

Ward
The

Elphin

VOL: III



EDITORIAL

Here is Volume III of "The Elphin". By now it has become a settled institution - entries were submitted this year before any announcement was made! There have been more entries this year, but it is rather disappointing that the younger children's entries are of a lower standard this year. We feel they should make more effort at prose. Our circulation is up this year, which is very pleasing; we hope this trend will continue. We are very grateful to all who buy copies and make this magazine possible. It is run entirely by the Editorial Committee with much help from other members of the school, to whom we are very grateful, and has no staff help (or censorship!). At the end of this term the last of the founder Editors will have left: we hope it is established on such a footing that it will continue for many years to come. Next year we should welcome parents' and Old Girls' letters to the correspondence column on serious or amusing subjects (or indeed other contributions!)

Editorial Committee: T. HADDOCK

A. HOLDER

T. BOOTH

G. SHORLAND-BALL

The tired earth blows on its lazy axle.
 Here do we sit, drugged by popped thoughts
 Gliding through shallow ways and shadowed courts
 Of carefully hidden, long forgotten things
 Fanned aloft by dreaded Morpheus' wings
 From dying beds of withered rose leaves curled
 Up through the screaming axis of a maddened world
 Blown from its stem to the depth of peace.

Thrust on thy weighted shoulder Death, that we
 Wakened to the dread after-math of sleep,
 May bend our backs to meet the burning goad
 Of tired lives. And should thou stop to see,
 Faltering we stop - stopping live and weep.
 And living so, bear the lightened load.

-o-o-o-o-o-

"THE END JUSTIFIES THE MEANS"

"Men renowned for their power, giving counsel by their understanding..." ...Yes, thought Father David, the greatest gift of all: the divine gift. ... "Ye shall be as gods." But God understood all experiences out of his great wisdom; how was man to understand without personal experience? Was it Shaw's Inquisitor who had said it is not enough to be good, you must understand?

"At the still point of the turning world" Father David's thoughts rested like a mist, a "Cloud of Unknowing" over all the familiar objects: the piano piled high with Bach and Tallis, the table with its faded Persian rug in which the merchants' tongues still chattered in stillness and the chairs with ink-stamps and rough paper, heavy-bound theological discourses, proof sheets of articles and accounts, thumbed copies of Aristotle and Plato scattered over them in intellectual disorder; the pot of Primulas in the earthy saucer and the newspapers piled on the fireside bench where the communicants sat to have life interpreted for them, and which was now occupied by a large, motherly-looking cat. Father David had no wife. Father David played with his slipper which hung from his crooked and gently bouncing foot, and counted away eternity on his rosary.

He realised his problem was eternal but its remedy could not wait so long: a difficult position to be in; but Father David was placid of temperament. It went with his extreme fair-mindedness.

He was freed so entirely from all personal prejudice that he saw with piercing clarity the balance of the problem - he saw the possibility of both alternatives being right. For most people, however they gnaw a problem, there is always the inevitable answer in the background; but for this representative of God and man, this union of the two, there was no answer. It was well that Father David was a calm man, for his difficulty was supreme - he saw with the impartiality of God, but had not God's power still to judge; yet he did not feel as a man: he was aloof from the world, but without heaven's power. In his fidgetting his knee clicked - and the mist rose. He suddenly felt very sorry for St. Peter holding the Keys of Heaven and Hell: how was he to decide? A man's life depended on him - and more, far more, his fate in eternity.

Father David smiled wryly - how platitudinous and artificial now seemed the psalmist's ostrich-like view.

"Blessed is the man that hath not walked in the counsel of the ungodly; nor stood in the way of sinners;" yet how easy it would be for him to follow the letter of the law here as he always had done! Yet what had it achieved in the past? He thought of his parish - how delightedly shocked at "the accident" they had been! His help this morning had told the milkman - pretending shame and horror that it had happened "not far from our 'ouse ducks" and yet revelling in telling how "Our Sid 'erd fust when 'e went to werk that mornin' - perlice outside the Milferds! 'Ter think! (Always said ther'd be trouble with James goin' to London and livin' that there life - too gay 'ee was - too gay by far. Yer knew 'im and our Jenny? - do you know 'e once tried - " pretty girl her Jenny, thought Father David.

The trouble was he had so little personal contact with his parishioners: that was the trouble. But here was his challenge; and now he had to deal with someone - and redemption was entirely his responsibility, - he doubted his own capabilities. James' problem was far from simple in its purely material aspects - whether to make him face his punishment or not - but forgetting this, by which he would be judged in the eyes of the world, he must fight and save James' soul - if he did not his life would have been a failure.

For James had decided to kill his mother. James had loved her by instinct and liked her sometimes but usually they had irritated one another. In the middle of the night - (was he asleep or waking? Perhaps he had told himself he was asleep and so in furry feathers drifted on in a passive peace which comes when one refuses to recognise the existence of will-power). James took the bread-knife and killed his mother. He saw with fascination

the life-blood spurt forth and finally ooze out of her neck - her life so vitally and emotionally led. Her death was so typical of her life, he thought - the sudden action and then the slow - creeping result. He wondered if she had been happy.

