

"IRIS."

Editor; MISS NORRIS

Sub-Editor; MISS PARK

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C. WHEELER.

O.G.A. SUB-Editor; DOROTHY, A. BARBER.

Committee; M.ADKINS, D.HIGHAM, G.FOXON.



MISS NELSON

Head Mistress's Letter.

December, 1934.

Dear School,

Since I last wrote to you, the School has suffered an irreparable loss: Miss Nelson died on July 14th. In retrospect we all feel that Miss Nelson was one of those rare souls whom the world can ill afford to lose; we loved and respected her for her many qualities, for her sweet reasonableness, her sense of humour, her steadfastness, but above all, I think, for her single-mindedness which made her friends feel better for having known her; all those girls who passed through her hands bore the impress of her high standards of thought and conduct; those of us who had the privilege of contact with her during her illness will always be

grateful for the inspiration of her courage and her heroism. Miss Nelson has passed but her spirit will remain in the School she served so devotedly for twenty years.

We are very appreciative of the generous help given us by Miss Coe during the past year and we say good-bye to her with many regrets; we also offer our thanks to Miss Muir, who helped us so adequately during Miss Forster's absence.

This year the School has adopted a new charity called the School Benevolent Fund; its object is to lend a helping hand when necessary to pupils inside the School. The Fund now stands at £61, thanks to the benevolence of our many friends. All contributions will be gratefully received by Miss Goldwin, Treasurer to the Fund.

A happy Christmas to you all,

Yours affectionately,

M. NORRIS.

MISS NELSON'S death has left a deep sense of loss among her friends on the Staff.

Although perhaps one of its quieter members, she gave to us all a feeling of confidence and security. Her keen zest for life and her unflinching interest and sympathy with the concerns

of others made her friendship something to be very highly valued.

Her delightful, dry humour, too, added a spice to life for those who worked with her.

The School Garden was a constant joy to her, and anyone who had a love of trees and woods and hedgerows found in her a kindred spirit.

Miss Nelson has gone from us but the memory of her indomitable spirit, her fortitude in pain and adversity, her wonderful sincerity and loyalty to her colleagues, will long remain.

E. R. J.

Miss Nelson a laissé à l'école le parfum d'une âme d'élite, la tranquillité d'un esprit cultivé, l'exemple d'un cœur vaillant, l'enchantement d'une personnalité aimable, d'un commerce égal et sûr.

Sa présence nous manque à toutes, mais nous la retrouvons dans les mille détails de la vie journalière menée en commun avec elle: ses boutades, sa joie à respirer une rose, sa facilité à voir le côté comique des choses, ses vives réparties, son amour du mot juste, tous ces mille riens qui nous font prendre contact et qui manifestent un être aux sentiments élevés, nous laissant en héritage une ambiance durable qui adoucit la peine de la séparation – séparation bien pénible après avoir joui de sa collaboration érudite pendant de nombreuses années.

M.G.

Those of us who knew and loved Miss Nelson can but faintly estimate the extent of the loss; we only know that the spirit of goodness and kindness in which she carried on her work, taught us much while she was alive, and remains with us now that we have her no longer. Her cheerfulness and courage we shall never forget. We can but hope to be worthy of having been taught by her.

M. P.

Everyone who knew Miss Nelson must remember her kindness, her unflinching cheerfulness, the quiet inspiring enthusiasm she brought to her work and the help she so generously gave. No words can convey the greatness of our loss. They can, at best, only call up memories and these speak far more vividly and more sincerely than any word.

M. E. W.

I had supposed, until three years ago, that holiday friendships were soon forgotten. But then it was my good fortune to stay in a German inn where Miss Nelson had spent a few weeks the year before, and to be filled with a sense of pleased surprise that anyone should be able to inspire in so short a time so much affection as she had done. There were eager inquiries to be answered: how was Miss Nelson, what was she doing, and, always, when was she coming back? There were reminiscences to be listened to; this was a walk Miss Nelson had especially enjoyed; this a view that she had greatly admired; and here was where she longed to build herself a cottage. And there were many messages to be delivered.

To these German friends of hers the knowledge that they would not see Miss Nelson again must, I know, have been a very real grief. We, who were her pupils, and have known her in and out of the class-room for years instead of weeks, have suffered an even greater loss; but we have also more cause for gratitude. I shall always remember with pleasure the quiet and humorous understanding, and the unflinching kindness that Miss Nelson brought to all our school activities, and be glad to have had some share in her friendship.

P. W.

Sub-Editor's Letter.

"TIME that antiquates antiquities" has hardly soiled these pages fresh from the press. No such solemn thought invades the minds of our contributors, the fruits of whose labours are ranged alongside a tradition of literary merit. Perhaps the reflection would have stimulated sluggards into providing material. However, although the entries were slightly fewer in number this year than last, there is a higher average of ability among the rejected entries.

The Honour and Glory Prize is bestowed in a blaze of hypothetical pyrotechnics and bestowing of banners embroidered with a strange device upon Forms V I. and L. IVH. Much of this number's attraction is due to the drawings of the VI., while L. IVH. have been most vigorous and versatile in their efforts. As pressure upon space is severe, there will be no telescoped versions of near entries or any further criticism beyond remarking that Upper IVs. and three of the Lower Thirds proved valiant.

But we owe much gratitude, not only to the staff in general (see their stirring article "Pet Aversions"), but to Miss Brown and to Miss Hall for providing us with the opportunity of following them on their adventures in strange lands.

One Old Girl, Joyce Plumstead, has also added to the gaiety of nations by giving us an example of her expert work.

The O.G.A. editor and the school committee have been as ever a rock and stay. It is a pity, this foggy week-end in November, that a record of Christmas carols could not be substituted for this cold print. Nevertheless the pages are vocal with good wishes to everyone.

A. H. PARK.

Old Girls' Editorial.

My originality seems to have evaporated. I have called you by so many many names in the past, and probably in the future will use so many many more on your behalf, that "Old Girl" seems almost an insult. You must of course forgive me. Take no notice of me at all. Pretend I do not exist if you like. I shall not mind. But I only mean to be grateful. I think I could be poetic nearly.

I thought you were a legion of the lost you see, and I have found you. I thought perhaps you might all have large families and much housework to do, but I find you have also pens and ink, and (glory be!) the inclination to use them. I thought too that you might not like me after all, and I find at least that I am the recipient of a large, kind mail. Let me but say I am overwhelmed, all ye faithful!

I feel I must let you into a secret, however unwise it is of me. But it will serve to tell you why some of you receive sweet appealing letters from me about this time of the year, and others who do not, will perhaps forgive my apparent neglect of their existence. I cannot write to you all. You are so many and so many. But I have a very private theory, however base and wrong, that those of you who pay subscriptions promptly, are perhaps a tiny tiny bit more enthusiastic than those of you who don't. And so I write to those of you who do! Please do not think too badly of me. I am all too ashamed for having told you at all. And I have such awful topsy-turvy ideas-you do understand don't you?

Let us break loose and congratulate ourselves on something. The play "Midsummer Night's Dream" for instance. Lovely wasn't it? And by the way, those of you who visited the Hartz Mountains some four years ago-do you remember a boy you met there? Well, he saw our performance, and considered it very good indeed-quite one of the most pleasant evenings he had spent. That I am given to understand is the opinion of a severe critic. But of course, you who have the audacity to meet boys on Mountains will know all about it!

I wish I were a Bernard Shaw or an A. P. Herbert! Think of the prefaces and forewords

I could write for you. But alas, I am only an Editor-and "sub" at that. But speaking of A. P. Herbert, have any of you dared to read Mr. Punch's book of Limericks? If so, and in spite of, it might give you some ideas. Anyway, you have a whole year to decide whether or not you want to bother, and my address-forgive me for mentioning it-is the same the whole year round.

My felicitations, profuse apologies (where necessary) and sincere thanks to you all-Until we meet again-

DOROTHY A. BARBER (O.G.A. SUB-EDITOR).

School Chronicle, 1934.

THIS year we have made a new venture. At the suggestion of the Staff, and with the hearty approval of the School, a Benevolent Fund has been started. Every branch of the School has made a vigorous effort in this cause, and already we've had a great deal of fun, both as audience and performers. As usual the Staff led the way by presenting a most amusing play entitled, "The Women Have Their Way," which, in both principle and rendering, was much appreciated by the School. The sum of £34 was raised, and we should all like to thank the Staff for all the work they must have put in to make it so great a success.

The O.G.A. is never slow in assisting us in our endeavours, and on March 3rd the Manor Dramatic Society performed "The Wrong Number," in the School Hall. We all thoroughly enjoyed the play, while the Benevolent Fund was swollen by nearly £9. The third effort took the form of a delightful concert by the choir and Miss Procter's pupils on July 10th.

The Fifth Forms, once relieved of examination strain, turned their energies on to that very fascinating of all hobbies-acting. On the evening of July 19th they presented a most stirring play, "Saul and David," in the Greek Theatre, the proceeds of which also went to the Benevolent Fund. The "new baby" had indeed started to cut its teeth!

Christmas, always an exciting time at School, seemed to be exceptionally so this year. In addition to our usual School parties, we celebrated the occasion by the performance of a charming Russian play, "Michael," and, on the following day, of a nativity play, introducing many jolly carols. The glow of the lanterns on the platform, the only lighting in the hall, and the vigour of the carol-singers, united to give us all that indescribable Christmas feeling.

During the Spring Term every Form visited the British Art Exhibition at the Academy, while at Half-Term Form VI. endeavoured to turn their room into a Sistine Chapel by painting a new frieze. The artists poised precariously, but of course with elegance, on the highest rungs of rickety ladders. But the task was performed successfully, not without great risk of loss of life. The frieze is painted in bright colours, and illustrates every activity of School life, except one-work!

