



I YVONNE BAYES.

**Walthamstow High School Magazine**

**Head Mistress's Letter.**

DEAR SCHOOL,

Since I last wrote to you, there has been one change on the Staff; Miss Armstrong who served the School so well and faithfully for fifteen years, resigned last July; her quiet sense of humour, and confident point of view, and her devotion to the best interests of education endeared her to her colleagues as well as her pupils; she will be remembered with gratitude and affection by all who passed through her hands, and especially by the alumnae of her own preparatory department. We have already extended a hearty welcome to Miss Webb, who has come to teach us Physics and Mathematics.

The outstanding event of the School year has been the formation of a Parents' Association which came into being on October 17<sup>th</sup>, a large number of parents met at the School and elected a Committee representative of the Parents, the Staff and the O.G.A.; the next meeting took the form of a Social during the course of which a large and appreciative audience of parents and Staff was successfully entertained by a Variety Show given by several of our very talented and versatile parents.

We have already enrolled a great many members, and have received most generous offers of help in the catering section; we shall be glad to receive further offers of help with the entertainment section. Will all parents, past and present, wishing to join the Association, pay their subscriptions (1s. 6d. per family) either to the Hon. Treasurer, Mr. J. Bell, 8, The Florida, Beacontree Avenue, E.17, to Miss Goldwin at the School. The next two Socials will take place February 20<sup>th</sup> and June 6<sup>th</sup>, so please keep these dates free and spread the news as widely as possible.

The declared aim of the Association is "to further the interest of the Walthamstow County High School by promoting co-operation between home and School"; our aim sounds ambitious, but our meetings have already been characterised by such a spirit of fellow-feeling and friendliness that I am confident that our aim will be realised and our Association will go from strength to strength.

A Happy Christmas to you all,

Yours affectionately,

M. NORRIS.

Two other writers of plays, Anne Clarke and Jane Morgan, are to be congratulated besides May McGladdery, whose maiden effort at this form of writing is successful in

creating atmosphere.

As our covers of the magazine this year are of a piratical hue, the names of our editor and committee would have been as visible as the metaphysical black cat in a cellar. It is fitting that their names should be printed here.

Editor, Miss Norris; sub-editor, Miss Park; O.G.A. sub-editor, D. Barber.

School Committee: J. Craddock, M. McGladdery, E. Timberlake, J. Price, I. Clarke.

Old Girls' Committee: M. Adkins, D. Higham, C. Foxon.

If you look far off, Christmas "seems a thousand miles away," and if you look quite near, "it is here on top of you." So a Happy Christmas, Everybody.

A.H.P.

**O.G.A. Editorial.**

TIME, and the publication of great works, wait for no man. Therefore, because I have no midnight oil, I write to you by candlelight. In the morning I shall look haggard and worn and shall be avoided by my fellows because my temper will be of the worst, but what boots it? Are you not the W.H.S. and the revered W.H.S. O.G.A.? Do you not-no, you don't. I buy my own candles.

Anyway, you read what I write. (Yes, I know it's only once a year. Why bring that up?).

Now, this is my point. What is an editorial? If I have mentioned that before, don't stop me, because it is merely rhetorical.

I should rather enjoy telling you about canoeing on the Rhine. Partly because it is the most delightful way I know of learning the geography of the Rhineland, and partly because I want the world to know I did it. I like my halo of glory. But is that editorial?

I should like to tell you too that in this life of conflict and ambition one should seize one's opportunities with both hands. (This has nothing whatever to do with the previous paragraph. One does not seize things in Germany). I do not mean of course that that one should be underhand, and go behind people's backs, and pinch things from under their noses. No. Certainly not. But is this editorial?

I should like to talk to you about the articles you do not write for the Magazine. But is that editorial?

I should love to tell you a story I heard the other day - But that is definitely not editorial.

I feel bunkered as they say in the wide open spaces of Chingford plains and such.

Of course I could just say "Merry Christmas" and leave it at that. Now, why didn't I think of that before?

Merry Christmas!

D.A. Barber (Sub-Editor).

**School Chronicle.**

EVERY year we can look back on a series of "happy events" that have made our School life more enjoyable and relieve the monotony of mere work.

During the past year there has been something to suit everyone. We began with the Dancing Display arranged by Miss Squire, which met with universal approval. Everyone took part as dancers, spectators or dressmakers (although the greater part of the dress-making was done by Miss Sumsion). The dancers remember the new joy in dancing, as under careful supervision a better technique was developed and a greater knowledge of the art of dancing was acquired. Indeed, the end of term was very exciting. Immediately after the Display we were plunged into Christmas parties, carol singing, and at last the Nativity Play.

The Spring Term began serious work at Drill and Games in preparation for the

competitions. The usual round of School work was enlivened by a lecture by Miss Wilson on University Camps, and by visits to the Art and Industry Exhibition and the Walthamstow Museum. The attractiveness of Miss Wilson's lecture is shown by the number of "Camp" badges now worn in the School. The visits to the Museum and Exhibition will give cultural background to the visitors. The steady work at Drill and Games had its reward in the high standard set up in the Drill Competition, and the winning of the Shield-and last, but not least, in the Games Party.

The term activities were continued, and were again relieved for the Upper Fourth's by visits to the Houses of Parliament and for the Lower Thirds by visits to the Natural History Museum. Then the whole School attended a lecture by the L.M.S. on Scotland and Shakespeare's country, which was delivered in such a way as to set the enduring love of travel foremost again in many hearts.

Another enduring love-the care of bulbs-was then given due consideration, and the winners, Lower IVH. and Lower IIIw., were suitably rewarded.

The Acting Competition was judged by Mr. Harcourt Williams, who awarded the trophies to the actors of the "Merry Wives of Windsor" (Lower IVH.) and "As You Like It" (VI.). The most important factor, however, was his criticism which, if given beforehand, would have solved many difficulties, and the most exciting perhaps was his remark: "I wish I could stay and produce such scene with you again."

Then came the aftermath. The actors repeated their performance for the benefit of their parents on Open Day – but May 18<sup>th</sup> chose to be cold and showery, and the entertainers were unable to do themselves justice.

An event which took place which took place later in the term is unforgettable to those who joined the party which went to the Gymnastic Display at the Scala Theatre. Since June 21<sup>st</sup>, gym holds new possibilities for them.

The School now settled down to work for examinations, and the matric. girls, being free, began to work at "Agamemnon." The success of the play from the spectators' point of view showed that they did not work in vain.

The swimming sports, tennis tournament and acting kept us busy till the end of the term. One item of interest to the whole School recently was the broadcast performance of W. Cushway. A delightfully interesting lecture by Miss Dennithorne, a concert given by Miss Bean and Miss Proctor ended a year full of pleasant memories.

**M. McG.**

## **The Prizegiving.**

THE Prizegiving this year was held in the Greek Theatre. The weather was fine and perhaps because both the Hall and the Gymnasium had been arranged.

The entertainment consisted of a dance from Prince Igor, which was vigorous and colourful; songs by the School, "Golden Slumbers," "Praise" and "Cargoes," and two French songs, "Le echo du bois" and "Les petits naino de la mowagne," the latter accompanied by the miming of elves from the Lower School. An amusing German sketch given by the Sixth and a French scene, "Le Récreation," by Lower IIIs., concluded the lighter part of the programme.

Miss Norris read her annual School report. Mrs. McEntee, our Chairman, introduced Mrs. Mallinson who, after presenting the prizes, gave a delightfully interesting speech. She advised us to live up to our ideals, especially our ideals of honour and sincerity, to make good friends, to read good literature, and to have good constructive hobbies, and she gave vivid illustrations from her own life.

Mrs. Mallinson's wise words and charming personality made her a great success as a prize-giver, especially when she concluded by asking for a prize-giving holiday.

**E. P.**

## **School Successes.**

WE should like to congratulate the following girls and Old girls:-

### **LONDON UNIVERSITY**

Higher School Certificate (Group D) and Intermediate Science: Cecilia Wheeler.

Higher School Certificate (Group B): Edna Leftwich.

Subjects to be added to General School Certificate: (French and Art): Yvonne Bayes, (German), Rose Midgley.

General School Certificate and Matriculation : Eunice Baker, Doris Hart, Doreen Henderson, Eileen Jones, Ada Legg, Joyce Lewin, Peggie Licence, Mary McGladdery, Eileen Morgan, Joan Nation, Margaret Winch, Gertrude Wright.

General School Certificate: Olive Blythe, Barbara Chamberlain, Doris Chester, Winnie Cooling, Lily Doughty, Phyllis East, Joan Gardner, Mollie Gerber, Sylvia Gould, Daphne Green, Rose Grout, Margaret Heaps, Vera Johnson, Kathleen Lodder, Eileen O'Brien, Betty Oyler, Margery Rees, Betty Rowlands, Renee Smart, Moira Sorensen, Phyllis Wray.

Additional Subject (Chemistry): Joyce Bass.

### **ESSEX COUNTY COUNCIL.**

County Art Exhibition: Phyllis Lovick.

THE ASSOCIATED BOARD OF THE ROYAL SCHOOLS OF MUSIC.

Elementary Divisional. Pass with Honourable Mention: Peggy Lawrence. Pass: Beryl Batchelor, Margaret Matthew.

Transitional Division. Pass with Honourable Mention. Ena Cooper, Audrey Farrow, Beatrice Wickerson.

### **SUCSESSES OF PAST PUPILS.**

Oxford University. Thomas Witcombe Green Scholarship for the Academic Years 1935-37: Queenie Blench. B.A., B.Sc.

Chemistry Honours: Olive Lothian.

