

The

# Elphim



VOL : V

## EDITORIAL

Much as the Editors would like to present themselves with the prize for the best entry/entries, we have finally decided to divide it between Emma Cavendish and Charlotte Ratcliffe. Should you disagree with this verdict, it is because a fair proportion of the remaining entries have been written by the exhausted Editors!

This year even more enterprise than usual has been shown; "The Elphin" has been laboriously duplicated by the Editors themselves. We should like to thank Miss Smith and Miss Stansfield for their assistance, and curse the duplicator which expired at the critical moment.

Our typhoean labours were surrounded by stacks of crumpled paper, bottles, alas only milk, the duplicators intestines and a copious supply of black ink. Nevertheless, all was finally completed, we trust successfully.

## EDITORIAL COMMITTEE

Gill Shorland-Ball  
Frances Jackson  
Jean Donaldson  
Ann Lomas  
Penny Goodwin  
Margharita James

## RAIN

Soft rain falls from the heavens upon the parched and thirsty earth. Gently and fresh in the early morning, clothing the valleys with clinging mist and lightly falling on the open moorlands and the fields. Soft rain lustily engulfed by the waiting earth.

Open to the sky, the cattle drip as the icy torrent descends from the low grey clouds above, shelterless they huddle together, but even so they are cold and their coats are lank and wet. The trees drip on the earth beneath and streams form on the hard beaten path, birds hide beneath the leaves, and the grasses bend before the driving rain. Small hollows in the hard parched ground fill for a second, then the thirsty earth sucks up this latest luxury.

The heather holds high its purple head to brave the rain. Blurred are the distant hills, lost to sight beneath the veil of rain. Flowers bend their heads, afraid - this rain is cold - and yet somewhere deep in the earth their roots are ready, waiting for the first moist drops to reach them.

Bent to the wind and rain trees stand, beneath a starless sky and thick scudding clouds. The rain slashes, boughs crash, twigs are torn relentlessly from their parent trees. Grass is

BATTLE, MURDER, AND SUDDEN DEATH!

The occupants of the Labs. have made a considerable name for themselves by attempting upon various occasions to use the equipment provided. As most of this is archaic, the results were in many cases distinctly unexpected.

We have escaped with only one fire necessitating the call of the fire brigade. This was caused by the use of phosphorous of unspecified age. Great excitement was engendered by the arrival of innumerable firemen in enormous boots who clattered down to the Lab., tore up a couple of floorboards, consumed cups of tea, and departed. The fire engine was most handsome and had to be guarded to prevent any inquisitive soul from pulling or pushing any of the shiny knobs with which it abounded. The incident was reported, incorrectly of course, in the popular press.

The smashing of Winchesters of acid with or without the aid of hammers has become a common occurrence. The occasional explosion now goes almost unnoticed, and those practising in the music squares can be seen clutching their gas masks in case of accident.

In the Biol. Lab. a good time has been had by all except the frogs. Those we succeeded in acquiring after surmounting almost insuperable difficulties, disappeared lamentably. Some just gave up the struggle and died - a verdict of death by natural causes was returned, some disappeared and one jumped to the floor and dried itself up most miserably by sitting under a hot pipe. The others died at the hands of the students of Zoology, perhaps the most miserable death of all.

Rabbits have been in short supply, but unfortunately some were obtained. These beasties have not gained the slightest degree of popularity, and their mangled remains still lie neglected in a tub of formalin at the back of the Lab., and this after four months.

We have discovered during recent months that Derbyshire worms are incorrigibly healthy. Hundreds of these innocent creatures have been slaughtered in a vain search for the parasites, which, according to the text books, should be found in abundance in at least every other one.

It must not be thought, however, that the Labs. contain only corpses. All the Chem. Lab. troughs have been commanded as tadpole hatcheries and frog nurseries. The newts which were the original occupiers have now escaped. St. Elphin's tadpoles have not a very great expectation of life, as they are consumed with very great avidity by our pet snake Eustace, Charlie for short; who is very partial to recently metamorphosed tadpoles. It is thought that when the supply is exhausted he may turn to Juniors instead.

Regretfully I say goodbye to the shaky benches, rickety floorboards, bottles of dubious liquid, extremes of heat and cold, ball games, hard boiled eggs, stopped-up sinks, and the pianists in the music squares, who constantly thump chopsticks with the loud pedal on. To my sorrow I have not been able to complete the final destruction of the premises, so I can only wish those who follow after, Better Luck!

