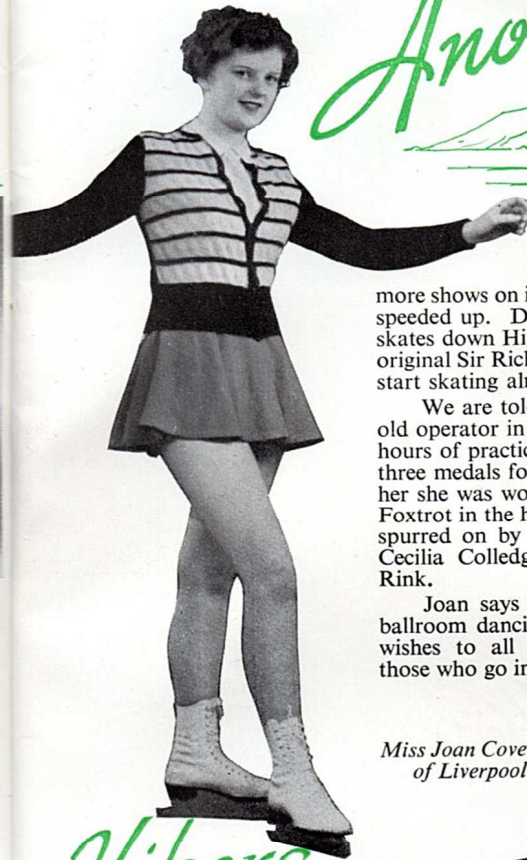
Let us hope that some operators really will call and see Beryl at her home, the address of which we repeat—Jan van Gayenloon 10, Vlissingen, Holland.

WE received an interesting letter from Mrs. Valeska Muncs, an operator who worked in Bradford for three or four years before going to Canada. She and her husband were born in Latvia. We cannot remember ever hearing from a Latvian operator before, nor, for that matter, from any other of those Baltic states.

Although Mrs. Muncs liked England, she moved to Canada because her parents, sisters and brothers have all made their new home there. Mr. and Mrs. Muncs have a four-year-old son to whom they describe their native land. They also tell him about his granny, who had to stay behind and whose life is not an easy one.

They have nothing but praise for Canada. They say it abounds with opportunity for those who are willing to work hard. Their home at Westmount, a garden suburb of Montreal, is right on top of the Mountain with lovely views. Vacancies announced in the papers there, says Mrs. Muncs, show that Comptometer Operators are just as much in demand as elsewhere.

Another ICE AGE



EVERY year we seem to get more and more shows on ice. Even the traditional pantomime has been speeded up. Dick Whittington turns again and again and skates down Highgate Hill at a pace that would astound the original Sir Richard. No wonder that so many young people start skating almost as soon as they can walk.

We are told by Miss Joan Coventry, a seventeen-year-old operator in Liverpool, that the great thing is hours and hours of practice. She ought to know, having won already three medals for dancing on ice. When we last heard from her she was working hard at Blues, Tango and the Rocker Foxtrot in the hope of gaining a silver medal. She had been spurred on by watching champions Jeanette Altwegg and Cecilia Colledge giving exhibitions at the Liverpool Ice Rink.

Joan says that the dances on ice are very similar to ballroom dancing, but quicker, of course. She sends best wishes to all Comptometer Operators, and particularly those who go in for this exciting sport of ice skating.

Miss Joan Coventry of Liverpool



Mrs. Dobbins of Belfast.

Hikers DREAM HOME



TWENTY hikers helped to build a delightful little house as a wedding present to their friends Mr. and Mrs. John Dobbins. They all belong to the Youth Hostels Association, and the happy couple met while hiking.

The site was in Serpentine Road, Belfast. A works committee was formed and the foundations were laid in record time. Willing hands mixed the mortar and carried the hods. One stage quickly led to the next and it was estimated that the job could be done this way at little more than half the cost of a similar house built wholly by contractors.

Mrs. Dobbins was trained in Belfast School in 1944. Many operators will remember her as Miss Molly Rodgers. After her marriage last year she continued her work as an operator with Weston Biscuits Ltd. and was living in a flat until the dream house was ready.



a Winning Miss

THIS young lady is Miss Sonia Glasgow, a Cardiff operator who made news last August Bank Holiday. Attending the Ely (Cardiff) Racecourse Festival, she decided to enter the Contest which is held annually to select "Miss Ely Racecourse" for the next twelve months. To quote from Sonia's modest letter, "and to my astonishment, mingled with delight, I was chosen."

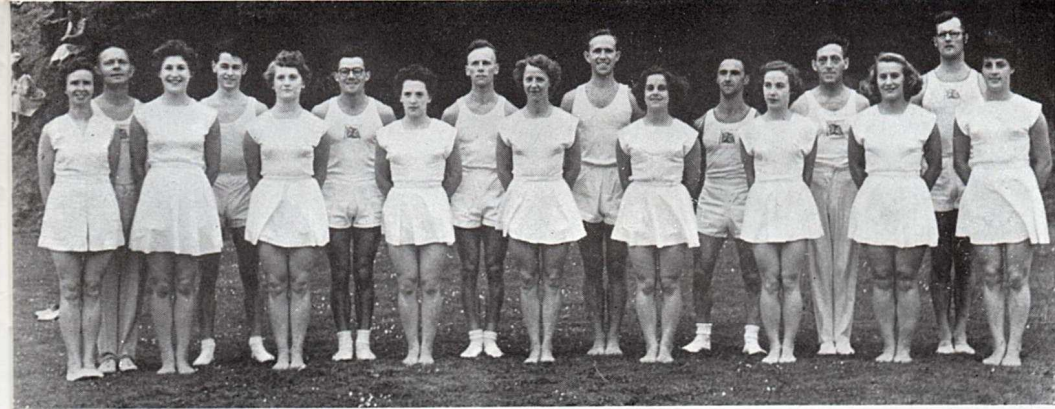
Then came the presentation of the winner's ribbon, a fine silver cup to be held for a year, and a lovely bouquet, all of which, together with Sonia, can be seen in the photograph.



A Running Miss

MISS DORIS CATCHPOLE, an eighteen year old operator who trained last year in London School, is a keen athlete who runs regularly for Essex Ladies. At the twenty-first Sports' Day organised by one of the Godfrey Phillips group of companies, she excelled herself by winning the 100 yards' handicap, the 220 yards'

handicap and the 80 yards' novices' scratch. She then came second in the 100 yards' low hurdles. For all this she won the Victor Ludorum Cup, the presentation being made by Mrs. Sydney Phillips. In the photo below, Doris is in the centre (darkest track suit). On her left is Pamela Alexander, another Comptometer Operator.



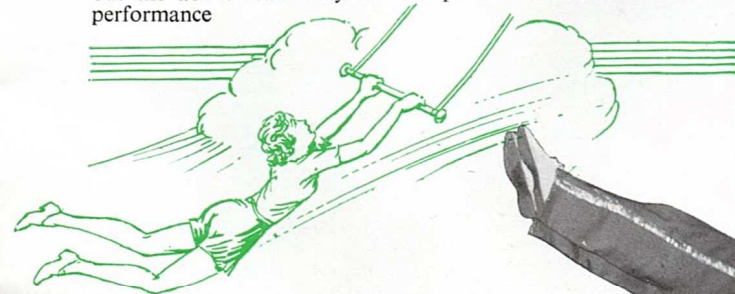
Gymnastic Miss

AT OLYMPIC GAMES

THE above picture shows the Olympics Gymnast Team who represented Britain last year at Helsinki. The third girl from the right is Miss Margaret Thomas who trained in Cardiff School in 1948 and has since been an operator with the Victoria Coal Co. Ltd.