London University. B.Sc Chemistry Honours, Class 1.: Jessie Liggins, Dora Samuel.

Royal College of Art. A.R.C.A. : Marjorie Hayes.

Called to the Bar: Phyllis Lamb (nee Manley), B.Sc. Lond.

## **The Dancing Display.**

"You English should learn to dance-with abandon."

While still at school, we possibly do not realise how fortunate we are in having the opportunity to learn to dance. True, none of us are likely to become even miniature Pavlovas, but we can if we will, develop through dancing the love of form, colour and movement which will make of us vital and beautiful people.

Quite simply, the three evenings of Miss Squire's dancing display were a real pleasure. It is impossible to give a criticism of each dance, but the general impression was one of gaiety, colour and dignity. The various types of dance from the Jolly Dutch Sailor items to the very lovely interpretation of Ravell's exquisite music, provided a favourite for every type of person in the audience. For me, the Study provided most interest because it demonstrated the trend in development of modern movement, with the tendency towards expression in group form.

But I loved "Miss Pinkerton's Academy", and wouldn't it be fun if all the "Miss

Pinkertons" were as charming as Miss Clough was on each of those three nights?

I know a number of people who are looking forward to a similar display before long. This is more than a hint -it is a request.

**E. R. M., O.G.A.**

## What Is Death?

### CHARACTERS:

Maid.	Woman.	Vultran, a Viking.	Sid, a Cockney.
Nurse.	David.	Thaddeus, A Jew.	Child.

Place: Scotland.

Time: Christmas Day, 10.30 p.m.

Scene: A nursery in an old house of Tudor Period. An oblong window fills nearly the whole of the back of the stage. At front of stage right is a widely arched fireplace, with a kettle on the hob, boiling. A neat, elderly woman is sitting a short distance from the fire with her feet on the box seat at the end of the fender. A maid is kneeling beside her making toast. The room is lit by three candles-one at the window and two on the mantelpiece. A child's cot stands at the back of stage left underneath the window. In the middle of wall stage right is a door half shut. A teddy bear is sprawling head downwards on the window seat. The window panes are whitened with the snow which is still falling.

The maid brushes her hair out of her eyes and puts down the toast.

Maid: Wot a night! (She shivers and goes and shuts the door). Wot is the use of 'er wanderin' abaht aht there! – It don't seem right some'ow-an' sendin' Mr. David off to the doctor wiv a kid as 'e knows is dead an' gorn long ago! It don't seem right straight it don't!

Nurse: Aye-

Maid (grudgingly): But I suppose she must do somepin'.

Nurse (suddenly): Hae ye no noticed that even the hoose seems tae know there's a death aboot? .... Ah noticed it when ma man died.

Maid: Yus-I know (glances nervously around). They say that yer sperrit don't go strete ter heven nowadays, specially if the people yer knew want yer back-they call it erf-bound-an' my Albert-'e'.

Nurse: Go on awa' wi ye, ye silly woman! Why should a sperrit be earth-bound these days any mair than before? Earth-bound indeed -if ye talked less and thocht mair, Annie Merton, ye'd see how silly ye soond! You chil' all gang straicht tae paradise for a' ye're silly talk.

Maid: Well, my Albert told me that-

Nurse: Och! Hould yer tongue.

Maid: Awright, Awright .....Still the wye 'er muvver carries on callin' to 'er at night- it's enough ter keep an elephant erf-bound.

(Nurse keeps grimy silent).

Maid (wheedling) : Well, yer said yerself that the 'ouse seemed ter know when people died -well, I don't fink it's the 'ouse, I fink it's the spirits in it.

Nurse: Och, stop ye're blatherin' – the child's in Paradise-let her rest.

Maid : I'm not so sure!

Nurse: Well, an' whit is it noo!

Maid: Well, I just come from the day nursery, and w'en I went in there, I swear I saw the 'obby 'orse movin', and w'en I lit the candles, the reins were sw'ingin'!.....

(Nurse looks scornful and gives a short laugh).

Maid; Awright, goan' laugh! I tell yer I cawn't stand this much longer. I got the 'orrors.

(The woman enters and pushes the door open, and the draught blows the candle out. The maid shrieks and burrows her head in the nurses lap). I bin come for!

Nurse: Hush-Hush. (Then sees the woman). Hist!

(The woman signs to them to go and stands by the cot with her back to the audience as they do so. When they have gone she walks drearily to the fire, and sits down in the chair, huddled over the fire. Suddenly her head drops into her hands, and she is weeping passionately. Her sobs cease, and she wanders over to the window, wiping her eyes. She picks up teddy bear and places it in the cot and smooths the pillow ..... The sound of a carol comes very softly, swelling as the wind lifts, then dying away ... "God rest ye, merry gentlemen.")

Woman: Rest! Will I ever find any rest! .. O! If only I could believe she was still above-but she was too cold-too cold! My dear one, my baby! (She sits down on the window seat and curls up there. . . later she sleeps.)

(A child runs out of the shadows by the fire.)

Child: O, I am so cold-so cold-What a pity you must remember me in this dress, Mummy! (She runs and sits at her mother's feet and strokes her mother's hand). I liked it in the summer, really I did, but now I am cold-Oh, dear! I wish you were wise enough to forget me as a dead person, so that I can go on to a higher plane! .... Still, I suppose you'll get over it in time-like Vultran said. (She slips off her mother's ring and bowls it along the floor like a hoop. Two figures emerge from the shadows fighting for possession of the ring).

Child: O! Don't let Thaddeus get it! He won't give it back to me! (The light reveals a Jew and a Viking struggling together for possession of the ring.)

Child: Oh, don't *hurt* him.

(The Viking takes the ring from his antagonist away. He falls to the door by the cot. The Viking returns the ring to the child, and she slips it into her mother's pocket. She runs to the Jew and helps him up.)

Child: Oh, I hope he didn't *hurt* you- he's only trying to *help* you. You really must stop taking things-it isn't fair, 'cos can't see you!

Thaddeus (speaks with a slight accent and holds his hands out deprecatingly): I am sorry, little one-I cannot change in a day. I try.

Child: But Thaddy, you've been trying for nearly twenty centuries now, and-

Vultran: His kind never change-they are here for ever.

(Thaddeus turns away with his back to them.)

Thaddeus: If someone had faith in me I could change,

Child: I have faith in you! Look how good you've been since Vultran and I have been taking care of you!

(During this speech a Cockney spirit enters and speaks from the doorway).

Sidney: Watchin' 'e don't pinch nuffin' else yer mean,

Child: Oh, John-

Sid: An' don't call me John-I aint no clergyman, (Child looks hurt), I'm sorry, kid, (She runs to him). But I've 'ad a norful dayan' I'm tired ... (She draws him down by the fire and sits beside him).

Sid: My Liz is a pest she is! I didn't oughter 'ave married 'er! She talks abaht bein' true to my memory an' all the time she's keepin' me 'ere like as if I was a blinkin' criminal.

Child : You know you could go if you wanted to, Sid dear-she is'nt as true as all that.

Sid: Oh, an' 'ow der you know? Any'ow, 'ow could I leave *'im* (jerks his thumb at Vultran) 'e'd do murder or sumfin', an' then w'ere ud we be! ... 'sides, I got ter like 'im-I dunno! I never 'ad a friend in life. It's funny ter 'ave one now I'm dead.

Vultran (shudders); I cannot believe that this unhappy state is death .... this puny world ... I dreamed of warriors, a great Valhalla .... It is somewhere, and I will find it cost what it may.

Sid: Oah-'es off again (wheedling). Don't you think yer cud fergit this place and come wiv' me an' the kid? It would be a great adventure. 'Sides, someone might kill yer.

Vultran (laughing): What, again!

Child: Whom do you want to fight!

Vultran: Who! Well, I cannot.

Child: Well-Why do you want to fight?

Vultran: Because it is life- the only life! To feel the shock of striving face to face in the press of battle- to see the white steel fall flashing only to rise again- sullied, To hear the death cry of our enemy and trample him underfoot-advancing-to feel life's passions sweep through me, leaving me breathless.

Child (interrupting): War is not like that to-day. It is a battle between scientists-massed murdering-You would be killed by weapons, you could not fight against- there is no glory in war.

Vultran: Then it is true (gesturing to Thaddeus to the Child). A short time ago I met with him in a dark world where it seemed that fierce fiends did fight together ..... I-even I- was afraid ..... And we fled. Was this War?

Thaddeus: That is not what you would like, is it, my friend?

Vultran: Friend! You treacherous dog! (Thaddeus cringes back). I was there in the market place when you turned traitor to your friend, in fear of the mob ..... I saw you stone him – crying against him who was so valiant. . .

(Thaddeus stands bowed down under this tirade, and after a pause begins to speak slowly and with terrible remorse).

Sid: Wot's all this?

Thaddeus: Yes, Yes, it is true! I was a traitor to him I loved so well and remembering this I cannot rest .... I was afraid, afraid, and when the crowd turned against him I would have deserted him.... Then one who knew of our great love fell upon me crying, " He is his disciple-stone him!" And I in fear returned, "You say he is my friend? – Ha!" and cast a stone, so that his lip bled. Then Stephen turned and looked upon me-*me!*..... and he whom they called Saul of Tarsus was standing by me – and meeting Stephen's gaze he turned away - humbled. But I- I went away and took my life, thinking that thus I could forget the look in his eyes. O-Stephen-I would that I could follow thee-but..... I am not fit, and so must live this living death forever.

(Sid draws away from him),

Sid: You stoned St. Stephen-s' 'truth!

(The child goes up to Jew who has fallen crumpled on the window seat).

