

N.F.S. FIREWOMEN'S MAGAZINE

(Original Title: W.A.F.S. Magazine.)

No. 32.

MAY-JUNE, 1944

Price 4D.

EDITORIAL AND NEWS

Movements in the Fire Service have resulted in some subscribers being short of Magazines, we understand, especially as Areas and Magazine Representatives have been involved. If readers who have not had either of the last two issues will write to the Editor direct, every effort will be made to supply them and also to give information regarding the present Representative for that Fire Force.

The Editor takes this opportunity of making particular reference to Miss M. Stewart, who was the Magazine Representative for Region III, but who has now left the Service. Always an enthusiast, A.G.O. Stewart consistently handled more Magazines per issue than any other Representative, topping all others by 200-300 per issue. The Editor's thanks are due to her too, for invariably sending in news and, more often than not, articles and excellent drawings from her subscribers. We wish similar success to A.G.O. Aldrech, who has taken Miss Stewart's place.

News from the Fire Forces has been very scarce this time, and—again owing to difficulties of contact—there is no "Life." It is hoped that the new feature, "An Incident in my Life," which started in the last issue, will prove popular and bring in some interesting contributions.



Who are these girls? See Region V, next page.

III/8/H.Q.—On Tuesday, April 18th, 1944, Area Officer Swinton-Vaughan of No. 8 Fire Force entertained her friends at a party at Cyprus Lodge, prior to leaving the Area to take up an appointment as Area Officer of No. 32 Area.

Great appreciation was shown of Area Officer Swinton-Vaughan, for the valuable services which she has rendered in No. 8 Area, and every good wish was conveyed to her for a happy and successful time in her new surroundings.

The Senior Officers who spoke after dinner paid the highest tribute to Area Officer Swinton-Vaughan's untiring energy and organising ability and the valuable services she had rendered in No. 8 Area, as well as in No. 10, and it was obvious that she would be really missed by all her colleagues and firewomen, to whom she had endeared herself during her time in No. 3 Region.

Among those present were:—Chief Regional Fire Officer Mr. Patrick, Regional Woman Fire Officer Mrs. Radford, Fire Force Commander Mr. Strong, Assistant Fire Force Commander Mr. Smith.

III/10/H.Q.—I have great pleasure in recording that No. 10 Fire Force collected the sum of £607. 17s. 0d. for Dr. Barnardo's Homes. This was a great achievement, being £107. 17s. 0d. more than the target originally set for the whole of the No. 3 (North Midland) Region.

The cheque for this amount was handed to the C.R.F.O. (Mr. T. H. Patrick) by the Fire Force Commander, Mr. W. H. Barker, at Area H.Q., Louth, in the presence of the Regional Woman Fire Officer, Mrs. L. Radford and officers from No. 10 Area.

The Deputy Fire Force Commander, Mr. W. Sargent, presided and spoke of the excellent work which had been done for so many years and was being done today by Dr. Barnardo's Homes. He pointed out that the tremendous task which the organisation had to undertake might be realised when it was made known that £2,000 was being expended each day on maintenance.

In presenting the cheque to Mr. Patrick, the Fire Force Commander expressed his gratitude to all who had contributed, making particular reference to part-time personnel.

The Chief Regional Fire Officer congratulated No. 10 on its success in exceeding what he had set as the original target for the Region—£500.

D.O. Laughton.

IV/12—Congratulations to Company Officer J. Dougherty (Welwyn Garden City) on receiving His Majesty's Award of the King's Police and Fire Services Medal, the official presentation of which was made by the Lord-Lieutenant of Hertfordshire, Viscount Hampden, on the 8th April.

S. J.

V/Regional H.Q.—

The Netball Team of Region V/H.Q. are all very keen though still very new. All from Red Watch and eager to play. So if anyone's interested, please name the day. The Games they have played they've quite often won, but they usually play just for the fun.

P. E. Ford.

VII/Regional H.Q.—Since the last issue of the "Firewomen's Magazine," Miss E. L. Lee, R.W.F.O., has been transferred to No. X Region, and we wish her every success in her new appointment. In her place we have Mrs. W. R. Marshall, who, has come from No. IX Region, to whom we extend a warm welcome.

We have also been fortunate in the addition of Miss R. P. Amies, of the N.F.S. College, Brighton, to the staff at Regional Fire H.Q. She has been here for the past three months and is occupied with the important reference of Women's Training.

P. M. R.

VII/39/A Div. H.Q. said goodbye to Divisional Officer Howells on April 1st, when he left to take up his position as Divisional Officer at Avonmouth. He will be missed by all who worked with him. We extend a warm welcome to Divisional Officer Philpott, who has come to us from B Division.