James was haunted by sensuous images and seeking an intellectual peace had turned to Father David. He sought an explanation of his motive - an understanding of himself. If he once found this he would have, or could then seek for, peace. The sudden thought had come to James that he had killed her to make her happy. For surely such a violent death would make God compensate her? That, like men killed on the battlefield, she would go straight to heaven? But later James had wondered - not about whether she would go to heaven; the illogicality of his thought did not strike him and Father David had said nothing, feeling he needed any peace he could get - but about his own action. It had been so spontaneous and James had done the simple things like washing the bread-knife, opening the front-door and leaving mud on the stairs. He had told the police he had slept and heard nothing; and he had remained unpunished. He had done nothing wrong and so had no intention of submitting to others' judgment over this, by any other way than force - for James saw nothing wrong with what was a natural impulse.

Now he sought to understand his own impulse. In his life he had explored the fields of sense unthinkingly, now after the most extreme experience of all he began to seek the reason. Why had he wanted to murder his mother? He had played with the idea in the world between worlds when he was half-asleep and perspectives were gone into a mist. He had felt frustrated that there had not been a closer union between his mother and himself - could Christ have been thus disappointed? The Catholics did not think so - they ascribed supreme powers to Mary and understanding must have been one of them. Perhaps like all men, regarding himself as a God, he felt his mother had not been the mother of a God. Thus he had taken to himself the power of punishment, the power of life and death. But at the same time he was filled with an overwhelming pity for his mother, that she was not of his stature - mentally or spiritually. In an overflow of that pity, allied with an arrogant disdain that he often felt for those who did not live as he lived and feel as he felt, he had killed her. He had felt the passionate, emotional and intellectual desire to do something, to break through his shell and meet other people, for he felt he knew no-one, and least of all his mother.

Father David was a man of speculation brought up in a sheltered existence; he had never had a chance of acquiring or experiencing an approach so naturally alien to him as the sensualist's. Father David, shifting in his chair, reflected that the trouble with James was that he had been born out of his century. He was Italian Renaissance; but on consideration perhaps he was more like Dorian

Gray. He had tried to deify the senses and gain a unity with life by complete experience of it. It was to be a new and full religion. "It's aim indeed was to be experience itself."

Father David always prided himself on understanding why men sinned, but now he saw that he regarded it from an impersonal, intellectual angle. He always accepted without question the standard of right and wrong laid down and judged rigidly from that. In this case he obviously had two alternatives: to hand James over to the police, when he would be hanged and punished; or to try and persuade him of the evil of his deed and make him repent and reform. He was unquestionably guilty but it was the motive which worried Father David, and even more his state of mind now. The unrest and unnatural attitude of this man's soul disturbed him deeply. If he considered him as lost beyond recall, sinning before God for eternity, then it was obviously his duty to back up the law. But alternatively he might deprive him of his hopes of eternal life, sending him with all his sins upon his head. There was still time for James to be persuaded and Father David knew he could only be persuaded, not forced.

He wondered now with humiliating honesty how much he understood others and how much he wove his own abstractions in a phantasy round them. Should he merely be a judge and decide between good and evil, or was he there for more. He knew at the back of his mind that it made it far more difficult to judge between right and wrong if you felt with both sides. He remembered the time as a young man when his friend had become his sister's lover. He feared instinctively for his sister - truthfully he had to admit, partly because of the possible scandal, and yet he knew their need for love. Loving himself he dared not, would not interfere... It was so much more difficult when you really understood. That was probably why he had held himself aloof, refused to gain experience himself. Yet he realised that he could not have helped either his sister or his friend afterwards if he had not done as he did, and he had often wondered if he could have stopped it anyway and in the long run what harm had it done? He was a priest he knew, but such beauty created even for a moment was surely not wrong: nor wasted - yet this was blasphemy this was the danger of understanding.

Yet James had already sinned - it was too late to stop him now; he could only understand.

Father David looked back over his life. He had not lived in the flesh at all. As the cat rubbed his sticky-silken fur against his shins and purred warmly, Father David felt a thrill of sensuous pleasure. His greatest happiness had surely been when

he had been a lover among lovers? He too had been exploring life then. Eliot, the mystic, had realised the need for it:

We shall not cease from exploration
And the end of all our exploring
Will be to arrive where we started
And know the place for the first time.

Then he felt he had used all his faculties. What had he achieved by avoiding even the legitimate delights of this world?

"....for to delight He made us."

and why not? Yet he knew what he had gained: peace; but peace was not happiness and now he felt its lack, he would probably not even have peace. Whom had he helped by it? His parishioners? He saw how far from his parishioners he was - no wonder they seemed to be so contented that they came little for help - he and they went as well together as Regency striped wall-paper and an aspidistra. In that moment he stood naked against God and time - but God will not long leave his sheep uncomfortable. In a ray of light he saw that far from being his burden, James' problem was his great opportunity - mentally he thought of the Cross. It would be death, but resurrection. "In the midst of life we are in death" he wrote on his blotter - that of course was it: Death was part of life - he hadn't realised that before. He had just accepted it passively as the end of his ministrations rather than a vital glowing part of Life - blood-red, violent, sensuous life. He had been with a new peace. After tea he went to see his mother and took the bread-knife with him. He left her in bed with the blankets like blood-clotted gauze and went to save James' soul.

