

N. F. S.

FIREWOMEN'S MAGAZINE . .

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

No. 22

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Price 4^p.

Editorial

I am pleased to welcome a number of firemen contributors to the Magazine, and to note the improved standard of articles, etc., submitted. Unfortunately our pages are limited, but several good things crowded out of this issue will have first call on space next time. There is still a super-abundance of rhymes! but I hope for a good response to the Competition announced on this page. Will all would-be contributors remember the general rule, *please*—that prose and poems must be typewritten and on one side of paper only; and drawings or crosswords done in Indian ink. Authors of the last-mentioned should send clues, solutions, and the numbered blank squares only, and *not* a completed puzzle. Everything by 25th November, to 5, Regents Park Road, Gloucester Gate, London, N.W.1.

Nonsense Rhyme Competition

A friend of the Magazine offers two Prizes, to the value of 2s. 6d. each, one for the best Nonsense Rhyme with the Fire Service as subject, the other for the best on some other aspect of the War or War Service. Here are examples:—

- (a) Sunday "Call,"
Bells fall,
Streets searched,
Boy birched.
- (b) Bombs hissing,
Sirens wail,
Firewatcher missing,
Sent to jail.
- (c) The Station boys, for a bit of fun,
Took out the T.T.L. on the run.
Height sent one of them into a swoon—
His mates left him hung on a barrage balloon!

Verses can be up to five lines in length; must be original; typed; and reach the Editor by 25th November.



THE GIRL WHO THOUGHT A "RAMP" LORRY WAS
A VEHICLE CARRYING BLACK MARKET GOODS

Drawn by Fwmm. M. Garnett (P.T.), Region II, Area 5, "B" Div.

M.N.



NEWS and NOTES

Region I

Since the last issue of the Magazine this Region has been honoured by a visit from the Home Secretary, the Right Honourable Mr. Herbert Morrison, on the occasion of the official opening of No. 1 Regional Reserve Station and Training School. The weather was magnificent and added the final touch to a most impressive ceremony. Fifty firewomen paraded and were inspected by the Home Secretary.

During the last week of July an N.F.S. Week was held in connection with the Holidays-at-Home Campaign. A fine display of all aspects of the National Fire Service was given by both men and women. A concert party performed almost every night and was greatly appreciated by a most enthusiastic holiday crowd.

As far as the firewomen were concerned the high spot of the display was the two crews of Pump Operators from "F" Division in No. 1 Fire Force. (It was even whispered amongst the onlookers that they were as good as the men.) Another attraction was the Mobile Laundry, in which demonstrations were given to the public. Mobile canteens were in operation during the whole of the week to feed the men who were stationed there under canvas. Despite the hard work and training involved, all personnel who took part were very sorry when the order came through to "resume normal."

The Senior Regional Woman Staff Officer, Mrs. McIlquham, has just returned from a Senior Officers' Course at the National Fire Service College, and judging by all accounts, firewomen in No. 1 Region will have to be "on their toes" in future.

B. C.

Region II

Anniversary Parade

I was one of a contingent of three pumps and crews with an addition of three firewomen, representing "F" Division, No. 5 Area, proceeding to Sheffield on Sunday, August 23rd, 1942. We left at 07.15 hrs. and had a very pleasant journey, the weather being fine and warm, and travelling in a H.O. tender we arrived at our destination about 12.00 hrs.

The parade, which consisted of representatives from No. 2 Region, looked very spectacular, the firewomen in their new uniforms and forage caps instilling the amount of colour which any parade requires. We formed ranks and soon were marching through the streets of "Blitzed Sheffield," led by the Fire Service Band, to the City Hall. Here we were addressed by the Home Office Representative (Sir Arthur Dixon), the Regional Commissioner (Sir William Bartholomew), and the Lord Mayor of Sheffield, who by their glowing

remarks on the N.F.S. made each one feel very proud to belong to the Service.

We did not see any part of the exercise, but after marching to one of the stations we were provided with lunch, of which everyone was ready to partake. For a short time we chatted with firewomen from other Areas, and soon the time came for us to take the road once again on the homeward journey. After an uneventful run we arrived back in "F" Division at 18.00 hrs., rather tired and feeling the need of soap and water, but with one more event to remember in the future.

B. Singleton, 5F, 1Z.

Region III

On July 20th, 1942, a week's physical training course commenced at the Bestwood Colliery's Gymnasium, Mapperley, Nottingham. The gymnasium is situated on Mapperley Plains, which is a delightful spot for a course of this kind, being on the top of a hill and surrounded by spacious playing fields. The gymnasium itself was marvellous, being equipped with all the most modern apparatus.

The class comprised 24 students, all from No. 3 Region, and were drawn from Nottingham, Lincoln, Grimsby, Skegness, Newark, Mansfield, etc. We were billeted for the week at Nottingham's new super Fire Station, the living quarters of which were greatly admired by all.

We had two instructresses, Miss Carter and Miss Withers, of the Central Council of Recreative Physical Training, who were extremely proficient, charming and very patient. The course was very comprehensive and included practical physical training, and the theory of teaching, interspersed with games. Needless to say we were all dreadfully stiff for the first day or so and came in for quite a bit of good natured chaff from the firemen attached to the station where we were billeted. Our stiffness quickly wore off and was replaced by outsize appetites! You can see how fit and happy we were by the picture on the next page.

Fwmn. Bradley, Area 8, 4 Sub-Div., "C" Div.

Area 9

Area 9 expresses congratulations and good wishes to five new Assistant Group Officers, namely: A.G.O. Phillips, "B" Div.; A.G.O.'s D. Asher and B. Blackburn, both of "A" Div.; and also A.G.O.'s M. Hall and J. Darlison, both late of "A" Div. and now at Area H.Q.

We wish them all success in their future work, and the same thoughts go to the recently promoted L/Fwmn. S. Garner and J. Bradshaw, at Area H.Q., as well as to the following who have all been made Leading Firewomen: Street, in "B" Div.; Carr, Neal, Stedman and Underwood, in "C" Div.; and Doughty, Gibson, Osborne and Partridge, in "D" Div.

The girls of "A" Div. have been specially busy during the last few weeks.

June 14th we participated in a United Nations Day Parade; and on June 20th there was a Parade, March Past, and Fire Fighting demonstrations at the N.F.S. Sports Day at Northampton. Forty-five girls took part and gave a Physical Training display under the supervision of Mrs. Figgures. We shone in reflected glory here too, as our men colleagues won the challenge for scaffold dam erection. With a record speed of 3 minutes 8 seconds they afterwards issued a challenge to any crew in the N.F.S. to beat that time.

A lighter moment (for onlookers only) was provided when a length of hose being used by a firewomen's pump crew got out of hand and the judges' tent was flooded!

After a very enjoyable day, full of incident, well fed, tired but happy, our girls crawled back into the two Austin tenders and a 36-seater bus to return to their various stations, singing until they were hoarse.