This year we have been lucky enough to attend a most interesting series of lectures by the Staff. On April 22nd Miss Norris told us about her visit to Greece by air, showing us a number of wonderful lantern slides. A month later Mademoiselle Gremand and Miss Dennithorne lectured on Rome, and on October 19th Miss Park brought before us a vivid picture of Swedish life. We thank the members of the Staff who have imparted to us the thrill of their holidays abroad.

During the Summer Term all Forms visited the William Morris Exhibition in Walthamstow. These visits took place during School hours (which was an additional attraction!). Also Mr. Weekly gave us a most enlightening lecture on "The Life and Work of William Morris."

On the first Saturday after the commencement of this term the O.G.A. and the Old Monovians combined to give a performance of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" on the flood-lit stage of the Greek Theatre. The play was delightfully rendered and we all agree to its being quite up to the standard set by Regent's Park.

On September 22nd we held our Prize-Giving, which was a great success in

spite of the fact that the clerk of the weather did not support us.

M. PEARSE.

The Prize-Giving.

THE prizes were distributed on September 22nd, a day of pouring rain. The Upper School Prize-Giving was held in the Hall, simultaneously with that of the Lower School in the Gymnasium. A great store of tact and *savoir-faire* was used by those in charge, for the players had to dodge from one place to the other at the right time.

However, the entertainment went without a hitch. This consisted of songs by the School: "Drink to me Only," "The Bells of Aberdovey," "Caller Herrin'," and "The Song of the Volga," as well as a humorous French ballad with actions, and Gounod's Serenade from "Faust." The Upper School gave several scenes from "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," by Molière, and the Lower Fourths performed a dainty comedy in true Chinese fashion, complete with a roll of blue material representing a "river," and a real Chinese orchestra.

The Canon, in the sudden calamity of wet weather, presented the prizes to the Lower School, while Dr. Chambers and his sister officiated in the Hall. Miss Norris read her annual School report, and Dr. Chambers gave a delightful and animated speech on "Art," and on the importance of preserving beauty in old things.

P. L.

School Successes.

WE should like to congratulate the following girls upon their successes:

LONDON UNIVERSITY.

Higher School Certificate and Intermediate Arts: Dora Culmer, Phyllis Lovick (Special Credit in Oral French).

Higher School Certificate: Rose Polled, Mary French, Margaret Ward, Cecilia Wheeler.
General School Certificate and Matriculation: Muriel Barrett (Distinction in Mathematics), Joyce Bass (Distinction in History), Nora Brown (Distinction in Mathematics), Grace Cole (Distinction in Mathematics), Joan Craddock (Distinction in History and Latin, Special Credit in Oral French), Renee Edwards (Special Credit in Oral French), Dorothy Furbank (Distinction in History), Irene Harman, Frances Hewitt, Ivy Howard, Frieda Midgley, Rosie Midgley (Distinction in German, Special Credit in Spoken French and German), Edith Palmer (Distinction in History and Geography), Beatrice Scherr (Distinction in French, Special Credit in Oral French), Edna Timberlake.

General School Certificate: Nina Borelli, Ellen Brooks, Anne Clarke, Marjorie College (Distinction in Mathematics), Grace Davey, Pamela Drake, Nora Fenner, Hannah Grace, Flossie Hinde, Bessie Hubler, Olive Hutchinson, Ada Legg, Mary McGladdery, Gertrude Mansell (Distinction in Geography), Eileen Morgan, Dorothy Pamplin, Dorothy Parrott, Evelyn Phillips, Ethel Planker, Cicely Rossiter, Winnie Thorne, Ethel Williams, Grace Woodcock, Betty Woodruff, Gertrude Wright (Special Credit in Oral French).

ESSEX COUNTY COUNCIL.

County Major Scholarship: Ruth Hyatt.

PHARMACEUTICAL SOCIETY OF GREAT BRITAIN.

Preliminary Scientific Examination: Eleanor Stokes.

THE ASSOCIATED BOARD OF THE ROYAL SCHOOLS OF MUSIC

Higher Division: Pass with Honourable Mention, Barbara Chamberlain, Phyllis East, Mary McGladdery.

Lower Division: Pass, Molly Fox.

Elementary Division: Pass with Distinction, Ena Cooper; Pass with Honourable Mention, Audrey Farrow, Beatrice Wickerson.

Primary Division: Pass with Distinction, Beryl Batchelor, Margaret Matthew; Pass, Irene Bradbrooke.

Oxford University. B.A.: English Honours' School, Class II., Blanche Corbitt.

Cambridge University. B.A.: Nat. Sciences Tripos, Class II., Winnie Abery.

London University. B.Sc.: Botany Honours, Class II., Grace Macfarlane; B.Sc.: Chemistry Honours, Class II Kathleen Robertson.

America Revisited

LOOKING back on the happiness of my American holiday, I hardly ever remember how very nearly it proved a fiasco, and how at one time it seemed almost a certainty that I should be doomed to spend those precious six weeks in gaol on Ellis Island! It was all the fault of the American Consul here, who told me (to my utter astonishment) that I was an American citizen and needed no *visa*. Unfortunately the Immigration officials, who got on board just before we were due to set foot in the Promised Land, did not agree-and a fearful war raged round my innocent British head. Finally, the Powers that Be were persuaded that their victim had no intention to overthrow the Government of the U.S.A. and so freed her only just in time to catch the Oklahoma train.

In Tulsa, the acquaintances of my "Exchange" year were more than kind and in spite of the heat-wave they entertained me every evening. Perhaps the most memorable occasion was one Saturday night when a Red Indian took me to a native "Stomp" dance held in the heart of the lolling prairies, miles from civilisation. These dances are closely connected with their religion. About sixty Indians, men, women and children, were sitting on logs round a camp-fire. From time to time a young man would get up and start walking round the fire. Casually, by ones and twos, others joined in. Then the leader began a chant, making slight gestures with his arms and body, and the others responded but with their feet they all kept up a steady dragging step. The rhythmic undercurrent of this sound was sometimes emphasised by young woman who joined in, wearing on each leg tortoise shells filled with pebbles. The dancers never took hands or changed their direction and at the end of each dance people began to leave the circle as informally as they had joined it. - A strange night, indeed.... The centuries since Columbus seemed to have receded into nothingness, and here was the Red Indian before the White Man stole his land from him. So powerful was this illusion that it was hardly disturbed by the occasional flashing of eyes of blinding brightness, that told of the arrival of some belated Redskin ... in his car.

On the homeward trip I spent a week in Chicago, where I was fortunate enough to meet Miss Lucile, whom so many of you know. How well she remembers you all, and how much she hopes to be able to come over to see you next Summer!

But my contribution to IRIS is already too long, and you are probably still wondering whether it was really worth travelling- ten thousand miles to visit America. Alas, words could never justify it. Until one has been to the United States it is impossible to understand the Glamour that is America! As the SS. "Champlain" left New York harbour on the evening of September 3rd and passed the great statue of Liberty I know that I was not the only one to whom she said "*Au revoir*"-nor the only one who whispered back "*A bientôt . . . à bientôt ..*"

ELIZABETH D. BROWN.

Over the Blue Waters.

AN adequate account of a cruise to the Mediterranean cannot be compressed within the limits of this article. But come with me and I will try to give you a glimpse of some of the places steeped in beauty, history, legend and romance, which will to me remain an ever-living memory.

First we will call at Gibraltar, where the Lion Rock, one of the ancient Pillars of Hercules, rises 1,400 feet out of the sea, with a length of 2½ miles. The name Gibraltar recalls the Arab invasion of 711 A.D. when Tarik captured and fortified the rock, naming it Gebel el Tarik- or the Hill of Tarik-and hence Gibraltar. But from thoughts of the past we return abruptly to the present, for as our good ship drops anchor we are at once besieged by an army of small boats in which sun-tanned men and boys exhibit all kinds of wares for sale, crying to us with incessant clamour to buy their grapes, silks, straw hats and baskets, all of which are declared to be "cheap, lady; very nice." Soon it is time to go ashore by tender, but although interesting, partly on account of its historical associations, partly because of its cosmopolitan population, the town is hot, dry and dusty, and the people in the streets are by no means clean, so we are glad to return before long to our ship.

Now we will visit a very different scene. It is early morning, 4.30 a.m., when a steward knocking on the cabin door announces that we are approaching Stromboli. By 4.45 we are on deck and there before us looms a dark shape, grim and forbidding in the cold, dim light of dawn. It is the volcanic island of Stromboli. The sea is calm and scarcely a sound breaks the stillness. The head of the mountain (for Stromboli island is just a mountain rising straight out of the sea) is wreathed in cloud and smoke; but suddenly a burst of flame sets it all aglow, molten lava pours down the mountain side, until as the hot stream meets the cold water a cloud of steam rises. Again the flame bursts forth and the process is repeated. All down the north side of the mountain are wide black streaks, the lava of former eruptions which has cooled in its descent. We proceed round the east side of the island where suddenly black sterility gives place to living verdure, while a little white town nestles peacefully at the foot of the slope, a striking contrast to the awesome activity above: then on the south side there are again black lava streams. But now the sun rises, the mountain is suffused with rosy hues, we gather speed and steam south for Sicily, many of us having seen for the first time a volcano in eruption.

Our next port of call is Messina, a gallant little town which has suffered severely from earthquakes but which has been courageously and hopefully rebuilt. However our chief interest is not in Messina, but in Taorima, perched on an eminence in a setting of great beauty, 700 feet above the sea. Standing sentinel over the little town is the mighty mass of Etna, 11,000 feet high. But to-day, to our disappointment, we cannot see the summit, nor the smoking breath of the giant Enceladus supposed to be imprisoned beneath the mountain; all is obscured by clouds, although elsewhere the sky is a clear blue. Nevertheless, we, can picture the Greeks in their theatre on the hillside, gazing past the actors on the stage to the great mountain beyond.