Angela Holder, VIA.

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(This essay was the winner of the "Thorpe Essay Cup".)

WORKING FOR YOUR LIVING

(Editors' Note. This article is contributed by an Old Girl now reading for social science. The material was gained working with the people she refers to. The Editors publish it without comment and it does not necessarily represent their views. She has asked us to add that "These are merely reflections and are not intended to be a treatise on industrial relations, the Welfare State or anything else. It should be remembered that wherever you work you meet only a small number, and of these only a few are known well. Also, false impressions are gained because the most interesting people are in the minority, and therefore many observations may not be generally true.")

Napoleon called us a nation of shopkeepers, and today the shops and factories still supply the backbone of the country, although we talk a great deal about abstract economics. The word "factory" may conjure up a romantic picture of clogs or shawls in Lancashire, or a dry picture of the Industrial Revolution, culled from history lessons. The more thoughtful may ponder the saying "Where there's muck, there's money", or the more far-seeing visualise the vast international combines of modern industry; but in these days of centralised control and abstract planning, the fatal error is to overlook the individual aspect, to regard the workers as a class rather than people with an individual way of life. Let us have a look at what actually happens in a factory.

The conditions for women and young people are reasonable when we look at the Factory or Shop Acts, but when the Act is not implemented ... where are all those chairs for female shop assistants, and seats for factory operatives so that they can sit down for any job or part of a job, as long as the work is not interrupted? Soap and towels are rarely provided, usually because when they were, they were stolen. Lavatories are used as sitting-rooms during the breaks. You learn to eat gravy with fish and to throw the tea-leaves from your mug all over the floor without any thought of hygiene. The ink-stained hand is comparatively lady-like after the dye and dust which is collected and becomes ingrained in some jobs.

Doing the same light repetitive job on a factory bench you can find a girl of 16 who cannot tell the time and a girl who has done 4 or 5 years French and several other grammar school subjects at a secondary modern school. The one is unable to grasp all of what is happening, and the other is discontented, declaring her education to be a waste of time. Among the older men and women, there are groups of continual grumblers, or those whose outlook has been widened very largely by reading, the depth of which would make some Vith forms look pathetic. Today many attempts are made at

education for those who have left school. The horrors of near-illiteracy are realized as a class of 16/17-year olds (whose appearance puts them nearer 20) struggle through "The Wind in the Willows" or write as an essay half a page of unconnected sentences in an undeveloped hand.

The people who have ceased to earn their living are certainly not living in a paradise of retirement. There are still women who cannot afford to buy shoes and therefore can never leave the house, there are still old men who save up for 2 years to buy themselves a pullover for the winter. (But they object strongly to social workers advising them how to spend their pensions for their greatest benefit). There are still people who spend the night out in the city parks and squares or in railway waiting rooms; and some people think the welfare state has finished its job.

But more important than all these is man's regard for his fellow man. Some sections of the community regard the "workers" as their servants and never even think of using "please" or "thank-you"; or they talk to you in mono-syllables, thinking you are slightly simple, and one is sorry for such fools who take pity on your lack of French and ask in deliberate speech for "broiderie English" talking, meanwhile, to their friends about "broderie anglais". People refuse to apologize even when the wrong is tactfully and kindly pointed out to them. Everyone is sure of his superior position; no-one else matters. A shop queue illustrates this when the assistants are sworn at, called lazy and useless, the customers are rude and the assistants are usually ruder, and nobody gains any satisfaction.

"Doses" of welfare are useless medicine for a disease which is caused by what someone has called "folk-memories". Many workers refuse to see the improved conditions and in their old-fashioned way accept the bosses as their over-lords whom they must over-throw at any cost. "Thou shalt not steal" is unheard of, and even if known, openly disobeyed. Most people do not work as hard as they could, hours are shortened as much as possible and dishonesty rules so that nobody can trust anyone else. The most striking thing, however, is that one person alone can have a great influence for good or for evil. One kind person can transform a section where a great deal of cruel teasing goes on. One happy person can work wonders with fed-up and hopeless people. A considerate manager evokes a willing response, an inconsiderate one nothing but abuse and antagonism. A man reveals himself more truly in his relations with a few work-mates 9 hours a day than he does in any chance remark. But can man's relationships ever be right, when Christian greets Christian on a Sunday, but on Monday, when one is in the office, and the other in a boiler suit, not a glance of recognition passes between them?

How dare I love when time still flies
 On ever fleeter feet to snatch
 With greedy hand and mocking cries
 At all my love, my joy, to catch
 My heart and crush it into ash.

When one can only think of now
 And dare not further look, nor pray
 To find within the black love grow
 But know that all save pain away
 Like dust shall float in eddying whirls

And I left naked, cold, alone
 Have only death to comfort me
 To wrap me round with slimy bone
 And drop me cackling in the sea
 For ever left awake to drift.

-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-

Pulling on the frayed rope he heard the little bell
 sing faintly overhead, then it grew stronger calling imperiously
 across the valley to the farms and cottages snuggled in the
 folds of the hills. Deep darkness lay over the countryside,
 only the moon-glimmer of the crusted snow showed where the land lay
 silent.