Just before going to press, firewomen have been in the news again, for forty assisted at a great Youth Rally organised and sponsored by the Lord Mayor of our city. Here we helped to dispense supper to a thousand young people. The Fire Force Commander, Mr. Netherwood, Divisional Officer Cramp, Column Officer Ashwell, and the Padre (Senior Company Officer Jones) were in attendance; and afterwards washing up for the thousand was completed with the expert help and supervision of Assistant Group Officers Debenham, Winskill, Blackburn and Asher, and relays of firewomen furiously wielding dish cloths and towels.

An innovation at "A" Division is the Leading Firewomen's monthly meeting, when all the Leading Firewomen get together and progress is reported, grievances aired, problems brought forward and discussed, solutions and improvements suggested; great benefit is derived from these meetings.

Also there is "Squad Drill" twice weekly, and at one particular station you will often find the firewomen with the men, doing squad drill on the park at 07.30 hours because they are so keen!

Fwmm. I. B. Harris, 4Z, "A" Div.

"B" Division

At last we have managed to get our Sports and Social Associations into full swing, and after Divisional Meetings, Sub-Divisional Meetings and various other kinds of meetings, we have visions of producing super athletes, professional concert and dramatic artistes, to say nothing of darts schools, patience drives and choir meetings (mixed of course!).

Our first effort at providing some kind of social entertainment met with great success. On August 22nd, parades were organised throughout the Division to celebrate the first anniversary of the inauguration of the National Fire Service, and it must here be put on record that the women were very much complimented on their smartness. Loughborough also organised a concert, whist drive and dance. The concert, which was produced at extremely short notice, proved most entertaining, and most of the audience were surprised at the latent talent which came to light. A sketch by the firewomen on "A control room during an alert" caused riots of laughter, when our smart uniforms were discarded and replaced by various forms of night attire. Of course it was only a skit, but what an idea!!!

Since then we have enjoyed many other Sub-Divisional dances and to show our keenness in attending them we even travelled there in buses—and walked back!

With such enthusiasm, our motto now is—"Veni, vidi, vinci."

*"Fireworks," Area 9,
"B," D.H.Q.*

Region IV

It is good news that Fire Force Commander Mr. Norwood, of Area 12, is taking a personal interest in the Magazine. He has appointed a Representative—A.G.O. S. E. Johnson, and we shall hope for some news for the next issue, as Region IV has been the "gap," up to date, in our lines of communication.

M. P.

Region V

London Stations are having a Toy-making Competition in November in connection with the London Fire Forces Scheme for War-time Nurseries. Good cash prizes. Particulars on application to A.G.O. Mrs. Nicholl (Hon. Treas), 35 "C" 4, 277, Upper Street, Islington, N.1.

Area 34, "A," "B" and "C" Divisions

Events since the last issue of the Magazine have been mostly social. A big Swimming Gala was enjoyed by many at the Seymour Baths. Some excellent diving was given by Fwmm. Topper of "B" 1. A Water Polo match, Fire Service v. Navy, was a very exciting game, ending in a win for the Navy. Better luck next time, firemen. After all, the Fire Service is known to play better with the water than in it!

Our congratulations again go out to the Manchester Square Players for their grand performance of "The First Mrs. Fraser" at the Marylebone Grammar School, in aid of the L.F.S. Benevolent Fund. Major Jackson and S.A.O. Mrs. Miller were among the very appreciative audience. The entracte music by the N.F.S. London Sextet was much enjoyed; it would be indeed pleasant if they would visit some of the stations and give concerts in the evening or whenever their time permits.

We are very happy to welcome Group Officer Watson from F.F.H.Q. to the "B" Division, and we realise how lucky we are in having her as our officer.

Many dances have been given in the Division, including the first large Social at "B" Div. H.Q. Mr. Whitehead provided a very excellent band from "B" 4 and everyone enjoyed themselves; we hope many more dances will be forthcoming in the near future.

J. H. L.



"F" Division

The firewomen at Station 34F, 6Z (Heston) decided to organise a Dance in aid of the Benevolent Fund in early August, so true to the Heston tradition this took place on August the 8th. Dancing was to the popular and lively rhythm of the "Blazes" Band and everybody made the most of the occasion. Firewoman Lawrence acting as the M.C. was a new "angle" for the Dances at Heston.

After the interval baskets of fruit were auctioned; these were put up again by the original buyers and Divisional Officer Harris, Column Officer Bliss and the Club Secretary did well in tempting the dancers to bid for the fruits, the sum eventually raised amounting to £4. 2s. 6d. The total profit on the dance was £10. 9s. 0d., which has been forwarded to the Benevolent Fund Secretary.

Mrs. Howes and "little" Howes supervised the catering in a most efficient way in spite of the fact that the evacuee from Feltham was present! From all those who were present—"Thanks, girls"—we hope that this will not be the last of such dances.

Hon. Secretary, 34 F.C.

Area 37

Miss R. M. J. Bury, Group Officer, has been appointed to the rank of Senior Area Officer and was transferred to No. 6 Region, Area 14, on 23rd August, 1942. Although we are very sorry indeed to lose her from our area, we congratulate her on her appointment and wish her every success in her new position.

A dance was held on Friday, 21st August, 1942, at D.2.W, Sydenham County Secondary School. During the evening a presentation was made to Miss Bury by Miss Davis, Senior Area Officer, after an opening speech by Mr. Ayling, Divisional Officer, "D" Division. Miss Bury thanked all personnel under her command for their loyal support in the past. She also thanked the men officers for their co-operation, which had helped her during her period of office in the No. 37 Fire Force Area.

K. D. P.

Personal Message from Miss Bury

"I would like to thank all who were present at the dance held at No. 37 D.2.W, on 21st August, 1942. The presentation and the dance were very much appreciated."

Area 37, A 1Z

Again we have had many comings and goings, or vice versa. Our D.O., Mr. Murrell, has moved to 37 F.F.H.Q., and in his place we have D.O. Mr. Cleaver, from Lee Green, who has now returned to the fold, as one might say. Group Officer Bury's place has been taken by Group Officer Heather, from Bexley; and A.G.O. Brown has left us for New Cross, being replaced by A.G.O. Knight, from Lewisham.

The social side has not been our strong point during the last two months, but what we have had has been greatly appreciated by all. The "Dalton Players" returned with Priestley's "Dangerous Corner," which was very well received by its audience. And Saturday, 19th September, saw the introduction of "37 Fire Force Minstrels," whom we very much hope to see again in the near future. We have also had three dances which were very well attended.

E. R.

Area 38, C 1Z

September 2nd was our red letter day. "Chins Up" at the Wimbledon Town Hall applauded by a large audience! It is difficult to pick out any special item to note, so here is a general impression.

Two very gay musicals, one with a Spanish background with swirling shawls and skirts, and a tango as *pièce de résistance*, the other in the backwoods round a camp fire—a violin, three piano accordions, several men and a girl. This was by no means all. Solos in romantic strain, patriotic and operatic, comical sketches; a grand piano solo with the Warsaw Concerto as an encore; tough firemen giving a display of physical jerks and many more items. Now to the finale.