Child: How you must have loved him!-But, Oh, why didn't you tell us this before, why did you pretend to be just a -a-

Thaddeus: A thief. Better a thief than a traitor.

Vultran: Stephen forgave you! I saw it in his eyes. . . then he motioned toward you in forgiveness-but you had gone.....

(Thaddeus leaps up and catches Vultran's wrist. He is transformed).

Thaddeus: You saw-He forgave me! Now I am free-free-to follow you, Stephen.

(He moves towards the door and the room darkens and a great light strikes down on Thaddeus).

Thaddeus (his voice sounding hollow): You will-follow me soon.

(The light goes out-the door closes. Child suddenly hugs Sid).

Child: Oh,-I'm so glad!

Sid: I wish somebodie'd give me a drink!

Vultran: I would like to meet this Stephen.

Sid: I wish my Liz could a' seen 'im go!

(Woman wakes up and shivers).

Child: Hush! Come away! We'll give her a cold.

(They move towards the door. Woman glances toward them).

Sid: Let's go and see my Liz!

Woman: Who's there?

(The Viking and the Cockney go out, but the child lingers. As she turns to go the door is thrown open and a young man enters).

Woman: Oh, it's you, Duff!

David: Phew! (hedging). There is a draught in that passage!

Woman: Well?

David: Darling, you *know*, don't you?

Woman: Yes-Oh, David!

(He sit on the arm of her chair).

David: Don't look like that, dear .... There's nothing we can do, now.

Woman (dully): She was all I had.

David: Darling, don't! ..... Marion wants you to come and stay with us until it's all over.

Woman: And leave *her* here?

David: I didn't bring her back . . . I couldn't. It's more than flesh and blood could stand, I-

Woman: Oh, Duff, take me to her.

David (sharply): Now, look here, Vera. Pull yourself together. . After all, everyone is trying to help you.

Vera: You don't understand.

David: She was my niece, too, you know!

Vera: Oh, Duff-I'm *sorry*, but!

David: Listen dear-I've got a feeling that if you don't stop this soon you'll never be able to. You'll do yourself harm and perhaps harm her, too. . .

Vera: What do you mean?

David: Well-to be Victorian about it- She's at peace now, let her rest.

Vera: Duff, don't. What is that to me? What's death for?

Duff (sits down on her window seat): We must wait to find that out for ourselves, dear (coughs).

Vera: Yes-Just wait and wait!

David: You'd better come with me, you'd be better with me than alone.

Vera: You said that when Neil died!

David: Don't think of that now, dear. Come on! Let's go back to Marion!

Vera: She has everything. I can't go to her.

David: That's hardly fair!

Vera: Well, would you be fair if John died!..... '

(David drags out his pipe and begins to fill it, turning slowly away so that she will not see the havoc she has made of his peace of mind),

David: Get your coat, dear ....You'll get over this in time (exit).

Vera: Yes-I suppose I will ..... Dear old Duff. You always stand by, don't you!

(The clock strikes quarter to twelve, The Viking and Cockney enter).

Vultran: How cold it is! (Child appears in doorway). Come to the fire, little one. (Vera picks up the teddy bear and notices her ring is gone. She finds it in her pocket, and slips it on, looking puzzled).

Sid: So Liz has forgotten me! Still - 'e looks a decent feller!

(Duff outside begins to whistle gustily "Behold the Lamb of God."

The child whispers the words to her friends as he whistles, Vera listening, seems a little comforted).

Duff (shouting): Come on, Vera! She's started up at last. (Bells begin to chime).

Do you know it's Christmas Day? Listen to the bells .....

Vera: Christmas Day! ... yes, dear, coming! She blows out the last candle.

Exit.

Vultran: That was a strange song!

Child: I love it.

Sid: The words are alright, but I seem to 'ave 'eard 'em before some'ow.

Vultran: I heard them once – in Palestine- a man was reading them aloud in a synagogue!

Child: That must have been part of the first Bible-You have been lucky, Vultran !

Vultran: I have heard much concerning this Man-Do you believe in Him!

Child: Oh, yes! Don't you, Sid?

Sid (uncomfortably): Oh, I dunno!

Vultran: I saw Him once-I saw Him die a shameful death .... Many of my comrades followed Him to His Paradise ...

Child: You saw him!

Vultran: Yes, I wish I had followed Him, too.

Child: Well-What is stopping you?

Vultran: You mean-now-

Child: I mean-I must go-I must go, (She runs to the door).

Sid (humbly): I believe, too, kid. Take me. (He goes to her and they go out together).

(Vultran strides after them, but the door shuts on him).

Vultran: So I have missed my chance once more! (with terrible remorse). Alas! He leans on the cot dejectedly. The child's voice is heard from outside.

Child: O, come *on*, Vultran!

Vultran: I am coming .... (He moves swiftly into the dim light by the door. Suddenly a great light shines down on the child's cot, throwing the rest of the stage into darkness. It fades and dies.

Curtain.

**M. S. McGladdery.**

### **Poem.**

CAN you not take things as they are,  
And base your life's work on reality,  
Must you for ever speculate upon a hope  
For new beginnings,  
And for different endings?

You have your world,  
Your comings and your goings.  
You have your eyes to see the streets with,  
Your feet to take you onward,  
And your lips to ask the way.

Are you afraid,  
That you must be for ever looking backwards  
Over your shoulder?

Those footsteps that you hear behind you,  
They are but your own hopes,  
That trail a lagging foot along the path.  
You will find within a little time,  
The sounds are fainter,  
And soon, because the distance is too great between you,  
There will be nothing but a memory.

Why do you not take your life with both hands.  
What is this creed  
That makes you dubious?  
This "look what might have been."  
And this "If only it were not."

You think to pass the time that way?  
Assuredly you do,  
Until there is no time for living even,  
And you will never even be aware  
That you should have regrets.

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

### **Moud Mamal.**

ALL around was black and still: and I could see was a few shapeless forms waving from side to side, and all I heard was the rustling of the trees at sport with the gusty wind. Not far away I heard the Church clock beginning to strike the midnight hour. One, two, three, on and on, echoing and re-echoing as if the clock went slower intentionally. But it was not the melodious chimes that held my attention. There by a flat gravestone in the ruined Churchyard, shone an eerie phosphorescent light. It flickered, survived and cast around thick, dark shadows. Out of the light a hand appeared pointing towards the gravestone. Enthralled, I walked down the broken path. On reaching the flat tomb-stone I beheld the inscription "Moud Mamal." In a trance I felt the raised print of those magic words: but as I touched, the tombstone opened, revealing a flight of steps leading down into the bowels of the earth. The light in the porch flickered as the last echo of twelfth chime died away, it then extinguished, leaving me gazing into darkness.

As soon as the eerie light had died away, I heard a voice rising from the depths of the earth, echoing and re-echoing "Moud Mamal! Moud Mamal!" That cry seemed to draw me as a magnet, and so with fast beating heart, I forced my perverse feet down those steps into a subterranean passage. There was something familiar in this vaulted cavity, but think what it could be, I could not. I walked on as in a trance, until I came to a high gateway of studded iron. Surmounting the gate was an exceedingly large crucifix, wrought in iron also. As I approached the gate it swung open, although I had not touched anything, nor uttered any word. Around me I saw little but iron walls, yet beautifully wrought in flowers, birds, and animals, but not one human form. Suddenly I heard a sonorous cry, Moud Mamal! Moud Mamal! Fear held me, and I fell down on my knees grasping the crucifix which was about my neck.

How long I remained in this position I know not but as I told myself, I was descended from Adam, and therefore I must not allow the good family record or courage in life and steadfastness in death to be broken, so I arose from my knees and continued to walk on. I heard voices whispering, I heard children laughing and crying, but I saw nothing. I had then reached another gate made of glittering brass and as before surmounting the gate was a large crucifix wrought in brass. As I approached the gateway the gate swung open, as had done the iron gateway, although I had said nothing. Around me everything was made of brass and carved on the brass was figures of birds, flowers and animals, but never a human form. As before I heard a voice less harsh than before, yet deep and frightening. I resolved not to let my fears get the better of me, but when I heard the cry Moud Mamal! Moud Mamal! I fell down on my knees as before grasping my crucifix and not until the last echo of those words had died away did I attempt to rise from my knees, and endeavour to walk on. But something held me back. Everywhere I heard whisperings. Moud Mamal! Moud Mamal! But seeing nothing, I resolved to move on, fearing whether I would meet my death at the next turn, or be grasped round my neck by the spirit of Moud Mamal.

But my life was spared! I passed another gateway this time made of copper, shining less brilliantly than the brass, yet bestowing a ruddy glow on its surroundings. The walls of the hall were made of copper, designed in flowers, birds, animals, but never a human form but there was something different in this vaulted hall. It had no roof and up above, it seemed as if I saw a grey sky. Yet while I was looking upwards the same voice was heard again. Moud Mamal! Moud Mamal! and I fell down on my knees as before grasping my crucifix which was about my neck.

And this same incident occurred yet three times more: in a chamber whose walls and gateway were made of the stone beryl, and whose crucifix above the gate was smaller: in a chamber whose walls and gateway was made of topaz, and whose crucifix was yet smaller still: and yet in another chamber whose gateways and walls were made of blood red rubies and whose crucifix was no larger than that which I wore round my

neck. In each chamber there was no roof, and the sky was blue: pale at first and then becoming more azure, until the sun above the chamber of rubies was like to the sky above my beloved Italy, where dwelt my liege the Pope. In each room the whisperings became more distinct, Moud Mamal! Moud Mamal!