VII/39/B.2.—"The National Fire Service has caught the imagination of the people of Canada." These words were spoken by Major-General

C. B. Pryce, Overseas Commissioner of the Canadian Red Cross, when at Cheltenham on February 23rd he presented to No. 39 Fire Force a Mobile Canteen, the gift of Mr. and Mrs. Alan Bronfman, of Montreal, to the Fire Fighters of Great Britain.

Before handing over the Canteen, Major-General Pryce inspected the Guard of Honour which was formed by National Fire Service men and women of B Division, and in his speech spoke of the Canadian people's admiration for the women of Britain, and said how pleased he was to see the firewomen represented on parade.

After the ceremony, tea and light refreshments were served from the Canteen, which was manned by firewomen, who looked very smart and business-like in their navy blue Service slacks and short white mess jackets.

Such a gift is greatly appreciated and we feel very pleased to know that the people of Canada take such keen interest in the Service to which we have the honour to belong.

F. M. Rumsey, A.G.O., 38/B.2.

X/26 E.H.Q.—After recently welcoming G.O. Magee to E Division 26 Area, we now regretfully wish her farewell, sincerely wishing her best of luck and scope at Birkenhead.

Also we welcome to the Division G.O. Evans, hoping she will find the personnel as interesting as those in her former post, and wishing her happiness and good luck.

Discussion Groups in the Division have held the interest of all: Race and the Colour Bar; Compulsory Service; and Post-war British Restaurants are some of the subjects discussed.

Blood Donors.—Many firewomen in this Division have volunteered as donors, in common with other members of the N.F.S.

A. Lowry.

X/29.—Hearty congratulations are extended to F.F.C. Blackstone on his appointment to C.R.F.O., No. 8 Region.

His successor, F.F.C. H. Blackledge, has the good wishes of the Area on joining us from No. 28 Area. On the women's side, we welcome Area Officer Espley (from 41 Area) and wish all success to Area Officer Stern (late No. 29), who has been transferred to No. 23 Area. Reorganisation has been the "order of the day" during the past two months, the Area having been extended to include No. 43 Fire Force, and several Divisions having amalgamated.

Social and sporting events, spring fairs, etc., have been held throughout the Area and it is hoped to give fuller information regarding these in the next issue.

M. L. J.

X/29/E.—Physical Training. Considerable progress has been achieved in E Division with the Fitness Training during the past few months. The Fitness Training Leader has introduced several new features including National Dances, Skipping to Music and Tenni-Quoits. There has been an increased demand for active recreation amongst the firewomen of this Division. Classes are held four times a week and with the advent of the summer weather they are now being held out of doors at Headquarters and E.2.Z., Moss Lane.

M. E. Johnson.

XI/Eastern H.Q.—Sport is the headlight at Headquarters at present, and several friendly Hockey Games have been played, finishing up with an enjoyable "At Home."

A Dance was held on the 11th April, 1944, and the proceeds were in aid of the Benevolent Fund; this proved a huge success and may I take this opportunity of thanking the ladies who so kindly supplied "eats for two."

The Social Evenings held throughout the winter months concluded on 20th April, 1944, with a most enjoyable Party-Dance.

N. C.

XII/32/A3.—The "communiqué" given below is the result of Sub-Area Stores No. 1 sending their L/Fw. to our Control Room to collect coupons on the 26th April, 1944.

(With apologies to the Air Ministry.)

Coupon Communiqué.—On the morning of 26th April, in cloudless weather, Stores sent a "Leading Fireman Spy Raider" on coupon "Reconnaissance" to the Control Room, where five of our "Spitfires" were dispersed on the runways. Much "fighter opposition" was encountered, and the "Jone raider" was under heavy fire from "our ground defences." Several "tracer bullets" were observed to strike the aircraft and its "undercarriage" was shot away. It "made off" to Sub-Area Field No. 1, wirelessly "Coming in on a wing and a prayer." Later the Sub-Area "enemy controlled" radio announced that "C" for "Charlie" "failed to return" with coupons!

"Brench and Dorrie."

?

IF
you want
to know
what he
is doing
in our
Magazine
then —
look at
the next
page for
the answer,
which is
just the
model for
the
Boy Friend.



"Air Crews"

I watched them go, a never-ending stream,
Flying swiftly across the sky,
A sky so blue, a perfect day,
It seemed an ugly dream,
That they
Might not return.

They flew o'er England's woods and hills
And cottages with roses round the door.
These are the things they are fighting for,
These are the things they love,
The ancient oaks and the field of grain.
Dear God, please send them back again.

Fw. Streeter, VI/14 H.Q.

Man's Cable-stitch Pullover

Materials : 9 ozs. Viyella Sock Yarn, 4-ply.