A surprise in store—the curtain opened to show fifteen sea cadets in line, one in front of the others with his flags. At each signal a particular cadet showed a letter on a card until finally CONVOY THROUGH (a convoy had just reached Malta) had been spelt out to the cheering audience. More curtains opened and, with a painted background of ships, in marched the sea cadets' own band with members of the cast now changed into uniform. More songs, "The King," and so the end.

D. Lindeman.

"F" 4

A very successful Dance and Cabaret was arranged by part-time members of the N.F.S. at 38 "F" 4V on September 23rd, 1942.

The arrangements were under the able direction of Fmn. C. Hayes and about 200 people, including the A.F.F.C. and D.O., spent a very enjoyable evening.

L/Frwmm. Benstead.

Region VII

Area 17

As this is our first appearance in the FIREWOMEN'S MAGAZINE we must first mention the new quarters recently acquired for us. They consist of a spacious flat, with separate bedrooms, a good size lounge, kitchenette and a bathroom. The main features are the casement windows, which permit plenty of fresh air after hours spent in the stuffy control rooms, and large linen cupboards, well aired, which are most useful for blankets and personal belongings.

On Saturday, the 12th September, we decided to give a "House Warming" Party, which was a great success, and many thanks are due to Divisional Officer Redman and all the staff at Headquarters, for the work and assistance given. The Fire Force Commander was unfortunately unable to be present, but Divisional Officer Leek, "A" Division, spent the evening with us and had a quiet dig at our Rural Area; Rural Area indeed, when Jerry always decides on us for a start!

After a really good supper we adjourned to a hut, used during the day by various departments but now camouflaged with flags and bunting for a Social and Dance. The Social side was ably provided by the Saunders Trio, two of whom are firewomen, whose dancing acts were much appreciated. Firewoman Rowlands, the Staff Driver, entertained at the piano and her singing called forth much applause.

First Class Honours must be given to Firewoman Hunt and Section Leader Ind for the tango, danced in a most original manner. Despatch Rider-Wheaton and his wife gave us good entertainment with their piano accordions, and we are all hoping this was the first of many such evenings, and that with improved accommodation many more will be possible not only at D.H.Q. but at our Sub-Stations.

Group Offr. L. Thompson.

Region VIII

The "Foster" Cup

The girls have won the "Foster Cup,"
Let's give them all three cheers,
Commander May will fill it up
And Madam give free beers.

When first they gathered on the Square,
Thirty in all, I guess,
Stewart looked on in blank despair
And muttered "What a mess."
Some of the girls were tall and thin,
Others were short and fat,
Some had only a "Service" coat,
And others a "Service" hat.
"FALL IN," we heard the leader cry,
"And get yourselves in line,
If you've broken mother's heart, my dears,
You certainly won't break mine."
And so it went on from day to day,
That everlasting shout,
"Stick out your chest, keep in your chin,"
And "Lizzie, don't you pout."

At last, they looked a goodly crew
And all kept perfect time,
To pick the twelve best girls was hard
As every one was fine.
Miss Merrell took the leader's place
And when the great day came,
The way she shouted her commands
Would put old "Sarge" to shame.
In uniforms they looked so smart
With buttons new and bright,
Their lips were all made up to match
And every detail right.
And on the square at Derwen Fawr,
With judges standing by,
The girls marched on as if inspired
And piled their laurels high.

And then the longing just to know
If we, the Cup had won—
But Saturday morning brought the news:
"IT'S COME TO TWENTY-ONE."

Now, girls! stand to attention, please,
Take heed to what I say.
This CUP must STAY in TWENTY-ONE,
FOR EVER AND A DAY.

B. Bassett, Area 21, "A" Div.

Region IX

The women of the National Fire Service in Worcester were invited by the Mayor to give a drill display at Pitchcroft, Worcester, on July 18th. This invitation was accepted and 36 firewomen from 23 Area Headquarters and "A" Division spent many hours rehearsing counter marching, slow marching, etc.

On the appointed day, in spite of the inclement weather, quite a large crowd of spectators arrived. As we were to open the proceedings, we were drawn up quite near the saluting base, and were standing at ease wondering how long we would have to wait before giving our demonstration, when we were suddenly brought to attention. Lord Dudley (Regional Commissioner for No. 9 Region), accompanied by Mr. B. Westbrook, O.B.E. (Chief Regional Fire Officer), and Mr. A. J. Bridle, O.B.E. (Fire Force Commander, No. 23 Area), then inspected us, after which they returned to the saluting base, where the Regional Commissioner took the salute of the Civil Defence

Parade, which was headed by National Fire Service appliances and a contingent of Despatch Riders.

The Mayor of Worcester then officially opened the Holidays-at-Home campaign. As he finished his speech we marched on to the field to give our display which, judging by the comments of the spectators, was very effective.

A similar display was also given at Kidderminster on August 8th.

Fwmm. F. I. Jones.

Region X

Area 29

The firewomen, both whole and part-time, are still "going strong" in No. 29 Area notwithstanding the changes in working hours. Most of the personnel are now in uniform, which is particularly smart, especially when worn with the neat forage cap. The firewomen are given many opportunities to parade in the various Divisions and it is then noticeable which Sub-Divisions have given a thought to squad drill.

Competition in efforts for the Benevolent Fund is still keen in this Area, and dances have been held throughout the summer months, in addition to Garden Parties, the latter affairs having been arranged mainly by the firewomen, as special efforts made by them, a fact which has been duly appreciated by the N.W. Regional Council of the Benevolent Fund. In one Division it is worthy of note that a Sports and Gala Day was held recently, arranged jointly by a mixed committee of firemen and firewomen, and raised £950 for the fund. In "A" Division the first social effort took the form of a Garden Party arranged by the "Firebelles." The weather was unkind but made little difference to the results for the Benevolent Fund, which will benefit by £45.

The presentation of a Canteen from the Canadian Eagle Star by the Deputy Regional Commissioner to No. 29 Area, was quite an occasion in "B" Division, and the firewomen who paraded were complimented on their smart appearance. "C" Division firewomen held a Garden Party in aid of the Benevolent Fund and this was very well attended. An added attraction being the visit of Miss Linden Travers and Mr. Robert Newton, of "No Orchids for Miss Blandish" fame. The weather was warm and sunny and the effort realised the splendid sum of £85.

Congratulations are again extended to "C" Division on winning the Efficiency Cup for the second time. This was presented by the Fire Force Commander, Mr. Clitherow, M.B.E.

The Area Training School is still turning out good material, recent courses having included mobilising, driving and despatch riding, and also a course for junior officers. A large percentage of the whole time personnel have now passed through the school. Part-time firewomen are being encouraged to take a course of training at the school and where circumstances permit, have already availed themselves of the facilities offered.