Who was Moud Mamal? Who is Moud Mamal? Perhaps it was the name of a series of halls. Maybe Moud Mamal was a wizard, an enchanter who had captured some poor spirits, maybe he was the ruler of this queer place. But as I was yet indulging in thought I reached the seventh gate made in glittering diamonds. The sight was so dazzling that I fell down before the gate. For the moment I even forgot my soul-saving crucifix, I lay prostrate before the gates until I heard angelic voices singing; it was an antiphon. Backwards, forwards, now together. Where had I heard that antiphon before? But the music had ceased, and now a thousand thousand voices were speaking, "Moud Mamel! Moud Mamal! Enter! We will show you the path to glory! We will show you the path to the path of the martyrs and the saints! Enter! For thou art Moud Mamal!"

Dazed, I rose entered the diamond gates, which had no crucifix above them; above was the bluest of azure skies I have ever seen above the Vatican. The chamber had seven walls, each of a precious stone, even as I had read in my Bible. At the back of the hall, I saw a throne, and around the throne I saw thousands of white robed figures playing on their harps. Then a voice spoke, "Go back, Moud Mamal, the end of the weary world from whence thou comest shall not be yet. Go back and show thy people the fruits of Purgatory, for before thou hast seen the blackness thou canst appreciate the dazzling whiteness of Heaven!"

When the voice had ceased, one of the white robed figures led me behind the throne, and we began to ascend several flights of steps until he came to an iron doorway. This door he opened, and with a shout of farewell, bade me to follow the pathway.

I did so. There was the ruined Churchyard. All around me was black and still, all I could see were a few shapeless forms, and all I heard was the rustling of the trees at sport with the gusty wind. Not far away I heard the Church clock beginning to strike the hour. One, two, three. It was the bell for early matins. So I left the Churchyard, and behind me I left the spirit of Moud Mamal.

**YVONNE KING** (Form *Va*).

### **Lost.**

DECEMBER.-It was dusk and bitterly cold, dirty yellow clouds, heavy with unfallen snow were shambling hurriedly across the sky.

The man was lost: he walked wearily with his head bent, and his hands raw with broken chilblains were thrust into his ragged pockets. He walked in a wild and sombre world, stark trees stood sentinel on either side of him.

The man stopped, and examined the torn sole of his foot where his shoe had worn away. The wind howled dismally through the trees, thrashing the branches together, and at intervals rending crashes and sharp cracks indicated the breaking of some limb. His examination finished, the man trudged on. Soon he noticed in the distance a gap between the trees; on investigation he found that it was caused by an old iron gate, derelict, and scaly with rust, obviously unused, beyond was a lichen green path which curled away through a small copse. The man opened the gate, and stumbled along the little track, which he found stopped eventually before the back door of a house. He was immensely relieved, shelter on this bitter night was essential. Yet, as he stood on the doorstep he was loth to enter, the house was dilapidated, eerie, it repelled him; as he stood hesitating, the wind buffeted him. It appeared to laugh, but the laugh died in menacing howls, and a scattering of snowflakes hurried down, settled on his bare head, and after a moment melted. The man shuddered, and pushed the door with his shoulder, it offered no resistance, being rotten with worms.

The hall was empty save for a draughty fireplace, and a dead cat in the last stages of decomposition. The man sniffed, and fled up the ricketty stairs; he entered one of the bedrooms and was confronted with a huge four poster, festooned with mildewed hangings; he prepared to sleep on one of the broad window sills. In the morning he was awakened by

the soft stir of snow-laden branches against his window. His joints, like his clothes, were stiff with frost, and he was ravenous, food was essential.

He managed with almost superhuman effort to reach the hall, and braving the stench went to open the front door. He pulled it, and before, he had time to move it had crashed on top of him, with a tremendous amount of snow, which had drifted against the front of the house behind it.

The man remained lost until an estate agent sold the old house.

**M. M. SPRAGG** (Form VB).

### **The Changeling.**

SHE stands alone upon the high cliff,  
Watching the white foam kiss the rocks below.  
Her wild grey eyes are like the dark clouds  
That sweep o'er heaven when the storm winds blow.

In the small village sheltered by the great hills,  
The children in the street are at their play.  
Their voices clear and gay and sweetly shrill,  
Drift through the clear air of the dying day.

There is a smile upon her lips, and in her eyes  
There is a strange joy, for she does not care  
That other children laugh and play while she  
Stands a still solitary figure there.

The West wind blowing through the heathland,  
Whispering through the young leaves of the Spring,  
Tosses the long waves of her soft hair  
That is as dark and gleaming as a blackbird's wing.

The Sea, the ever-changing mirror of the sky,  
Reflects the colour of the sunset's glow.  
It seems as if the celestial gates flung open wide,  
Give a brief glimpse of heaven to those below.

Crimson and gold fade into sombre grey  
Across the sky the blue veil of the night  
Unfolds, and the strange lonely child returns  
Like a dark shadow in the fading light.

At the small window of her room she stands,  
To watch the full moon shining in the east.  
The moon that bathes the sea with silver light  
And softly shines upon a world at rest.

Her lonely life is filled with happiness;  
She is a changeling child the people say,  
For she finds more joy in the winds and sea,  
That in the games that other children play.

SYLVIA GOULD (Form VI.).

### Lullaby.

HIDE your head right in the pillow,  
Dig your toes in deep,  
Drag the sheet across your shoulders,  
Find your way to sleep.

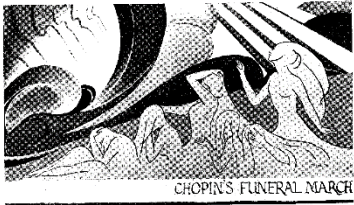
Smile a little, sigh a little,  
Wonderin' what you'll find;  
Turn a little, toss a little,  
Can't make up your mind.

Will you dream of ducks or dragons!  
Are you counting sheep?  
Are you liking what you're meeting  
On your way to sleep?

All that singing you are hearing  
Is the birds at night;  
It was I who made that darkness  
Turning out the light.

Hide your head right in the pillow,  
Dig your toes in deep,  
Drag the sheets across your shoulders,  
Find your way to sleep.

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



CHOPIN'S FUNERAL MARCH  
P. Lovick

### Fragment.

The white-ness of a sea-born cloud  
Droops on the shoulder of the hill,  
Whose slumbering curves are proud,  
Aloof and still.

To the murmuring surged of the foam-flicked wave,  
The fitful cloud-chased shadows flee,  
Over the sweep of the downland brave  
To the sullen sea.

DOROTHY GRIFFITHS (O.G.)

### Le Vent du Nord.

Comme vous êtes fort! O vent d'hiver,  
Les feuilles, vous aiment-elles?  
Vous les faites tourner à travers  
Les, prairies, comme sur des ailes.  
"Les feuilles me fêtent," dit le vent,  
Elles mettent leurs manteaux d'or,  
Les elfes et fées nous joindront, dansant,  
Ils dansent avec moi, Le Vent du Nord.

MARGARET STRINGER (*Form Upper Iva*)

### A Bubble.

IT floated,  
For a second,  
In the air.  
I paused-  
To blow another,  
I looked-  
It wasn't there.

B. WICKERSON (*Form Upper Iva.*).

### The Fairy Pedlar.

THERE was pedlar wrinkled and old,  
He trudged the streets from day to day,  
Many a tale could he have told,  
Of foreign countries far away.

He asked no couch but a bed of straw,  
He asked for no food but a crust of bread,  
His clothes were ragged and rent and torn,  
He wore a cap upon his head.

He talked with pixies and with elves,  
They took him to a golden glen,  
They felt that he was like themselves,  
And he did not live like other men.

A. HAYWARD (*Form Lower IIIs*)

### To The Rainbow.

HALLO! pretty rainbow,  
Seated in the sky,  
Come to warn the people,  
Sunshine's drawing nigh.

JOAN BALL (*Form Lower IIIw.*)

## Chimaera

THE other night I woke with a feeling that something was going to happen. I lay staring at the pattern the moonlight made on the wall until I realised that the curtains were not drawn. I slipped out of bed and went to the window. It was a perfect night and the moon was bright and low. I brought the clock to the window and saw that it pointed to twenty minutes to twelve. I managed to dress myself and to creep downstairs without rousing the dog and found myself walking the familiar journey to School.

The streets were quite deserted and strangely still. I hurried on and when I had reached the School I saw without much surprise that both gates were open. I felt no hesitation in going in and soon found myself in the garden and down by the Greek Theatre.

The moon had got stuck on top of a birch tree and made it tremble, throwing long shadows over the steps and the altar. As I was watching the church clock struck midnight, and the theatre became a well of blackness.

After a moment the moon came out again with a curious, wide-eyed stare, then I saw a flight of steps where the altar had been. I began climbing down at once, finding that the steps led into a spacious hall where numbers of people were engaged in mending old books and sorting slippers and house shoes. The floor was covered with piles of books and papers and broken chairs, and it was difficult to tread without starting a minor avalanche. In one corner someone was counting a heap of tennis balls, all of which were green and mildewed. Innumerable oddments such as rubbers, rulers, and pieces of chalk were being heaped into wheelbarrows under the turkey oak and tipped into a vast pool underneath the hockey field without any obvious effect.

Suddenly a bell rang, and everyone appeared to go mad. Some began banging desk lids and singing, while others chanted French poetry and Latin verbs.

A voice more piercing than the rest screamed, "Look! there's one of them!" The din ceased as suddenly as it had begun. All eyes were turned towards me, but only one face seemed familiar. It was the face of Cæsar.

