

"It will be with genuine regret that the swinging lamps of Fisher court are overcome by the stabilising force of gravity and lulled to their final rest."

Hobson :

"Hobson Court houses twenty girls with an age range which would daunt even an 'A' teacher. In our midst are those who were still at school at the outbreak of war, and some who were even young enough to join that new tribe of humanity, the evacuees. There are those with many years of teaching behind them and those from the services for whom a regiment of beds brought back memories. Some had severed themselves from peaceful office life in search of fresh interests. Joan Humphries handled many an application form in her post of personal secretary to the Chelmsford Education Officer.

With one exception Hobson has steered clear of the matrimonial path. The exception is Marion Shelford (Shelley), a war bride, with a little girl of five.

Besides each other, we shall long remember two strokes of luck that blessed our Court. The unblemished parkland beyond our common-room doors, and Jackie Dance, our house-warden's smallest daughter who spent much of her fifth year of life perched on a chair, helping us wash our smalls."

Newton :

I've been told that I might an article write
On the Wallahs residing in Newton,
For Newtonian coves have well screwed on loaves
And the Court it is really a cute 'un.
Now first we must mention, the Chief whose ascension
To president started things rolling ;
The Bernard whose craving for physical training
Causes trouble to persons controlling.
Now Nick is a talker, and when Parliament's shorter
Of members, him they will be needing
On the Treasury Bench, with every intersh-
Un, of government motions impeding.
When Aaron ain't worried he's flustered or flurried
And speaks of a Martian invasion .
But when wit was unloaded, poor George he exploded
And made it a tragic occasion ;
But visitors hark, a toccata by Bach,
The organ for Angus is singing ;
When others go out, drinking beer, gin and stout
Some triples he's merrily ringing.
Now Paul is sarcastic and swears something drastic
When he speaks of the faults of society,
He indulges in curses, composes wierd verses,
And isn't renowned for sobriety.
Ron sings in the bath, and also reads Garth
And destroys all the peace with his chortles ;
And Martin will stay in the shower the whole day ;
He's really the queerest of mortals.
Now Frank gives us facts on military tact—
Ics, and tells us of Burmese campaigning ;
And Stan is so tough, that if someone got rough
Of fractures they'd soon be complaining.
And Joe is a sport, but now he's got caught ;
To the altar he'll soon be proceeding ;
Though Basil don't cram, he's a radio ham
And when not transmitting he's feeding.
But if you want to go, to Wigan or Stow,
Or spend all your holidays farming,
See Don who will then, supply you with gen ;
You'll find he is perfectly charming.
Friend Alan is bright, tho' oft' late at night
To his bed, you hear him come creeping.
And Eddy entrances, the ladies at dances
With his chassés and fantastic leapings.
Jim's one of the boy's, but he's so fond of noise
That the wireless he likes playing forte,
And John tells us yarns, to a chorus of "Garns",
Of his exploits in Lisbon in '40.
Now Tom wears bright hues, and the nattiest shoes,
And types all the Court's correspondence.
But now we must say, at the close of this lay
That Leslie whose loss caused despondence
Is very much missed, so in closing this list
We mention this very fine fellow.
We wish him the best, and with very much zest
We toast him in ale rich and mellow."

P.V.C.