The "Stay-at-Home" week in Carlisle started with an N.F.S. display and parade. The Divisional Training Instructor was overheard to tell the men that the women could "beat them hollow." This was, I am told, in reference to squad drill and is well worth recording. Other features were a female pump competition and a jet ball game (I hear that both the Divisional Officer and Column Officer were soaked through during the latter?). The grand finale was marked by the formation of a "V for Victory" sign by male and female personnel. Netball matches have been played by two divisional teams against teams representing Fire Force Headquarters. On both occasions the latter were the

SAM SMALL—FIREMAN *by Dorothee M. Galvin, Region X, Area 28, "E" Div.*

Author's Note.—Any resemblance to N.F.S. personnel, living or dead, or, for that matter, to poetry at all, is purely coincidental!

Now Samuel Small was a fireman.
'E can't think 'ow it came about,
But s mehow 'e got shoved in t'Service
Through Morrison messing' about.

A card came from someone at t'Labour
Saying, "Report here Friday"—quite blunt!
It said, "On His Majesty's Service,"
Wi' a picture of Blackpool on t'front.

The next thing 'e knew was they 'ad 'im;
With 'is gas mask and axe 'e looked fine,
And the firemen to make it feel 'ome-like,
'Ad 'im playing pontoon in no time.

One night though, our Sam took an engine.
No, not to a fire—no fear!
'E took it to show 'is young woman,
An' she lived quite a distance from theer.

Well, that was where all t'trouble started,
That summat was up, Sam could see,
When an L.F. all pompous, one day said,
"T'Commander would like to see thee!"

So Sam was shown up to the office,
And there sat t'Commander all feared.
'E was all pips and ribbons and medals
Wot kept gettin' fast in 'is beard.

"Come in, sit thee down," said t'Commander,
And drew up a chair that was near.
"Now, wouldst like a nice cup o' tea, lad?"
Sam said, "No thanks! I'd rather 'ave beer!"

"It appears," said t'Commander, all grim-like,
"That on t'night o' last Tuesday week,
Tha took t'major pump for tha courtin'.
Now, Sam—man to man—was that reet?"

The author requests that the fee of 2s. 6d. per performance of the above recitation be sent to the Magazine Editor to forward to the N.F.S. Benevolent Fund.

News—continued

winner but I hear rumours of threatened "reprisals" to come.

We extend good wishes to Driver Horam and Firewoman Wilkinson of "B" Division, and Despatch Rider King and Firewoman Pohlmann of "C" Division on their recent marriages. Good wishes also to Group Officer Wright of "D" Division on her recent promotion to Assistant Area Officer in No. 43 Area.

Did you hear the one about the "E.W.S. Here" sign? Some bright wit had painted on the other side of the sign "C.W.S. across the road." (This story is quite true, and happened in the Area.)

M. L. J.

Region XII

In Area 31, "A" Division, Station 12Z has held another dance in aid of the Benevolent Fund. It was organised on similar lines to the last one reported, and proved to be another great success.

As a result of this effort £8 6s. 2d. was raised, a fine achievement, and goes to prove that the personnel of this Station are keen and willing to help in whatever way they can to assist the Benevolent Fund.

Now, fellow Stations, what about you? Are you doing anything to raise money for this cause?

E. R.

Said Sam, "I'll attempt to explain, sir.
Now tha knows very well as we're told
To obey all commands without question,
From officers youthful and old.

It got late with me playin' a darts match;
I was seeing' t'young lady that neet.
When I asked in a joke for a hengine,
An S.L. said, 'That'll be reet!'

So I took nearest thing to me 'and, sir.
One peace-time pump—major—bright red—
Wi' a gear like an 'orse's 'ead 'andle,
An' a bell clangin' over me 'ead!"

"I wouldn't 'ave cared," said t'Commander,
"But we got a fire-call from t'Police,
And tha was in one engine courtin'
And t'other was up at Dumfries!"

Now, Sam lad—if only tha'd towed me,
I don't mind so long as I know.
If I'd seen as no pumps were in t'Station,
We'd 'ave knocked off and gone to a show.

We looked so soft, walking to t'fire,
And someone from t'Town Hall 'ad t'shout,
'A fine time to be saving' tha petrol!
Then when we got there, it was out!"

"I quite see tha point, sir," said Sammy,
Whilst takin' 'is feet off the desk.
"Cos bein' bait pumps is a nuisance,
And mobilisation goes west!"

"With tha nerve," then said the Commander,
"Tha's wasted bait stripes, I can see.
So 'ere, lad—two pips and a medal.
I'll make thee a brass hat, like me!"

London Netball

During the summer months divisions in the old London "D" zone have been holding league matches each week. These were a great success at first, with the exception of B Division (Deptford and Pageants Wharf), which could not raise a team at all. As this was not announced until after the start of the League, all divisions automatically claimed two points from them. This was unfortunate, as the real aim of the league matches was to give enjoyment and exercise to the girls.

As the matches were played off, increasing difficulty arose through girls being unable to get off duty at the right times, and thus matches were repeatedly cancelled at the last moment. Finally, just before the end of the league, the new divisions were formed, and various girls transferred. Thus, what started off to be a promising few weeks of sport ended rather miserably with the cancellation of most matches. However, in spite of all, some netball was played, and the results are shown below.

Next season, we will endeavour to start another league going, when we hope to include the old "K" zone. So here's hoping for better luck and co-operation next time.

POSITION OF DIVISIONS	Points
Top—37 H.Q.	10
F Division	8
E Division	6
D Division	6
C Division	4
A Division	4
G Division	2
B Division	0

I. HALL
(Zone Organiser)

"OUR OTHER LIVES" No. XXI.

MISS MARIE FOSTER,

Senior Area Officer N.F.S.

No. VIII (Wales) Region.

Meet Miss Foster! Another member of the Fire Service whose pre-war story is yet one more example of the change that the war has brought to our lives. Hers was indeed a varied one before she entered the Fire Service, as may be seen from what she has to tell us even though she has crowded the events of many years into a few lines.

"I have spent my entire life, since leaving school, in commerce," says Miss Foster, "with the exception of the latter part of the last war when I was in a Government Department. My commercial experience ranged over a very large number of subjects, which included timber, coal, and shipping. My normal occupation, before entering the Fire Service, was that of secretary to a company which dealt with a great many foreign countries. France was the country with which I had most to do, however, and coal my most important commodity, perhaps.

"The coal exporting business, in fact, took me to France from time to time; and I went often to Paris, where I made very many good friends.

"I travelled for pleasure too, as I have always been very fond of it, and I have many happy recollections of visits to the Italian and French Riviéras, Corsica, the Adriatic, the North African Coast, the Atlantic Islands and so on.

"I have always been keen, too, on the domestic side of life, so in spite of being full-time in the N.F.S., I still make time to run my modest *ménage*."

Miss Foster is equally fond of sport of all kinds, and the girls of her Region have lately had practical proof of this in the Cup which she has presented for Physical Training (as you will see by the poem on page 5). "Although my life has always been so full with my business career," she told me, "I have always made time to indulge in sport, not only because of its value from a health point of view, but also because I was really keen on it. Hockey, tennis, riding, swimming and golf were my recreations, and even in these busy days I am still managing to get an occasional set of tennis, and a swim now and again."