"During the last three weeks," he cried, "I have been trying to beach my ships." He thrust his head forward as he spoke, and his eyes gleamed with malice. His face grew larger and larger until it became like the staring moon. I closed my eyes in desperation, and heard my voice say, "Your ships were wrecked last night off the Kentish coast."

With a yell of rage Cæsar leapt at me and we fell together through space and blackness.

I awoke in a cold sweat with the terrible howl still ringing in my ears. A cat fight was in progress on the coal-shed roof. I looked at the clock and saw that it had stopped at twenty minutes to twelve.

### WINNIE CUSHWAY (Form Va)

## Wireless Worries (?)

TIME: 4.30. Dennis just home from School, soliloquises.

"Children's hour this afternoon. A story by Aunt Mabel-National. Hm! Might as well listen."

He presses down the switch, and turns a knob.

A sudden and ear-splitting noise proceeds from the loud speakers.

Mother-from above.

"Dennis! Dennis! Shut off that wireless, Dennis!"

"O.K., mum," Then softly to himself, "After all, the story was only about a fairy prince, and *not* an engine driver."

Trots out into the garden.

Time: 5.30. Gwen just home from School.

"Ah! Henry Hall to-day." Consults the "Radio Times" she had picked up from the floor. "No, Harry Roy instead. Still, he's better than some. Now, who's left the switch on-wasting all the gas-er-I mean 'lectric light?" Turns a knob. Harry Roy's Band is heard faintly. This does not satisfy Gwen, who turns another knob.

A voice shrieks "Oh, you heavenly Thi-ing."

Gwen is in an ecstasy and has just begun to foxtrot when a different voice is heard,

"Gwen! Gwenn! Shut that thing off. It's bad enough to give me a headache."

"Yes, mum. Oh, just let him finish this one."

"No! Shut it off, now. The things a thorough nuisance."

"Orlright." Gwen goes into the garden.

Time: 6.0. George just home from work. Looks at his watch.

"Good. Just in time for cricket. Dash! Some fool turned it off-now I shall have to wait an half an hour for it to begin. "A voice-

"The next part of the programme will follow immediately."

Voice-from above.

"George!"

"Yes? Is that you mother?"

"Yes. Of course it is. Will you shut that thing off? I want. .... "

"But, mother, I want to hear the cricket."

"Shut it off! The cricket 'll be in the paper. Shut it off, there's a good boy."

"O.K., mother." Then not so distinctly, "Needn't treat me like a baby, though."

Shuts it off and goes into the garden.

Time: 6.15. Father just home from work. Takes off his hat-places it carefully on a chair.

Unlaces his boots and then begins to look for his slippers.

"Talk about 'Hunt the slipper.' Where have I put mine? Dennis," raising his voice slightly, "Dennis. I want you. Come here." Then in his normal tones-or rather below the normal, "That young rascal's hidden them, I daresay."

"Yes, Dad?"

"Seen my slippers, son?"

"No, Dad. I've been playing in the garden since *four* o'clock. P'raps they're in the cupboard."

"That's where they should be; but they are not. Go and tell George. He may have them on. How many times have I told him to wear his own slippers?"

"Lost y'r slippers, Dad? Aren't they in the cupboard?"

"No, confound you, no! Would I be looking beneath this chair if they were?"

"No, of course not, Dad. Silly of me."

"Oh! Get back into that garden, or wherever you were. You exasperate me."

"Okay, Dad. Anything to oblige!"

Gwen comes in at that moment and begins laying the table for tea. At first she does not see her father-he being under the table.

Suddenly she feels a hand grasp her left ankle. She yells and very nearly drops the sugar basin. Voice-

"Stop it! Who is it that keeps on teasing Dennis? You wouldn't like it if you were him."

"It's all right, Mary:I-er-hem-frightened Gwen."

"Oh! Are you home, darling?"

"Yes, dear."

"Stupid of me to ask, wasn't it? Tell Gwen to come up for your slippers, will you dear- I just borrowed them."

Father rises, a trifle hurriedly, bumps his head and begins to say different things-none quite audible. Gwen runs upstairs to mother, collects the slippers, returns them to their rightful owner and continues to prepare the table for tea.

Having finished the job she takes a book from the mantel shelf and settles herself in a chair.

For a few moments all that is heard is an occasional rustle as Gwen turns a leaf and a



slightly more frequent “grunt” from Father.  
 Father speaks-  
 "Turn the Radio on, Gwen."  
 Gwen tries hard to forget Father ever spoke, and hopes he will, too. He does *not*,  
 however. "Gwen! The Radio, please!"  
 Gwen rises, walks halfway to the Radio. Stops, and then says,  
 "Better not, Dad. Mum is resting."  
 "Mmmm. Better not."  
 Rustling and continuous grunts.  
 Time: 6.30. Mother emerges from above. "Gwen, find George and Dennis for tea."  
 Then to the maid, "Doris, bring the men’s dinners in now, please. Now, I’ll see what is 'on'  
 the wireless."  
 Turns the switch. Twists a knob. Sudden and penetrating moans from the patient  
 loudspeaker. Also, sudden and equally penetrating chorus from family, “Mother, shut it  
 off. Shut it off. Mum, please!"

**B. WICKERSON** (Form Upper Iva)

**October.**

WHEN youthful boys do conkers seek,  
 And winter fires begin to burn,  
 When down the scudding leaves do fall,  
 And all our thoughts to Christmas turn,  
 Then nightly do the bang,  
 Fizz-fizz! Bang-bang! A merry tune,  
 While brightly shines the Hunter’s Moon.

When all the trees are dressed in brown,  
 And all the winds begin to roar,  
 When chestnuts fall from off the boughs,  
 And the long nights begin once more,  
 Then nightly do the fireworks bang,  
 Fizz-fizz! Bang-bang! A merry tune!  
 Which brightly shines the Hunter’s Moon.

Then the guys are all aburning,  
 And then the squibs and rockets teem,  
 And Guy Fawkes’ ghost looks down on all,  
 And thinks of his untimely scheme,  
 That nightly makes the fireworks bang,  
 Fizz-fizz! Bang-bang! A merry tune!  
 Which brightly shines the Hunter’s Moon.

**K. WILDMAN** (*Lower IVs*)

**The Jolliest Season.**

CHEERY Winter brings the snow,  
 Making every fire glow,  
 No one minds old Jackie Frost,  
 When they see the snow so soft,  
 Every one forgets the fogs  
 When they burn the yuletide logs.

The days are short, the nights grow long,  
 We learn a Cheery Christmas Song,  
 Then with mistletoe and holly,  
 Make every room look gay and jolly,  
 Then decorate with paper chains,  
 To make the house pretty we take great pains,  
 Father Christmas comes as well,  
 To make each stocking swell  
 The Christmas dinner tastes so nice.  
 The cake and pudding full of spice,  
 Makes everyone feel glad and gay,  
 It always is the happiest day.  
 Then the bells all ring out clear,  
 "Welcome to a Glad New Year."

**D. PORTER** (Form Upper IIIs).

**Who Knows?**

Who said David Copperfield wrote The Vicar of Wakefield.  
 The girl who is not ripe?  
 The girl who has twenty fingers?  
 That Queen Elizabeth increased the population of England?  
 How many Kippers there are in the head?

**Who Remembers?**

CHERRY Brandy?  
 "Oh, Mistress Page!" What have you done, Miaow-?"

**Games Notices.**

WE have had a very successful netball season last year. We have won the Essex  
 Shield for the third year in succession, and are now entitled to keep it for three years,  
 the First Team, as you will see from the scores, won every match during the season.  
 We hope to be as successful this year, although unfortunately we have only two of  
 last year's First Team left. The following is the School Teams for the year 1935-6;  
 P. East, centre; M. Mortimer or V. Nichols, defending centre; N, Higgs, attacking  
 centre; M. McCladdery, attack; M, Atkinson, shooter; V, Johnson, defence; P. Licence,  
 goalkeeper.

Results of the matches from September, 1934, to March, 1935 :-.

School.	Ground.	1st Team.	2nd Team.	
	London School of Medicine	Home	31-4	29-3
	Woodford, E.L.	Away	20-4	
	Clapton	Home	19-5	12-13
	Brondesbury	Home	23-8	17-12
	Bedford	Home	36-1	
	Greycoat	Home	20-6	6-9
	Woodford	Away	17-9	12-8
	Leyton, E.L.	Away	13-8	
	West Ham	Away	24-8	17-6
	Colchester, E.L.	Away	19-3	

University College	Home	15-10	17-7
Brondesbury	Away	15-5	12-7
Clapton	Home	15-10	17-7
Greycoat	Away	17-12	10-16

E.L.-Essex League Matches.

The following are the results of the inter Form Competitions for the School Year 1934-5.

Upper School-VI  
Middle School-Lower IVH  
Lower School-Lower IIIH

#### DRILL.

Upper School-V.  
Middle School-Lower IVw.  
Lower School-Lower III H.  
SWIMMING.

Upper School- VI.  
Middle School-Lower IVH  
Lower School-Lower IIIs.  
We congratulate them all.

**P. EAST** (Captain).

### Hockey.

THIS term we were fortunate enough to be able to start hockey sooner than usual, as the field had been marked out in the holidays.

The Club membership is still increasing. There are 165 members as compared with 156 last year. Upper IVA. and Upper IIIw. deserve comment as they had 22 and 24 members respectively. The Lower Fourths, too, are very keen this year. They can often be seen practising before School.

The Upper Fourths are progressing extremely well under the tuition of Miss Jacob in their games lesson on Monday afternoon. Most of us wish there were more days in the week, so that every Form Team could acquire the art of playing as a whole.