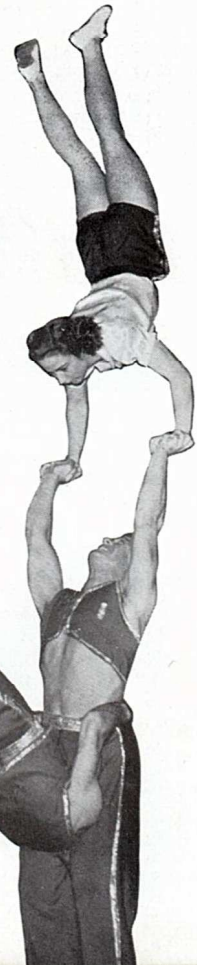
Margaret, who is now twenty-two, is a member of the Cardiff Olympic Youth Club. Their coach is Mr. W. G. Maidment, whose daughter, Shirley, was also trained in Cardiff Comptometer School

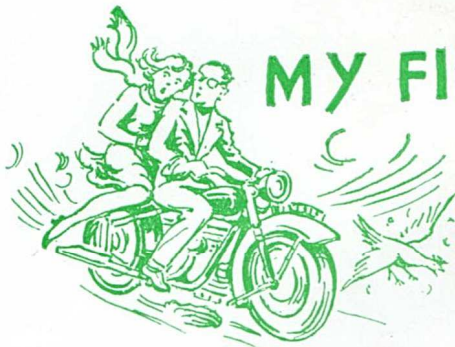
Rivalry at the Olympic Games was perhaps the keenest ever, but the above team may well be proud of their own excellent performance



-and in the Air-

Here is Margaret again (right), this time taking a bird's eye view as the topmost member of an acrobatic trio. As in her Comptometer work, Margaret achieves a perfect balance.





MY FIRST Yillion Ride

By
MRS G.D. HUGHES LONDON

I STARTED getting worried when my fiancé bought his first motor cycle. It was only a matter of a few weeks before he said with pride: "Passed my test, how about a trip?" I was scared stiff but didn't like to admit it, and so the day came.

Fortunately I had been well briefed about what to wear, and had also been given an ex-army pullover and a large knitted scarf for added warmth. I stood waiting for him like a Chinaman on a seven-coats-cold day, with the scarf twisted so many times around my neck that it was impossible to turn my head. I was perspiring both from overheat and from sheer apprehension.

The pillion seat looked ridiculously small but I was told that it was quite adequate. In any case, was I expecting a Rolls Royce? We went off with a jerk, and I thought I would be right off the back at any moment. I managed to screw round to wave good-bye to my folks, but was immediately shouted at by my fiancé. He had much difficulty in bringing the bike out of a wobble. Then my first lesson was well drummed into me.

"Relax and go with the bike, but don't twist and turn about," he said.

My heart sank when we had to overtake a bus, with a tram coming in the opposite direction. To me the space between seemed less than the width of a push bike. In a second I grew twelve inches taller, and prayed to decrease my width by the same amount. The noise of the tram, bus, and motorbike both deafened and frightened me. Then all at once we were through. I let out a sigh of relief and relaxed—so much so that I nearly fell off the back of the bike.

Gradually I gained confidence and let go of my fiancé's waist, resting my hands on my knees. I found it quite comfortable until we hit a manhole cover which seemed inches below road level. This nearly pushed

my spine through my skull and jolted my feet from the foot rests. Here came my second lesson. My fiancé advised me to take my weight on my feet.

The next fright was when we took a sharp corner. I clung desperately to my partner's waist trying to keep upright while he leaned over. Between us we nearly landed in the ditch. After that I relaxed again, but not too far. I even began to enjoy myself until we met a set of traffic lights. Well, what with the new driver, the old bike and me, the machine spluttered out just as the lights changed to red and amber. The next moment I felt a sharp pain in my ankle which made me yell in agony. In his haste he had kicked at the starter without warning me to move my foot. Amongst his curses I didn't even hear him say sorry. More frantic kicks followed, spurred on by much hooting of traffic, and the bike roared into life just as the lights turned red again. The colour matched our faces I fear.

At last we began to make our way home and my stomach turned over as we descended a very steep hill. I pushed my fiancé well up on to the tank and was nearly sitting on his seat, which was more comfortable than mine anyway. My legs felt very shaky and my ankle throbbed, which was not surprising considering the agonies I had been through. I was glad, and yet sorry, when my ride came to an end and we reached home. In a way it had been very exciting.

We stopped and my fiancé said: "Jump off."

How stupid! I couldn't even move. My seat felt so numb. The nerves of my legs were trembling, making them feel like jelly. I vibrated uncontrollably.

"So much for shifting the weight from my seat to my feet," I said.

"But I meant only over the bumps, dear," replied my fiancé, offering me a welcome supporting arm.



True Friends

BY MAISIE COATES, SMETHWICK

ONE OF THE NICEST THINGS ABOUT REUNIONS IS MEETING OLD FRIENDS, BUT THE FOLLOWING ARTICLE GIVES A HAPPY EXAMPLE OF HOW A NEW FRIENDSHIP BEGAN



I WOULD like to say how much my friend, Mrs. Johnson, and I always enjoy Comptometer reunions, also to say that we owe them a lot, as that is where we first met.

Six years ago I went to my first reunion in London. I arrived all alone and well remember the very nice welcome from the stewards and how they took me to a seat near the stage. Another girl came and sat beside me. She smiled, and asked if I was on my own. I told her I was from Birmingham and she said she came from Walton-on-Thames. Before long we were chatting away as if we had known each other for years. We enjoyed it so much that, before we parted, she gave me her address, but somehow I mislaid it.

Anyway, the next year I had the pleasure of being again at the London reunion. I looked all round for my friend of the previous year. Soon I spotted her sitting all alone on the other side of the hall. As soon as I was able, I went over

to her. Imagine her surprise when she saw me. Again we had a most enjoyable evening, and this time we didn't lose touch. The following September I spent a lovely holiday at her home and enjoyed meeting her family. We arranged to go to the next reunion together and have done so ever since, thanks to the special effort Mr. Cargill makes to send us invitations for the same night.

I want to say that we have become very good friends indeed. When I had to spend some time in Hospital in 1950 our friendship proved to be the real thing. We shall always thank Felt & Tarrant for this, and for their months and months of hard work to make these reunions possible. Mrs. Johnson and myself think they are splendid.

Congratulations to Mr. Cargill on his twenty-five years with Felt & Tarrant. May his future years be as happy as he has helped to make all Comptometer Operators in the past.

This photo shows the good companions: Mrs. Coates (right) and Mrs. Johnson

MR. EDGAR PEACOCK
WITH much sadness we received the news last March that Mr. Edgar Peacock had died. This kind and genial Chief of Peacock Bros. Pty. Ltd., Comptometer agents in Australia, had friends throughout the world. Many of those operators who have come from Australia to work in Britain will have met or heard of him, and will share the general feeling of loss which came to all who knew him.





High Places & Far Spaces



IF Comptometer Operators change their jobs, it is usually because of husbands and families. On rare occasions, however, they get whisked off to some special calling like nursing or films. Susan Shaw, as some readers will recall, was the outstanding example of an operator who became a film star.

It now seems that Air Stewardess must be added to the jobs that are attractive enough to tempt a girl from her Comptometer.

Miss Daphne Webster was trained in Birmingham School in 1941. She became supervisor of the Comptometer section of Christopher Leng & Sons, the well-known brush makers at Stirchley. Last year Daphne was one of the many thousands

who applied to the British Overseas Airways Corporation for a job as stewardess and one of the very few who survived the two selection boards and the medical examination, thereby becoming eligible for training. Her knowledge of French helped her, but many other qualifications are needed, including tact, intelligence, ability to work hard for long periods, and some knowledge of nursing or catering.

Several photographs of Daphne appeared in the *Sunday Mercury*, together with an account of the training and duties of Air Hostesses. The information was so interesting that we are passing some of it on, with full acknowledgment to the excellent newspaper concerned.

In addition to the qualifications mentioned above, an Air Hostess must have a pleasing appearance, but this is by no means the chief thing, as so many seem to think. This is no career for the glamour-

(Cont. at top of next page)

BRIEFS

ONE of the most important duties of the stewardess is passenger briefing. When the aircraft is about to take off a steward or stewardess will give the passengers details of the flight, explain the facilities available to them and give general information over the aircraft microphone. Here Daphne Webster reads briefing instructions into a microphone. Later a recording will be played back to her so that she will learn to know her own voice and can correct any faults in modulation.