Across the sky raced the wind-racked clouds, wisps of
 torn feathers spinning through the aons of the air.

But the stillness and expectancy of the earth proclaimed
 it unmistakeably as Christmas Eve, and in the dim church only the
 glow from the great torches in their iron brackets sent flickering
 shadows leaping over the rough stone walls. They chased each
 other into grimacing black shapes of struggling evil, and still
 pulling on the bell rope he shuddered for they seemed to be
 fighting for the souls of the people, whom he could already hear
 clattering on the steep path up the hill.

One by one they came through the black-studded door and
 under the great arch which seemed to enclose them in the safety
 of this fastness of sure faith. As they came in, the flickering
 flames seemed to bring out the tiredness in their eyes, the worn
 lines of misery, or of sadness just erased by happiness they
 feared to accept, more and more they came, till the church was packed
 with rustling people.

He could see only dimly but he heard the noble words of the
 service soar up and the very arches seemed to lift in praise,
 "Come unto me all ye that travail and are heavy laden and I will
 give thee rest" and the great burden of the dark seemed to lift

from the Church leaving it free for only worship and praise.

He doused the torches and with splutters of defeat they went out; all was dark and silent but alive with expectancy. At the altar the priest struck the tinder and the fire of new life and hope was kindled. He lighted his candle and passed it down the dark church. And there sprang new flames to light - till the whole building was shining with the glory of the fire.

G. SHARLAND BALL. U.Va.

-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-

Softly draw near enough to let me hear
The frightened fluttering of love, that is your soul,
And capture it within my horny hands
Not fit to hold the single perfect flower
And bound to kill.
Still let it lie my love, but one sweet hour
Enclosed within my earthy wrinkled palms.
There, my fearful angel, rest in peace
Shut the dilated eyes, forget to cower,
I will not crush your softness into dust,
But on your trembling stillness rain a shower
Of kisses softer than the thistledown
Floating upon the wind.

-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF SCHOOL LIFE

Girls returning to school after the Easter Holidays provide some light entertainment for anyone in the Matron's Sitting Room.

"SOFT! WHITHER AWAY SO FAST?"

(Love's Labour's Lost)

"Have a good holiday? - "

- "Yes wonderful! In cricket we - "

- "go skating and sliding on the flooded field beyond the railway and then - "

" - doctor's surgery at 5.30 tomorrow evening in the San but - "

" - I wonder if my sweets will be - "

" - In the Elephant? I left my leaky hot water bottle there for - "

" - A matron? Oh yes, you will find one - "

" - At the bottom of the stairs in the waste-paper basket - "

" - that's the last place I'd have looked for the - "

" - bottle of perfume that smelt like - "

" - Oh Friday's fish, I can smell it already. We've eaten so much that we're beginning to look - "

" - Like the gassed balloons which they put up during the war because - "

" - Auntie couldn't find my viyella for - "

" - swimming this term. Who's our instructor?"

" - Tom was there, I know, when - "

" - I asked the Matrons for my parcel but the disgusting - "

" - din that was emitting from under the door of the - "

" - staff-room, so far as I know, is the only place for the - "

" - sports this term and the Matrons have the task of - "

" - rooting out my Sunday Silk from the dangerous depths of - "

" - Mrs. Sparkes' room and this is the Matron's sitting-room where - "

" - The Lower Fourths play for an hour after prep every evening, but this term we are allowed to go to the - "

" - Midnight Feast!! How absolutely wizard but - "

" - There's the Supper Bell so - "

" - CHARGE !!!"

-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-

SAN ELFINO

In the little Spanish town of San Elfinio all was quiet, as it was siesta time. In the saloon bar there were little groups of sleeping men, their faces covered with sombreros. The saloon was blessed with the startling name of "Hallelujah Saloon"; hence the phrase "going to the Halle"

Below the balcony of a petite house known as the "Bandit's Nest", Theabean the great big he-man of San Elfinio was serenading Corinna the beauty of same.

"Thou'rt like unto a flower," he bellowed. "So pure, so pure and bright."

A tear dropped from Corinna's black velvet eyes and her heart increased its tempo alarmingly. "My dear, dear Theabean," she thought, "what a wonderful voice he has. How handsome he is!"

"Git out of it, mongrel!" yelled Senor Stoggio. "lemme 'ave me siesta before you 'ave your Music Competition. Now git!"

Theabean got!

A couple of hours later Senora Phishenstodgem, Corinna's mother came into the bedroom.

"Corinna, Senor Pomposo-Rotunda will be here soon to ask your hand in marriage. You will accept, my little dove. Senor Pomposo-Rotunda is very rich and owns six ranches ow!"

Senora Phishenstodgem got out quickly, assisted by Corinna's shoe.

Late that night, two figures crept silently down the main street of San Elfino. No-one saw them go, and within ten minutes they were riding at a fast gallop over the Lumbago plain. Soon they arrived at the town of Centratio; a flourishing little concern under the rule of a well-known bandit whose name was Leather. The two fugitive lovers, (for it was Corinna and Theabean) crept into the little saloon, and drank to their successful escape in lemon crush.