The rain last year almost prevented the competition or the hockey tournament. The two finals had to be shortened as both were played on one day. After the first match the field was in a very slippery condition and consequently the play of Forms V. and VI. was not up to its usual standard. Neither side did itself justice, although the final score was 7-1 to the Sixth Form.

In the Middle School final Lower IVH. beat Lower IVw. by 7 goals to 0. In conclusion, we wish to thank the Staff who are kind enough to take Hockey after School. The best way in which we can show our appreciation is to do well in the Hockey tournament at Easter. We cannot all win, but we can all do our best.

**N. BROWN.**

### Tennis Notice.

THIS Summer the Tennis VI. were able to maintain their standard of the previous year, by winning six of the seven matches played. The results were:

Plaistow	Win
Brondesbury	Win
Skinners	Win
Latymer	Win

Clapton	Win
West Ham	Win
Leyton	Loss

**J. BASS** (*Captain*).

Team:- M. Pearce, J. Bass, F. Midgley, R. Midgley, M. Stevens, M. Gerber.

## SCHOOL SOCIETIES.

### Classical Society.

THE only meeting attended by the Classical Society this year was held in the Spring Term at the West Ham High School. After a hurried tea we assembled in the hall to hear Mr. Tait, the Classical Master from Eton, lecture on the island of Ithaca, the inspiration of Homer's *Odyssey*.

Mr. Tait pointed out his journey round the island and described the places of interest. He illustrated his lecture by a number of lantern slides. We all appreciated Mr. Tait's lecture, and we are looking forward enthusiastically to our next meeting.

### E. TIMBERLAKE

### League of Nations' Union.

WE challenged the Monoux School, to a debate early this year; Mr. Sorensen very kindly took the Chair- at what proved to be a stormy debate. The motion, "That action taken as a result of affirmative answers to all the questions on the Peace Ballot paper would not prove an effective contribution to peace," was rejected by a large majority.

In the Summer Term, Mr. Segal gave us an enjoyable address on Modern Russia and her attitude to the League, and this term Mr. Grant came to speak to us on the European situation, with special reference to the Italo-Abyssinian dispute.

We congratulate Lily Frankenstein and Ethel Fox on winning prizes in the League of Nations Union Essay Competition, and hope that their success will encourage others to similar achievements this year.

A new plan has been adopted this year by which the membership test is taken in the Upper Third Forms at the end of the Summer Term instead of at the beginning of the Autumn Term. This means that most of the Lower Fourths are now fully fledged members.

The League is in urgent need of the support of public opinion; this support can be given through membership of the Union. We hope that many will support this appeal.

**N. TAYLOR.**

### The Literary and Dramatic Society.

THIS year, as always the Literary Society has had a busy programme. In the Autumn Term, 1934, a large party went to the Old Vic to see Bernard Shaw's, "St. Joan." It was an excellent production and everybody enjoyed Shaw's gibes at the English people.

For the next term's meetings Mr. Armstrong came down to give us a delightful lecture on Lamb. Earnest matriculation candidates were seen to drink in his words and convey them diligently into note-books which they had brought with them.

Then in the Summer Term came the favourite meeting-the Acting Competition. Mr. Harcourt Williams came down to judge the plays, and his hints on production were very helpful. In the Upper School Form VI carried off the trophy with scenes from "As You Like It," an outstanding performance being that of R. Midgley's "Jacques."

In the Lower School, Lower IVA's production of "The Merry Wives of Windsor"

won the prize, Mr. Falstaff's anatomy causing much amusement.

This year we hope to re-visit Sadler's Wells.

**J. CRADDOCK** (*Secretary*)

## **Musical Society.**

THE meeting held in the Autumn Term took the form of a visit to Sadler's Wells to see "Madame Butterfly." The large party which went to see the Opera enjoyed the performances exceedingly.

Our Spring Term meeting was held on March 1st, when we listened to a very enjoyable programme by Mr. R. J. Adler (violin), assisted by Mrs. Rae Hinde (pianoforte), and Mr. B. Kenney (cello). The programme commenced with Haydn's "Trio [No.1." This was followed by a duet between the violin and the piano, "Sonatina," by Dvorak. The trio then placed three miniatures by Frank Bridge, after which Mr. Adler played Beethoven's "Romance in F." Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto was especially appreciated, and the programme finished with a Brahms's Hungarian Dance.

The meeting held in the Summer Term was of an entirely different nature. On the last day of term the choir, assisted by several of Miss Procter's pupils gave a short concert to which the School and parents were invited. The choir rendered Coleridge Taylor's "Hiawatha's Wedding Feast," and several short songs, while Miss Procter's pupils showed their skill at the piano.

A few words must be said about the Musical Society itself. While there need be no apprehension concerning the finances of the Society, it is yet necessary to notice the decreasing numbers of its membership. Our numbers have diminished by at least twenty-five since last year. The new members in the lower forms seem to possess great enthusiasm. It is to be hoped that the forms higher up in the School will catch their enthusiasm.

On the whole, we have had a successful year, and we are looking forward to another equally successful season.

**E. TIMBERLAKE, N. BROWN.**

## **Science Society.**

THE expeditions of the Society during the past year have shown the members' interest in many different branches of science.

In the Autumn Term the Society enjoyed an interesting lecture on the Progress of Medical Science through the past century. The development of modern hospitals was traced from the time when the sick were left to die in the streets.

Also in the Autumn Term a party of Fifths and Sixths paid a visit to the London Hospital. We were shown the operating theatre, the sun-ray rooms, several of the wards, the kitchens and the nurses' home.

The expedition arranged for the Spring Term was a visit to the Natural History Museum, South Kensington. This was made very exciting by a real whaler who showed us the new whale room and related some of the daring exploits of the whalers in the Polar Seas.

On July with the Society spent an enjoyable day in Epping Forest. Starting at Theydon Bois we walked to the Wake Arms and then on to High Beech where we had lunch. We then made our way towards Chingford Station, arriving at about five o'clock.

**N. BROWN.**

## **U.G.S.**

At the end of the Summer term we sent between 90 and 100 garments, made and given by girls in all parts of the School, to the Settlement in Camberwell.

This year contribution is well maintained, but there is room for a greater effort by many.

We are very grateful to Old Girls who contribute, and to Forms VI and Upper IIIH for their contributions.

Please send us odd balls of wool-no ball is too small.

**F. W. S.**

## **Whitsun at Shanklin.**

On the Friday before Whitsun a number of us waved goodbye to envying friends who stood at the School gates and departed to an enjoyable week-end at Shankhill.

It was dull and dark when we arrived at "Redcliffe"-a house facing the sea-but after supper Miss Dennithorne allowed us a few minutes on the beach before going to bed.

The next day was fine and warm and most of us were on the beach again before breakfast. After satisfying the pangs of hunger we set out for a long walk through beautiful woods and over lovely downs to the Landslip. Here we rested on the deserted strip of pebble beach and scrambled over rocks looking for sea anemones and other creatures which haunt the rock pools.

Whit Sunday was very warm and we went by coach across the Island to Alum Bay. We stopped at the top of Brading Down to admire the wonderful view, for half of the Island can be seen from this point. As we were returning, carrying with us little glass tubes full of a variety of the famous coloured sands from Alum Bay, the driver stopped at a tiny village called Winkle Street. On one side was a row of small old-world cottages, on the other a clear trout stream bordered with wild musk. It is the most unspoiled beauty spot of its type that I have ever seen.

Bank holiday was not very fine but it was pleasant for walking, so we decided to take lunch with us and tramp to Bembridge via Culver Cliff. Unfortunately firing practice from the fort forced us to take to the road for part of this walk.

On the last morning we went to Luccombe and enjoyed the scramble into the Chine and the return walk along the sands while the tide was out. In the afternoon we all went out for a last look at the sea and then we reluctantly collected our luggage and were driven to the station. The weekend in the Isle of Wight had been ideal.

**SYLVIA  
GOULD.**

## **The Stepney Outing.**

IT was a fine sunny morning when I awoke and remembered with foreboding my good deed for the day; I thought of my friends' dismal prophecies and the ideas of other people regarding the dress and habits of the children from this poor district. All these pessimists I am glad to say proved to be utterly wrong. We spent a delightful day, the children were clean and well mannered. Most of the children had been to Chingford previous years and so we could devote most of our time to playing games. At half-past four we all returned home by the same train. As we left them at our respective stations, the children waved and cried "Come next time," and I, for one, would not mind doing so.

## Members of the Parents' Association Committee.

*President and Chairman:* Miss NORRIS.

*Vice- Chairman:* Dr. P. H. REANEY.

*Treasurer:* E. BELL, Esq.

*Auditors:* Miss JACOB, E. D. MORGAN, Esq.

*Secretary:* R. E. LICENCE, Esq.

*Assistant Secretary:* H. G. HILL, Esq..

*Committee:* Mrs. L. E. ABINETT, Rev. C. BARRETT, Mrs. J. G. BELL, E. J. BLYTHE, Esq., Miss GOLDWIN, Mrs. GOULD, Mrs. HAMILTON, Mrs. THOMASON, L. TWEED, Esq., C. R. WILLIAMS, Esq., Miss INCE JONES, Miss PARK.

We hope to print an account of next year of the activities of this Society which, as you know, has only just been formed.

## O.G.A.

*President:* Miss NORRIS.

*Vice-President:* Miss GOLDWIN, M. F. FOXON.

*Hon. Treasurer:* I. GILLETT.

*Hon. Secretary:* D. HIGHAM.

*Assistant Hon. Secretary:* R. HAYWARD.