J.M.D.

MIDDLE V GYM LESSONS

Hair, hands, feet flying, up they go  
Caring little for what they show!  
Long legs, fat legs, bone and skin  
The fifth are vaulting (or getting slim).

Over goes box, away shoots mat  
A body flies and then - that's that  
They only suffer a bruise or two  
And then the lesson is safely through.

Sometimes we're good, we do our best  
Gracefully vault with the utmost zest  
Over the bar we silently land  
Shin up the ropes, hand over hand.

Our lessons end, and then in haste  
Shorts in drawers are tidily placed!!  
Gym shoes are put away once more,  
And we are happy as before!

C. RATCLIFFE. MV.

LOST

A bucket from the kitchen's gone,  
It can't be found by maids or Tom,  
If any girl has borrowed same  
She must return it whence it came.

Perhaps VIA the burglars are,  
This will their reputation mar,  
They may have pinched it though, the rats,  
To use it to reshape their hats.

Mayhap Miss Thompson L's to blame,  
But how could it affect a game?  
Alack your intellect is dim,  
She will be teaching Jean to swim.

Or does Miss Hurst a bucket need,  
She might desire to soak some seed,  
She can't be going to feed the hogs,  
She may, of course, be drowning frogs.

But who's that crawling on the floor,  
Collecting papers by the score,  
They'd fill a bucket easily,  
The culprit must be Mrs. G.

Remember too Miss Pemberton,  
And to the lab. most quickly run  
accompanied by Mr. Lee  
She's out on a fire fighting spree.

Miss Winder might be making lakes,  
Or Mrs. Storey mammoth cakes.  
Miss Thompson H. and Anthea too,  
They tis thought are bathing Sue.

Is Mrs. Sparkes a scrubbing necks?  
Yes I repeat it, 'necks' not decks.  
Miss Lamb, p'raps sousing Middle Five,  
Pneumonia, No, they'll stay alive.

Those not mentioned here by name,  
Must find another road to fame.  
I die, by falling bucket hit  
You see, 'twas Cecil borrowed it.

J. DONALDSON

If I should die think only this of me  
She ate that sausage and that Yorkshire pud  
You still must face on Wednesdays. There'll be  
On every day until the end of term that spud -  
And bread that baker made and kitchen hewed  
Or nameless microscopic fish  
Transparent soup with grease instrued  
And pond'rous stodge like clay upon the dish  
Prunes, or peas, as .....

Editors note - this depressing poem remains unfinished  
due to the lamented death of the author from malnutrition.

(With apologies to Cook and Brooke)

HEARD!

Have you heard that ...  
The martian fleet arrived and attacked  
Cook who offered them  
Tadpoles which she was going to feed to Miss Stopford  
in the hopes of making her turn green and  
Via are all  
Smoking and drinking in the 'Square and Compass' so  
I tore down Long C. and fell straight into  
A cup of coffee for  
Marking out the tennis court because  
The last lot melted and stuck  
To Mrs. Sparkes who  
Kicked it through the window.  
'There's far too much noise, please' she said and  
Hooted like  
Two minute slugs which are crawling  
Down stairs on their  
Hands and knees searching for  
Five lollipops  
Who were playing tennis in  
The weighing room with Eustace who  
Ate so much bread and dripping that  
Everything burst asunder.

HOWLERS

1. In order to sterilize a clerical thermometer put it into boiling water.
2. Ambiguous - man with two wives. L.V.
3. The female bird looks after the eggs by day and the male by night.
4. Volcanos corrupt slava. U.IV&
5. The wells are worked by blindfolded buffalo bulwarks. L.V&
6. A coma is a place animals sleep in in Winter.
7. Gym Captain (to small child in practice). Can't you walk on the form upside down yet?

5, Hillside,  
Lancaster

To the Editor of the Elphin

Dear Madam,

I know that fools rush in where angels fear to tread (not, of course, that the present generation of St. Elphinites are fools - any more than former ones were angels) but I do get a shock when I see all and sundry walking in and out of the FRONT DOOR!!

The Front Door was only opened to receive us on the first day of term, to reject us on the last day and for our daily walk over to Chapel.