Meanwhile at the "Bandit's Nest", a frantic, chaotic, fanatic, extensive, unorganized search was in progress. Senor Pomposo-Rotunda was throwing the furniture out of the windows. Senora Phishenstodgem was weeping and wringing her hands. Senor Phishenstodgem was holding forth about respectable people, and Senor Stoggio's yells of wrath at being woken-up drowned them all.

"Grrr. I'll find that villain Theabean yet," growled Pomposo-Rotunda.

"My precious dove, my little sweetie," wept Phishenstodgem (female).

"Bringing shame on respectable people", roared Phishenstodgem (male).

"Flippin' Kids", bellowed Stoggio, drowning the lot.

In Centratio there was a slightly different situation. Corinna and Theabean were sitting beneath a swaying cactus.

"My sweet Corinna," sighed Theabean. "Your eyes are like cockroaches; your teeth are like tombstones."

Corinna sighed rapturously.

"Your lips are like bad apples, your nose is like a clothes-peg," continued Theabean.

"This is highly irregular," simpered Corinna. "Really!"

A. J. B. H. M. V.

SCHOOL CERT. YEAR

The happiest days of your lives! How true! At the beginning of the Christmas term our form mistresses greeted us with outstretched hands and arms full of papers. For the first few days the form worked conscientiously for one whole hour a day but soon gave way under the terrific strain. The matrons revived us with hot milk and biscuits each night and our form-mistresses asked us not to work too hard - so we didn't!

The regular beat of our tireless form-mistresses was around the form-rooms and library. As soon as the signal of their approach was given, away went magazines, lollipops, miscellaneous literature and photographs and out came Great Expectations (pun).

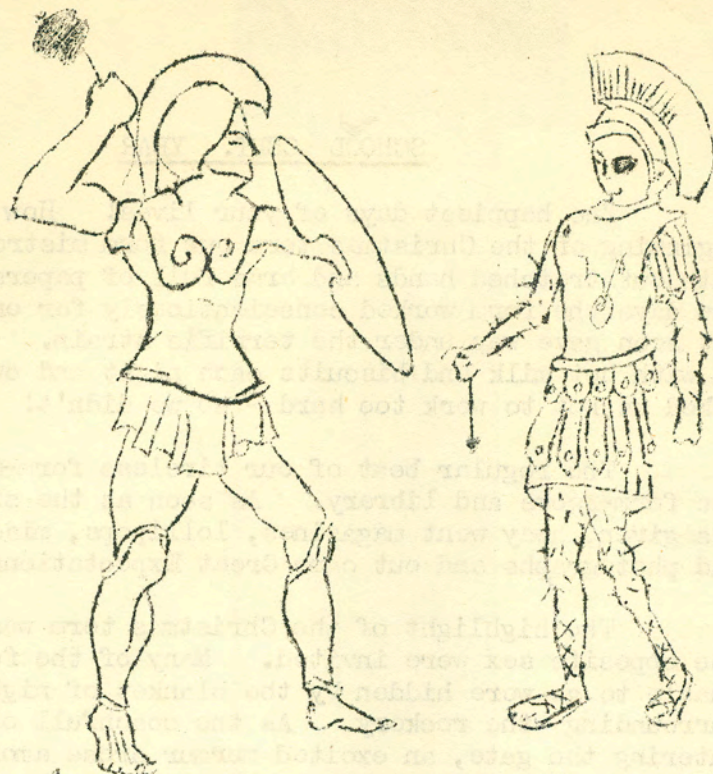
The highlight of the Christmas term was a dance to which the opposite sex were invited. Many of the fortunate ones who were unable to go were hidden by the blanket of night in the bushes surrounding the rockery. As the coachfull of boys was heard entering the gate, an excited murmur arose among the concealed spectators, and stones were hurled across the drive. When the coach finally stopped at the front door, the watchers, unable to suppress their excitement and eagerness, were precipitated to the bottom of the rockery and the next day was sacrificed to the mending of damaged clothing.

The Easter term began with Mock School Cert. hovering like a cloud over us. As the exam approached we exhausted ourselves with two hours work a day. This almost eliminated our thoughts of Free Day which had been continually in our minds for two terms. After all, this was our reason for taking School Cert.

During the cold wintry days of this term, we were dragged into croc.-walks so that we could huddle together for warmth. Many happy days were spent traipsing up hill and down dale with a panting staff in the rear. But the end of term came at last, and the contents of desks were emptied into trunks. How surprising that people were to return with trunks of new stuff - but it was all for a good cause - Free Day!