But the day came when Marie Foster felt she



must contribute to the war effort in some active way, and it was then that she decided to join the Fire Service. At that time, the women attached to the Brigades outside London were comparatively few in number, and Wales was no exception.

"When I joined as a Leading Firewoman," Miss Foster said, "there were only about ten women in the whole of the Region! They were all auxiliary, of course; but expansion was very rapid, and at the end of 1941 I found myself at Regional Headquarters as the Senior Area Officer of No. VIII (Wales) Region.

"I never dreamed, when I was so ambitious regarding my business career, which largely concerned the commodity from which fires are created, that I would ever be connected with the Service which exists for the sole purpose of putting them out! Nor did I ever visualise that I would be giving up my high-heeled shoes and clothes which corresponded with them, for the very smart uniform of an officer in the N.F.S. I must confess that I am not a bit sorry—in fact, I am very proud that I have been allowed to do my duty to my country."

CORRECTION.

The subject of our last "Life," Miss Kathleen Bates, is, of course, Senior Area Officer of Region II, and not of either Region VI or XI, as printed in error.

"WE SERVE"

No. 4. Hose Mending.

By Mary Pitcairn.

One evening in the early summer of 1939 I was waiting in my car for Group Commander Partridge, who was visiting "68 Red Cross Street," as we knew it then. As he rejoined me the bells went down. Out dashed the appliances up Jewin Street to the Barbican. And off dashed we, hard on their tails, but even so on arrival we found the flames leaping high and threatening other buildings.

It was my first fire—and I the only firewoman there for almost an hour. I longed to be of help as I watched the piling up of traffic at the cross-roads, the appliances crowding every outlet, and the masses of hose carpeting the roads. I got my chance with those very hose. For, believe it or not, from the majority great fountains of spray arose from the leaks, and in and out and under those fountains, shrieking with joy, ran and jumped the dozens of children who appeared from nowhere within a few minutes. Harassed policemen turned despairingly towards me, and so I spent my time chasing the children back to the pavements to leave more space for fire-fighting and rescue work.

Today such fountains should be impossible. For we women have taken the matter of hose-mending in hand and realising that water can be the most precious and vital of commodities, we know no task can be of greater importance—for hundreds of gallons have been lost by leaking hose.

By the courtesy of the Home Office and Senior Area Officer Miss Davis, I recently visited the hose-mending school at 37, "F," 2Z, accompanied by Group Officer Mrs. Manners, who has been through the course herself. On the way I heard that the girls work from 09.00 to 18.00 hours, but follow the usual 48/24 rota. At the school I was met by Instructor Goldfinch, very proud of his accommodation and his pupils, though when he joined the local Brigade nearly 30 years ago he never expected to teach women hose-mending!

I was fascinated by all I saw and heard. I cannot imagine any girl who is of a practical turn of mind, is clever with her hands, and rejoices in seeing a job well done, not being interested in this work and its varying possibilities.

The first thing the trainee learns is darning hose with the "sailmaker's stitch." Demonstrated by Instructor Goldfinch it looked easy. But it takes time to learn to hold the three-sided needle correctly so that its head goes back automatically into the "sailmaker's palm"—a leather strap which runs round the hand, is held in place by a thumbhole, and has a "thimblehead" fitted in just where the pressure must be given. There is a special art too, in fixing canvas patches, and also in mending rubber-lined hose with patches reminiscent of those we use for bicycle punctures. Sometimes these have to be duplicated inside the hose and the greatest precision is necessary to get upper-outer and under-inner patch exactly on top of each other. Then they are clamped in a machine, and again exactitude is essential for the timing of the special fuses that set in motion the electric current which causes adhesion, and also for watching the "hour-glass" regulating the time between these fuses.

There is lots of fun for the girl with an engineering turn of mind. Fixing hose on to couplings demands a special machine and she will enjoy riveting the hose—perhaps with a rivet she has made herself. Then she has to turn a handle so that the lengths of 16-gauge galvanised annealed wire steadily and evenly binds the hose securely in place. A different machine is used for rubber-



A Hose-mending Class at the National Fire Service Officers' Training College.

lined hose, the fixing of which is more complicated. The hose goes inside the coupling. An annealed copper ring has to be brought to blood heat by a blow-lamp, allowed to cool, and then placed inside the hose, where it is expanded to fit dead tight by working the "expanding mandrell," as the machine is called.

Keen pupils can learn many other things. Vulcanising and repairing the men's mackintoshes; whipping and splicing ropes for the great canvas dams; soldering and work with an electric soldering iron, or with a drill; repairs to stand-pipes; use of the emery wheel; cutting washers; making spring clips for "lugs" of couplings—the longer one is at it, the more one can learn!

The girl I envy is Firewoman Mrs. Whatling, for I was told by Mrs. Manners that she is believed to be the only one at present working in Region V (*i.e.*, in the London Areas) on the repairing of canvas dams. She is so good at this, as well as at her other jobs in the hose-mending shop, that Instructor Goldfinch looks on her as his prize pupil! Heavy work too, this dam darning business. It necessitates sitting on a low bench, the main part of the unwieldy dam at her feet. The portion to be patched is across her knees, the material tucked under her legs on one side, and on the other—the right—a hook tethered to a hole in the end of the bench helps to keep the material taut while the long stitches travel from left to right.

Wouldn't you be thrilled to be a Mrs. Whatling? Myself, I shall never see again a costly length of hose (for such indeed they are), without thinking of the skilful girls in the hose-mending shop; nor fail to walk all round a bellying canvas dam just to see if one of Mrs. Whatling's patches is proudly playing its part!

THEY ALSO SERVE!

by

T. O'B., Admin. Staff, Region X, 28 Area H.Q.

A telephone bell rang in one of the offices with which the Divisional Headquarters and Station IZ was honeycombed, waking up one of the firewomen. The rest of the office, being used to sleeping through alarm bells, remained in peaceful repose, while the disturbed one reluctantly picked up the receiver, muttering, "Hello, darling . . ."

"This is AREA!" a voice at the other end of the wire said unpleasantly.

"N-N-National Fire Service!" stuttered the girl, hurriedly straightening her tie and standing to attention, at the same time knocking a chair

over, which performance, to the annoyance of the others in the office, woke them up. "Yes, yes, certainly," she stammered. "Yes, we have a team—oh definitely, a fine team!"

Replacing the receiver, she sat down heavily and gabbled incoherent phrases while the others wondered what could have happened. Suddenly she arose, leapt out of the office, and made a frantic tour of the building, asking amazed and rather suspicious firewomen if they would help to form a rounders team. Then, her strength gone—being a mere clerk, she naturally hadn't much—she returned to her office, where her fellow scribblers got the story out of her.

AREA, she related in horrified tones, had rung up and challenged them to a rounders match. She was petrified by this, but had at once replied that they had a rounders team—although it had taken a few seconds' thought to remember what a rounders team was! When the full terror of the thing had dawned upon her she had shot round the building, asking all the Operational to play, only to find that they were working, or getting married, or washing, or something—anyway, they couldn't come. The only alternative was to select a team from the Admin. firewomen.