But we must hurry on, for we have many more miles to go, and now we are at Athens, confronted by the highest expression of Greek architecture, the Parthenon, sublime in grandeur, defying the ravages of time. Here, too, on the flat top of the Acropolis, are the Erechtheum with its portico of caryatids, and the little Temple of Wingless Victory with its Ionic columns. Just at the foot of the Acropolis are the remains of the Odeion, where musical contests were held in the days of Athens' glory, and the theatre of Dionysus, famed for its connection with the playwrights of the Age of Pericles-Æschylus, Euripides, Sophocles and Aristophanes. But look westward from the Acropolis and see the city of Athens stretching away towards the port, the Piræus, with the island of Salamis beyond, where Themistocles saved his brave little country from the mighty hosts of the Persian conqueror; while near at hand, in the foreground of our vista, is the rounded rocky eminence known as Mars' Hill where the Apostle Paul stood and declared to the people "the Unknown God."

Again, we are at Constantinople. What a fuss over passports! for the Turks exercise great vigilance in this respect. But once ashore, we spend a day packed with interest. It happens to be a *fête* day, for the Turks are celebrating their victory over the Greeks at Smyrna in 1923; not, we are told, in a spirit of exultation as a result of victory, but as an "aeroplane day." Be that as it may, the city is gay with flags, thousands of them, red flags emblazoned with a white star and crescent, and a procession parades the principal streets. We visit the Seraglio, the ancient palace of the Sultans, now a marvellous treasure house; the

underground cistern, the reservoir of the Imperial Water Supply, the roof of which is supported by 336 carved pillars; and of course the mosques. No words can do justice to the exquisite beauty of the slender white minarets tapering far up against the clearest sapphire sky. The muezzin ascends to the gallery around one of these and we hear the call to prayer. We enter one mosque where all is pervaded by a blue haze; another in which are mosaics of rich beauty; and San Sofia, famed the world over, particularly for the width of its dome. On the floor of the Mosques are beautiful carpets upon which we are not allowed to tread without putting on large Turkish slippers over our shoes.

I could take you to many other places of interest, but our ship is steaming northward and we must leave the blue waters and clear sunny skies of the south and return to our own shores, still convinced, however, that whatever of grandeur or sublimity other countries may have to offer, there is a quiet beauty of our own native land which nothing can surpass.

W. E. HALL.

Lino-Cut by Nora Brown



The Call of Spring.

THE call of Spring was in the air. The rabbits and squirrels in the Glen felt it; the birds in the budding trees felt it; the children, as they ran to school, felt it. Even the wee brown house in the hollow felt it; her tiny, diamond-paned windows were as twinkling as the star that shone on the wee brown house every night; the funny little twisty knocker on her door, half hidden by the ivy and wistaria that crept lovingly over the porch, shone as brightly as the eyes of the rabbits. The soft brown coat of thatch on her quaint, gabled roof seemed to ruffle in the breeze like the wild fowl preening its feathers. As for the little old woman who lived in the wee brown house, she put on her best flowered apron and her big sun-bonnet, and leaned on her stick at the garden-gate, looking up and down: she was sure that something unusual would come her way on such a bright Spring morning.

The Little White Lady in the castle on the hill felt the Spring atmosphere and, tiring of working her sampler, she donned her hood and cloak and went wandering unattended through the Glen.

The young apprentice down at the smithy felt the Spring air tingling in his veins and eagerly begged his master for a whole day of his very own. The old blacksmith evidently

felt the Spring too, for he not only let his apprentice go, but also gave him a silver dollar to spend.

An old, old pedlar, with a pack full of countless odds and ends, felt the Spring air also and decided to go a-wandering with his wares.

The Little White Lady was unused to being out alone and, revelling in her unaccustomed freedom, she wandered on and on, until she came to the wee brown house in the hollow. Here she stopped, for at the gate stood the little old woman in her best flowered apron and her big sun-bonnet, beaming all over her wrinkled old face, and beckoning the Little White Lady in.

"Didn't I know such a bright Spring day
Would bring an adventure on its way? "

she laughed delightedly. So the Little White Lady went in and sat down amid the ivy and wistaria in the porch. She too felt that something exciting would happen. But the day was warm and she was tired, and she soon fell fast asleep.

The young apprentice had not had a whole day of his very own since oh! he didn't know when, and he trudged through the Glen, rejoicing, his silver dollar in his pocket. Presently he, too, came to the wee brown house in the hollow, and here he stopped, for at the gate stood the little old woman, her silver curls nodding with eagerness.

"Didn't I know such a bright Spring day
Would bring an adventure on its way?"

she murmured as she held open the little gate for him to enter. So the young apprentice entered, and there he stood still in awe, for, nestling among the ivy and wistaria, a happy smile on her face, lay the Little White Lady, asleep.

The apprentice stood very still, watching her, until she suddenly awakened. Then they forgot that he was only a poor apprentice and she the Little Lady of the Castle, and played together as children.

Meanwhile the old, old pedlar wandered happily through the Glen with his wares. A dainty fairy, dancing with the sunbeams, felt the call of Spring, and, seeing the pedlar, thought of a way to make someone else happy on such an enchanting day. So she cast a spell over the pedlar's pack, in order that the first wish of the first purchaser might be granted. Then she flew gaily away.

Presently the old, old pedlar arrived at the wee brown house in the hollow. He went straight in, for he was tired, and the little old woman was holding the gate open as she whispered blithely:

"Didn't I know such a bright Spring day
Would bring an adventure on its way?"

As the old, old pedlar entered, the Little White Lady and the young apprentice saw him and came dancing up to examine his wares. The Little White Lady picked out a glittering necklace and eyed it wistfully.

The young apprentice clutched the silver dollar in his pocket and inquired the cost of the trinket.

"Two dollars would be my usual price," replied the old pedlar, "but on such a day, one silver dollar is all I ask."

The young apprentice handed over his coin and, as he slipped the necklace about the Little White Lady's neck, he whispered:

"I wish I were a prince, that I might shower costly presents upon you."

Immediately his coarse, shabby clothes changed to a resplendent suit of green velvet, with a leathern bag full of gold hanging at his belt.

A coach and pair drew up outside the wee brown house and a footman sprang down and cried: "We wait to take you to the Castle, your Highness."

The new prince helped the Little White Lady into the coach and they drove away. No one was surprised at the sudden changes. Who could wonder at anything on such a day?

The old, old pedlar smiled whimsically at the little old woman.

"'Tis a grand day, mother," he said, as he lifted his pack and strode from the wee brown house in the hollow.

The old woman nodded her silver curls until she nearly shook off her big sun-bonnet as she replied:

"Ay, that it is.

Didn't I know such a bright Spring day

Would bring an adventure on its way?"

.....

A nonsense story? Perhaps. But who can think of anything but nonsense when Spring is calling?

GLADYS AUSTIN (*O.G.*).

Simon the Wanderer.

SIMON slept in the corner of a garage. He had golden eyes and long silky black fur. He was not, in spite of his regal appearance, a feline aristocrat but merely a tramp visiting, in turn, the various houses in the vicinity of his sleeping quarters. It would be impossible to estimate the number of dinners that he begged, or stole from them. He had no loving master or mistress, unless it were the owner of the garage, who laid down some rags for him to sleep upon and gave him an occasional saucer of milk.

His life, unlike that of an ordinary cat, was not spent sitting before a warm fire, purring idly and gazing vacantly into space. He lived by his wits and was consequently sharper and more intelligent than the majority of his brethren. He spent the morning in the garage yard sunning himself and driving all dogs away with amazing ferocity. Often he would attack one twice or three times his size. If the day were wet he would examine the engines of the various cars in his home, and would be found some time later, a miserable, bedraggled, object covered with thick black oil. A great deal of his hair would have to be shorn away, and poor Simon would wander round for the next few days, humiliated and ashamed, and presenting a decidedly mangy appearance.

Every day at twelve o'clock he began his rounds. The Smiths lunched at 12.15 a.m., the Joneses at 1 p.m. and the Robinsons an hour later. It seemed uncanny how he knew when to visit each house, but he was there, rattling at the door and banging on the window punctually (except when he had met with an accident through the oil in the cars).

After a time, however, he tired of his old quarters, and one morning he wandered away to find a new home. At that time his hair was quite long and he looked quite a handsome debonair cat. He strolled down the street with a casual gait and by lunch-time he was some distance away. He lunched on a cod's head which he found in a dust-bin, a sparrow which he caught, and a mouse which he stole from another cat. After sleeping off the effects of this lunch, he resumed his journey.

He walked right through the town and away-out into the open country. When the night came he curled up and slept in a small hole in a hedge and the next morning left the road which he had been following, and wandered far over the fields. He was supremely happy, for he had never been a friend to man, relying only upon the human race to supply him with food, and so did not miss the companionship of the Smiths, the Joneses and the Browns. He was a wild creature who had, for the first time, discovered the life that he had been meant to lead. His old ways were apparently forgotten.

For many months he lived there in the fields, feeding upon any small creatures that he managed to catch, and drinking from a stream. When the wind blew over the countryside and tossed the leaves he would catch the wildness of the day and would

march along swinging his splendid tail from side to side. This was a veritable paradise for Simon.

Unfortunately a life such as this cannot last for ever, and when the winter came the little creatures upon which he fed were no longer to be found. It was impossible for him to remain alive in the open, so he returned once more to the home of man. He discovered a farmhouse, and soon the farmer began to notice that food was often missing from the larder.