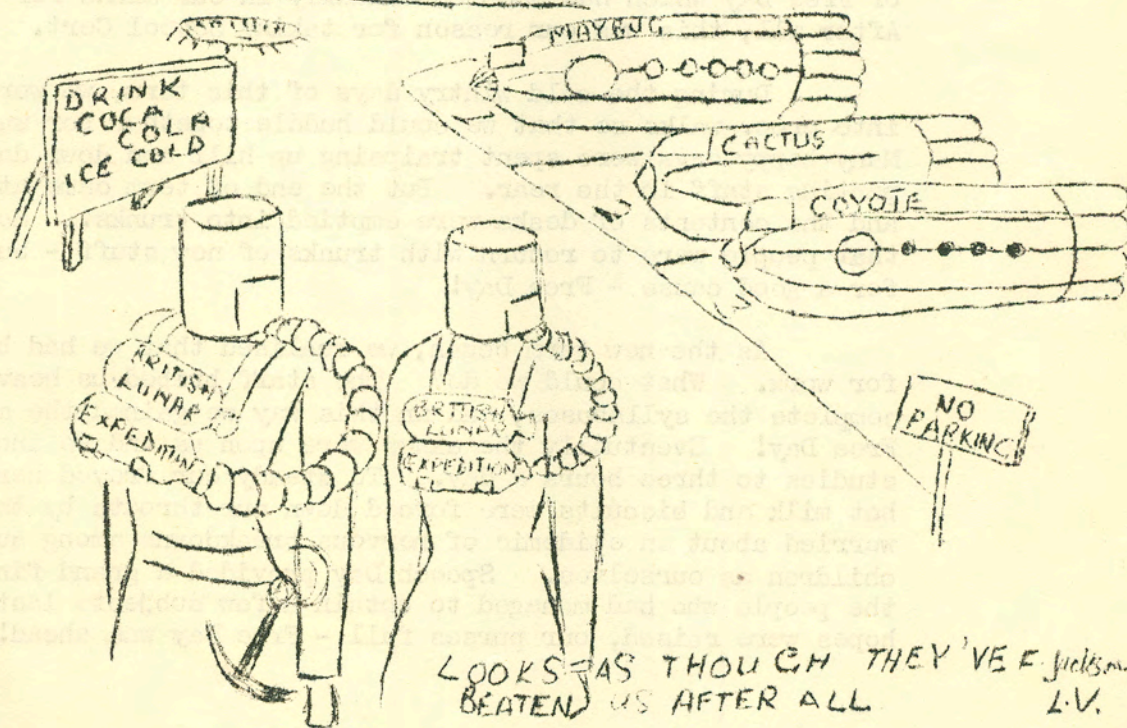
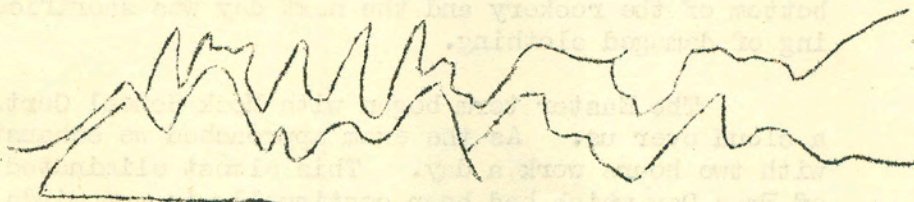
As the new term began, we realised that we had but a month for work. What could we do? The staff bribed us heavily to complete the syllabuses, and in this way we gained the money for Free Day! Eventually the exams were upon us and we increased our studies to three hours a day. To steady our frayed nerves, more hot milk and biscuits were forced down our throats by the matrons worried about an epidemic of nervous breakdowns among such sensitive children as ourselves. Speech Day provided a grand finale. We saw the people who had managed to obtain a few subjects last year. Our hopes were raised, our purses full - Free Day was ahead!

U.V.



F. Jackson
TV

"The Greeks conquered the Romans" F. Jackson
MV



LOOKS AS THOUGH THEY'VE BEATEN US AFTER ALL F. Jackson
L.V.

AN INTELLECTUAL FREE DAY?

After weeks of excitement, culminating in even the sordid grind of exams, we at last reached Sunday July 4th. We were going to York. When I woke up for the third time at five past five, I wondered why I couldn't turn over; it was owing to a wedge composed of two boxes of cheese and a loaf underneath my hot water bottle which I had inadvertently filled with tea, mistaking it for a thermos.

Jane and I, assisted in bouts by Tessa, crammed two hold-alls with food, placed four pairs of pyjamas, $3\frac{1}{2}$ tooth brushes, 1 towel and a cigarette-holder on top and dashed out of chapel to catch the 11.11 train. We spent the day in assorted trains, pretending on various occasions to (1) suffering from leprosy - to keep the carriage empty, (2) drunk - for the same reason, (3) 'varsity students - for the benefit of some obvious schoolgirls returning to their school. We arrived at York in the pouring rain which made sooty streaks down our heavily made-up faces, so we shrouded ourselves in rugs, thought how much worse it would be to be at the North Pole, and trudged to the Hostel.

After three-quarters of an hour, we were let in. We slept in a dormitory with 20 other girls, home from home, what? Tessa and Jane, breathing vague nothings about cooking, practical experience, undiscovered genius prepared a voluminous supper from tins - proving that they could use a tin-opener at any rate. Owing partly to the supper, we watched only the tail-end of "Noah and the Flood" which was being performed on a cart in the streets, and listened to appreciative roars, while we pretended gaily that we did not want to see it anyway, and the other three pointed out in piercing tones how they would have found the right place if given half a chance. We then proceeded to St. Mary's Abbey - owing to the fascination exercised by the Shambles and the shops after the cloistered life of school, it took some time, but eventually we reached our seats. They were wooden stairs looking down on the ruins where the plays were performed. We leant happily against the knees of the people behind and drank large doses of tomato soup.