Now the Admin. firewomen were gentle, refined, well-brought-up young ladies, and their mothers had only allowed them such pastimes as knitting, reading improving books, or, as a rather more exciting relaxation, croquet. Consequently, they were aghast at having to play such a low, common game as rounders, more particularly as the only running most of them did was to catch the 8.59 bus to the Fire Station every morning.

After trying gentle persuasion for a day and getting nowhere, our heroine picked up her cat-o'-nine tails and went on a tour of the Station. By nightfall she had persuaded three of the Operational firewomen to play by promising to report them to the Group Officer for insouciance and unfirewomanly behaviour if they refused!

After spending the night in prayer, she went round the offices again on the following day, and by threats, intimidation, blackmail, cajolery and other arts in which a firewoman excels, she got her team. By this time she had lost two stone in weight. They decided upon a practice game. Only five of the team turned up, the other six having retired to bed in order to gain health and strength for the match itself, so the only thing that the five enthusiasts practised was the best form of gingering up the absentees.

On the appointed day, eleven smartly-uniformed fireladies, outwardly laughing and at peace with the world, inwardly quaking with fear, trooped off to the match. They hoped to sneak in by a side entrance to the ground, get the job done, and bolt back to their office warren, but alas for vain hopes! Imagine their consternation when on arriving at the pitch they were met by the Group Officer herself, with a retinue of Assistant Group Officers, Leading Firewomen, and a few common or garden firewomen, who fluttered round them, whispering sweet nothings in their ears, and murmuring, "Play up, play up, and play the game!"

Having been brought round by the trained nurses who accompanied them always, they were led on to the pitch and left to meet their doom.

Luck was against them; the sun was in their eyes when they batted, they shivered with cold when fielding, and they yawned at all other times. However, they played on, and to their everlasting credit, lost by only a narrow margin.

You will be pleased to know that the stoicism of the Administrative Staff is now a byword in the Service.

Fashion Notes By D. G., Region V.

Area 36, "A," "2

STRIPES are being worn a lot this season.

To those who have been "made" they give an attractive broadening of the shoulders which should help them to bear the weight of added responsibility.

On me, a poor Part Timer, they are having a most slimming effect (we hope).

All my friends have been plastered with stripes of a particularly ruddy hue and are posted to the four corners of the Division and I report for duty evening after evening to find complete strangers in possession of rooms but recently peopled by familiar and well-loved figures. Grief at lack of their time-honoured greeting of "Wotcher Gert!" is fast robbing me of my erstwhile well-upholstered appearance.

I had uneasy qualms when interviews were in the air, qualms which were dispelled by the relayed accounts of the interviewees on their return from the ordeal. They were all sure that they had created a bad impression.

Deewon breezed in with "I did it all wrong of course. Thinking to overcome the Board with my smartness I clicked heels and delivered the last thing in salutes both when I entered and when I left, but before the next victim was hauled in someone came out and said coldly: 'There is to be no saluting, if you please.' So that's that as far as I am concerned."

(My heart gave a wicked jump of delight.)

Deetoo started off badly. She was giving her uniform an extra special brush up for the occasion when she tore from its moorings the top hook of her tunic. There was no time for stitchery so by way of running repairs she was hastily done up with a safety pin by helping hands and advised to keep her chin down so that it didn't show. As soon as she was ushered into the torture chamber her throat expanded under the stress and strain of the moment and bang went the pin! She clutched wildly at the gap, first with one hand and then the other, answering questions at random, all her attention being focussed on trying to ease the pain from the jabblings of the pin.

(I praised heaven for that loose hook.)

Deetre has apparently tried to make up for any shortcomings in definite knowledge by the use of long words. "Don't know where they came from!" she announced in surprise. "You would not have known me if you had heard me talking glibly of 'donning my telephonic respirator' and things like that. Funny thing," she added thoughtfully, "I've been able to recite all the right answers on my way home."

(Shades of school day examinations, how glad I am you still live.)

But I had been cruelly deceived. In due course, all appeared in Orders and are now "B"—Leading Firewomen, leaving me "A" Part Time Firewoman to mourn their passing.

I assisted at the stripe sewing on ceremony so if you meet some highly placed officials with badges of rank a trifle askew and spotty blame my needlecraft and lack of control over my tears as I stitched.

I have one hope. On their last night with us they practised behaving as "officers and gentlemen." It was great! If they keep it up they will soon be back in the old haunts.

You may think I'm not pleased that my old mates have gained well deserved promotion.

You would be quite wrong.

The drawing in the next column is by Fireman R. S. Phillips, Region III.

Firemen Artists

76,766 people attended the highly successful September Exhibition at the Royal Academy, this being 12,000 more than last year's record. Artists from many Regions had work accepted, the women exhibitors being Enid Abrahams, Sylvia Adburgham, Julia Lowenthal, Joan Miller, Mary Pitcairn, and Prunella Pott. The collections towards Savings Certificates, as Christmas presents for the children of Firemen killed in the raids, touched the £2,000 mark. Two of Boye Uden's water-colours were bought for the Nation's War Records, and Paul Dessau's "The Passing of Paradise Street" was purchased by the High Commissioner for Canada. About 80 other pictures were sold, including Reginald Mills' "Trapped," depicting an actual incident which was utilised by the B.B.C. for a dramatic broadcast.

The Touring Exhibition will be at the Museum and Art Gallery, Mansfield, from 26th October to 14th November; and at Hanley Museum and Art Gallery, Stoke-on-Trent, from 25th November till 16th December.

I hear rumours of a new book with the suggested title of "Fire and Water," and hope to give details later. Present information is that it will be written by serving firemen; illustrated by Paul Dessau, Stanley Froude, and Leonard Rosoman; and should be out before Christmas. M. P.

"Lincoln to Scunthorpe"

It falls to few members of the N.F.S. to achieve the reputation and fame which surrounds a Mobilising Officer of "A" Division, No. 10 Area, like the brightest of bright haloes; in this at least one very tough but startled Column Officer and a similarly badly scared Liaison Officer, who has since doubled his insurance policy, will bear me out.

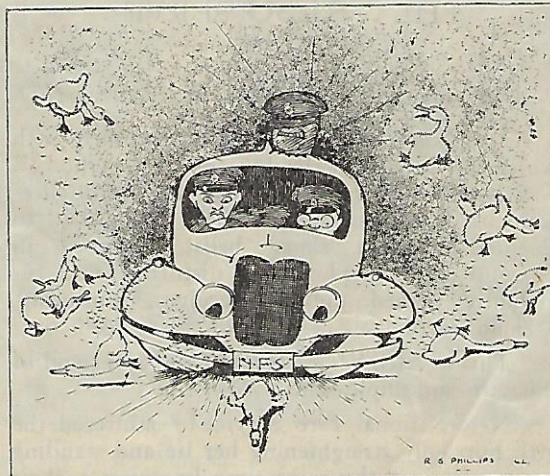
The incidents through which he achieved this remarkable notoriety occurred on the Lincoln to Scunthorpe run, which has become so familiar to the personnel in "A" Division. Possibly it was the urge to add variety to a run becoming commonplace which led our M.O. to chase an unfortunate dog down the main street until he made the "kill." He swears the dog chased him, but has found it hard to convince his colleagues that it was "justifiable homicide."