1 pair of No. 10 needles.

1 set of No. 12 needles pointed at both ends.

Measurements : Width all round at underarm, 38 inches. Length from top of shoulder to lower edge, 22 inches.

Abbreviations : K. knit ; P. purl ; st. stitch ; tog. together ; rep. repeat.

The Back : Using 2 No. 12 needles cast on 120 sts. and work in K. 1, P. 1 rib for $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

Next row : * Rib 5, knit twice in next st. Rep. from * to end of row (140 sts.). Change to No. 10 needles and work in following pattern.

1st row : * P. 4, K. 4. Rep. from * to last 4 sts., K. 4.

2nd row : * K. 4, P. 4. Rep. from * to last 4 sts., K. 4.

Rep. last 2 rows twice.

7th row : * P. 5, slip next 2 sts. on spare needle and place to back of work, knit next st., knit first st. from spare needle, purl 2nd st. Rep. from * to last 4 sts., P. 4.

8th row : K. 5, P. 2, * K. 6, P. 2. Rep. from * to last 5 sts., K. 5.

9th row : P. 5, K. 2, * P. 6, K. 2. Rep. from * to last 5 sts., P. 5.

10th row : As 8th.

11th row : As 9th.

12th row : As 8th.

13th row : * P. 4, K. 1, slip next st. on spare needle and place to front of work, knit next st., knit st. from spare needle, K. 1. Rep. from * to last 4 sts., P. 4.

14th row : * K. 4, P. 4. Rep. from * to last 4 sts., K. 4.

The last 12 rows complete one pattern. Continue straight in pattern until work measures 14 inches from commencement, ending on wrong side of work.

Armhole Shaping : Cast off 6 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows, then K. 2 tog. at each end of every row until 100 sts. remain. Continue straight on these sts. in pattern until work measures 21 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches, ending on wrong side of work.

Shoulder Shaping : Cast off 8 sts. at beginning of next 8 rows. Cast off remaining sts.

The Front : Work exactly as back until work measures 14 inches from commencement, ending on wrong side of work.

Armhole Shaping : Cast off 6 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows, then K. 2 tog. at each end of every row until 116 sts. remain. Now commence neck shaping.

Neck Shaping : **1st row :** K. 2 tog., work 54 sts. in pattern, K. 2 tog., turn, put remaining sts. on spare needle.

2nd row : K. 2 tog., work in pattern to last 2 sts., K. 2 tog.

Rep. last 2 rows 3 times. Continue in pattern keeping armhole edge straight but decreasing 1 st. at neck edge every alternate row until 82 sts. remain. Continue straight in pattern on these sts. until work measures 21 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches, ending on wrong side of work.

Shoulder Shaping : **1st row :** Cast off 8, work to end in pattern.

2nd row : Work in pattern.

Rep. last 2 rows twice. Cast off remaining 8 sts. Join wool to other side at neck edge and work to correspond.

Neck Ribbing : Join shoulder seams, using set of No. 12 needles pick up 174 sts. 34 across back of neck on first needle, 70 on 2nd needle to centre of neck and 70 on other side of neck.

1st round : **1st needles :** K. 1, P. 1 to end of row.

2nd needle : K. 1, P. 1, to last 2 sts., K. 2 tog.

3rd needle : K. 2 tog., * K. 1, P. 1. Rep. from * to end of row.

Continue in rib decreasing 1 st. at end of 2nd needle and 1 st. at beginning of 3rd row for 9 rounds. Cast off in rib.

Armhole Ribbing : Join side seams, using set of No. 12 needles and pick up on 3 needles 140 sts. (46 on first 2 needles, 48 on 3rd needle) and work 10 rounds in K. 1, P. 1 rib.

Apologies to IX/40

*that this picture
of a Fitness
Display at
"Greenhills"
Women's
Training School
was mislaid and
so held up for
some weeks.*



AN INCIDENT IN MY LIFE

No. II. Adventure on Braeriach. By P.T. Fw. Hilda Pitcairn, Reg. Y.

A few summers before the War, my brother Jack and I decided to join forces for our holiday and go to the Highlands again, so we booked rooms at Aviemore in one of the rather primitive little Scotch houses to which we had been accustomed all our lives. We had a lovely view of the Spey with the glorious Cairngorms rising darkly in the background. Jack was an experienced climber and his eyes turned longingly towards the mountains many a time before we planned to attack them. I had not been well for some months, but the fine, invigorating air soon made me feel capable of a long outing and an attempt, at least, to reach the top of Braeriach, whose noble height tempted us every time we looked out of the window.