(Cont. from previous page)

girl. The training is long and exacting. Practical training by day is followed by intensive study in the evenings, and there are weekly examinations.

At the Catering School the girls must aim at serving forty lunches, from cocktails to coffee, in as many minutes. They do this in a cabin built like an aircraft. They carry loaded trays, and their fellow-students try to throw them off balance. This teaches them department.

They must become familiar with the type of aircraft in which they fly so that they can answer all reasonable questions from curious passengers.

They must acquire a working knowledge of every port of call. They must know about routes, timetables, climates, foreign currencies, travel documents, aircraft hygiene, first aid and passenger relationship. They must even make a thorough study of

the plants that grow in deserts and jungles. Then, in the unlikely event of a forced landing in remote places, they can easily identify what can be eaten and what is poisonous. Most of the plants are unobtainable in Britain, so this part of their training is mainly from books.

It is evident that these girls find little leisure while they are learning, and that there is plenty to think about during their long airborne spells of duty. We may surmise that Daphne occasionally has a yearning for the more regular, even if less exciting, job of Comptometer operating.

Daphne's first assignment after her training was to the North Atlantic routes between London, New York, Montreal and Bermuda.

DIETS

DAPHNE WEBSTER learns how to prepare a baby's bottle. More complicated is the serving of Hindu, Chinese, Kosher and Mohammedan food, all of which stewards and stewardesses must study during their training period. If a passenger requires special food his needs can always be met. The stewardess reports to the airport two hours before take-off to attend to stores for the flight and see that everything is in readiness.

(These photos and captions are reprinted by kind permission of *The Sunday Mercury*, Birmingham.)





American Holiday

LT all seemed like a dream," is how Miss Joyce Cleves, of Bristol, describes her six weeks holiday in the United States and Canada. She sailed in the "Queen Elizabeth," and her lovely bouquet of carnations which welcomed her to her cabin. They were sent by her Comptometer colleagues at Electricity House, Bristol.

Like so many other voyagers, Joyce revelled in the luxury and fun of a large liner, the first impressive views of the Statue of Liberty, New York Harbour and the skyscrapers of Manhattan.

Then there was a motor tour of Canada, starting with Niagara Falls and the exciting sail right through the spray, also a cable-car crossing over the whirlpool rapids. At night, powerful lights shine on the Falls and the colours change with beautiful effects.

Then followed a drive of 88 miles along the Queen Elizabeth Highway to Toronto, and two days later a run of 394 miles to Montreal, passing wonderful scenery, especially by Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence River. Joyce says of Montreal: "The traffic in Montreal is very congested, far worse than New York or London, and the noise is indescribable. It is sheer bedlam."

So they left Montreal and turned south to the American border and the Adirondack Mountains, past Lake Champlain and Lake George, over the Hudson River to Hyde Park, the home of the late President Roosevelt. Everything there is left as it was the day he died, and it is uncanny to see his clothes, dressing-gown and slippers in the bedroom, also his glasses, pens and pencils on his desk. He is buried in a lovely part of the garden.

There were trips to Washington to see the White House and other famous spots, elevator rides to the dizzy heights of the Empire State Building (over 100 floors), a visit to Radio City, drives through Harlem, Greenwich Village and the Bowery.

One of the highlights was seeing the United Nations Organisation in session. Delegates of over 60 nations were in attendance, and each speaker must use one of the five "working" languages, English, French, Chinese, Spanish or Russian. This is at once translated by interpreters into the other four tongues and each member can switch his earphones to any language he prefers. Joyce had lunch in the delegates' cafeteria, which is not only one of the largest in the world, but surely contains the greatest mixture of nationalities. It was a thrill to hear discussions involving so many people of all parts of the globe.

All girls will agree that shops are another highlight. Joyce went shopping with her aunt and found that nearly all food, except meat, is cheaper than in Britain. Fruit and vegetables are particularly plentiful and cheap. Some clothes are dearer, but these are mostly British woollens and tweeds, and they are in great demand, which also applies to British china. Joyce had great fun in a china store where the customer pushes a trolley round, selects the things required and then gets them priced and wrapped on the way out. And what a temptation to get things that cannot be bought at home!

All good things must end at last, and there was a final impression of the dazzling lights of New York seen from the highest deck of the liner. A few days later, after a call at Cherbourg, came the beautiful green of the Isle of Wight, the shipping of Southampton, the circling planes and all the commotion of a busy port.

"After six thousand miles by sea," writes Joyce, "and over three thousand miles on land, my wonderful dream had ended. Indeed, I was back to reality."

MAY BE "One of Our Great Singers"



FELICITY HARRISON lives at Whitefield and works as a Comptometer Operator in Manchester.

Southport's Musical Festival last October is something she will always remember. It may even be a milestone in her career as a singer. Although only seventeen, and competing against older and experienced soloists, Felicity won the coveted Rose Bowl awarded to the best singer in the Festival.

Her performance of Schubert's "The Young Nun" was praised in these glowing terms by the adjudicator, Miss Helen Henschel:

"If this young singer will work and go on as she has begun, there is no reason why she should not be one of our great singers. She sang beautifully, and in a real, though as yet immature, contralto voice. The final Hallelujah is something we shall remember all our lives. I never want to hear a more moving rendering. There was an incandescent quality about her performance."

The success brought a quick change of plans for Felicity and her mother. Instead of going home the same evening to welcome expected visitors, they had to send hurried telegrams explaining to their friends that Felicity had to sing again that night in the final contest for the Rose Bowl.



Felicity is so small and slim that she caused quite a stir when she came on the stage. Afterwards she revealed her intense excitement by rushing to hug her mother and dropping the base of the trophy, which you see her holding in the photo.



WILL YOU HAVE A GO?

YOU can see from the articles in these pages that anything of interest to your fellow-operators will win a useful award. What can YOU send? Let your local school have your entries, or else send them direct to: The Editor, Comptometer Medley, Felt & Tarrant, Ltd., Aldwych House, London, W.C.2.

REUNION Joys

ALTHOUGH the reunion committees are happy because hundreds of new guests come to each reunion, they are even more delighted to find that thousands of their first guests still turn up regularly year after year. What continues to attract them? For some, it is the joy of meeting old friends. For others, perhaps, it is the good entertainment. Many enjoy the excited chatter of the intervals. There is the unique experience of hundreds of girls, all opera-

tors, singing together and raising the roof. Some, again, are made helpless with laughter, while others are moved by the magic of a song. All guests have known one or more of these happy moments and may be grateful to Miss Anne Burnett, Glasgow, for putting their thoughts into words. Inspired by the dancing at Glasgow reunion, Miss Burnett's verses beautifully describe one of those rare occasions when the imagination is caught by a spell of enchantment.

Below are two of the dancers who helped to captivate the guests at Glasgow.

Photo by J. D. Ewart Ltd.



The ancients tell of dryads that did haunt
The Grecian trees when all the world was young
With beauty that would hold men's hearts in thrall,
And grace beyond the power of mortal tongue.

But surely this quiescent floor of wood
Was quickened by a memory tonight,
And stood, as once it stood, beneath the moon,
The habitation of some lovely sprite,

Returned to bring enchantment to this hour,
And with her in her train a kindred elf,
That both might resurrect the classic myth
And charm us to forgetfulness of self.

So, as we sat at gaze, we saw a flower
Unfold upon the surface of a lake
And drift, a petal blown before the breath
Of our long sigh of wonder for its sake.

Then swift the trance is broken, and we see
The feet commingling lightly with the floor
In perfect happiness and harmony,
Interpreting the rhythms we adore.

It is the hour, the hour of high romance,
We are at one with beauty and delight,
Escaped into Elysium, this the key,
This lyric triumph of our Gala Night.

EDINBURGH also had dancing at their reunion, the chief exponents being Jean Reynold's Scottish Country Dancers. There was music from Camm Robbie's Broadcasting Orchestra and song from Ed. Davies of the Tommy Morgan Show. A record audience found much satisfaction with the buffet arrangements and the spaciousness of their new rendezvous—the Assembly Rooms and Music Hall in George Street.