Every day Simon raided the farm, growing bolder at each visit. He would remain in the house for hours on end, concealing himself whenever he heard approaching footsteps. The farmhouse was, however (luckily for Simon), overrun by mice, and seeing them run across the floor he was reminded of his hunting days. Food was no longer missed from the larder, and the farmer found, to his delight, that the number of mice was diminishing. So Simon was not disturbed when he entered the house and he was even allowed to sleep in a corner of the kitchen.

He lived there all the winter, but as soon as the days grew warmer he was away over the fields, back to his old life.

The next few years were spent in this manner, but then Simon began to find that he was not so swift of foot as he had been before. The birds generally flew away before he could pounce upon one of them. He was too old for an independent life. So he remained in the farmhouse all the next year and throughout the years that followed. He became contented with an ordinary pussy-cat existence. In the summer he sat on the garden wall in the sunshine, in the winter he dozed on the hearth-rug.

With half-closed eyes he would stare into the glowing fire. Perhaps he was dreaming of the happy days that he had spent roving wherever he wished, doing whatever he pleased perhaps he was merely wondering when he was to be given his next meal.

SYLVIA GOULD (*Form V.*)

A Discovery.

IT was during the Great War that I first became acquainted with Hank Batten, and for many years after that we exchanged correspondence. We both pursued the same hobbies-wireless, telegraphy, etcetera-and as he was an American and I an Englishman, we interchanged news of the latest discoveries and inventions, each of us trying hard to contribute the choicest tit-bit. One day he sent me two metal capsules, looking rather like ear-rings, informing me in his letter that I was to fix them beneath the lobes of my ear, and to be prepared for a surprise (quite harmless) at 7 o'clock, Mexico time.

At the stated time I did as I was bid. In a few seconds I heard an excited voice saying: "Can you hear me, Lewis? This is Hank Batten speaking. *O*, can you *hear me*?" I was so astonished that I could only inquire in a dazed voice where he was and what on earth was happening.

"I'm over here-in Mexico," was the amazing reply. "O! it's marvellous to hear you speak. Won't you rejoice with me? I have actually discovered a new element which, although it is not apparently radio-active, emits a ray, the nature of which I cannot fully explain. I discovered it in the crater of Mt. Popo-catapetl, an extinct volcano in our neighbourhood."

"However did you get down the crater?" I gasped, extremely astonished at this marvellous revelation. "Was it not hot? Why were you not suffocated?"

"I wore an arm our of Tungstenese, a silky fabric, formed from an alloy of Tungsten with some very ductile metals, which is an effective heat resister: and a magnetic helmet; and I suspended a steel rod (which is 300 feet long when expanded and 3 feet when closed) from my helicopter, which I left hovering in the air. Then I slid down the rod into the crater, until I came to a ledge, where I saw some ores of Mexicum (which is the name I have given to the new element whose atomic wt. is as supposed 218). When I had obtained a little Mexicum I started the electro-magnet in my helmet, attached myself to the bottom of the steel rod, and gently pushed it upwards a little way, starting a motor which drew me up into

my helicopter. You must notice," he added, "that my new type of aeroplane engine acts perfectly."

I was really delighted with Batten's discovery, and promised him my allegiance in any improvements he should undertake. He expressed a desire to manufacture these Mexicum transmitters himself. He said he would feel unhappy if a great many unappreciative labourers all knew his secret. Therefore he said that on the next suitable day he would descend into the crater of Popo-catapetl for more Mexicum ores.

"I'll call you when I am about to descend," he promised. "It gives one a feeling of security to feel that one is not absolutely alone, doesn't it?"

Batten presently informed me that he was about to make his descent. "I am intensely excited," he declared. "I mean to go farther down than I went before; but I must hurry, for I believe a cyclone is approaching. It is a queer sensation, descending into the bowels of the earth. Now I am passing the ledge where I collected my first ores." After a few seconds he added in a tone of surprise: "The crater is narrowing considerably, and the surrounding rocks are made of a substance which is emitting purple rays. I shall return as soon as possible for these rays may be dangerous; but I absolutely refuse to return without a supply of Mexicum." A few seconds later a fainter voice spoke:

"I can find no Mexicum, and these rocks have nullified my magnetic helmet.....I think my bones are melting.....I am in terrible agony; even the ledge I am on is burning me like Hell.....take.....machines....England....Lewis! Brian Lewis! I am dying I am...." I heard no more.

Hank Batten is dead and 'twill be many centuries ere Mother Nature produces another such as he.

MARGARET STRINGER (*Form Lower IVh.*)

"Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave...."-Milton.

I. YVONNE BAYES (*Form VI.*)



What you Did.

YOUR hurting me
Was quite the best thing that you did for me I think.
Ah No, my dear,
You hardly could expect
That I should find it kindly at the time.
Could you I ask,
Knowing the fortress of your dreams besieged,
The barred and bolted gate flung wide
For the army of your dreams' escape that way

Could you I ask
Forgive,
And never show by any single word
The desolation there:
Or teach the droop your mouth was curving to
A smile for the occasion?
I do not think you could.

But stepping swift and softly through the years,
I found my world of coloured visions changed for me,
The steadfast blacks and whites become more mediocre greys
By constant interchanging.
And I could feel the warmth of them
And see their brightness.
This must I thank you for.
But this as well.
A heart beat quickening suddenly,
And indefinably,
Could make my voice break in its level rhythm.
And for you in dark and unremembered places,
My eyes have drowned their hopelessness in wells of blinding tears.
Bright tears!

DOROTHY BARBER (*O.G.A.*).

Rhapsody.

THE air hung still in silence.
Gently a clear, low note broke through its calm,
And breaking through it ceased, and then resolved
Itself into a rippling harmony,
That sank and rose again, and as it rose
It gathered to itself a vibrant melody,
That came in pulsing waves of sound,
And reared and tossed,
Until in one vibrating swell, it stirred
The air in eddying pools of sound.
It sank away, but left behind a trembling
Whirl, that widened out in spreading circles
Into silence.

C. M. WHEELER (*Form VI.*).

Fragment.

HE shall call for dancing
when the pain of ecstasy is past endurance:
feeling from his brimming heart shall break restraint
and shall flow into movement
into joyous abandon, into motion of swiftness,
like the wild wind moaning, like the hammering surf.
The storms of his heart shall be shattered
by translation of unutterable desires,
in praise of all things beautiful.
The storms of his heart shall be soothed:

his spirit shall be satisfied,
shall know a peace
a moment's calm.
He shall call for music
when the anguish of soul-sickness is past endurance,
sick with misery and sick with pity.
It shall filter through the fibres of his storm-racked soul,
bringing more pain, but of a gentler nature.
The yearning beauty of melody stealing into pathos
shall calm his agony of fever:
shall purge away all bitterness.
The sweet sadness of the melody
shall subdue and comfort him:
his spirit shall be made whole,
shall breathe an atmosphere
of sad happiness.

P. LOVICK (*Form VI.*).

Sea-Gulls.

THE madcap east wind throws the waves
To echo in the sandstone caves
That cut the cliffs down Devon way
(A wonderland for children's play).
And through the wild air sea-gulls glide
And wheel around the red cliff's side.
They shrill their clear call as they fly
To chase the grey clouds o'er the sky,
And I have stood and watched them there,
The wild wind blowing through my hair.
I cannot tell how some can stay,
Because it rains, indoors all day.
I don my mackintosh and go
Where o'er the sea the free winds blow
And white waves roar, to hear the cry
Of grey gulls wheeling in the sky.

SYLVIA GOULD(*Form V.*)

"Distraction."

I LIKE you quite a lot.
In fact I think much better than a host of all my friends
Or mere acquaintances.
And you have always been my friend,
My very good adviser,
So very much, that in the darkest hours,
And moments of remorse,
I blush and feel ashamed for hurting you so often.
But I cannot help it.
It will always be the same
While you are.
You make a claim on me that I can only fight with bald resistance.
You search me out, and probe about to know me.
If intervals elapse since I last saw you,

You want me to account for every moment:
To tell you things,
And lay before you in a terrifying nakedness
The whole of me.
And then in fear,
And something else quite unaccountable
That chills me like a cold east wind in winter,
I fly from you,
And find a lie, to hide behind it.
So do you see?
I hope you do, because I do not want to lose you.
Just think about the flowers,
Roses, lilac and the rest.
You are like their sun to me,
That calls them out to drop their perfumed petals on the garden of the world.
There is no law to bind them,
And so for very joy they come at will:
In May or June, or August or September,
Or at any time.
And when we say,
"This rose is late,
This bluebell early,"
We do not blame them for their sweet inconstancy.
So you, my very dear one,
Let me be, and I shall bloom more often
And more fully.
Do not seek me,
And the need to find me will not be so urgent.
You see I like you quite a lot,
Much better than the rest.
And then, I do not want to lose you.

DOROTHY BARBER (*O.G.A.*).

News from Somewhere.

IN the first place, Oxford is very far from being the quiet city of learning I thought it was. The streets are thronged with people, and the endless stream of cars and bicycles makes the pedestrian's life a hazardous one. Then it is far more difficult to work here than it was at School, because the number of outside activities is so fantastically great: the political clubs are legion—they include the October, Labour, Liberal, Conservative, and Imperial Clubs, the Oxford Peace Group, the Fascist Club, the League of Nations' Union—to mention only a few; then there are the English, Irish, French, German, Italian, Spanish, Jewish, China, and Russia, Clubs, besides a hundred and one others on miscellaneous subjects—the Psychical Research Association, the Archaeological Society, Country Dancing Club, and the Oxford Singers. One could not hope to join a quarter of them in all one's career! Still, news of them all trickles through, and Notice Boards, here, are very exciting. From this one comes the challenge; "Do you believe in War?" from that, "You have read G.O.A. Cole's books – come and hear him speak....!"