It was a perfect summer day when we set out about 10 o'clock, with our raincoats, stout walking-sticks and picnic packages—the only thing missing was a compass which we had been unable to buy, so decided to risk the climb without its aid. We had hired the village car and drove as far as possible before the road turned into a mountain path which made walking a necessity. This countryside was new to both of us as most of our previous holidays had been spent in our beloved Grampians, but we found it very beautiful, especially in the fresh morning light. We parted from the driver, giving him instructions to meet us at the same spot about 7 p.m., and then set off on what was to prove rather more of an adventure than we had bargained for, and quite a test of our staying power.

When we reached the start of our actual climb we met a "watcher," i.e., a man who watches the distant mountain lochs to prevent poaching in preserved waters. He pointed out our best route and off we went in high spirits. I was specially delighted to feel so well after the long period of bad health, and Jack rejoiced to be back on his loved hills again.

We found the climb quite easy and only stopped when lunch time was upon us. We ate this in brilliant sunshine with a wonderful view spread out before us, and after a short rest, set off again. Presently we met a small party of geological students coming down the hill; they told us we were only three-quarters of an hour from the top, so on we went again although disappointed to find the sun going in most unexpectedly. Quite soon a cold dampness in the air warned us of approaching mist, and when we reached the very top the view was completely blotted out. We felt triumphant in spite of our disappointment in the weather, and soon began to retrace our steps. I say "retrace" and this was only too true, for after walking for some time we found ourselves back at the top again, having walked round in a circle owing to the thickness of the mist! We now fully realised that we did not know our way down; we remembered too that we had come up by the only safe route, the other three sides of the mountain being notably precipitous and dangerous! However, we could not stay up there, so again began very cautiously to climb down through the blanketing fog. Now we needed that compass badly, but it was too late to worry about it. After a long time, the mist began to lift, and we stopped our very slow downward crawl to look about us—then we discovered that we were well down on the wrong side of the hill, having lost our bearings completely during our blind wandering on the top. We debated whether it would be better to try and find the right way down, possibly wasting much time and energy and with the risk of being caught in more mist, or to continue down this side not knowing in the least where we should land at the base. We decided that the latter was the wiser course as we had a great many miles to cover and did not want to be stranded in pitch darkness on the mountain. Jack had the additional worry of not knowing how much I could stand, and we both realised the ever-present risk of breaking a leg on the terribly rough and steep side we were painfully descending. We rested and ate our tea, being cheered the while by the sight of several deer in the distance.

At last we reached the bottom and found a stream which we crossed in the dim light: it was now about 10 p.m. and we wondered what our driver would be thinking of us and

if we had caused any anxiety by our absence. On we walked, scarcely speaking as we were far too weary. Jack had a nasty blister on his heel, and I was just one big ache all over. Luckily the going was easier as there were little paths through the heather, and eventually we came to the river which we knew had to be crossed. I started to wade but came hurriedly back when the current suddenly became very strong, and in addition I had scratched my knee on some nasty barbed wire on the bank. We then retraced our steps and came to a bridge which led us to a wood, and in the far distance we saw a light. This hopeful sign of habitation spurred us on, and we began stumbling over the cut-down roots of trees, praying that the little beacon light would not go out before we reached it. We next had to climb a wall and stepped into a mass of damp earth which proved to be the cesspool of the small schoolhouse which we had reached. The schoolmaster put us on our way with the joyful news that there were now only 3 miles between us and Aviemore. Fortunately it was mainly downhill and we reached our house soon after midnight, only to find that the search party had gone to look for us, taking with them our tiny store of brandy in case we were ill or injured. Our landlady had seen the mist come down and feared we should be lost or at least take severe cold. She had kept some fried fish hot, and a fire burning, and this, added to the smell of the paraffin lamp, was almost the last straw and turned me rather faint. I went to bed shortly, but Jack felt he must wait up for the kind men who had gone to look for us. They returned at 2 a.m. very relieved to find us safe back. The driver had waited from 7 till 10 p.m. and then returned to Aviemore for help. The villagers were on the alert as the previous year two young students had lost their way and died of exposure during the night.

There was no suggestion of breakfast in bed, so we both arose as usual, and really suffered no ill-effects, apart from naturally aching muscles and fatigue, and we were considerably proud of being described as "a hardy couple"—a genuine compliment from the natives.

These good souls absolutely refused to accept anything from us for their efforts to find us; even the watcher, who had climbed to the very top in the dawn to search, was adamant, and said it was "all in the day's work"! Looking back we were glad to have had such an adventure and also felt the added satisfaction of knowing that we had proved tough enough not to let down the standards of our Scottish forebears.

(Ed. Note.—The captured by pirates "Incident" in our last issue has aroused so much interest that it is proposed to run a series. Will readers please send to the Editor incidents, which may be grim, gay, or adventurous, but must be true.)