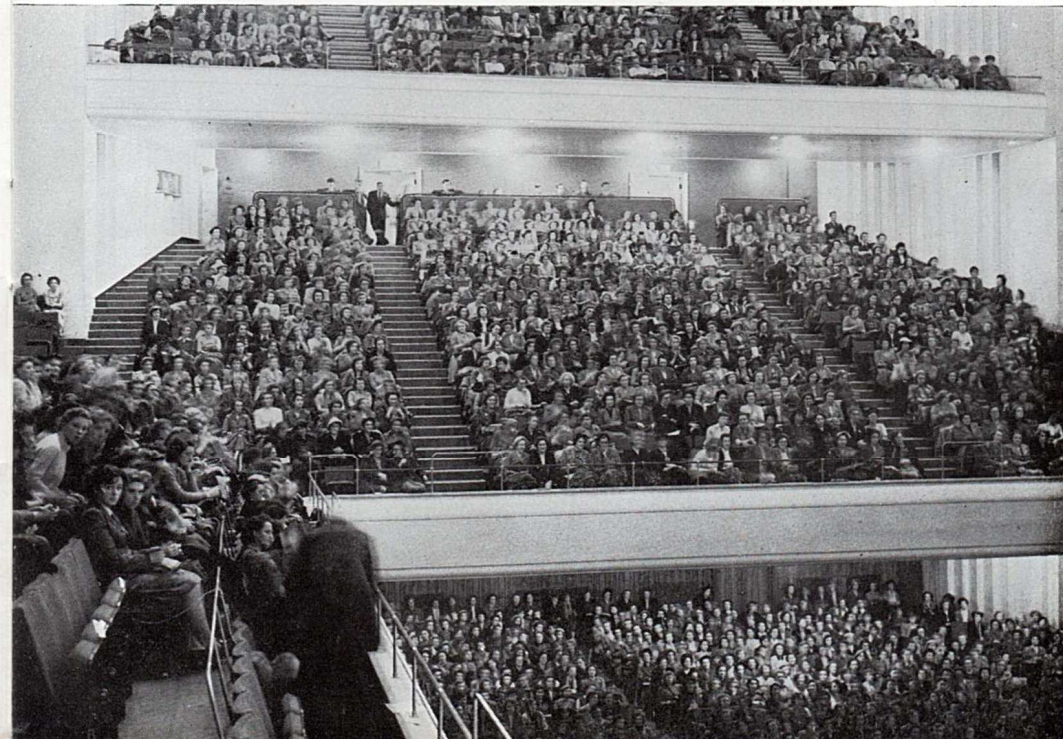


Photo by the Yorkshire Post

Here are the artistes who brought pleasure to audiences at Birmingham, Bradford, Leeds, Liverpool and Manchester. From left to right: "Saveen" the ventriloquist, John Forde the entertainer, Rita Williams who is the singing star of many radio shows, Harry Locke the B.B.C. comedian and character actor, and Jack Martin who nobly played the piano for them all.

Manchester is rightly proud of its Free Trade Hall, now restored after war damage. It is the new rendezvous for Comptometer reunions. Part of the impressive audience of well over two thousand is shown below—all together now on one night instead of being split over two nights through lack of space.

Photo by Manchester City News





HERE are some Leeds Operators making closer acquaintance with Daisy May, the delightful character created by "Saveen."

Photo by Leeds Guardian.



THE three charming Sanderson sisters, Barbara, Ann and Shirley, were caught together at Bradford reunion. All trained in Bradford School, they now work in the Leeds and Bradford districts.



Photo by Bradford & District Newspaper Co. Ltd.



BELOW is a section of the large audience happily applauding the performance at The Central Hall, Birmingham. Vernon Adcock and his Aristocrats made the music here and the number of guests broke all records.

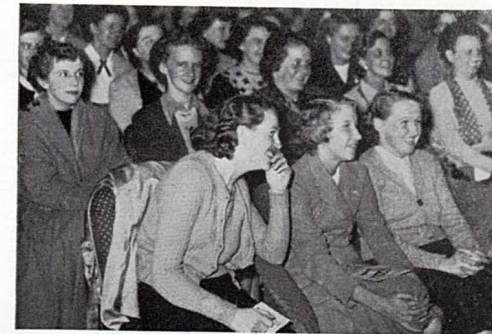
Photo by Yeldham Unwin, Coventry.



Photo by S. & K. Commercial Photographs.

LEICESTER provided a touch of novelty by getting this picture of girls who were pupils in the School at the time of their reunion. There are hundreds of similar girls throughout the country who get their first introduction to Comptometer parties while they are still training. There is little doubt, however, that they will continue each year to become reunited with their old friends and to make new ones. Many operators will recognise Miss Waite, Principal, on the right of the above photo. Her assistant, Miss Cramp, is on the left.

South Wales



THIS is a corner of a Cardiff audience which broke all records at their new rendezvous, the Connaught Ballroom at the New Continental Restaurant. Like Manchester, they can now have one grand party on one night, whereas before they have had to spread over two nights through lack of space. The new arrangement means more fun, more comfort and no chance of friends missing each other.

Photo by Castle Studios.

North Wales

WE do not remember seeing North Wales operators in these pages before, although there have been hundreds from the more populous South. Here, however, are six operators from the Brymbo Steel Works Ltd. (near Wrexham) photographed at Liverpool reunion. Judging by their smiles, they thought the journey well worth while.

Photo by Elsam, Mann & Cooper.





The party above came to Bristol from Gloucester, a round trip of seventy miles.



Above—Operators of Wiltshire United Dairies came from Trowbridge—nearly fifty miles there and back.

Right—Some of these Gloucestershire girls are from Stroud, a round journey of sixty-four miles. Others are from Dursley, a little nearer.



Left—From the Avon India Rubber Co. at Melksham (Wiltshire), these girls had a total of forty-six miles to their credit.

"DISTANCE NO OBJECT"



NOT only was the number of reunion guests a new high record, but those who travelled from outlying places were more numerous than ever before.

Girls who make arrangements for special coaches say that their parties often consist of operators from several local Firms, so that the journey becomes a jolly reunion of its own. The same girls, plus a few recruits, turn up year after year with increasing enthusiasm.

To give a better impression of what this means, we show here some pictures, all taken at the last Bristol reunion, together with the places and miles represented. It warms the heart to see so much evidence of happiness on the faces of all these travellers.

From reports of other reunions we get similar facts, especially where there are broad open acres rather than large centres of population. To Leicester, for instance, came "the usual bus load from

Northampton," another party of thirty-four girls representing four Firms in Peterborough and one in Stamford, a coach load from Corby and six operators from Kettering, whose firm, Wallis & Linnell, were the first Comptometer Users in the Midlands. Several operators from other Kettering Firms came with them. The Leicester committee worked it all out and found that about a quarter of the guests came from a distance and that their total travelling came to six thousand miles. This compares with Bristol's summing-up that more than a third of their guests came from over thirty miles away, and that one special coach from Exeter and North Devon did a round trip of nearly two hundred miles.

Inspired by all this, more and more guests from afar should join in joyful journeys next season. They are assured of a very warm welcome.

All these photographs by Tudor & Facey, Bristol.



The above operators from C. & J. Clark Ltd. (Street, Somerset) travelled together—sixty miles for the double journey.



Above—The longest journey of all was made by these operators from Exeter (Devon)—a round trip of a hundred and fifty miles.



Left—And here's another seven from Devon (Tiverton this time). They work for John Heathcoat & Co. and did one hundred and thirty miles altogether.



Right—Finally, fourteen operators who ought to know a bit about travelling. They work for British Railways at Swindon, Wiltshire. Their total journey was more than eighty miles.



Swansea

NO doubt about it whatever—this is the buffet break—just one item of a delightful evening for operators in South Wales.

Photo by Jack Thomas, Swansea



Over to Ireland

IT has given much pleasure to the reunion committees to see how quickly Irish operators have responded to the idea of meeting old friends and making new ones. This was their third season of gatherings in Ireland, and by far the most enthusiastic. Many operators travelled many miles and said they certainly intended to do the same next year. The entertainment was friendly and jolly; the music was pleasing; but, most of all, there was that happy family atmosphere which is so evident whenever Comptometer Operators get together.