This walk was conducted in a more orderly fashion - we formed two's down the Corridor (Plain Corridor not Long!) in our correct chapel places.

For this long and arduous journey we were required to wear goloshes over our house-shoes, as always for casual outings. They were always worn for 'Breathers' which was ten minutes-worth of P.T. taken daily at break in the front drive.

Needless to say, all except the VIth, and on Sundays Vth forms went for 'Croc' walks, going out, of course, of the cloakroom door.

Then, as now, Prefects have many duties and few privileges. This included "doing P.C.". This included going round to see that all the lights (gas) were out, shutting windows and locking doors. On this round of duty, she took a flit-spray, whether to purify the air or repel intruders is doubtful. It certainly would have been a useful weapon, as it was two feet long, and had a heavy container on one end.

Each girl was allowed (very generously) to spend 3d. every Saturday at a shop, which was opened in the Store-Room. It was another duty (privilege?) of VIa to prepare the 'shop'; this was done in the last period before dinner, and the Headmistress, with whom they shared top table for that meal, must often have wondered at their lack of appetite for the delicious stodge and syrup set before them.

Other things have changed, even words now have different meanings. "Annexe", I understand, is now a meal, whereas the wooden

building, now the Art Room, was known by that name in my era. The adjoining room was given to Vith form as a sitting-room so presumably the first Annexe Tea was tea in Annexe.

Yours Enviously,

Parent - Old Girl.

Name and address supplied.

St Custards  
Clotshire.  
July 7th or 8th (?)

Dere Editors,

Skool hav chosen me to be there spokesman, knowing that I hav the gift of the gab. We woud like to sa that we deprecate Mager Magga PAPER very much. The bits that are meant to be serius are sometimes qwite funny !! @ \* Zoom

I am riting this in an English exam! (chiz chiz) I am so prefect that I do not need to rite anything down Lik fotherington-Tomas who hav covered pages with Rot.

Molesworth 2 hav just zoomed past - like a supersonnic jet fiter. His exam is evvidently over (Alimentary, my dere Watson) so he go's to thro ink-darts at the C.O.S.

Dere me! How petty it all seme.

Yrs — N. Molesworth

P.S. Please xcuse the BLOTS.



beaten down, crops crushed and the whole world is flattened and torn,  
leaf from leaf, twig from twig, branch from branch. Streams swell  
and burst their banks, and everywhere is confusion, water rushing  
over stones and grass and through the fields, -- on and on, leaving  
in its wake destruction and ravage.

C. RATCLIFFE. MV

ODE TO A MORNING GLORY

Oh perfect flawless flower!  
Oh symmetry epitomized!  
Oh lovely thing, make me a bower  
Of twining tendrils, rich green leaves,  
With here and there a single flower.

How strange that thou shouldst be  
Allowed only a single moment's glory,  
Would that I thy life could see  
Lengthened; for one short hour is never long enough  
Would that I could!

Thou art I think, the perfect blue:  
More constant than the seas, yet living, glowing.  
Wert thou a human, thee I'd woo,  
But thou are yet a senseless flower  
And art the man himself more true.

Thou has a hue more blue than eyes:  
Pink-purple ribbed, lily-white centred:  
Yet of a livelier blue than man-made dyes  
Man envies thee, but never will he captivate thy glory!  
Oh morning glory brighter than the skies.

E. CAVENDISH. LVa

SUMMER LAKE

Deep in the still waters a green flame leaps  
Amid the trailing weeds time waits  
The final dissolution: waits  
And halts. The sun stands still and sleeps  
Upon its centre here, the trees  
Lean silent down to kiss their frozen  
Images; great golden bees  
Hang in mid-air. Now is the chosen  
Second: here is immortality  
Till time ticks on and tosses it away.

GILL SHORLAND-BAIL VIA  
MAY 19 1911

BEAUTY

What is beauty?  
 Man, between the items of his ordered life  
 Pauses to reflect -  
 Sees for a moment out beyond this trivial transient life  
 And then - ?  
 Imagines he imagined it.