A Friend for Firewomen

An article somewhat outside our usual field appears in our "We Serve" series, on page 8. It has been specially written for this issue and appears "without prejudice."

Mrs. Betty Wallace, its author, has been interested in and worked with the Trade Union and Labour movement since the days when she was a student at Bedford College for Women, and the London School of Economics. She has had experience in many kinds of social work, and has also worked in the Welfare Department of the Ministry of Labour and Social Service. From 1935 until the outbreak of war she travelled extensively in Europe and the United States of America. She was General Secretary of the World Youth Congress Movement in Geneva, and has spoken to the Assembly of the League of Nations.

She holds the B.Sc.(Econ.) and also a diploma in Social Science, and was fortunate in having a husband who approved of her activities in working for a trade union, and who was himself a Socialist.

The sympathy of all readers will be accorded to Mrs. Wallace on the very recent loss of her husband. He was Captain Michael Wallace, the younger son of Edgar Wallace, the famous author. Captain Wallace, who was killed in action in the present campaign in Italy, was mentioned in despatches in the Tunisian Campaign. He leaves a son, aged two.



"We Serve" No. 13.

The Fire Brigades Union and the Firewoman

By Betty Wallace, Woman Officer, Fire Brigades Union

You may have sometimes, when you have heard about the Fire Brigades Union, said to yourself, "Well, that's got nothing to do with me!" Yet you will be surprised how much the Union has affected your daily life! In this article, I am going to try to tell you why.

The Fire Brigades Union was founded in 1918, in the last months of the Great War. From a small organization, looking after the rights and conditions of the firemen of the Municipal Brigades, the Fire Brigades Union has become an important national organization, recognized by His Majesty's Government as the official body with whom they negotiate on all matters relating to the conditions and welfare of the National Fire Service.

When the A.F.S. was created, the F.B.U. decided to throw its membership open to the A.F.S.—and at the same time gave a special invitation to all firewomen to join too. They have come in to the Union in large numbers and have fully justified themselves, holding many positions as Chairmen or Secretaries of the Divisional and Area Committees, and last year the Vice-Chairman of the Management Committee of the Union was Mrs. Tudor Hart, a firewoman from Region 6.

Now about some of the daily work of the Union, and how it affects you. For example, since the engagement of the first woman into the A.F.S.—when they received £2 a week—there have been FIVE increases in pay, and EACH ONE OF THESE HAS BEEN NEGOTIATED BY THE F.B.U. Naturally, you are informed of these increases by General Fire Force Instructions, and these dry official documents give no indication that all this work has gone on beforehand. But these are the facts. Every one of these Committees and meetings, from the Union meetings on the fire stations to the joint meetings with the Home Office officials, do affect your daily life in this way.

I have mentioned pay, but the same sort of negotiations have gone on about uniforms, sick and injury pay, accommodation, leave and all welfare questions. The short leave which is now granted as a privilege each week to firewomen on administrative duties is a direct result of representations made to the Home Office by a special women's deputation on May 30th this year.

Mr. Herbert Morrison, the Minister of Home Security, has said "the worker who is not a member of his Trade Union is failing in an elementary social and family duty." By "worker," of course, is meant everyone who earns a living by his own efforts, for the professional people, the doctors, the scientists, the actors, they all have their own Trade Unions too. But why did Mr. Morrison say this? Because the Trade Union movement is putting its every ounce of energy and effort into seeing that this war is won as quickly as possible. During this process it is also seeing that the conditions of all workers—in Civil Defence, in factories, in offices and administrative posts—are as good as possible without holding up the war effort. BUT all trade unionists want to see a better world after the war. We don't want to see the same mistakes made as were made after the Great War—depressed areas, two million unemployed, malnutrition, low wages and rivalries between the nations that eventually led us into this present war. It is only through ORGANIZATION that the citizens of this country can see that this does not happen again. And it is the Trade Unions that are the strongest and largest organizations, potentially, in this country. If we make them strong and powerful, which means that everyone should be a member of his or her appropriate Trade Union, then we shall ensure a world that is fit to bring our children up in.

So the Fire Brigades Union takes its part in looking after your welfare, both in the small matters that affect your life on the fire station, and in the helping the kind of world that we all want. We have full-time organizers in every Region and in each London area; the interests of firewomen are looked after by all our committees, at divisional, area and Regional level. These committees have the right of approach to the officers of the Fire Service at each of these levels. It is my job at head office to keep abreast of conditions of service of firewomen throughout the country. We are ready to help you and advise you at all times.