Conne Stewart is seen here at Dublin reunion doing one of his popular character studies.

Photo by J. Ross, Dublin



INCREASED ATTENDANCE AT BELFAST

GUESTS came from Belfast and outlying districts in record numbers. From one Firm alone (James Mackie & Sons) the ten operators below were happily caught by the camera.

Photo by Francis M. Neill, Belfast



Photo by Philipson Studios, Newcastle

TYNE & TEES

BRACING breezes bring bright brigades of guests every year to Newcastle and Middlesbrough. North-east England is cold, but reunion photos prove there is health and beauty there. Nor is there any lack of activity. Articles in these pages always include a good proportion from Durham and Northumberland operators.

They cover many aspects of sport, pastimes and family life. A typical group of operators is shown above. It was taken at a previous year's reunion in Newcastle, this year's "do" being too late for inclusion. Operators up there may like to see if they can discover themselves among the happy assembly enjoying the performance.

COVENTRY

WE "sent to Coventry" for this picture of their last year's reunion and were well rewarded by the merry laughter of the operators shown. They are some of a large audience who have the distinction, among other things, of living round about the exact centre of England.

Photo by Yeldham Unwin Coventry



BALCONY SCENE AT SHEFFIELD

SIX charming Juliets who look quite capable of finding their Rom(eo)ance. In the meantime, it seems to be a nice cosy corner from which to enjoy a good show.

Photo by Sheffield Telegraph & Star





Photo by City Engraving Co. (Hull) Ltd.

FLASHES FROM HULL

YOU will agree that the flashlight found flashing smiles among the guests at Hull, thus making up for last year when no photos were received.



"She's my best friend, and I absolutely hate her," says Beryl Reid, the comedy girl from "Educating Archie."

LONDON LAUGHS & SINGS

THE popular Rita Williams has entertained London operators so long that she knows just how to get them singing. Guests were swaying from side to side in "Wonderful Copenhagen" until it seemed that the whole of Kingsway Hall was rocking. The foundations trembled, too, at Jon Pertwee's performance and Arthur Askey's antics. Romantic and operatic singing again came from John McHugh. Beryl Reid gave her famous impressions of Monica—that terrible schoolgirl. As we saw her retrieve and enjoy an already well-sucked toffee from a well-soiled hankie, produced from some mysterious garment, we could only hope that such daughters would never be ours. Our old friend Jack Leon and His Broadcasting Orchestra again made happy music.



"Hello playmates" was the cheerful cry that started fifteen minutes of fun from Big-Hearted Arthur.

SHIELD BROOCH CAKE AT NOTTINGHAM

GUESTS from Nottingham and Derby districts excelled themselves by turning up in record numbers. The "Astoria" chef devised this luscious cake all tied round with red white and blue ribbon for Coronation Year. It was exhibited at the ballroom entrance and every guest had a chance of winning it. Numbered tickets were handed out, then the youngest pupil drew a number from a bowl of counterfoils. The lucky winner was Miss Dorothy Hillier, operator at Ley's Malleable Castings Co., Derby. Congratulations, Dorothy!

Photo by Yeldham Unwin, Coventry



AT this season of Coronation the Medley is proud to send loyal greetings to Her Majesty on behalf of all Comptometer Operators. The photograph below is well suited to the occasion. It shows operators at Nottingham reunion singing "God Save The Queen," a prayer which is echoed in all our hearts.



Cargo Boat to SCANDINAVIA

by SYBIL ROBERTSON, GLASGOW.

AS the ship steamed out of Glasgow and down the Clyde, we were off on what we termed our great adventure. My friend and I were the only two passengers on a cargo ship bound for Sweden and Norway.

For four days we plied the officers with endless questions about the ship and the different places of interest, even before we left our own Scottish coast. The men must have heaved a sigh of relief when at last we were out of sight of land for two whole days, but the naval glasses and telescope were our constant companions. We could always find some dot on the horizon at which to peer.

The first Swede we met was the pilot at Vinga Island. He navigated the ship through the countless volcanic islands dotted with gaily painted wooden houses which are used during the summer, at week-ends and holidays, by the natives of Gothenburg. They flock there in little boats and sunbathe on the rocks.

The city of Gothenburg is very lovely, clean, and free from smoke and dirt. Gardens and trees are everywhere. The children are most attractive; as it was still early in the year the little boys were wearing knickerbocker suits and cute little knitted caps with tassels. The shops held a thousand and one delights, but often we had to admire and pass on, except when it came to the coffee shops and the restaurants in the parks with bands playing everything from a Strauss Waltz to a selection from "Annie get your Gun." Then we could always scrape up enough kronor for one of the scrumptious cream cakes.

During our week in Gothenburg we visited the ski-jump at Hindas, just outside the city, and climbed countless steps to reach the top. There we had a wonderful view of pine-clad slopes running down to a lake. A trip to the Royal holiday island of Marstrand was also made, and to the yachting centre of Lange-drag.

(Contd. on next page.)



Views of Oslo, Norway's Capital City.

A scene in the lovely Swedish port of Gothenburg.



CARGO BOAT TO SCANDINAVIA

(Contd. from previous page.)

We were very sorry when we sailed from this port of bright lights and friendly people, but our holiday was only half over and we had still a country of different people and customs to see. We sailed up the famous Oslo Fjord and thought it had not in any way been over-rated. At some parts the tree-covered shore was only a few feet from the ship's side. Once again there were the gaily painted wooden houses where the predominating colour seemed to be yellow.

Our first impression of Oslo from the bridge of the ship was breathtaking. The whole city was laid out before us from the edge of the blue water and climbing up the hills at the back. The white ski-jump stood out clearly, as it is one of the highest in Europe. It was used last year for the Olympic Championships. Although it was on our list of sights, we did not climb to the top. The people in Norway were, I thought, more like ourselves and the shops, like ours, still suffer from the aftermath of war. The comparison with Sweden, in this respect, was rather striking. The two days we spent in Oslo were not long enough but our holiday was drawing to a close. We sailed rather sadly back down the Fjord in scorching sunshine.

On the homeward journey we sailed through the Sound of Mull and the Sound of Jura. This was a grand finale to our holiday, because, although the other countries are very lovely, and the holiday something to remember always, there is no scenery quite like that of our own Scotland, and no words to describe it.



Nightfall at Gothenburg.

Getting on With it



CONNIE GRANT, OF TYNESIDE, SUGGESTED THIS HEADING. AFTER READING THE FOLLOWING LETTER FROM HER, WE FULLY AGREE.

THIS little bit of blowing my own trumpet might well be headed "Getting On With It."

I started by winning my Comptometer Ring before my name was entered on the chart showing those who were trying for it. My blue button (do you still use the coloured buttons to show weekly progress?) was once twenty sheets ahead of schedule. I won the Mary James Cup for going through the school in the then record time of six weeks.

Then Thomas Hedley opened friendly arms to welcome me, and the nine years spent in Phoenix Buildings make a very pleasant memory. My next bit of hustling happened during August 1942. My fiancé phoned me after a nine months' sea trip, on Tuesday the 25th (my birthday), and we were married on Saturday the 29th! He still says I rushed him into it, and can you blame him? After a lull of five years I thought things needed pepping up a bit, so I produced our family—Colin, 13th May, 1947; Keith, 16th November, 1948, and Sheila Jean, 31st December, 1949. By the way, at the 1951 Reunion, vouchers were given to the operators having the most children—another lady and I walked up, having three each. I am *quite* sure that when the compère asked me the age of my eldest, and I said "nearly four," he did not believe me, so please show him the enclosed snap; I should hate anyone to think I was spinning a yarn.

Now, alas, my activities are quite normal. I sing contralto in the Newcastle Ladies' Choir, wrack my brains for a winning "Bullet" in *John Bull*, and satisfy my liking for figures by book-keeping for my husband, whose accounts do *not* call for a Comptometer. Still, I've had my moments, haven't I?



Here are three sturdy young Grants—Colin, Keith and Shiela Jean. They give pictorial support to their mother's claim about getting on with it.