*Committee:* D. ATKINS, L. BROWNE, M. DALLAS, J. HAMILTON, P. HUNT, G. JONES, A. MACROPOULOS, E. MARTIN, M. ROBINSON, G. PHILLIPS, M. PHILLIPS, V. PRIOR.

*Co-opted Members:* Miss PARK, O.G.A. Dramatic Club, H. JESTY, O.G.A. Netball Club, R. HARRIS, O.G.A. Gymnastic Club; D. M. BARBER, Sub-Editor "Iris."

N.B.- The first Wednesday in December, the first Thursday in March and the first Friday in July we have been ear-marked for O.G.A. Socials. So keep free Thursday, March 5th, and Friday, July 3<sup>rd</sup>, 1936.

## Old Girls' Netball.

OUR season, 1934-35, was very enjoyable and, apart from finance, most successful. Three teams were entered in the London Old Girls' Netball League. The 1st, captained by Rose Harris, reached the final by defeating Hornsey and Furzedown in the demi-semi and semi-finals respectively, but were then beaten at Greycoat by Ilford in a very exciting match. The 2nd tied with Leytonstone 2B on points as top of the section, but were beaten by them in the re-play. The 3rd, unfortunately, had many matches scratched because other clubs found it too difficult to find three teams. This year, however, that has been avoided by entering two teams in the second division of the League as 2A and 2B, thus ensuring a more even number of matches for all three teams.

There is still room for new members, and the subscription is only 5s. per season. All Old Girls are welcome. We shall be playing at home at 3 p.m., in December 7th, 14th, 28th; January 18th, 25th; February 8th, 22th, 29th, and (great event-Past v. Present!) on March 21<sup>st</sup>. So now you know when and where to find us if you would like to join.

We would like take this opportunity of thanking Mrs. F. Jeans (Lily Linsell) for her past work in the Club. We wish her well and hope to see her at the All-England Netball Rally at Leeds on March 28th, 1936.

## O.G.A. Names and Addresses.

It has been suggested to publish a series of Old Girls' addresses. Please send in any change of address to the sub-editor.

- 1.- Doris Atkins, 8, Byron Avenue, E.18.
- 2.- Agnes Allen, 56d. The Avenue, Highams Park, E.4.
- 3.- Murile Adkins and K. Adkins, 28, Hollywood Way, Woodford Green, Essex.
- 4.- Gladys Austin, 66, Victoria Avenue, Hull.
- 5.- Freda Butcher, 53, Woodside Park Avenue, E.17.
- 6.- Alice Brown, 13, Upper Walthamstow Road, E.17.
- 7.- H.J. Beck (Mrs.), "Greenways," Alderton Hill, Loughton, Essex.
- 8.- Gladys Birkett, 66, Malford Grove, Snaresbrook.
- 9.- Millicent Braddon, 12, Grove Road, E.17.
- 10.- Maud Bubbers and Dorothy Bubbers, 3 Ravenswood Road, E.17.
- 11.- Vera Birt, 51 Monkams Lane, Woodford Green, Essex.
12. Lily Browne, (nee Stammers), 25 Sunnydene Avenue, Highams Park.
13. Eva Blackford, 134, Farnam Avenue, E.17.
14. Violet Bradley, De Bryle, Forest Drive, Woodford Green.
15. Phyllis, B, Buckett, 8, Kemplay Road, Hampstead, N.W.3.
- 15a, Dora Busby (nee Hiner), 49a, The Drive, E.17.
- 15b. Elsie Burkman, 277, Brettenham Road, E17.
16. Marianne Bellinger, 10 Church Hill, E17
17. Margaret Brooks, 19 Eastfield Road, E.17.
- 18.- Dorothy, A. Barber, 15, Exeter Street, Strand, W.C.1.
- 19.- M. Bernaardt, 53, Upper Tollington Park, N.4.
- 20.- Janet Barton, 7, Folkestone Road, E17.
- 21- Effie Balfour, 78, Upper Walthamstow Road, E.17.
- 22.- Mary K Back, 14, Barrett Road, E.17
- 23.- Ivy Brewster, 14, Badlis, Road, E.17.
- 24.- J. Chappell, Mrs., "Cotswold," Alderton Hill, Loughton.
- 25.- Marjorie Chappell, 2, Monkams End, Woodford Green.
- 26.- G. Cordell, 24, Priory Avenue, E.17.
- 27.- H. Cubit (*nee* Hilda Allen), 95, Walpole Road, S. Woodford,
- 28.- Mabel Clark, 58 Wickham Road, Highams Park.
- 29.- Vera Conway, 7, Leamington Avenue, E17.
- 30.- Thelma Carloss, 19 Rudall Crescent, Hampstead, N.W.3.
- 31.- Grace Cole, Woodridge, Victoria Road, E.4
- 32.- Doreen Clapp, 56, Elmsdale Road, E.17
- 33.- Evelyn Cross, 157 Beech Hall Road, E.4.
- 34.- Iris Clark (Mrs.), 32 Valley Hill, Loughton.
- 35.- E. Carruthers (*nee* Chubb), "Merrythought," Mazegreen Road, Bishops Stortford.
- 36.- J. A. Curtis (*nee* Doris Lincoln), 30 Canning Road, E.17
- 37.- Marjorie Colledge, 172, Blackhorse Lane, E.17.
- 38.- Vera Donovan, 17, Handsworth Avenue, Highams Park.
- 39.- W. E. Durrant and Marjorie Durrant, 43, Avon Road, E.17
- 40.- Mrs Douglas, 41, Prospect Hill, E17.
- 41 W. A. Dewdney, 17 Bushey Avenue, Snaresbrook.
- 42- F. B. Dongray, 34, Upper Walthamstow, E.17.
- 43.- E. B. Doo, 33, Richmond Road, E.17
- 44.- Margaret Dallas, 24, Studley Avenue, Highams Park.
- 45.- E. Driver, 238 Fleeming Road, E.17.
- 46.- Constance Dickinson, 2, The Lindens, Prospect Hill, E.17.
- 47.- Grace Davey, 283 St John's Road, E.17

48.- Miss Ellis, 42, Greenwood Road, Hackney.  
 49.- Ethel Eaton, 102 Carr Road, E.17.  
 50.- Phyllis Evans (Mrs.), 12 Cavendish Avenue, Woodford Green.  
 51.- G. Ellis (Mrs) 11 Adalia Crescent, Leigh-on-Sea.  
 52.- W. Everitt, 3a Castleton Road, E.17.  
 53.- Renee Edwards, 2 King Edward Road, E.17.  
 54.- Emily Foxon and M. F. Foxon, 2 Forest Road, E.17.  
 55.- Mabel Fuller, "Carlton," Church Lane, E.17  
 56.- Muriel Firman, 302 Blackhorse Lane, E17  
 57.- Grace Flindall, 60 Abbotts Crescent, Highams Park.  
 58.- Gwen Franklin, 33 Woodford Avenue, Ilford.  
 59.- J. Farrow, Vallentin Road, E.17.  
 60.- Mabel Gillet, 14 Rectory Road, E.17  
 61.- Maggie Griggs, Hopkinson House, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London.  
 62.- Ethel Gower, 32 Church Hill, E.17.  
 63.- L. W. Gilbert, 102 Victoria Road, N.22.  
 64.- S. C. Gale, 32, Carisbrook Road, E.17.  
 65.- Kathleen Goodwin and Rita Goodwin, 4 West Avenue Road, E.17  
 66.- Holly Gaze, 27 Winchester Road, E.4  
 67.- C. H. Griggs, "Byways," Bullocks Lane, Hertford  
 68.- Dora Garrett, 29 Cecil Road, E.17  
 69.- Elsie Gwilliam, 30 Queen Elizabeth Road, E.17  
 70.- M. Gooding, 39 Garner Road, E17  
 71.- O. H. M. Grosart, 35, Greville Road, E.17.  
 72.- Dora Higham, 111, Church Hill, E.17  
 73.- Ruth Hayward, 214, Colchester Road, Leyton.  
 74.- Winifred Hitchman, 16, Prospect Hill, E.17  
 75.- Grace Herring, 48, Forest Court, E.11.  
 76.- Doris Hitchman, 14, Prospect Hill, E.17.  
 77.- Kathleen Hopley, 56, Cleveland Park Crescent, E.17.  
 78.- Phyllis Hyman, 13 College Road, E.17.  
 79.- Miss, B. Hewett, 7, Marsemore Mansions, 37, Camfield Gardens, N.W.6.  
 80.- Rose Harris, 29, Lloyd Road, E.17.  
 81.- Margery Hilton, 64a, Eltham Road, Lee, S. E.12  
 82.- Joan Hamilton, 7 Aveling Park Road, E.17.  
 83.- Margaret Hayward, 2, Malvern Avenue, Highams Park, E4.  
 84.- F. Hewitt, 14, Claremore Road, E.17  
 85.- F. A. Helsdon (Mrs.), 36, Pollard Road, Whetstone, N.20.  
 86.- Edith Hatch, (Mrs.), 8 Wilson Street, E.17.  
 87.- Lily Harber, 198, Queen's Road, E.17.  
 88.- S. Hinde (Mrs.), 77, Kitchener Road, Chingford, E4.  
 89.- Phyllis Hunt, 66 Barclay Road, E17.  
 90.- M. O. Harding (Mrs.), 49, Cromwell Road, Wimbledon, SW.19.  
 91.- Alice House, Mill Cottage, Stow Mares, Chelmsford, Essex.  
 92.- Marjorie Hayes, 173, Hale End Road, E.17.  
 93.- Sylvia Hiner, 8, Seaford Road, E.17.  
 94.- Ruth Hyatt, 40, Beech Hall Road, E4.  
 95.- Miss Hinde, 77, Kimberley Road, E.17.  
 96.- Mary Inman, Elm House, Domey Reach, Taplow, Bucks.  
 97.- Hetty Jesty, 2, Hard Courts, St. Barnabas Road, Woodford.  
 98.- Gwen Jones, 38, Essex Road, North Chingford, E4.  
 99.- Aeron Jenkins (Mrs.), 17, Queensborough Terrace, Bayswater, W2.  
 100.- Beryl Jackson, 27, Hurst Avenue, Chingford, E4,  
 101.- B. Birt, (nee Hobson) 10, Heathcote Grove, Chingford, E4.