Calling Tunbridge Wells

Will any reader, stationed in Tunbridge Wells, oblige the Editor by undertaking a small shopping commission in The Pantiles? If so, particulars and cash will be forwarded by the Editor if such friend will send a postcard with her name and address.

Red Tape

The N.F.S., you will agree,
Is just a mere red taper's glee,
Red tape is worn on epaulet,
Red tape is in the air,
And very soon, if I'm not wrong,
They'll wear it in their hair!
Red tape they say takes time to find,
But we've not found it hard,
For everywhere there's N.F.S.
They give it by the yard.

Fw. B. Watkins, VII/39/B.1.Z.

Lest You Forget

So many odes each month we read
To harassed girls on "Ops,"
So let this little ditty plead
That this "preferment" stops.

Poor Admin. staff, we do our share,
No bouquets come our way,
No stripes for us, now is it fair?
For we work hard all day.

And oft at night we do our bit
On Canteen and Control.
So won't some of you please admit
We merit this small scroll!

Please don't forget we helped a bit
To keep the banners hung,
And when the Roll of Honour's writ,
Don't leave us quite unsung.

E. M. S., VI/16/B Div. H.Q.

Recommended Books

So bewildering is the number of books in some lending libraries that it is often difficult to make a choice. It was felt that an occasional list might be helpful, and readers are asked to contribute their suggestions for this. In the meantime here is a selection:—

Novels—Grave and Gay

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| "Strangers may marry."—Mary Burchell. | "Three cups of coffee."—Ruth Feiner. |
| "Singing beach."—E. Foster. | "Under new management."— |
| "Island in the corn."—John Selby. | Naomi Jacobs. |
| "Another Cynthia."—Doris Leslie. | "The spider's web."—Mary Lutyens. |
| | "The mushroom field."—M. Tyrrell. |

Mystery

- "Requiem for Robert."—Mary Fitt.

Biographies

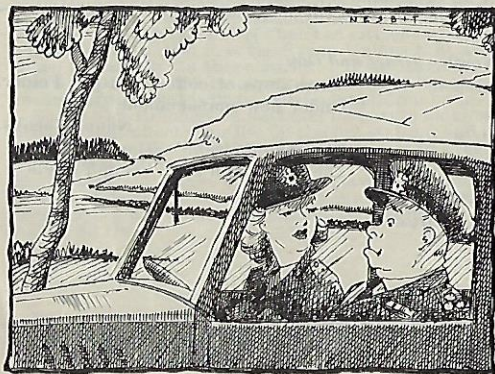
- "Ronald Cartland." } Both by Barbara Cartland.
"The Isthmus Years." }
- (The majority of these books are in the "B" class in Boots' and Smith's libraries.)

The Volunteer's Dirge

(With apologies to Hilaire Belloc)

Do you remember 32,
Miranda?
Do you remember 32,
And the flurry and the scurry,
The breathless kind of hurry
As the bell doth yell from the watchroom cell,
And the roar of the pumps as they start,
And the cries and the sighs of the old volunteers
Learning the latest memoranda?
Do you remember 32,
Miranda?
Do you remember 32,
And the cries and the sighs of the old volunteers
Who hadn't got no water,
Did what they didn't oughter,
And drove the M.O. madder every day,
And the ding-dong dell
Of the bell?
Of the pumps as they clanged and they banged,
And the fires went leaping,
Creeping,
Reaping,
Laughing and weeping,
Fighting with the water from the hose,
Night and Day?
Do you remember 32,
Miranda?
Do you remember 32?
Never more,
Miranda,
Never more,
Only the crawlers soar,
We're conscripts now by law,
No sound
But the groan or a moan of dull tone,
The ring
Of the 'phone with apologetic hush.
No sound,
Only the loom
Weaving red tape round the volunteer's tomb.

C. Rufane Sanders, VII/39/A.3.Z.



Familiar saying—
Modern version:

"Sorry, Sir—
we've run out
of petrol!"

Drawn by
Nesbit,
Region III.

Refresher Course—for Uniforms

The other day I found a firewoman lamenting that her beloved original uniform—of the gabardine type—seemed to be in a hopeless condition of greyness. We reviewed it together with critical eyes.

"If I send it to the cleaners again," she said, "it will probably fall to pieces. And I am almost as afraid of washing it myself, and even that won't bring up the colour. And I do so much prefer it to the new serge uniforms."

"Well, I've done my old one, so I don't see why yours shouldn't respond also," I replied. "We'll tackle it together." And this is what we did.