By the way, the Mary James Cup mentioned above was a trophy presented to the Newcastle Comptometer School and is therefore not known in other schools.



Carnival in YORKSHIRE

TWENTY-YEAR-OLD Kathleen Gilbert (centre) had the honour to be elected Queen of Featherstone Carnival. Kathleen was trained in Leeds Comptometer School in 1951 and is an operator at Timothy Whites & Taylors, Ltd

More Twins

"NEVER a Medley without twins" is the slogan, the Editor believing that a nice girl in duplicate is twice as nice as a nice girl once.

So will other twins please send their pictures.

This photo shows Heather and Diane Hamilton, aged sixteen, trained in London Comptometer School last year. Their home is at Bexleyheath, Kent.



Gossip Gaiety

by Margaret Pocock, York (Leeds)

THE EDITOR'S AIM IS TO MAKE THIS MEDLEY INTERESTING TO ALL OPERATORS. THAT IS WHY YOU DO NOT OFTEN SEE WHAT IS SOMETIMES CALLED "LOCAL GOSSIP." THE FOLLOWING ITEMS, HOWEVER, HAVE A CRISPNESS AND HUMOUR THAT SHOULD PLEASE EVERYONE. OUR THANKS TO MISS MARGARET POCOCK, WHO ALSO SENT US IDEAS FOR THE DRAWINGS.

WE think other operators will be interested in the achievements of the staff in the Central Calculating Section at Rowntree and Co., of York, during the last year or so.

Miss H. Kelsey helped to blaze a trail across Morocco, but was disappointed to find that women are not accepted in the Foreign Legion. However, on her return to England, she was one of the party chosen by the B.B.C. to speak about the trip on the Light Programme.

Gladys Genn and Jill Townsend have entered the marriage stakes. They are now engaged in making ends "meat."

Then we have Brenda Calpin who, much to her surprise, landed a Senior Grade post in another department at the age of eighteen. She is still recuperating from the shock.

Jean Crowder has decided not to become a speedway rider because she burnt her leg on the exhaust of a motor-bike. We don't like to tell her, but we believe she must have been sitting back to front on the infernal machine.

Joyce Kidd, age eighteen, obtained 100% in the Diploma test. In the same week she became joint champion at Rowntree's Annual Sports Gathering. This

GOSSIP GAIETY—contd.

led her to travel further afield. She was placed third in the 220 yards flat race at Thorne Athletic Meeting. Joyce has now started her second bottom drawer with her prizes. Our only complaint is that she expects us to spring through the work like she moves along the race track.

Pat Stainsby, age seventeen, won the York Municipal Girls' Tennis Cup and the final of Rowntree's Ladies' Tournament. She also managed to appear in the final of the York Mixed Doubles event, the finals of the Girls' Doubles and the quarter finals Girls' Singles in the Yorkshire Championships. Pat now counts tennis balls instead of sheep for insomnia.

Hilda Wright and Margaret Pocock hit print in a photograph in a local paper. This was in connection with the firms' Arts and Crafts Exhibition. After one issue, we understand, the photographic plate was unfortunately (?) broken. These two are

now trying to emulate Robin Hood with bows and arrows. Margaret won the ladies' prize for the Hereford round at their Archery Club.

Emily Morley, who has now retired, won three local Golf competitions. We are told she is nifty with a putter.

Sorry we have no more accomplishments to record, but we have no more staff.

* * * *

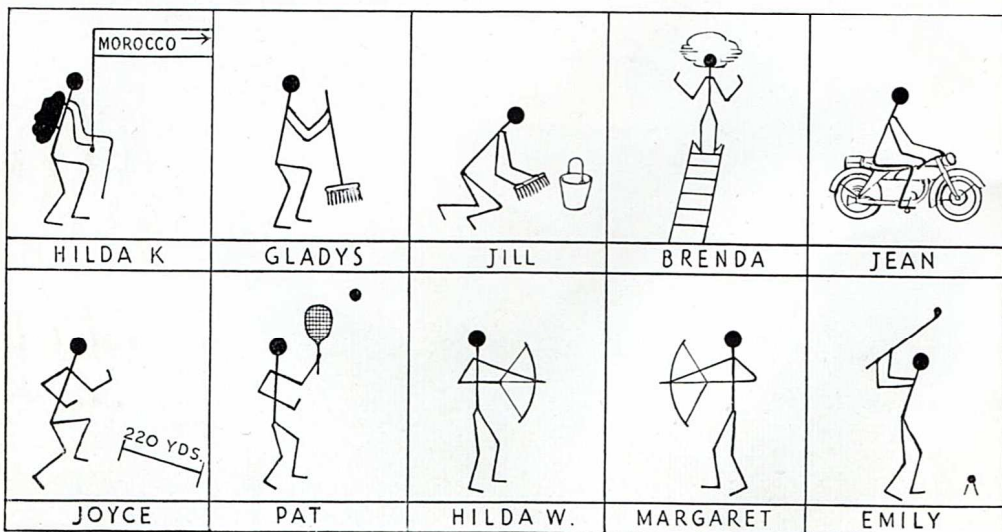
Stop the presses rolling!

Joyce and Brenda heard later that they passed the Royal Society of Arts Arithmetic Examination at advanced level. Pat also learned that she made the intermediate grade.

We are all very lively. If the printer has a bit of space left, and likes to phone us, we'll tell him the latest and newest. O yes, there goes the phone. Joyce got engaged at Christmas.

The photo below was taken at Leeds Reunion. It shows the happy band of operators from Rowntree & Co. You may like to pick out the originals and compare them with the artist's impressions on the opposite page. Jean, however, is not in the photo as she could not get to the reunion this time. The other nine are seated in front. Their names from left to right are Pat Stainsby, Hilda Wright, Brenda Calpin, Emily Morley, Hilda Kelsey, Gladys Coning, Joyce Kidd, Margaret Pocock and Jill Brooke.

Photo by The Yorkshire Post





Miss Shirley Hutchinson.

Shirley Sings

MISS SHIRLEY HUTCHINSON started singing when she was five, which was twelve years ago. She has recently won several prizes in musical festivals at Saltburn, Darlington and Middlesbrough. In 1951 she won the Vocal Junior Championship at Stockton-on-Tees, receiving the David John Jones trophy and a silver medal. She took part this year in Stockton-on-Tees

Stage Society's production of *The Arcadians*, and is a soloist in the prize-winning ladies' choir known as Teeside's Aeolian Singers.

Shirley was trained in Middlesbrough School, lives at Thornaby-on-Tees, works at Stockton-on-Tees with Tarslag Ltd. for whom she sang last Christmas at their annual dance and dinner.

At the end of an interesting letter, Shirley expresses the sentiment heard so often from operators everywhere—"I am looking forward so much to the next reunion when I will meet all my friends I trained with."

Operators-in-Law—And Cousinly

AS it is unusual to hear from operators who are sisters-in-law, the photo below is of special interest. The bride is Mrs. Rylatt, formerly Miss Marjorie Webb. The bridesmaid is Miss Elise Rylatt who, on the strong recommendation of her brother's future bride, also became a pupil in Liverpool School, where she is now a teacher.

IT is also quite a while since we had cousinly relationships. There are two sisters with their cousin in the photo below, and they are all Comptometer Operators in Sheffield. On the left is Pamela Thorpe, in the centre Mrs. G. Booth, and the bride's sister, Pauline Scrimshaw, is on the right.



ARCTIC Mission

"HER patients will be Eskimos, Red Indians, Fur Trappers and their families. She will be medical missionary at All Saints' Hospital, Aklavik, North-West Territory, Canada, 120 miles inside the Arctic Circle, and the only hospital in an area of thousands of square miles."

So wrote Mr. A. W. Jeffery when his daughter, Miss Winifred Jeffery, sailed from Southampton last October to begin a new life among a few straggling wooden huts at the mouth of the Mackenzie River.

Why should a young girl leave the security of a Comptometer Operator's job in London, and the comfort of her parents' home in Morden, to work in the northernmost township of the British Commonwealth? Why should she go away from all her friends to give her services to patients who come hundreds of miles by ski-plane, sledge, Eskimo schooners and Indian canoes? Why should she exchange the temperate climate of Britain for what the Royal Geographical Society calls "the fag-end of the world"?

