

Parker :

"Breaking off our tour we pass into the Common Room noting the faint egg-stains that mark the floor, and in particular the blue-bird murals by an unknown and doubtless inhibited artist. Passing on we see Hipsey's hideout ; a man of no mean stature this and a singer of depth and delight. As we leave the peace of Parker let us inspect the marks made by the Presidential Chain of Office which once hung over Barker's bed."

Ode to Pepys (Mark II):

"Them wot sleeps
In Pepys
Are the finest bunch in college
To my knowledge
For intelligence and erudition
Their tradition
Is unsurpassed in any sphere
Of life here.
At times they have parties
When hale and hearty
-tudents arrive in a drove or herd
(Proceedings are usually absurd.)
Individually they're a wow.
And how !!!
Take Eileen Rutherford, who looks cute on
Her bed as its wheeled through Newton.
There's hardly a student who doesn't think he
Would like to go out with our glamorous Dinkie.
Margaret Ashby's a smasher
At games, a real P.T. basher.
Olive Bird as a bore is
Quite the reverse—she's good at telling stories,
Especially to Iris Webster, who's got
A favourite expression—no, not 'clot'—'pot'.
And some may ask, how can a man
Resist that wench Phyl Hanneman ?
To Margaret Baker we're ever grate-
ful for the loan of her sewing machine. Now Plat-
O is not Phyl Swallow's bent, nor reading Aristotle,
But the simple homely joy of a hot-water-bottle.
And our Peg's
Got a yen for hard-boiled eggs.
Lesley, bathing, emits a sound
She calls singing—(coroner's verdict : Accidentally drowned.)
Now Elizabeth's not sure if the vicar she marries
Will sanction her clandestine visits to Paris.
Safely Joan Marais can sleep in her bed
With Comrade Joe Stalin pinned over her head.
Betty Raines never does but she pours,
Of course,
Her heart out to Eileen, a very dark horse.
We're very fond
Of Olive, our cute blonde,
And we can't separate Jay and Kay
Even for the purpose of this merry little lay.
Patrisher Fisher
Digs for victory ; and we all wish a
Happy future ahead
For Sylvia, newly-wed.
Each Knight we May
For our personal tutors pray ;
And we trust Wimpole history records all our names
For our prowess in outdoor (and indoor) games—
I shall NOT explain what the latter means,
(Wot—no pepys behind the scenes ? !)"

Taylor :

"The 19 new girls to find their way to Taylor court on September 10, 1949 were not to know how fortunate they were. In their midst was a 'hangover' from the previous session in the person of Mrs. Pat Goodwin. We owe a great deal to her influence during that period. Pat's humour dispelled much of the gloom which settled on most of us at first. Her lightning sketches of life at Wimpole deserved the stage in the Assembly Hall, and one wonders how many of the V.I.P.s would have recognised themselves ! ,