F. JACKSON VIB

ENNUI

With religious regularity the small man performs  
 The tasks ordained for him, the strict routine,  
 The groove in which the needle sticks because  
 It has become worn in with constant use,  
 And the monotonous voice continues, allowing him  
 No respite from his nightmare, distant drowning,  
 From which no one can save, nobody lower.  
 His petty sins piling like dust afford  
 Momentary pleasure, sordid, unreal, a ghost,  
 Vision is not for him; the soaring singing sense  
 Of life and love and mirical repose  
 In beauty, strangely true, elusively  
 Constantly, consistently, eternal, new.  
 Is this the sole property of the chosen few,  
 The lofty men, initiated ones?  
 One day suppose the record is worn through  
 And they are dragged down, choking, finally.

F. JACKSON VIB

SHAMBALLY

It was a sunny, but hardly a warm day in April. We were staying at Lismore, in Eire, for the Easter holidays, and we decided to go and see a house which we had been told was very beautiful.

The house, which was called Shambally, was twenty miles away across the Knockmealdown Mountains. We drove through huge, tapestry like woods and bare mountains and finally through the famous golden Vale of Tipperary.

After passing through the tiny straggling town of Glasheen we lost our way, and so we asked an old woman **who was driving** home in her donkey cart. She directed us, and soon we **reached what** was obviously the demesne wall. It was covered with **yellow, greenish** blue, and grey lichen, and at short intervals huge burgeonings of

c ivy tumbled over it and made it bulge outwards.

At last we arrived at the entrance; after a great struggle with bolts and bars and padlocks we forced open the gates. Just inside was a tiny wistaria-covered lodge, out of which tumbled an incredible number of brilliant blue-eyed, fair-haired and rosy children, dogs of many non-descript breeds, one or two geese and several chickens.

We drove slowly up the long drive, on all sides the park had the appearance of a battlefield; strewn with the dead bodies of trees, lately beautiful oaks, elms and beeches, now lying sadly bare. We could hear the slow chop chop of their destroyers.

Suddenly the house came in to view - its beauty took my breath away. Designed in the **Gothic style**, it is one of the few houses in Ireland built by **John Nash**. As we jumped the h-ha, we saw across the park a most delightful round stone folly. Forming a deep purple-brown backcloth were the Knockmealdown Mountains, to the West was a fairy-like valley, its sides clotted with pale almost ethereal beech trees, and in the hollow a lake reflected their beauty. Half hidden by the leafy vale, another folly stood.

As we admired the beauty of the situation, we heard the ominous thudding sound of sharp axes, biting into the innocent wood of the glorious trees. Now that afternoon is like a dream, I can scarcely believe it ever happened.

E. CAVENDISH. LVA

#### A VICTIM OF WAR

The child stood in the gutter, staring unseeingly before it. Around it the crowd laughed, pushed and gesticulated with **all the** unreasoning joy of the newly liberated. Lorries rolled **by in an** endless stream, full of shouting, waving troops, and still the child stood motionless.

Its eyes seemed to stare into the past, re-living **untold** horrors. They peered into the distance, seeing the **death and** destruction, hunger and fear of the past, and the **unknown misery** of the future. The old careworn pallid face of the **child twisted** with a sudden anguish, it uttered a moan and collapsed, a small grey heap at the feet of the merry-makers.

The matchstick limbs stuck out grotesquely from the bundle of grey rags surmounted by lank fair hair, which was once a child. A passing soldier picked the body up and carried it away from the heedless crowd, but life was gone. Only a pitiful bundle of rags was left of what had once been full of joy and promise. The liberation of man had come too late for one now liberated from all sorrow.

THE CYCLING SIXTH

We gathered from Manchester, Leicester, Nottingham, Rugeley and Burton wearing a weard and varied assortment of garments. All, without exception left behind fond mammas trying to veil their anxiety for our well-being behind a facade of cheerfulness.

Our first stop was at Kingscliffe, where we had our first potatoe-peeling session and our first experience of Y.H. food. After supper three members of the party decided to take a walk, which nearly ended in disaster. In company with other hostellers they arrived back after locking-up time. Fortunately their plight was noticed, and they were let in by the back way.

Next morning we set off in find style for Cambridge, hoping to be there by mid-day. Alas, it was not to be. One moment we were riding along merrily and the next, thanks to a nasty little car we were in a heap in the middle of the A.14. The rest of the morning was spent in Huntingdon Infirmary, where we were given injections, X-rayed, and patched up generally. After obtaining one new wheel, and bending pedals and handlebars back into position, we were able to continue our interrupted journey and eventually peeled more potatoes.