I have joined the Labour and Conservative Clubs and the League of Nations' Union and have little enough time for anything else without playing games as most people do. But if you do not let the fret and hurry of life destroy your peace of mind. Oxford has many delights to offer which amply compensate for the whirl of existence. One of these is the Bach Choir. Led by Dr. Armstrong, who could, I believe, wring music out of a stone, we struggle courageously through the Mass in B Minor, and Handel's Messiah, and Bach's stately and

beautiful work—"Sing Ye to the Lord." The Hall's Chapel Choir is also a joy and the Music Club is great fun.

Still greater fun is, however, to be derived from meeting lots and lots of people and exchanging your ideas with them. There is much humour and friendliness at "L.M.H." and we discuss anything from State Education for all, and Hitler, to the number of children we think we should like to have, and the proper name for crumpets!

College is such a vast place that you hardly meet some people at all, but the "Freshers' Play," performed in the third week of term, helped us to get to know each other better. The Play was an epic of its kind. It took the form of a wireless programme with television. I was in "The News"—at a conference of dictators, at which "no decision was reached,"—in the part of de Valera, complete with toga, red cloak, dark "specs," and an all-transcending bright green wig! "Hitler" opened the proceedings with a spirited harangue in German, to which "Mussolini" took exception, and the whole ended in a most unseemly brawl! "Variety" and a Murder Play followed which were extremely amusing.

After refreshments in the Common Room, a quite impromptu party "happened" in my room. No preparations had been made, so every guest provided what she could towards the general spread. After consuming a queer mixture of food, we sat round the fire, with nuts and apples, and told creepy ghost-stories till the clock struck twelve, and someone suggested bed in an apologetic tone.

I could go on at great length describing life at Oxford, suffice it to say that I think it must be the ideal place in which to study History and enjoy people, for I am inclined to agree with someone at Oxford who said yesterday—"There are no commonplace people." Then when History and people both become too much for one, there is always one's own room, and the fire,—though it may be nearly out as mine is now—and so to bed.

RUTH HYATT.

Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford.

School Legend: How the Fish Pond was Formed

IN Walthamstow, there once lived a rich merchant who had two children, whom he loved dearly. They were twins and their names were Hoseo (the boy) and Lucial (the girl). The two children loved one another dearly too, and were very seldom seen apart.

One day the children (who were now 15 years old) were playing in the grounds of their home, as their father had gone out. Now nearby lived a witch named Scratia. She wished to slay the children (why! No one could tell), so dressed as a fairy she flew into the garden and posed on a rose bush.

When the twins saw her, they ran forward with delight. Lucial reached Scratia first, for she was very swift-footed. "I am caught in this bush," lied the "fairy." "If you will sip a little of this juice, it will take you to fairyland and you will be able to tell the fairies of my plight." With this she drew from her cloak a thin glass tube, filled with poison. Lucial sipped it, but she knew no more, for at once she fell dead, while Scratia flew away. Then Hoseo appeared, but too late. When he saw Lucial lying lifeless on the ground beside the rose-bush he fell on his knees and wept until he died. His tears formed our fish pond, and even now you will see his ghostly form lying by the fish pond weeping. The HOSE!

DAPHNE PORTER (*Form Upper IIIh.*).

A Paradox.

IF I were you, and you were me,
How very curious it would be.
I really can't think what we'd do
If you were I, and I were you.

And wouldn't we be in a stew
If you, as I, killed me for you.
'Twould be suicide and murder, too.
Who'd be condemned?
Come tell me, do
If you were I and I were you.

MARGARET STRINGER (*Form Lower IVh.*)

A Heighe Schole Mayde.

(*After Dan Chaucer.*)

A MAYDE ther was and she of even lengthe-
Hire bones yaf to her the greetest strengthe.
She hadde a sangwyn cherubynne's face;
Her eyen were pers and sette at wide space;
She wore hire lokkes all y-crulle and bobd.
She sang and laughed and very seldom sobd;
Hir gowne was made of grene and somdel short
And rounde hir waiste a ceint of woollen wroughte,
Hir hosen weren blake, and eek hir shoon,
A mayde more fetys never was ther noon.
Hir gypon was ful whit as is the snow
And made hire cheekes seeme more bright to glow.
To schoole she road upon a tramme I wist,
And started erly lest the same she missd.
She hadde hire bookes in a walet browne
And hir surcote was grene to match hir gowne.
The bande upon hir hat was also grene-
I gesse she was ycleped Magdalene.

IYVONNE BAYES (Form V.I.)

The Highscale Girle.

(*With apologies to Spenser.*)

AROWNND her waste a gyrdle was y-tyde,
And on her hed she wore an ill-shaiped hatte;
Entwined in her haire there was a slyde,
And on her blazere satte a modelled catte,
And downe her backe there hunge a longe blacke platte;
Her legs, y-cladde in blacke and dustie woole,
Were rather fatte and shaiped like a bowe,
Her arms, all bare, were lookinge verie coole-
Her homework she was trieing harde to lurn-at schule!!

VERA CURLE (*Form Upper I Vw.*)

Schoolgirls-1934.

(*After Masefield.*)

THEY are laughing, fresh and merry,

Brisk and bobbing as a cherry.
Slim smart tunics do they wear;
They have bright skins, bright eyes, bright hair,
They try to keep a clear complexion
And coax their waves into perfection.
They whistle new dance tunes with noise.
At sports they hold their own with boys
For miles around on playing fields
Winning the County Netball shields.
Though sometimes pert and unpolite
They always are a welcome sight.
Sturdy, supple, strong and fine,
The colour and the zest of wine
Is in their presence and their bearing.

PHYLLIS LOVICK (*Form VI.*)

Break, break, break.

BREAK, break, break,
Apples and biscuits and cakes,
And every girl from the Thirds to the Sixth
A dash for the garden makes.

And we of the Lower Fourths
Bag Hockey-sticks and a ball,
And we play till it's time for the second bell
Then-"Just *one* more whack at the ball."

And it's "Crack" as the ball hits the stick,
And it's "Whissh" as it sails through the air,
And it's "Yowp" as a girl wops your shin with her stick
And leaves pretty green colours there.

Break, break, break,
The most cheerful time of the day.
If you want to enjoy it play Hockey with us
You'll ne'er find a better way.

MARGARET STRINGER (*Form Lower IVh.*)

History.

GORY King Harold, away on the sea,
Was with William Pitt catching shrimps for tea.
Meanwhile Henry Tudor, who died of the gout.
Was doing his utmost to stop growing stout:
He jumped on the throne, which was without springs,
And found Magna Carta, and other such things
Tucked underneath the moth-eaten seat,
They'd grown rather musty, with frost and with heat.
Now good King Elizabeth-or should it be Queen?
Was under the throne-(which was not very clean).

She'd placed a large drawing-pin on the King's chair,
And when he sat down, he jumped up in the air:

"Black Princess!" he thundered, "go into the tower,"
 And forthwith she went, staying more than an hour.
 Then up spake Prince Alfred who hid in the tree,
 "I was watching a spider, and it has taught me
 To persevere muchly, and beat the Armada."
 Scoffed Thomas Wolsey (cashier at Granada),
 "In monasteries people learn too much these days,
 Now *I* only learned of that Churchyard of Gray's."
 "Oh, fie!" quoth Napoleon, whose towering height
 Deterred his enemies from wanting to fight.
 The Battle of Hastings was won,-let me see,
 Was it seven?-Oh no! eighteen hundred and three.
 Well my poor dear old uncle (you know Uncle Stephen)
 Had just won the Derby on Knight of Knocheven,
 He went to Hastings and said to King Harry,
 "Do just let me win. then your daughter I'll marry."

EILEEN LISHER (*Form Upper IVs.*)

The Things I Would Love.

A LITTLE white house in a woody lane
 With a hill at the back, and a quiet plain.
 Without any traffic or noises of such,
 And rabbits that *don't* have to live in a hutch.
 A little black dog, that would make a good friend;
 A little square garden, with trees at the end.
 And crowds of sweet flowers, the old-fashioned kind.
 Red and white roses and pinks you would find,
 And mignonette spreading its scent everywhere.
 And little birds filling with music, the air.
 That is all that I ask for, 'tis all that I need
 To make my life happy, ah! Happy indeed.

JANET BARTON (*Form Upper IVs.*)

Shadow Fear

The shadows on the window-pane
 Show people passing in the hall,
 And often seeing them I think
 Of murderers hiding near the wall.
 The shadows on the wet road shed
 By cycle lamps and head-lights clear
 Of trees and posts that stately stand,
 Would fill most daring hearts with fear.
 And often when I lie in bed,
 The lights that come from rooms next door
 Make ghostly patches in my room,
 That look like blood upon the floor.

J. MORGAN (*Form Lower IVh*)

Spring.

I LOVE the Spring, I love the Spring,
 When all the birds begin to sing.
 They set to work to build their nest
 Never once stopping for a rest.

I love the Spring, I love the Spring,
 When all the bluebells seem to ring
 And all the grass is fresh and green
 And everything- is sweet and clean.

I love the Spring, I love the Spring,
 When all her messengers do bring
 Sweet messages of love and joy
 To every little girl and boy.

JOYCE CARTWRIGHT (*Form Lower IIIw.*)

To a Daisy

HALLO daisy wee and small,
 I think you are the queen of all,
 Standing still you nod your head,
 In my gay, small flower bed.
 All your friends they make me posies,
 Lilies, pansies, violets, roses,
 But they don't look nice at all,
 Unless you're with them, wee and small.

JOAN LACY (*Form Lower IIIh.*)

The Dew.

ON the grass the dew falls,
 Just like little silver balls.
 It looks as if a fairy in the night,
 Lost her jewels in a plight.

JANET GARRICK (*Form Lower IIIh.*)



Joyce Plumstead

Pet Aversions.