## Old Girls' Dramatic Club.

FOR several years the desire for a Dramatic Society has been expressed by members of the Old Girls' Association. Now we are proud to announce that the Old Girls have formed their own Club under the direction of Miss Park. The congratulations we received after our production of "Lady Precious Stream" last June were very encouraging, and we can safely say that financially we are prosperous, having a substantial balance of £12 with which to carry on. This prosperity can only continue if we are well supported when we give our public performances, and we hope to see that Old Girls themselves turn up in full force.

Although we have a membership of thirty, we should like to see more of the "stars" of our schooldays twinkling for us. Fresh talent will always be given a chance, for we hope to give two big productions each year apart from short plays for the socials. Those desiring to join should send 2s. 6d. to the Secretary-Treasurer, Kathleen Payling, 222, Hale End Road, Woodford Green, Essex, but it is necessary to point out that our membership is strictly confined to members of the Old Girls' Association.

Apart from fostering a love of drama among our members, we hope that in the near future we shall be able to give donations to the Old Girls' Association, or, it has been suggested that we might give a performance in aid of the Connaught Hospital.

**K. J.P.**

## O.G. Gymnastic Club.

THE Gym. Classes are still being held under the capable direction of Rose Harris. Why they are not more fully attended is a mystery beyond the humble powers of the present members, who are mostly members of very long standing. However, we are keeping our heads above water, but some more members will be required quickly to prevent us from being totally submerged. Why don't you come along one Monday evening at 7.30 and join us? If you don't like it, you are fully entitled to say so, but we think you *will* like it.

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

## Marriages.

ISOBEL RINGER to BROWN, 1<sup>st</sup> September, 1934.

HETTIE BURR to KENNETH JESTY, 4th March, 1935.

AILEEN LUCAS to GEOFFREY PHILIP WOMERSLEY, 23<sup>rd</sup> March, 1935

EDITH LONGMAN to HENRY ALKER, 6th April, 1935.

BARBARA HOLDSTOCK to LIONEL FROST BRUCE, 25<sup>th</sup> April, 1935.

JOAN OYLER to VERNON WILLIAM FARROW 30<sup>th</sup> April, 1935.

ALICE EVE to LESLIE POLLEY, 1<sup>st</sup> June, 1935.

GLADYS WATTS to ALFRED SAWARD, 1st June, 1935.

DORIS WAGER to ROBERT ARNOLD WATSON, 6<sup>th</sup> June, 1935.

GLADYS JOHNS to HAROLD HOBSON, 13<sup>th</sup> July, 1935.

IRENE MONK to STANLEY HINDS, 15th June, 1935.

LILLAN LINSELL to FRANK JEANES, 20<sup>th</sup> July, 1935.

RHONA MAIN to ARTHUR ERNEST MAYES, 17th August, 1935.

DORIS HOW to RALPH EDWIN WATTS, 28th August, 1935

JOY HUNT to GEOFFREY WILLIAM GOWER, 30<sup>th</sup> August, 1935.

LOUIE WHITE to WILLIAM ERIC DALLAS. L.I.B., 7th September, 1935.

MARIE HUSTWITT to SIDNEY MOGRIDGE, 7th September, 1935.

LUCY COY to HAROLD SORTON, 3<sup>rd</sup> August, 1935.

WINIFRED ASTELL to FREDERICK BRAME, 21st September, 1935.

EDITH WILLIAMS to STANLEY BARLOW, 9th April, 1935.

JOYCE PLUMSTEAD to VERNON LAND, 19<sup>th</sup> October, 1935

JENNIE. V. WEAVER to GEORGE T. TILLEY, 12<sup>th</sup> April, 1935.  
LOUIE MARJORIE WHITE to WILLIAM ERIC DALLAS, L.I.B.  
JOYCE WOODCOCK.  
MARJORIE MILLER.  
DORA GARRATT.

## Births.

JOYCE ELEANOR WOOD (née Reading), a daughter, Jill Katharine, August 20th, 1935.  
DORIS PAGE (Mrs. Coverley), a daughter, Mary, in September, 1934.  
MARY FULFORD (Mrs. Saint), twin boys, 30th March, 1935.  
NITA LUCAS (Mrs. Aronsen), a son, Paul, 3<sup>rd</sup> May, 1935.  
MARJORIE BUDD (Mrs. Fuller), a son, David, 27th May, 1935.  
OLIVE MATTHEWS (Mrs. Bridge), a son, Michael, 30th July, 1935.  
ELEANOR CHUBB (Mrs. Carruthers), a son, Nigel Ben, 13th October, 1935.  
DORIS LINCOLN (Mrs. Curtis) a daughter Gillian Margaret, 31<sup>st</sup> August, 1935.  
NORA BLOFIELD (Mrs Rose) a daughter, 7<sup>th</sup> November, 1935  
DORIS EVERITT (née, Muggeridge), a son, Mark, November 30th, 1934.  
IRIS GORDON: (Mrs, Clark) a son, November 16<sup>th</sup>, 1935  
LINDA FRARY (Mrs. Deal), a daughter, Mariam, July 15th, 1935.  
ANNIE ONWIN, a daughter

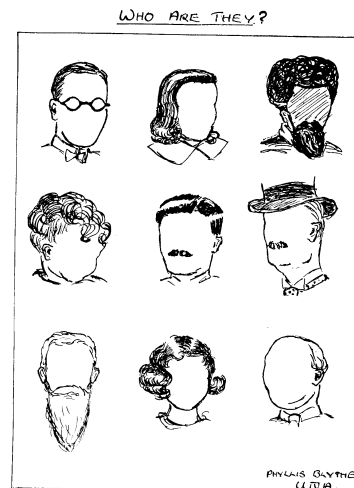
## News of Old Girls.

PHYLLIS MANLEY (Mrs. Lamb) is one of the two women among ninety-two students of the Inns of Court to be made Barristers this year.  
QUEENIE BLENCH, Honorary Scholar of Lady Margaret Hall, has been elected to a Thomas Whitcombe Greene scholarship for the Academic Years 1935-1937 and has been awarded, in addition, a grant of £60 from Lady Margaret Hall.  
ROSE BRAZIER has been awarded a prize for being the student who has made the best progress at Newnham.  
JOAN HIBBIT has been awarded a share in a prize given by the Principal at Somerville for an essay on Shakespeare.  
LOUIE HAYWARD sang, soprano in the quartet which rendered selections at the Jubilee State Ball at the Guildhall on May 23rd.  
JOAN BARRAT took the lead in a ballet item on November 25th at the Old Vic, when the Vic-Wells Dramatic and Ballet students gave a performance. The following is quoted from *The Times* of November 26<sup>th</sup>: "A rustic ballet, fête, with the chorography of Miss Sheila McCarthy, also added interest to the programme, and the performance of Miss Joan Barrett, who had the chief part, was both graceful and amusing."  
ELSIE HATCH was appointed Head Mistress of Leamington High School in February last.  
PHYLLIS WOOLNOUGH is teaching at Wallasey County High School, WINNIE ABERY at a King Edward School, Birmingham, OLIVE LOTHIAN at Dr. William's School, Dolgelly, GRACE MACFARLANE at the Bedford High School, and ALICE COOTE is going to the Beckenham County High School as Senior Mathematics Mistress next year.  
EDITH ALLEN (Mrs, Simpson) has returned from a Mission School in Chili and is living at the Rectory, Warrington, Banbury.  
DORIS HITCHMAN is a Missionary in Northern Rhodesia, ELSIE BROWN is a Missionary in China, WINNIE TAYLOR sailed this term for a Mission School in India.  
WINNIE TURNER (King George's Hospital, Ilford), and CONNIE TAYLOR, both have their State Nursing Certificates.  
IVY BOLLEN is a nurse at St. Bartholomew's Hospital; IRENE MARRIOTT and KATHLEEN WILSDON are nurses at the North Middlesex Hospital; ALICE BIRD and JOYCE LEWIN at Black Notley; ADA LEGG is a nurse at the Salvation Army Hospital; EDNA LEFTWICH is at the London Hospital, and ENID BROOKS is Eastern (Fever) Hospital.  
J. PAYLING, and B. OYLER are at Barclay's Bank; V. PRIOR is at the Education Office,

Walthamstow; P. YOUNG; is teaching at Wood Street; J. PAYLING is teaching at Bethnal Green.

OLIVE BAKER has just finished and BARBARA CHAMBERLAIN has just begun her teacher training at Princess Alice Nursery Training College, Sydenham Hill.  
MARGARET BROOKS has finished her training at St. Christopher's Nursery Training School, Tunbridge Wells.  
DORA CULMER is at the School for Librarianship, University College, London.  
PHYLLIS LOVICK is at the Slade School of Art.  
MARJORIE JOHNSON is Private Secretary to Sir Austen Chamberlain.

G. HURRELL & Co, PRINTERS BROOKDALE RD, E17



Phyllis Blythe, ULVA.