His "pièce de résistance," however, occurred on his next trip, when, as the accompanying sketch will show, he "got among them" and with great finesse and remarkable judgment he brought his score to six, his bag this time consisting of five ducklings. Again, according to his story, it was the ducklings who found the car an irresistible magnet. At any rate it gave him an excellent opportunity of testing the brakes; the Column Officer, sitting in the rear seat found the roof of the car nearly as hard as his head; and the Liaison Officer tested with the front of his face the claims of the makers of the safety glass in the windscreen, finding them accurate in every detail.

As the Column Officer afterwards remarked: "The air was thick with flaming feathers—and strange words"; to which no doubt the aforesaid Column Officer added his own quota of rich expressions. Insult was added to injury, when on being asked for his name, the Mobilising Officer gave that of the Column Officer. Definitely a pukka shaw.

The sequel has yet to be heard, but should the irate owner claim the cost of the casualties, can anybody tell me which "K" form we complete?

N. B., Region III, Area 10, "A" Div.



Those Forage Caps

Can it be that our blustering North-East wind has received a new appointment as Assistant to Master Cupid? Or is it that "Eve" has found a substitute for her famous apple?

Let me enlighten you, dear reader!

One cold and blowy evening a firewoman in our beloved Region, was wending her weary way home, when whoosh! the boisterous North-Easter whisked her beautiful new forage cap from her head. Through the air it whirled and, fascinated by its will-o'-the-wisp progress, she watched and wondered till, tired of its play, the wind subsided to a mere whisper of a breeze and left the law of gravity to continue the game.

Splash! "Eve's" heart sank with her hat!

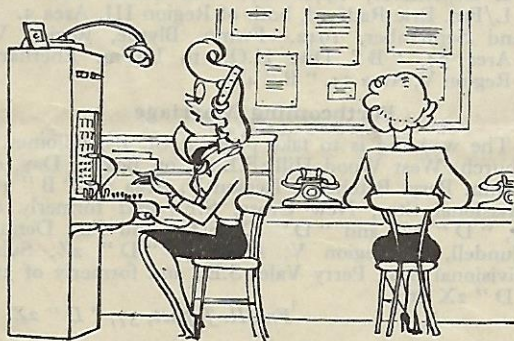
Racing towards the fatal spot, she discovered her scrap of red and blue material sailing merrily right in the centre of a circular steel dam. The mischievous wind, now thoroughly enjoying the situation, once more joined in the fun and whipping the water to such a fury caused the hat to be swept round and round the dam, but always just out of reach.

Beauty in distress is always appealing and it wasn't long before our fair "Eve" was joined by three gallant soldiers. I suspect, however, that these handsome heroes were more interested in our lovely firewoman's windswept appearance than in fishing for forage caps.

After half-an-hour no less than a score of people had joined in the sport, but still that elusive article of headgear floated gracefully on the static water. Eventually, two hours later, "Eve's" property was captured and returned to her by one of the three khaki-clad gallants.

Now—Are we to imagine that such handsome representatives of our Army find excitement in fishing for forage caps or can it be the fatal allure of our fair firewomen? Time will tell! But we think we know why so many firewomen in No. 1 Region are seen to be leaning perilously over the sides of water tanks!

M. S. R., Region I.



"THIS IS B8Y — THE GROUP OFFICER HAS ARRIVED FROM DIVISION."



"B8Y HERE — O.K. GIRLS! SHE'S LEFT FOR B92."

Drawn exclusively for this Magazine by App, Region XII, Area 32, "B" Div.

Recipes

SAVOURY FISH PIE

Boil a pound of smoked fillet or finnan haddock or smoked ling until just done; break up and bone. Make about $\frac{1}{2}$ of a pint of a good white sauce with milk, flour and butter or lard in the usual way and stir in plenty of grated cheese into the boiling sauce until it is thick and stringy. Meanwhile boil some potatoes and mash them, preferably with a little sauce. Line a fireproof dish with the mashed potato. Put the fish flakes in the middle of the dish, pour on to them the cheese sauce covering both the fish and the potato, and cook in a quick oven until the sauce is browned on the surface.

F. Sherwood Taylor,

late of Home Office, Fire Service Dept. K.2.

GREEN TOMATO JAM.

Wash and prick the green tomatoes, but if they are big, slice them up or cut into small quarters. Put in a dish with $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of sugar for each 1 lb. of tomatoes and leave all night. Next morning put into a preserving pan; put $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of root ginger for each lb. of tomatoes in a muslin bag and boil with the tomatoes, rather quickly for 2 to 3 hours when the tomatoes should be clear. Turn into jam pots as usual and keep for at least two months before eating; then the skins of the tomatoes will soften and become rather like crystallised fruit and the jam is delicious and an attractive dark green in colour. Bruise ginger before cooking.

HORS-D'ŒUVRE SANDWICHES.

A few left over sardines or 1 pilchard	Pepper and salt
1 or 2 tomatoes (skinned)	A little mayonnaise or salad cream
1 hard-boiled egg	

Mix all together; season well, and spread between bread and butter or bread rolls.

Recognition

When this troubled strife has ceased,
And men are from their duties 'leased,
Many stirring tales will hold
Enthralled the audience of the bold
Fighter, who is safe returned
To those who in his absence yearned.

Tales of spitfire raking Hun,
And Commando spiking gun.
Gallant rescue under fire;
Men, who ordered to retire,
Scorned to hasten or retrace
Their steps, but fought for every pace.

These are tales that will not fade;
For the legend they have made
Of fights, by land or sea or air,
Contains a thrill beyond compare.
So let the writer hasten then
To glorify one band of men.

For a year they trained in spate;
For two long years did naught but wait.
Press and public thought it fit
To make them butt for cruel wit,
And even to their shame did say:
"They don't deserve to draw their pay."

But nothing daunted, firemen all
Prepared themselves and when the call
Came from crippled towns ablaze,
They fought their fight for days and days.
Cold and wet, unfed, dead beat,
'Midst hell they slept whilst on their feet.

In Glory's book then spare a page
For those who whilst the fires did rage,
Of the danger made but game
Or threw their lives into the flame.
So in the legends save a place
For heroes with a grimy face.

Snr. C/O. Van der Vord, Region III, Area 10.

Representatives

Region 1

Asst. Group Offr. B. G. Calderwood, Northern Regional H.Q., Fire Department, Eskdale Terrace, Newcastle-on-Tyne, 2.

Region 2

Frwmn. Kirke, No. 3 Area H.Q., Red House, Moorgate, Rotherham.