SIGNED, sealed and delivered this Autumn Term of Grace, 1934, by the Headmistress and Staff of Walthamstow County High School.

Knick-knacks	M.
NORRIS.	
(1) Autograph books. (2) Girls who drop their pencil-boxes and make a din	M.
ADAMS.	
Giggling girls	J.
ARMSTRONG.	
Noisy girls and big black spiders	G. M.
BEAN.	
Chairs left out	
ELIZABETH D. BROWN.	
Boiled mutton and mice	K.
CLOUGH.	
Chalk dust that falls all over me	M. F. COE.
Black beetles and noise	G.
CUNNYNGHAME	
Leaving things unfinished. (2) Boiled fish with potatoes.	G.
DENNITHORNE	
Indiarubbers and scrubbing.	M. E.
GRÉMAUD	
A violin badly played	M. B.
GOLDWIN	
Noise and untidiness	W. E.
HALL.	
Banging doors	D. M.
HOOPER.	
Unpunctuality and aspidistras	E. R.
JACOB.	
Boat on a rough sea	M. INCE-
JONES.	
Blots	J. LEE.
Can't	D.
MURRAY JONES.	
Skin upon hot milk	S. MISKIN
Wet days	N. MUIR.
Waits between the acts and limp handshakes	A. H.
PARK.	
Doors and lids	F.
POLLARD.	
Bagpipes and onions	A. H.
POPE.	
Affectation and date pudding.	D. I.
SQUIRE.	

Noise
SUMSION.
Rice pudding
THOMERSON.

F. W.

I.

LOWER IVH.

Who Knows-

THAT Charles Lamb went to the pictures?
That Æsculapius was a physician of Edmonton College, Cambridge?
That the colour of the old School tie is cabbage leaf and egg?
That Savonarola was decomposed?
That you can see St. Paul's from the School terrace?

Who Remembers-

THE hymn that went wrong?
Now I'm going to run quickly through India?

Games Notices, 1934.

LAST season we won the Essex Secondary School Netball Shield for the second time in succession. Fortunately the first team (centre, F. Midgley; side centres, P. East, J. Bass; defences, R. Midgley, M. Stevens; shooters, E. Phillips, M. MacGladdery) remains the same and we hope to be as successful. So far only our first League Match has been played against Woodford, and as yet our next opponent is not decided. The second School team is expected to be as follows: V. Nicholls, N. Higgs, O. Blythe, U. Johnson, E. Morgan, M. Atkinson, E. Baker.

The results of last season's Netball Fixtures were:

	<i>Autumn Term-</i>	<i>Goals.</i>	
Willesden County	15 years	27-4	Win
	14 "	24-14	"
East London	1 st Team	31-2	"
Brondesbury	1 st "	11-8	"
	2 nd "	7-4	"
	1 st Junior Team	12-4	"
	2 nd " "	9-7	"
*Leytonstone	1 st Team	16-13	"
Latymer	1 st Junior Team	21-17	"
	2 nd " "	17-13	"
<i>Easter Term-</i>			
Old Girls	1 st Team	11-11	Draw
	2 nd "	11-8	Win
Brondesbury	1 st "	21-11	"
	2 nd "	17-3	"
	1 st Junior Team	14-8	"
	2 nd " "	11-10	"
University College	1 st Team	23-18	"
West Ham	2 nd "	17-4	"
Godolphin	1 st "	24-7	"
	2 nd "	20-11	"

	1 st Junior Team	17-16	"
*Ilford	1 st Team	18-13	"
Skinners	1 st "	20-9	"
	1 st Junior Team	16-13	"
Clapton	1 st Team	18-17	"
*Romford	1 st "	28-11	"

The results of the seven Tennis Matches played were certainly praiseworthy. Unfortunately the only one lost was the first round of the Essex League Tournament. The events for the term were as follows:

Latymer	Win	Brondesbury	Win
Leytonstone	Loss	West Ham	"
Skinners	Win	Clapton	"
St. Angela's	"		

During the Easter Term the School enjoyed watching the combined efforts of each form in Dancing, and with the usual excitement the Inter-form Netball Matches. The very popular Hunting Dance, together with a Cymbal Dance performed by Upper IV A., carried off the Dancing Shield in the Upper School. The successful competitors in the Middle and Lower Schools were Lower IVs. and Lower IIIH. respectively. The winning forms in the Netball Competition were Form VI., Form Lower IVw. and Form Lower IIIs.

Besides the Tennis and Swimming Competitions of the Summer Term, Sports' Day added still greater pleasure.

The Sports' Day this year provided special attractions in the still race, the spearing of potatoes from bicycles and the usual obstacle race. The Cup in the Upper School was won by Form VI.: in the Middle and Lower Schools Upper IIIw. and Lower IIIH. secured the Trophies. The winners of the Tennis Tournaments were Forms VI. and Lower IVs. In the Swimming Sports Form VI. was again successful, the other victors being Upper IIIH. in the Middle School and Lower IIIH. in the Lower School.

The Hockey Club.

HOCKEY has begun extremely well this season. The numbers of the Hockey Club have increased considerably since last year. There are 156 members as compared with 117 previously. Of these 66 are beginners who are tremendously keen. Lower IVH. and Upper IIIH. Ought to be complimented on their enthusiasm, for they have 25 and 27 members respectively.

At the end of the Easter Term last year a tournament was held for the Hockey Shield. The Upper Thirds and Lower Fourth combined to produce an extremely energetic team, which, however, was beaten after a hard tussle by the Sixth-three goals to nil. The Fifths won their match against the Upper Fourth and proceeded to the finals. An exciting struggle ensued resulting in a draw-three goals all, so the Shield went to the Fifths for half the year and to the Sixth for the other half.

Inter-form Matches will be held again at the end of the Spring Term.

We wish to thank very heartily all the Staff who are kind enough to take hockey after School.

PHYLLIS K. LOVICK (*Captain*).

School Societies.

CLASSICAL SOCIETY.-On May 17th, many girls of the Classical Society went to Loughton High School to a demonstration of Greek Dancing by Miss Ruby Ginner, who said that she was the mother of the revived Greek Dance. Her pupils first showed us the preliminary exercises, and then with Miss Ginner performed several dances, the most beautiful of which was a butterfly dance. Then an illustration of a burning tree was given to show how we can imitate Nature in our dancing. On the way home, we heard that Miss Ginner gave a demonstration at our School ten years ago, and we hope that she will visit us again, so that we may all realise the beauty of Greek Dancing.

On October 12th, a small party visited West Ham High School to hear Mr. Barton

lecture on Greek Sculpture. After a scrambled tea, owing to difficulty in finding the School, a few of the party, conducted by a prefect, made a tour of the School. Then we assembled in the hall for the lecture. Mr. Barton used slides to illustrate his talk, and he made us think of well-known sculptures in a new light,-that of the modern age. In the future, we shall always connect Hermes with neat socks and natty ties. Despite his humour, however, Mr. Barton made us realise the beauty of Greek sculpture. A sincere vote of thanks was accorded to Mr. Barton, and the party set off home.

A. CLARKE.
E. TIMBERLAKE.

LEAGUE OF NATIONS' UNION.-An entirely new type of debate was inaugurated this year. It took the form of a heated debate, mostly by the boys, at the Monoux School on "The League of Nations is the only thing that can prevent war." The motion was rejected by a large majority.

In the Summer Term, Mr. Vernon Bartlett came to speak to us about an international police force. He gave an amusing lecture, describing some of the great rulers of Europe, such as Hitler and Mussolini, whom he had met. He pointed out the futility of war and offered two suggestions whereby peace could be obtained. His suggestions were an international police force, and the encouragement of international airways.

This term's meeting will consist of a return debate with the Monoux School, held in our own hall.

We hope that many members will join the society this year as the League urgently needs support to carry on its work.

G. CRADDOCK (Secretary)

THE LITERARY SOCIETY.-Again this year have the Literary Society had a variety of meetings. For the Christmas Term, 1933, in combination with the Musical Society, two plays were produced: "Michael," a charming Russian miracle-play; and a Nativity play, bright with carols and lighted lanterns.

The following term, a small party visited Saint Margaret's, Westminster, to see "The Acts of Saint Peter." The stately aisles provided a wonderful setting and atmosphere for such a feast of verse and colour, and the play itself was interpreted and acted with great beauty and depth of feeling. One of the chief features was Miss Marjorie Gullan's verse-speaking choir, which afterwards came to give a recital to the School and friends in June.

This summer a 'bus-load of High School girls alighted at Regent's Park for the Open Air Theatre. It was a fine day, and the natural stage looked enchanting with its backcloth of real red hawthorns, its logs and its green grass.

The play was "Twelfth Night" with an all-star cast. Margaretta Scott was vivid as Celia, and John Drinkwater's voice came perfectly through the megaphones. Anna Neagle, the British film-star, was inexperienced in that sphere of acting, and although she gave a pretty representation, she was hardly convincing.

On December the 15th, a large party will be going to the Old Vic to see Bernard Shaw's "Saint Joan."

P. LOVICK, *Secretary*.

MUSICAL SOCIETY.-The Autumn Term Meeting of last year was held in conjunction with the Literary Society. It consisted of two plays; "Michael," presented by the Literary Society, and a Nativity play "Christmastide," by the Musical Society.

The Nativity play, by the presentation of the simple tableaux, shown by the light of the Mummies' lanterns, and the sympathetic rendering of the carols, created an

atmosphere which conveyed a lasting impression, to every member of the audience.

We hope that the production of a Nativity play may become an annual occurrence.

The Society's annual visit to opera took place in the Spring Term, when a large party went to see Gounod's "Faust" at Sadler's Wells.

Everyone was thrilled by the stirring quality of the drama and the majestic power of the well-known music.