First we brushed the uniform thoroughly, but avoided too harsh a clothes brush. Then we cleaned the powder from the collar, and any grease marks, with the remnants of a bottle of eau-de-Cologne, finishing with lavender water when our first scent supply ran out ("Thawpit" is sometimes effective). After this we looked the uniform over for repairs—loose buttons, little snags, repairs to the hems of sleeves, tunic and skirt, and so on. Then came the washing. A deep sink was available, so we pooled—literally—half our combined soap flakes, and when the water was at a temperature easily bearable to the hands, in went the tunic. We got it thoroughly sudded through, then left it to soak for a short while, after which we rubbed it gently all over. Then we rinsed it thoroughly in several waters, squeezed it out and rolled it up for the time being. After this the skirt went through a similar process.

The next thing was to prepare a bath of "blue" for both skirt and tunic. We put the blue into cold water, swirled it round well, until we thought it was a good dark tint, and then put in the tunic and skirt, taking care that they were just adequately covered with the mixture. We allowed them to soak for two or three hours, occasionally turning them over so that they would colour as evenly as possible. When we thought the whole uniform had absorbed the best of the colour (and this process may vary according to the fadedness of the uniform concerned), we took it out, dipped it two or three times in clean cold water, squeezed it all gently, and hung it up to dry. The tunic was put on a hanger, the skirt depended from the waist edge by clothes pegs. This is important because skirts should never be hung over a line or clothes-horse.

An iron was available just as the garment reached the "still a bit damp" stage, so we pressed tunic and skirt carefully on the wrong side. In the case of the skirt special attention was paid to getting the seam turnings opened and flat, and the pockets were set at the correct slope and then specially done with an extra hot iron over a damp cloth. Before we ironed the tunic we tacked the pockets neatly into shape, and when we had ironed the whole thing on the wrong side we turned it and started again. That is to say, we re-ironed, over a very damp cloth, the collar, revers, fronts, belt, bottom hem and the pockets.

By the time we had finished the job—both of us completely exhausted!—the whole thing was a triumph. It was clean, a good blue, and smartly sharp-cut at all its outlines. Our hands had got somewhat stained in the process, but hot water and soap and some scrubbing soon cured them. Some girls told us we should have turned our articles over with a stick, when in the dyeing bath, but we do not think we should have made such a good job of it then. It has also been suggested that we could have used one of the navy blue dyes now obtainable in so many general stores, but I have no personal experience of these.

One final hint. If the uniform gets too dry before there is time to iron it, it will come up very well if it is ironed entirely on the right side, so long as the ironing is done over a really damp cloth—which must be kept damp by constant wringing out in water. If the iron comes in contact with the material direct, the cloth gets shiny. An occasional pressing, in the same way, of the vital parts of a uniform will give it a smartened-up appearance, even when there isn't time to tackle the whole thing, but never iron a collar which is still powdery or greasy. It must be cleaned first, or ironing will make the marks permanent.

P. B. X.

Descriptive

A fire had occurred in the suburbs. No reporters being available the news editor sent the newly-engaged society reporter to investigate the matter and report.

The result was as follows:—

A brilliant fire was held yesterday afternoon at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Sniff, in Dash Street. A large number of people were present, Mrs. Sniff, who had recently had her hair permed, made a charming escape in a pretty dress, a pattern of which appeared on our women's page last week. The firemen were becomingly garbed in blue full-cut tunics. The weather was quite delightful for an affair of this kind. The expression was heard on all sides that the fire was most successful. It must have cost at least \$5,000.

L/Fw. Anne Strachan, XI/Eastern/A Sub-Div. 1.