Frwmn. (Mrs.) E. M. Foster, No. 4 Area H.Q., "Quarry Dene," Weetwood Lane, Leeds, 6.

Frwmn. W. Smith, No. 5 Area H.Q., Ashburnham Grove, Bradford.

Asst. Group Offr. Miss G. Swift, No. 6 Area H.Q., Talbot Lodge, Hesse.

Region 3

Asst. Group Offr. Stewart, No. 10 Area H.Q., Eastfield House, Louth, Lincs.

Region 4

Asst. Group Offr. S. C. Johnson, No. 12 Area H.Q., Whitney Wood, Stevenage, Herts.

Region 5

London H.Q. Formation—Frwmn. Good, Whitgift House, Lambeth, S.E.1.

No. 34 Area (A, B and C).—L/Frwmn. Lowenthal, Div. H.Q., Queen Mary's Home, Heath St., N.W.3.

No. 34 Area (D, E. and F.).—Frwmn. W. Merchant, Central Fire Station, Uxbridge Road, W.13.

No. 35 Area.—Asst. Group Offr. Mrs. Ranson and L/Frwmn. E. Fox, 35 Area H.Q., Stormont Road, N.6.

No. 36 Area (part).—L/Frwmn. Compton, Fire Station, Tabernacle Street, E.C.2.

No. 37 Area (H.Q. and A, B, C and D).—Frwmn. E. Robinson, Fire Station, 94, Southwark Bridge Road, S.E.1.

No. 37 Area (E and F).—Asst. Group Offr. N. Smith, Fire Station, South Street, Bromley, Kent.

No. 38 Area (A, B and C).—Group Offr. Miss Crips, Fire Station, Old Town, Clapham, S.W.4.

No. 38 Area (D).—Asst. Group Offr. Mrs. Thomas, Fire Station, Malden Road, New Malden, Surrey.

No. 38 Area (E and F).—Group Offr. Miss Young, Fire Station, Park Lane, Croydon, Surrey.

Region 6

Frwmn. N. Oppenheimer, No. 15 Area H.Q., White Place, Taplow, Bucks.

Region 7

Senior Area Offr. Mrs. McClintock, No. 7 Area F.F. H.Q., Crete Hill, Durdham Down, Bristol.

Frwmn. Lee, No. 18 Area F.F. H.Q., Orchard Portman House, Orchard Portman, Taunton, Somerset.

Asst. Area Offr. Miss Mahoney, No. 19 Area F.F. H.Q., "St. Vincent's," Yelverton, Devon.

Region 8

Senior Area Offr. Miss Foster, N.F.S., No. 8 Regional H.Q., Coryton, Whitechurch, Glam.

Region 9

L/Frwmn. Parker (Regional Rep.), Regional Training School, Carpenter Road, Birmingham.

Frwmn. Irving Jones, Area 23, Bevere Manor, Bevere, nr. Worcester.

Group Offr. Miss Haskins, N.F.S., No. 24 Area H.Q., Hartopp House, Hartopp Road, Four Oaks, Sutton Coldfield, Birmingham.

Region 10

Asst. Group Offr. M. Bennett, No. 28 Area, Central Fire Station, Bolton, Lancs.

Area Group Offr. Mrs. M. L. Johnson, No. 29 Area F.F. H.Q., "Haslemere," Garstang Road, Broughton, nr. Preston, Lancs.

Region 12

Group Offr. Miss E. Hide, Div'l. H.Q., Area 31, Preston Circus, Brighton.

Asst. Group Offr. Miss Hibbert, N.F.S. College, Saltdean, nr. Brighton.

Marriages

25th June, 1942.—Fwmn. Coles, Region III, Area 9, to Mr. Botterill (by Snr. Coy./Offr. Jones, N.F.S., Padre).

27th June, 1942.—Fwmn. E. Major, Region III, Area 9, "A" Div., to Mr. Little.

30th June, 1942.—Driver Gillett, Region X, Area 29, "B" Div., to Pte. T. Horam.

6th July, 1942.—Fwmn. Hall, Region III, Area 9, to Mr. Pratt.

24th July, 1942.—D/R. Bonney, Region X, Area 29, "C" Div., to Pte. C. A. King, R.A.P.C.

24th August, 1942.—Fwmn. Boast, Region III, "A" Div. Control, Lincoln, to Mr. G. J. Sampson.

29th August, 1942.—Fwmn. E. Aitken, to S. L. H. Thorpe, both of Region X, Area 28, "A" Div.

24th August, 1942.—Fwmn. M. Taylor, to Fm. H. Pearce, both of Region X, Area 28, "A" Div.

5th September, 1942.—Fwmn. M. Buncall, Region X, Area 29, "B" Div., to L/Bomdr. R. Wilkinson, R.A.

12th September, 1942.—Fwmn. I. Howard, Region V, Area 35, "D" 5Z, to J. Filler, R.A.O.C.

12th September, 1942.—Fwmn. M. Owen, Region X, Area 29, "C" Div., to Sergt. Pohlmann, R.A.F.

12th September, 1942.—Fwmn. E. E. Smith, Region V, Area 35, "D" 1U, to H. H. Pearce, R.A.S.C.

15th September, 1942.—Fwmn. N. O. Roach, Region VIII, Area 21, Sub. Div. "B" 3, to Lieut. David Morris, R.N.V.R.

21st September, 1942.—L/Fwmn. Renie Dixon to L/Fm. Eric Radford, both of Region III, Area 3.

22nd September, 1942.—Fwmn. Blythe, Region V, Area 34, "B" Div. H.Q., to L/Fm. Eberhart, Region V, Area 34, "B" 4T.

Forthcoming Marriage

The wedding is to take place at St. Bartholomew's Church, West Wood Hill, S.E.26, on Boxing Day, of Fwmn. Beryl Batchelor, Region V, Area 37, "B" 1Z Divisional Stn., New Cross, S.E., and formerly of 37, "D" 2Z, and "D" 2X Stns., and Fm. Dennis Blundell, of Region V, Area 37, "D" 2Z, Sub-Divisional Stn., Perry Vale, S.E., and formerly of 37, "D" 2X Stn.

Fm. R. Japhet, 37, "D" 2Z.

Our Plea

When out in the streets we roam,
We feel like girls without a home,
For looks we get so full of scorn
From girls parading in uniform,
Attached to the W.A.A.F.S., the W.R.N.S. and A.T.S.,
While all we can boast of is forage caps.
We like to feel we do our bit,
But minus a uniform doesn't fit,
To suit the Service to which we belong,
The N.F.S. minus uniform!
Eleven months have long gone past
Since round our waists the tape was passed,
But still in civvies on duty we go,
Feeling full of remorse and woe.
Perhaps when the War is at an end,
Our awaited uniforms they will send,
Or perhaps a transfer would solve the problem,
As it seems elsewhere there's plenty of 'em!
Rumours are rife, but never true,
And many appeals have we sent through;
Our A.G.O. has done her best,
If something's not done, we'll be left in our vest,
And so in verse we send our plea,
Please do something for 19B.

Hopeful, Region VII.