We ran back afterwards and arrived just after twelve, sneaking in just before they locked the doors. All was dead black; we got into bed. Muffled squeaks and obvious crunching came from two members of the party. We were even awoken at dead of night by their playing dice with apple cores. One girl even found ~~fine~~ ^{five} biscuits crowding her out of her sleeping-bag. In order to get out, she lay and ate them.

I was rudely awakened at 6 o'clock by the person sleeping on top of me arising hastily. After breakfast all were required to do chores. One girl wandered round the bathroom with a failing

mop. On going in, it was, however, painfully obvious that the dust had merely been collected by the door.

Like Odysseus, however, after many wanderings we returned home. Let it never be said that an intellectual holiday is not arduous and exhausting - but material considerations are set aside.

Footnote: enquiries have since been made about the butter being in "our" flannel and lipstick on the cheese. We can offer no explanation except "our hold-all."

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AFT QUOTATIONS?

- Preparation: "Painfully to pore upon a book
To see the light of truth."
(Love's Labours Lost)
- Examinations: "I summon up remembrance of things past".
(Sonnet XXX)
- Violin practice: "...Untune that string
And hark what discord follows."
(Tempest)
- To those who drop
toffee papers: "I forbid thee one most heinous crime"
(Sonnet XIX)
- To the toffee papers
themselves: "Let him that mov'd you hither
Re-move you hence."
(Taming of the Shrew).
- Summer holidays: "And summer's lease hath all too short a date."
(Sonnet XVIII)
- To the untidy, dirty-
faced children:
(sarcastic). "Look in thy glass ...
Thou dost beguile the world."
(Sonnet III)
- Epidemics: "All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats...
Do hiss me into madness." (referring perhaps
to the Matrons?
(Tempest)
- To non-prize-winners: "...Albeit you have deserv'd
High Commendation."
"As You Like It)

-o-o-o-o-o-o-

BANSHEE MUSIC

It's no go the G.C.E.
 It's no go the Higher
 All we want is the sofa
 And a piece of toast by the fire.

Their knickers are made of interlock
 Their gowns are made of viyella
 All we need is a packet of fags
 And a bottle of beer in the cellar.

It's no go the Sports Cup
 It's no go the cricket
 All we want is a feather bed
 And a fag to roll the wicket.

It's no go the dripping bread
 It's no go the taters,
 All we want is annexe tea
 And two Lower IV for waiters.

It's no go the Speech Day
 It's no go the prizes
 The last to get the Headmistress' prize
 Is up at the next assizes.

It's no go my honey love
 It's no go my dearie
 Lace your milk with a tot of rum
 You'll soon forget you're weary.

Your morals are falling hour by hour
 Your brain is getting slower
 And when at last they've reached the ground
 You'll never get them lower.

T. HADDOCK & R. SANDS, VIA.

(With apologies to Louis MacNeice).

-O-O-O-O-O-

VI FORM REPORT

This has been an uneventful year - VI form have been working for exams. The Lent fund efforts, however, always bring out the progressive element in VI form. A week before the closing date we had $2\frac{1}{4}$ d. in the Swear Box - another 15/- was owed. We felt something must be done - obviously, another Swear Box. Someone enquiring how our funds were, and seeking change, investigated Swear Box A, finding 6d. She said, "Someone must have sworn twelve times." Firm steps must be taken. Nasty visions arose before our eyes - the list of money contributed -

K.G.	17	:	9	:	10
L.IV	10	:	8	:	$6\frac{3}{4}$
VI	-	:	2	:	$4\frac{1}{2}$

The Head Girl spoke : (3d. in the Swear Box) : We must have a match L.V. suggested itself as the smallest form. The arrangements were duly made.

The tension mounted during the ensuing days - culminating in silence at Friday lunch. Half an hour later the route was lined with cheering, flag-wagging, gesticulating (vulgarly) spectators. The earth shook.

Out came the Umpire and the VI form team - variously attired (pyjama tops/bottoms, Wellington boots, hats, socks, spectacles). The lower V were displaying a disgusting enthusiasm - they wore shorts - and were practising shooting. Putting down their rifles, they greeted the opposing team. When the Lower V positions were ascertained, VI form were positioned according to size - where they would be most effective. As the whistle blew, a strange noise was heard - out pounded the cheer-gang heralding the arrival of the reserve force. This was a strategic move: the cheer-gang proved very able: stationing themselves near, round and above the opposing goal, all approaching opponents were (if not already enveloped, caught or tripped up in the commodious rug of 12th man) a) deafened, b) swiftly assisted off the field, c) effectively sponged with cold water (3 lots used).

At first it seemed as if Lower V were going to win: the cheer-gang was re-inforced. VI form won - $1\frac{1}{2}$ d. in Lent Fund.

12/4½

HOWLERS AND OTHER AMUSING MISTAKES.

1. Middle V are studying the synthetic gospels.
2. Agriculture in Yugoslavia is backyard.
3. Locomotor attaxia is travel sickness.
4. (Gym Captain in gym practice to small child) : Can you walk along a form upside down?
5. (When the Science VI were rearing two mice and feeding them every four hours).
Do you feed them at night?
Yes we go down to feed them in shifts.
6. (At French table) : Ou habites-tu, J'habite en Matlock; mais j'est nu à Londres.
7. A Canadian port? Port d'Arthur.