Marriages

- 26th January, 1944.—Fw. Chesworth, X/29/B, to Sergt. J. A. McIlwraith, R.A.F.C.
 10th February, 1944.—Fw. Forshaw, to L/Fm. Whiteman, both of X/26/E Div.
 14th February, 1944.—Fw. E. Juniper, IV/11/C Div. H.Q., to Pte. P. Archer, Dorset Regt.
 11th March, 1944.—Fw. E. A. Cavill, IV/11/C Div. H.Q., to Sergt. A. G. Ungless, R.A.S.C.
 14th March, 1944.—Fw. J. Jessen, VII/39A/D.H.Q., to Trooper D. Sheppard.
 18th March, 1944.—A.G.O. Norris, X/26/E H.Q., to Merchant Seaman J. Maher.
 18th March, 1944.—Fw. J. Fox, X/29/C, to L.A.C. R. Oily.
 19th March, 1944.—Fw. E. Broadhurst Brookes, VII/17/B Div. H.Q., to Lieut. C. Golis, U.S. Army.
 20th March, 1944.—A.G.O. Webber, VII/17/C.1, to Bdr. F. J. Bevan.
 7th April, 1944.—Fw. McKay, XI/W.2/C.4.Z, to Sapper S. Hughes, R.E.
 8th April, 1944.—L/Fw. J. Scrutton, IV/12/H.Q., to Mr. W. Reeves.
 10th April, 1944.—Fw. Cane, VI/14/H.Q., to Pte. L. Underhill, Canadian Army.
 14th April, 1944.—Fw. L. M. Henley, V/Reg. H.Q., to Quartermaster J. P. Finnot, R.A.M.C.
 15th April, 1944.—Fw. Brooks, to L. Fm. Cane, both of VI/14/H.Q.
 15th April, 1944.—Fw. W. Edey, to Fm. Halsall, both of X/26/E Div.
 17th April, 1944.—Fw. J. O. E. Ford, V/37/A.4.Y., to Sgt. Pilot R. A. Frazer, R.A.F.
 22nd April, 1944.—Fw. E. G. Allston, to Senior Company Officer G. D. Franklin, both of IV/12/H.Q.
 22nd April, 1944.—Fw. Wallace, VI/14/H.Q., to Ldg. Wtr. R. Moffat, R.N.
 28th April, 1944.—Fw. Collins, VI/14/H.Q., to E. R. A. Stewart, R.N.
 28th April, 1944.—Fw. Riley, VI/14/H.Q., to L.A.C. F. Markham, R.A.F.
 29th April, 1944.—Fw. Windebank, VI/14/H.Q., to L.A.C. R. J. Goode, R.A.F.
 10th May, 1944.—Fw. Adamson, XII/29/C, to Cpl. R. J. Renton, U.S. Army.
 12th May, 1944.—Fw. J. Carter, XI/N-E/Sub. Div. 1, to Mr. Peter P. Ewen.
 1st June, 1944.—S.L. Fw. V. Jeffrey, IV/11/C.3.Z., to Fm. Smith, IV/11/C.3.Y.

Engagements

- Fw. B. Darnell, IV/11/C Div. H.Q., to L.C. Juhl, U.S.A. Army Air Corps.
 Fw. Bell, VI/14/H.Q., to Mr. W. Leyland.
 L/Fw. King, VI/14/H.Q., to Cpl. H. R. Fitzjohn, R.A.F.
 A.G.O. Slater, VI/14/H.Q., to C.S.M. R. E. Dearing.
 Fw. Thornton, X/29/B Div. H.Q., to Mr. F. Cooper.
 Fw. E. Rennie, XI/N-E/H.Q., to J. Goodyear, Telegraphist, R.N., H.M.S. *Glasgow*.
 Fw. (Driver) E. Higson, XII/32/B H.Q., to D/R W. Gregory, VI/14/A.2.Y. (both ex-F.F. 28 H.Q.).
 Fw. (Driver) V. Mort (ex-28 Area), to D/R J. Fitzpatrick, both of XII/32/H.Q.

Births

- 27th February, 1944.—To S.L. P. Law, IV/11/C.3.Z, and Mrs. Law, a son—Roger.
 3rd March, 1944.—To S.L. B. Howard, IV/11/C. Div. H.Q., and Mrs. Howard, a son—Kenneth Bernard.
 15th March, 1944.—To Fw. Doreen and Fm. Chedgoy, X/26/E Div., a son.
 —April, 1944.—To Mrs. Bullen (ex-L/Fw., V/Reg. H.Q.), a son.
 —April, 1944.—To ex-Fw. Balty (late of X/29/B.2.Y.), a daughter.
 7th April, 1944.—To Coy. O. F. D. Barton, IV/11/C Div. H.Q., and Mrs. Barton, a son—Peter Anthony.
 9th April, 1944.—To S.L. Huckbody, IV/11/C.1.Z and Mrs. Huckbody, a daughter.
 8th May, 1944.—To L/Fm. Trovelli, IV/11/C Div. H.Q., and Mrs. Trovelli, a son—Peter.
 15th May, 1944.—To ex-Fw. Kathleen Callum (XI/N-E/H.Q.), a son.
 16th May, 1944.—To Mrs. Kite (ex-Fw., V/Reg. H.Q.), a daughter.

In Memoriam

IV/12.—It is with much regret we record the death of Assistant Group Officer B. G. J. Long, following a cycling accident on 2nd April. As a part-time Officer in B Division of Fire Force 12, A.G.O. Long was a very keen and enthusiastic member of the Service; her tragic passing came as a great shock to the Area and she will be missed by us all. N.F.S. personnel formed a guard of honour at the funeral, which was also attended by Fire Force Commander Stanford, G.O. Mulles, representing the Regional Woman Fire Officer, Area Officer Barry, and other officers.

S. J.

NOTICE.—Contributions for July-August issue must reach the Editor, 5, Regent's Park Road, Gloucester Gate, London, N.W.1, by 20th July.