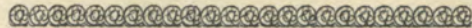
Our view of Cambridge was limited, as it was dark, and the next day we headed for Norwich ignoring all aches and pains. The amenities afforded by the Hostel here were rather few, and the washing arrangements nothing more than primitive. A certain amount was caused by the discovery of a trap door leading to the dormitory below. The Warden was not pleased. Sharing our room was a little woman from Nottingham who was apparently only capable of saying "Yis luv, Nau luv", which we found rather monotonous.

After a quick look round Norwich Cathedral, we set off for Sheringham, battling against a head-on gale the whole time. On arrival two brave members of the party bathed, and all demolished considerable quantities of prawns and pop. These were later regretted by one with whom the mixture did not agree. The Warden was horribly efficient and we all spent some hours either cleaning windows, washing up or peeling potatoes (our favourite occupation). Actually in Sheringham we scraped.

Our fifth and last port of call was Ely, which we reached by way of Kings Lynn, a rather round about route. The party had by now increased in number and the inhabitants of Kings Lynn were nearly mown down when we tore a couple of times down the High Street in convoy. At approximately 6 o'clock we were still only a couple of miles outside the town with an hour in which to traverse the thirty miles between us and the Ely Hostel. By dint of ignoring halt signs, traffic lights, pedestrian crossings, policemen and other obstructions we arrived just in time for supper. The task of sweeping a Nissen hut is as we discovered colossal, and so were the brushes.

The eighty miles to Leicester were covered without difficulty, and we turned one of our homes into a Hostel for the night. The following day, after wandering round Leicester in the pouring rain without coats, we went our various ways to enjoy a well-earned rest at home.

J.M.D.



THE LIGHTER SIDE OF SCHOOL LIFE

VIa

After our year as pillars of the School, we are naturally somewhat exhausted, though at first glance it may seem hard to guess why this should be so. However, after a little consideration it is possible to remember some of the more outstanding of the year's events. Perhaps our record should be stated first: this year our noble contribution to the Lent Fund came entirely from gifts, we were able to raise the whole of this princely sum with the aid of our capacious swear box.

Another very welcome institution has been our weekly tea with the Chaplain - how eagerly we have scanned the tray, the boiled eggs or ham sandwiches.

The only privilege of the hardworked prefects is, of course, annexe. Each Monday as we survey the crumbs and scoured plates we despair of existing through the dreary week to the next Sunday. Our efforts to hoard the remains are alas invariably foiled by our eagle-eyed form mistress - she sometimes even looks inside the A.C.S. boxes! But such additions are but meagre, and a large proportion of our pocket money is set aside to supplement our plain but healthy diet.

VIa were presented with some new furniture at the beginning of the Spring Term, and from being a room to be shunned, a veritable blackhole, we rose overnight to be the showroom (for prospective parents and Governors only). At first this was something of a strain, tempers grew frayed and rude words were occasionally heard within these chaste precincts, as our buxom taskmaster, the V.H.G. forced us to remove our knitting, chocolate, papers, magazines, horror comics, fruit, pop, bottles (of ink), buns and, sometimes books.

Soon she tired of cracking the whip, and merely cleared up herself amid ribald mirth - a far simpler expedient.

When our furniture arrived, we had hoped to find some new means of concealment during games times, however, the first time seven people hid under the rug proved a disastrous failure, And our hopes were finally frustrated by the severely functional nature of our cupboards.

Our greatest solace during this year of cloistered seclusion has been that never failing companion and universal spouse - Cecil. Although his permanent home was on the tiles, he spares us many a jocund hour. His presence accounts, of course, for any slight untidiness in VIa, and on his gong days he invariably keeps the hungry staff waiting for lunch. Next year it is understood that he goes up to King's College Cambridge to read Embriology. We feel that he will make a name for himself there.

To celebrate our departure we have written a song, which is unfortunately too scurr lous to print. It goes to the tune of "It's almost tomorrow", magic words which are ever on our lips. At our final banquet, we hope to give the School some foretaste of the glories of VIa, which they may one day achieve.

#### THE MORNING AFTER

All is peace in VIa. At first sight the room appears empty save for one weary type lolling with feet upon the mantelpiece. A second glance shows two inert figures sprawled in attitudes of abandon upon the window seat. The only sounds are the gentle hiss of the gas fire, the occasional sound of a stampede from above and the snores of the occupier of the hearth rug.