The fag-end is entirely without the warmth which the name implies. The temperature is usually well below zero. For half the year the sun never shines. For the rest of the year there is a blurred and watery light which is the nearest thing to sunshine in that forsaken land.

The explanation is that Winifred, after working for about two years as an Operator, "received a call" and decided to devote her life to missionary work. She was then seventeen, and that was twelve years ago. All those years were spent in preparation at various Missionary Hospitals and Colleges, where Winifred obtained her S.R.N. and S.C.M. Certificates, and at last deemed herself efficient and worthy to undertake the task she had in mind.

The remarkable fact that she was to be the only English girl in that Arctic community made news in Canada, so much so that reporters were awaiting her arrival in Quebec.

Her friends here sadly miss her, but all hope she will find contentment and fulfilment in her brave adventure.



At their home in South London, Winifred Jeffery and her mother trace on a map the land of snow and loneliness where Winifred will spend the next few years.

Photograph by kind permission of The Evening News, London.



Essay COMPETITION

OPERATORS were invited to criticise the last *Medley*, giving their own choice of best and worst pages, and making suggestions for future *Medleys*.

The entries were surprisingly few. Is this because operators think that writing is more of a job for typists? Or are they contented with their magazine just as it is? Or perhaps their reaction is that of Mrs. Olive Evans (Selsdon, Surrey) who writes: "You set a hard—even impossible—competition. The standard is so consistently good that there are no worst pages." Mrs. Evans went on to suggest that household matters should be introduced, but, with so many daily and weekly papers giving space to this subject, we think enough is as good as a feast.

The likes and dislikes show that variety of taste for which mankind is famous. Miss Doreen Muat (Middlesbrough), for example, picks first the front cover because it is so inviting and colourful. Her second choice is Reunion Roundabout for the same reasons that several other girls gave, namely, the happiness on the guests' faces, interest in the kind of entertainment in other districts, and always the

chance of spotting themselves among the photographs. Miss Muat gracefully avoids picking a worst page by saying: "The first thing the cobbler threw at his wife was the last, so I suggest this as the worst page because it is the end of another 'Medley.'"

Miss Isabel Govett, on the other hand, is more outspoken. She dislikes the foreign travel pages and says: "They are most boring to me. These savour far too much of geography, a subject which I always hated at school. Most people go abroad at some time or other and it is all very stale." We know from other essays and letters that many readers do not agree with this, but there are plenty who agree with Miss Govett's first choice, which is "Family Matters, because everyone loves a baby," and also her second choice—"the cheerful group of operators enjoying the entertainment (Pages 14 and 15). It must be that I am all for happiness in your magazine."

And so say all of us.

After much careful judging, it has been decided that Miss Bosley's essay complies with the rules and merits the award of £3 3s. 0d. This essay is printed on the next page. The operators mentioned above, Mrs. Evans, Miss Muat and Miss Govett, receive consolation prizes of £1 1s. 0d. each.

And Next—PERSONALITY

SO few operators came forward as essayists that the next contest calls for little more than a photograph. This is NOT a beauty competition. We are looking for attractive and impressive personality. All we ask you to do is to send your photograph together with your name and address. You can send a letter as well, if you wish, giving any interesting notes about your career or pastimes. It makes no difference whether you are dressed for business, for parties, for sport, or whether it is a studio photo or a snap. Please remember, however, that snaps must be clear and well-defined, otherwise they are not suitable for printing.

1st Prize—£5 5s. 0d.

2nd Prize—£4 4s. 0d.

3rd Prize—£3 3s. 0d.

£2 2s. 0d. prizes will be awarded for any other photographs selected for printing. Put your name and address on the back of your photo and send it before 31st December, 1953, to:—

The Editor, Felt & Tarrant Ltd.,
Aldwych House,
Aldwych, London, W.C.2.

Entrants should be Comptometer Operators. All photographs will be returned when the results are known.

PRIZE Essay

by D. J. Bosley, Newbury, (London).

FELT & Tarrant must be unique in the way they bring all Operators together by means of entertaining reunions and the excellent *Medley*. Looking once more through its interesting pages, I find it hard to pick which two I like most. Finally I have chosen the two headed "Getting Around," because, being engaged to a member of the Forces, I hope I will go abroad with him, and from these pages I feel confident of being able to obtain a post as a Comptometer Operator anywhere. Apart from that, I enjoy reading about other Operators' experiences in other countries. I feel personally linked with them through the *Medley*.

My second choice must be Reunion Roundabout. On these pages, every Operator's face shows a smile, proving their enjoyment of the first-class entertainment provided for them. Always I am hoping to see a photograph of some of my friends I met at the London School. Operators who are confronted with their own photograph must either be very thrilled or slightly amused, especially if one is photographed with an artiste. These lucky girls have two pages worth keeping to show friends and relations, and to be able to say "I remember that Reunion—it was . . ."

It is a hard task to pick the two worst pages, in fact, it is almost impossible. In order to comply with the Essay rules, I reluctantly decide on the centre pages. Although "Beating the Band" is as well balanced as any other *Medley* pages, it is used as padding in my opinion.

In future *Medleys* I shall still hope to see the ever-bright cover pages. These catch the eye and fix the attention so that people who do not even know what a Comptometer is are attracted. I'm sure that many Operators will want to cut out and keep the back page, which is in memory of Ivor Novello, and will look forward to more back pages like it.

Comptometer *Medley* is balanced in every way; it provides items of interest, plenty of competitions and, most of all, it is a Comptometer magazine for Comptometer Operators by Comptometer people.

YOU SAID IT!

WE get hundreds of letters in praise of the "Medley" but seldom print any. There is always so much else to squeeze in. It seems ungracious, however, if we never acknowledge the kind sentiments expressed by so many readers. We therefore print below a typical example and make this an opportunity to thank all Operators who have written in similar terms.

Dear Editor,

During this week-end I have spent a most enjoyable couple of hours reading through our latest *Medley* from start to finish. I do feel I must write immediately to congratulate you and your staff on compiling the best Magazine to date. I was particularly impressed with the front cover. It is smart, sophisticated, and gives the Magazine that hundred per cent. look before it is even opened. The inside back cover, too, always brings the little book to a suitable close with a few lovely words by K.F.J. The illustration this time, as always, is beautifully done. A bouquet to the printers for their excellent colour work on that and the front covers.

Another thing which is a great improvement is all the sketch work illustrating each contribution. So much atmosphere is conjured up in the imagination immediately on looking at these small but accurate sketches. This edition of the *Medley* seems to deal with everything. It has something to interest both the younger and older operators, as well as the Mothers and Fathers, i.e. the Family page. I did feel at one time there were too many pages with photos of reunions which were all very similar, due, I've no doubt, to the lack of material from operators.

Judging by the Magazine, we Operators certainly get around. As yet I haven't been able to afford a holiday abroad, and must confess I haven't sufficient nerve to try hitch-hiking on four or five pounds as lots of brave girls do. But next year I am hoping to travel outside these islands and, who knows, maybe I will have a story worthy of publication in the *Medley*. Until that happy day, congratulations and thanks for a Magazine to be proud of.

Yours sincerely,

Eileen Gresham.