The Summer Term Meeting was a tremendously popular one. Miss Evelyn Rumsey, L.R.A.M., A.R.C.M., gave a pianoforte recital, supplemented by songs from Miss Bean.

We were all impressed by Miss Rumsey's interpretation of the "Moonlight Sonata" and Miss Bean's moving rendering of Schubert's "Ave Maria"; while the syncopated pianoforte group and "The Jewel Song" from "Faust" were equally well appreciated.

The Society hopes it will hear a similar recital very soon. It would also like to thank everyone who has helped to make this year's meetings some of the most enjoyable it has had.

C. WHEELER.

SCIENCE SOCIETY.-In the Autumn Term last year a party of twenty visited Gallenkamp's glass-blowing factory near Liverpool Street Station. The glass-blowing was done by hand, all the apparatus being formed from pieces of straight glass tubing. We were also shown the etching of the graduation marks on cylinders and burettes in another department. All this work is highly skilled so that it is not surprising that scientific apparatus is so costly.

A bus load of about fifty paid a visit to the H.M.V. Gramophone Factory at Hayes, on March 23rd. There the party was shown the manufacture of the Gramophones and stages in the production of the records. Radio receptors were also manufactured in these huge works. None of us stayed very long in the testing room!

A large party went by private omnibus to Whipsnade Zoo in the Summer Term. Great excitement was caused by the playful wolf cubs and the bears-one very greedy and one very sleepy on the top of a tree. The monkeys were full of mischief, and the artfulness of the chimpanzees caused much amusement.

C. M. WHEELER (*Secretary*).

O.G.S.

THE O.G.S, Settlement sent a grateful letter of thanks for the box of garments made and sent by many willing hands throughout the School.

We are still knitting for the Walthamstow Fellowship, and volunteers are always welcome.

F.W.S.

Cours de Vacances, 1934.

Cet été, pendant les grandes vacances, quelques-unes de nous, nous sommes parties pour une heureuse aventure. Donc, un beau jour nous voilà sur le bateau toute une nuit et le dimanche à cinq heures et demie nous nous trouvons à Dunkerque! Arrivés au Collège Lamartine bien fatiguées nous avons dormi presque toute la journée!

Le lendemain nous sommes allées aux classes tout le matin. Les leçons consistaient de phonétiques, de dictée et de lecture. Les professeurs français étaient toujours fort aimables

et patients et prenaient beaucoup de peine pour nous expliquer ce que nous ne pouvions pas comprendre.

Les après-midis nous allions à Malo-les-Bains pour nous baigner, et aux cafés pour boire de la limonade et pour manger des gâteaux. Le soir on allait se promener à Malo et de temps en temps on allait aux grands cafés ou au Casino.

Nous parlions toujours français dans les boutiques, aux professeurs dans les classes, aux garçons dans la salle-à-manger, à la femme de chambre dans la chambre à coucher, aux jeunes gens français dans le collège, et naturellement aux Français dans les cafés.

Il y avait au collège des Français, qui apprenaient l'anglais, et des Czechs, des Allemands et d'autres Anglais qui apprenaient le français.

Il y avait soirées les jeudis chez M. Agobert, qui était le directeur d'un lycée et le directeur du cours de vacances. Mme. Agobert présidait aimablement à ces soirées. La deuxième soirée quelques Français ont joué scènes de "She Stoops to Conquer," et quelques Anglais ont joué deux scènes de "L'Avare" avec des Czechs. Puis nous avons dansé jusqu'à minuit.

Un jour tous les élèves du collège ont été présentés au maire de Dunkerque à l'hôtel de ville. Ce fut une belle cérémonie! Pour l'occasion tout le monde a bu un verre de vin. A l'hôtel de ville aussi nous sommes allés voir une exposition de tableaux, inaugurée un matin par le maire.

Les cafés étaient très jolis, avec leurs chaises et leurs tables de toutes sortes de couleurs vives. A Malo il y avait un café hollandais en bleu et blanc et un autre, appelé "Les Cigogues," où toutes les chaises étaient en bois, dont les dos étaient sculptés avec des têtes de cigogues. Un café à Dunkerque, appelé "Le Café Chinois," était orné de tableaux de la Chine en vert et rose.

Quant à la cuisine française, elle était excellente. Pour le petit déjeuner il y avait des petits pains avec du beurre et du café ou du chocolat. Pour le déjeuner et le dîner on nous donnait beaucoup de légumes et des fruits frais.

Le soir de notre départ presque tous les Français sont venus sur le quai pour nous dire "adieu." Nous avons chanté, tous ensemble, "Auld Lang Syne." Nous avons quitté Dunkerque à une heure moins un quart le dimanche matin.

Ce cours a été un succès complet. M. et Mme. Agobert ont rendu notre séjour à Dunkerque des plus agréables, et nous leur devons notre gratitude pour la bonne hospitalité dont nous avons joui.

I. YVONNE BAYES (*Form VI.*)

A Holiday in the Isle of Wight.

To those of us who had never before left England, the Whitsuntide holiday in Shanklin, Isle of Wight, was something of a great adventure. Indeed, we all, under the supervision of Miss Dennithorne, spent a most enjoyable and "never-to-be-forgotten" week-end.

Undoubtedly this is a time when names are best left unmentioned, but it was most unfortunate that just as the party was about to commence supper after 11 p.m. on the evening of its arrival one member hurriedly seated herself on the end of a heavily-burdened form, causing the leg of that over-taxed object to groan and collapse. We had arrived....

There were no more mishaps until the last night, when the repaired spring of a bed broke and the laughter which followed roused great curiosity in the other bedrooms.

The weather was very good to us all the time and on most of our walks we found iced drinks very refreshing.

On the Saturday we walked to Luccombe Chine and on Sunday we walked through Sandown to the top of Culver cliff.

On the Monday the whole party went to Brading by train and explored the woods on Brading Down. Many different flowers were found during the week-end, especially

on these Downs.

A coach was hired to take the party to Blackgang, one of the most attractive spots of the island.

On the last day we walked again to Luccombe Chine, and some of the more energetic members of the party reached the Landslip before the return journey on Tuesday evening.

RENEE EDWARDS. EILEEN STANDEN.

Ah! the waiter must be mentioned. We understood his name to be-er-“Energy.” We also understood that the beverage he served to us was tea, but in our minds, both assumptions stood to be corrected.

Committee Members of the O.G.A., Walthamstow High School.

President: Miss NORRIS.

Vice-Presidents: Miss GOLDWIN and M. F. FOXON.

Hon. Treasurer: I. GILLETT.

Secretary: D. HIGHAM.

Assistant Secretary: R. HAYWARD.

News in General.

NORA BLOFIELD is now in England.

PHYLLIS WOOLNOUGH is teaching English at the Folkestone, County School.

FLORENCE DAVIS is translating German in a London Office of a button Firm.

MURIEL FIRMAN is a receptionist for the Post Office "Drawing Room" for enquirers at Holloway.

KATHLEEN HIGGS is working at the Counting House at Harrods.

DORIS HITCHMAN is at the Universities Mission to Central Africa, and has the following romantic address: Chipili, Fort Rosebery, Northern Rhodesia.

MARY PURCELL is the assistant Lecturer on Dairy and Poultry Farming at Oxford, and is the youngest in England.

KATHLEEN HILKEN has had an Exhibition of Paintings at the Johnson Gallery, Kensington.

LOUISE HAYWARD has had her photograph inserted in the *Daily Sketch* showing her receiving the Lord Mayor's prize for soprano singing at the Guildhall School of Music.

National Council of Girls' Clubs appeals for help from girls with personality to act as leaders and workers in their Girls' Clubs. The address is: The London Club Extension Organiser, National Council of Girls' Clubs, 3, Bloomsbury Place, W.C. 1.

Old Girls will be glad to know Miss Hewett's new address which is:

7, Maisemore Mansions, 37, Canfield Gardens, N.W. 6.

Telephone number: Maida Vale 3432.

Deaths.

IT is with much regret that we have to announce the death of EVA (BOBBIE) MAURICE (Mrs. Marro) who died on the 16th February, 1934.

We would like to offer our sympathy to MISS GOLDWIN in the loss of her Mother.

We should like to extend our sympathy also to MINNIE FOXON who has suffered a similar bereavement.

Marriages.

WINIFRED BIRD to LEONARD CAMPBELL, August 6th, 1934, at Highams Park Parish Church.

FLORRIE BRITTON to JOHN BIGGENDEN, 5th May, 1934.

EDNA EAST to CECIL GEDDES, July 28th, 1934.

CHRISTINA FILER to SIDNEY CHARLES GALE, 17th September, 1934.

MILDRED FRENCH to DR. WILLIAM HENRY DAINES TRUBSHAW, 15th October, 1934.

PHYLLIS GANDELL to ALAN CROOK, September 1st, 1934.

DR. JOAN HARCOURT to JAMES CECIL NORRIS, M.A., LF.S. (Retired), 1st September, 1934.

MAY HARRIDGE to CHARLES HARDING, 18th August, 1934.

MURIEL JOHNS to WILLIAM TRANTER KINDELL, 7th July, 1934.

OLIVE JONES to F. CALDER, 8th September, 1934.

DORIS LINCOLN to JOHN ALBAN CURTIS, 1st September, 1934.

FLORENCE MASON to WALTER WESLEY CONISBEE, 15th September, 1934.

OLIVE MATTHEWS to HERBERT H. BRIDGE, at Ealing, June 28th, 1934.

EDITH MAXWELL to Lieut. Roy SCOGGINS, 19th May, 1934.

VIOLET MILLER to CHARLES HARVEY, at Khartoum Cathedral, 2nd June, 1934.

MOLLIE ROBBINS to F. C. A. BRADFORD, July 31st, 1934, at St. Giles's, Soho. (Present address: Shortlands, Bromley.)