Extracts from other publications:

- (1) A newspaper report : "Mr. X visited the school yesterday and lectured on, "Destructive Pests". A large number were present."
- (2) A parish magazine: "At the parish meeting it was stated that there was a larger number of communicants this year. The death watch beetle had been confirmed in the beams."
- (3) Above a lychgate: '"This is the House of God. This is the Gate of Heaven." Please go round the other way.'

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HOCKEY REPORT

This season the team has not met with its usual unqualified success; however, it has been a great improvement on the '32-'33 season. Next year I strongly recommend that the team adopts the Hoxbashem System which advocated playing as individuals rather than a team. Owing to lack of promise lower down the school, it is unlikely that we shall do any better next season - I can only say to my successor - The Best of Luck! We have a plan in hand to extend the hockey pitch to 30 x 50 yards next season. Many O.Gs. will have pleasant memories of the cricket/tennis/rounders pitch/junior playground/marquee site/marathon race-course.

We leave the old pitch regretfully; the uneven nature of the ground has been of great advantage in home matches.

FIXTURE LIST

1. St. Swithen's - Away- rain stopped play losing 17-2.
2. St. Cytherea's - Home - bad light stopped play - no moon. losing 15-1.
3. St. Ganymede's (Prep. Dept.) - Home - lost 10-0.
4. R.A.F. - Home - lost ball after 10 mins. losing 40-0.
5. Staff match - Home - Umpire stopped play. -
Cremation at St. Ignatius and St. Sepulchre's
2.30.
Flowers, by order.
6. O.G.S. - Home. WON 7-6.

The season was rounded off by this resounding and well-deserved victory against the O.Gs. who unfortunately, owing to a rail strike, had to walk from Derby, and were playing one short.

Joint Captains

(^{Buggs} Briggs-Uffington (Centre Half)
(Tillie Fitzwilliam-Bloggs (Goal)

Games' Mistress' Notes:

^{Buggs} Briggs-Uffington in her outstanding play as Centre Half during the season, has herself saved 15 goals. She is also the school's highest goal-scorer this year, with two goals to her credit.

Tillie FitzWilliam-Bloggs, as goal, has filled her position adequately.

-o-o-o-o-o-

CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN

Dear Zir,

I find zat I am compelled through somm turbulence of ze head to be forced to wrote to you on zis subject of ze littel book "Ze Elphon" vitch 'as run down to os in our tiny littel villidge of Vladivostok, and now processes to ze next villidge of Omsk. As you see, I spik and rite ze Engleesh, as you say, like a savage. In ze villidge I vin ze laurel wreath for ze Engleesh spiking competition wiz my "Zis is it chaps", and ozzer vell-known Engleesh idiots. Per'aps you 'ave vish zat I controvert an artichoke to "Ze Elphin", yes? I am an experiment on ze undervater lime of ze lower spotted sticclebackle and I vish you to enjoy him also. Once more, Zir, I you commiserate on "Ze Elphin", and I rest zir,

Yours truthfully,

STANISLAUS STITTLEWORTLE
(PROF.)

-o-o-o-o-o-

Winter Quarters,
Territory of Aequi,
Cis Alpine Gaul.

Hail Fellow Countryman Livy,

Your book 'From the founding of the City' having been read by me, it is to my heart that I should write to you, both because that you write not as a soldier and that you do not keep to strict detail. Which as a soldier I have always observed, you pass over, it having been happened long ago. By Mars, I beg and beseech you not to regard the 7th Legion ill: the same always stand firm. I join hands with Horace, poet, to think of Roman citizens about to be born in the future. You write too involved - I send a specimen copy of my historical report form which I use for all occasions:

"At first light/sunset/night, the camp having been pitched/struck/moved, Caesar ordered the -th legion to advance/retreat. A battle having been fought in the territory of..... with the for a long/short time,being leader, the slaughter was great/little. Much/little booty was taken."

I hope this will save you much trouble in the following 200 books.

Farewell - the 7th legion awaits orders.

CAESAR.

Correspondence Column (Contd.)

Dear Sir,

I have felt from the tone of previous Editorials that the Editors do not realise how wide is the appeal of "The Elphin." As a life-fellow of St. Agnes' College, I should like to congratulate them on the way they continue to be an example to all on the use of pure English. I have maintained for many years that the English Language provides the mot juste for all occasions, par exemple, why say nom de guerre (the French) when you can say nom de plume? "The Elphin" has a je ne sais quoi, that defies definition. It bursts with joie de vivre. It may not always be entirely à la mode but I feel its pièce de resistance is its exact capture of school life en masse, so to speak. Of course, chacun à son goût, but never have I seen a faux-pas in "The Elphin". A volume comes out per annum and I personally say, go on ad lib - tempus fugit so quickly and we all like our school days recalled and our old age put off sine die. There may be difficulties but let the Editors not despair - remember per ardua ad astra; or, as the parson said, shaking out last year's palms (before Palm Sunday), "Non sine pulvere palma". As far as I am concerned let "The Elphin" appear ad infinitum - it is a rara avis. Encore!

Bon Chance!

AN ENGLISH LANGUAGE B.A.

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