A Record PRIZE LIST

MORE prizewinners—a higher total value—an interesting variety of subjects! This is good going. The Editor thanks all who sent entries. Prizes have been awarded as follows:

GENERAL

Miss E. Burnett, Glasgow: Verses on Page 12 £3 3 0	Miss D. Catchpole, London: ... "A Running Miss" £2 2 0
Mrs. M. Coates, Smethwick (Birmingham): "True Friends" £3 3 0	Miss J. Cleves, Bristol: "American Holiday" £2 2 0
Miss J. Coventry, Liverpool: "Another Ice Age?" £3 3 0	Mrs. M. Dobbins, Belfast: "Hikers' Dream Home" £2 2 0
Mrs. G. D. Hughes, London: "My First Pillion Ride" £3 3 0	Miss K. Gilbert, Featherstone (Leeds): "Carnival in Yorkshire" £2 2 0
Miss W. Jeffery, formerly London: "Arctic Mission" £3 3 0	Miss S. Glasgow, Cardiff: "A Winning Miss" £2 2 0
Miss M. Pocock, York (Leeds): "Gossip Gaiety" £3 3 0	Mrs. C. Grant, Gateshead (Newcastle): "Getting On With It" £2 2 0
Miss S. Robertson, Hamilton (Glasgow): "Cargo Boat to Scandinavia" £3 3 0	Miss F. Harrison, Manchester: "One of Our Great Singers" £2 2 0
Miss M. Thomas, Cardiff: "Gymnastic Miss" £3 3 0	Miss S. Hutchinson, Middlesbrough: "Shirley Sings" £2 2 0
Miss E. Broomhead, Bradford: "Girl in Lapland" £2 2 0	Mrs. B. Hamelinck, formerly Middlesbrough: "Girl in Holland" £1 1 0
	Mrs. V. Muncs, formerly Bradford: "Girl from Latvia" £1 1 0

RELATIVES

£1 1 0 each to the following:
Mrs. G. Booth, Sheffield.
Miss D. Hamilton, Bexleyheath (London).
Miss H. Hamilton, Bexleyheath (London).
Miss E. Rylatt, Liverpool.
Mrs. M. Rylatt, formerly Liverpool.
Miss P. Scrimshaw, Sheffield.
Miss P. Thorpe, Sheffield.

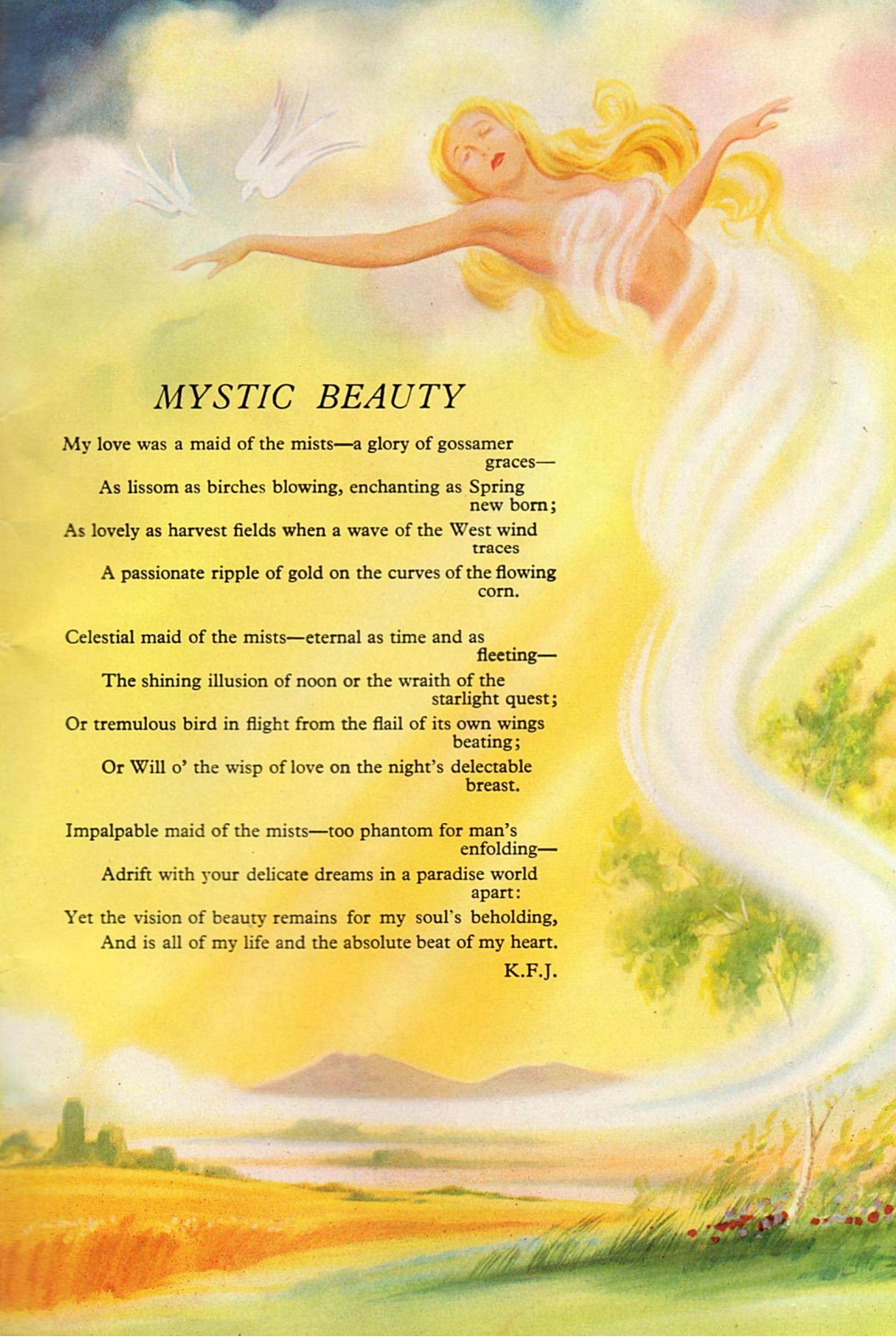
ESSAYS

Miss D. J. Bosley, Newbury (London):
1st Prize £3 3 0
Mrs. O. L. Evans, Selsdon (London):
Consolation £1 1 0
Miss I. J. Govett, London:
Consolation £1 1 0
Miss D. Muat, Middlesbrough:
Consolation £1 1 0

PLEASE PASS IT ON

NO doubt you know some girl who will soon be leaving school. You could help her to choose the progressive career of Comptometer Operating by passing this magazine to her. Or, if you prefer to let us have any names and addresses, we will gladly send all details direct. This helps to keep up with the increasing demand for operators. What is more, you will receive half-a-guinea bonus for each accepted pupil introduced by you.

MYSTIC BEAUTY



My love was a maid of the mists—a glory of gossamer
graces—
As lissom as birches blowing, enchanting as Spring
new born;
As lovely as harvest fields when a wave of the West wind
traces
A passionate ripple of gold on the curves of the flowing
corn.

Celestial maid of the mists—eternal as time and as
fleeting—
The shining illusion of noon or the wraith of the
starlight quest;
Or tremulous bird in flight from the flail of its own wings
beating;
Or Will o' the wisp of love on the night's detectable
breast.

Impalpable maid of the mists—too phantom for man's
enfoldng—
Adrift with your delicate dreams in a paradise world
apart:
Yet the vision of beauty remains for my soul's beholding,
And is all of my life and the absolute beat of my heart.

K.F.J.

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BIRMINGHAM

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Telephone: Colmore 4448

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Britannia House, Leeds Road
Telephone: Bradford 27888



BRISTOL

Pearl Assurance Buildings,
Marsh Street
Telephone: Bristol 24753

CARDIFF

15, Working Street
Telephone: Cardiff 26957



COVENTRY

Halifax Chambers, High St.
Telephone: Coventry 64806

DUBLIN

21, Molesworth Street
Telephone: Dublin 62443



EDINBURGH

42, George Street
Telephone: Central 5457

GLASGOW

62, Robertson Street
Telephone: Central 8094



HULL

Bank Chambers, Lowgate
Telephone: Central 36246

LEEDS

Merrion Chambers,
31-37 Merrion Street
Telephone: Leeds 23453



LEICESTER

Eagle House, Friar Lane
Telephone: Leicester 22577

LIVERPOOL

3, The Albany, Old Hall St.
Telephone: Central 1893



LONDON

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

MANCHESTER

196, Deansgate
Telephone: Deansgate 3887



MIDDLESBROUGH

Bank Chambers, Wilson St.
Telephone:
Middlesbrough 2513

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE

12, Ellison Place
Telephone: Newcastle 21831



NOTTINGHAM

147, Lower Parliament Street
Telephone:
Nottingham 43664

SHEFFIELD



Parade Chambers, East Parade
Telephone: Sheffield 26052