ISOBEL ROBERTSON to DR. JOHN IRELAND SAPWELL, 25th July, 1934.

ELSIE TIMMS to WILLIAM TRACEY, April 7th, 1934, at Highams Park Parish Church.

EDITH WEBSTER to EDWARD WALTER BUGG, 29th July, 1933.

EVA WILLIS to ARTHUR DYKES, 16th September, 1934.

Births.

KATHLEEN ATKINSON (Mrs. Frost), a daughter, Judith Naomi, on September 12th, 1934.

VERA BUDD (Mrs. Peartree), a son, John Kendrick.

PHYLLIS CARTER (Mrs. Evans), twin daughters, Pamela Avril and Patricia Valerie, in April, 1934.

ELEANOR CHUBB (Mrs. Carruthers), a daughter, Wendy Ann, on the 13th March, 1934.

PHYLLIS EDWARDS (Mrs. Pettit), a son, Kenneth John, on 11th October, 1934.

DORA GIDDENS (Mrs. Clayden), a son, Michael Cyril, on December 7th, 1933.

MURIEL HARCOURT (Mrs. Webster), a son, Simon, on November 2nd, 1934.

EDITH LAMPEN (Mrs. Hilken), a son, on September 1st, 1934.

EILEEN MINTON (Mrs. Bullivant), a daughter, Dawn Eileen, on 5th June, 1934.

EDNA PREVOST (Mrs. Moss), as son, in January of this year.

NELLIE QUERNEY (Mrs. Goodall), a son, Richard.

ETHEL WOOLFORD (Mrs. Timms), a daughter, in December, 1933.

It was the Nightingale.

DOWN through the silence the song of the bird,

Voicing its rapturous joy, is heard.

Winds whisper softly in sun-warmed trees,

Caressing their freshness with each tiny breeze.

Over the hill where the sun sinks to rest,
The sea ripples gently down into the West.
And slow drifting clouds stoop to join in the play
Where the sun meets the sky, of the feathery spray
And the sun hides away and the rose tints fade,
And the moon stealing up from the twilit shade,
Hangs out her lamp in the clear night sky,
A golden globe, glowing bright and high.
The baby stars come winking through,
Like eager eyes seeking visions new.
The sea lies calm in a silver dream,
Rocked by the touch of a frail moonbeam.
And all around 'neath the radiant light,
Is the breathless hush of the glorious night.

L. A. BANKES (*née Denny*), *O.G.A*

Fragment

Is it that we do not forget, and that the things that we have forgotten are so thoroughly forgotten, that we have forgotten that we have forgotten them? Often I think there seems to be a net across the chasm of forgetfulness of my memory. Thoughts sideslip and go over, but when they should have disappeared irrevocably, they clamber up over the edges, to walk the paths of my mind again.

THELMA CARLOSS, *O.G.A*

Epitaph

A VALIANT doubter of all things was I,
I doubted Life and Death.
Laugh passed me by with a laugh and a sigh,
But Death did stop my breath.

THELMA CARLOSS, *O.G.A.*

From Northern Rhodesia.

I HAVE just been visiting our nearest village; and as I stood talking to an old lady called Tabitha I saw a glint of scarlet through the trees, and up the road passed the mail-boys. Each wears a red tunic, red shorts and a red fez with a black tassel; and very imposing they look, vaguely conjuring up a memory of vermilion motor-vans and pillar-boxes. These particular mail men looked weary, trudging up the hill at the end of a forty-mile journey in the heat, their mail bags tied on to their bicycles, bulky and heavy. Sometimes the cyclists turn out to be merely passing through to Kawambwa, and our mail boy is behind, on foot, and will not arrive till the next day—a sad disappointment when the mail only arrives *once* a week and is an event of some importance.

Having seen the mail-boys pass, and realising that it would be some time before the letters would be sorted, I finished my conversation with Tabitha and disentangled some relationships that had always baffled but interested me. Nearly everyone here is related to everyone else, and in a language where "mother" is used indiscriminately of mothers, step mothers and aunts, and is often very baffling. I once had a schoolboy who wanted to go to

visit his "father" who was dying. Careful inquiry—a lengthy business in my halting Chilliamba—revealed that it was not his real father or even an uncle. "He is my father in baptism," the boy explained at last. "But," said I, "you are not yet baptised." "No," was the reply, "but he's going to be my godfather." As the man was dying and the boy would not be baptised for another three months there did not seem much chance of the relationship materialising! In fact, it was all very reminiscent of the office boy and his grandmother's, funeral.

Tabitha lives in a round hut made by her married son, Lamek. The walls are made of poles, close together, with the space between firmly plastered with mud, and then the whole surface is muddied smoothly over. The men do the building, but the women have to mud, the huts and get some of the grass for the roof. Lamek, having a large family, has quite a superior house near by—mud-and-pole, with a thatched roof, but divided into two rooms; and following the precepts of hygiene, an attempt at windows, which his wife stuffs up as she complains of the draught.

You may rightly say that the African woman's life is centred round food and children: but it is really quite an absorbing business. Here the staple food is cassava—does this bring to your mind tapioca puddings?—whose roots are cut up and carefully scraped. Then they are put in the river to soak for two or three days—this being the one and only matter in which the African woman looks ahead at all. When it is ready it is carried back to the village and thoroughly dried in the sun. It looks beautifully white but smells like sour milk only ten times as strong, and if the relish to be eaten with it is dried fish, which looks like shoe leather and smells like decaying kippers only more so, the aroma of a whole, village is pretty overpowering. When dry the cassava is pounded in a wooden mortar, which is rather the shape of a clumsy egg-cup, and made by the men from a solid section of tree trunk hollowed out and shaped with an adze. The thud, thud of the heavy pounding—poles is a characteristic sound heard long before one reaches a village. Next the flour is deftly winnowed in a shallow basket, the good put in a deep basket and the coarse part returned to the mortar for further pounding. A black clay pot is put on the fire, and when the water is boiling handfuls of the flour are thrown in and worked round with a flat wooden stick till it is of the right constituency. The final result is disappointing after so much work; but they seem to enjoy it. A pinch nearly chokes me; it is a glutinous mass that sticks to the teeth. It is no wonder that the bantu refuse to eat it without some relish, which may be meat, fish, caterpillars, spinach, or various other things. This porridge is so starchy that you can quite literally see when the small children have had a meal by the size of their tummies. In fact, medicine for "munda" (tummy trouble) is one of the chief stocks-in-trade at the Mission dispensary. Cooking plays an important part in a woman's life in a land where badly cooked food upsets her lord and master's digestion and is a legitimate cause of a beating.

A rather nice story of food to end with. At Christmas the men in this village had a party, somewhat after our own fashion. The host has built himself a very good house, and has a table and fine chairs. There were also some stools provided; but as there were about eighty guests I feel that the accommodation must have been rather limited. They began with tea, then had bread, followed by chicken (eight skinny chickens between the lot of them), and ended up with speeches and native beer. "And what about the women?" we asked. "Oh!" was the casual reply, "they got the bones."

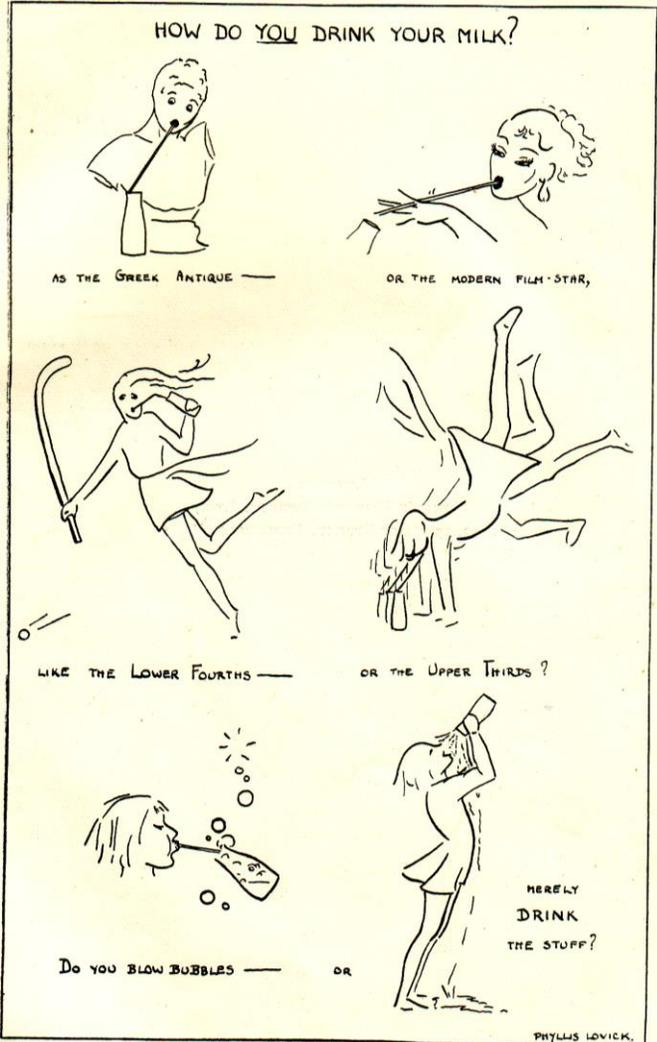
DORIS HITCHMAN (*O.G.A.*).

Old Girls' Gymnasium Club.

THE Old Girls' Gymnasium Club meets on Monday evenings at 7.30 in the Gymnasium. Rose Harris is still giving her valued services, and we have plenty of room for more members. The subscription is 7s. 6d. for the season, but for anyone who cares to come along for a single evening, it is 1s. per night.

CONSTANCE R. PETTIT (*Hon. Secretary*).

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Phyllis Lovick.