What is the cause of this somnolence in what is normally a positive hive of activity? The Reason - the previous night certain members of the Sixth had been to Denstone.

For the superstitious the evening commenced in a style well in keeping with our number - 13. That is of course presuming that 13 is unlucky - a postulation which is open to doubt. The six choir people arrived safely from the Chesterfield Choir Festival and all except the inordinately vain had changed within ten minutes.

We waited. No bus arrived. We waited again and then came the fatal telephone call. The bus had given up the struggle to cross Chesterfield moor, the choir were stranded and we had no transport. Panic ensued.

Thanks however to prompt action taken by Miss Smith (Sec.) two taxis were ordered and we settled down upon the doorstep to await their

arrival. This proceeding was closely watched by numerous small children who were apparently blissfully unaware that their feet were not hidden.

After thirty minutes or so unrest was rife. Persons were heard to remark that they hoped Abbots Bromley crashed. This was perhaps uncharitable but their seventy four to our thirteen constituted quite a formidable opposition. At last as despair had begun to raise its ugly head, the taxis arrived and an undignified scramble followed.

Miss Stopford made her second personal appearance of the evening to tuck us in and say a fond farewell and a number of staff were noticed staring critically out of the staffroom window. We were off at last.

Despite our driver's ignorance of the way and after two near crashes, we arrived exhausted but triumphant. A certain amount of dancing was, I understand, indulged in by the enthusiasts and the new buildings were inspected carefully by those for whom dancing had less appeal!! The evening passed all too quickly and in no time stragglers were being rounded up and dragged forcibly into their taxis.

The result was as described previously and it may be concluded that an enjoyable evening, though exhausting, was had by all.

J.M.D.

#### THE PREFECT'S LAMENT

In silence there, you wretched child,  
Don't run! don't sing! don't bang that door!  
Oh evil girl you make me wild  
I long to fell you to the floor.

I've told you twice to tie your tie,  
And smiling asked politely why  
You need to sling your stodge upon  
The ground. I wish the meal were gone.

Leave the bread upon the plate!  
Keep the water in the glass!  
Wear your hats, and don't be late!  
In endless stream the orders pass.

So still I serve out soggy fish,  
And ring the buzzer and the bell  
Or walk across the bridge and wish  
In vain that I might slide and yell.

UPPER V

In the Year of Grace 1956 the valient Upper V rushed once more into the perils and hardships of examinations. We began to tremble over these in the Christmas Term, we managed to find time in the middle of our strenuous efforts to relieve the boredom of the common herd, with entertainments of the highest calibre.

Upper V& produced a riotous variety show, the most spectacular act of which was a performance by those marvels of music hall, the Lavatarians (plus combs and the finest brand of lavatory paper here). Upper VA attempted to reduce you to tears (of laughter) with a heart-rending story of a schoolgirl's trials.

Near the end of term, most of our frivalous form began to flap about the coming Dance at Abbotsholme. The poor wretches with straight hair laboured night after night in attempts to make it curl - that is when they were not tearing it out in frantic worry over whether their A line dresses could be persuaded to fit over hips and waists suffering from an excess of school potatoes. They seemed however, to enjoy themselves, from what we could gather between sighs of "Oh David", or alternatively "Oh Allen" etc. and are looking forward to the Dance at the end of this term.

We spent last Hallow e'en in the Common Room gorging ourselves with chips, eggs and sausages. Upper V you will find never pass by an occasion for a feast.

The only event we remember of the Easter Term - is overshadowed everything else - is Mock G.C.E. We came out of that pale and wan - quite unfit to take part in School life for a very long time.

Now we have exams on top of us again. The Summer Term began with the inevitable remark from every member of staff: "Now Upper V, only a few more weeks for REAL SOLID WORK". They seemed to gloat over the fact.

We were forced to spend Whit Monday afternoon being kind to members of the Lower School who, we hope, realise how honoured they were to come walks with us.

The only things which now keep us alive are thoughts of free day, and of another form party at which we shall bewail the loss of many of our comrades who are venturing into the evil world beyond.

But do not let us discourage those of our readers who have the pleasures of G.C.E. before them. Upper V, as well as being an asset to the School, and outshining all other forms in every respect (except tidiness in which we must admit we cannot beat VIa) has provided us with a great deal of elicit fun.

Floreat Upper V!