

# STOVER SCHOOL MAGAZINE



**December, 1945.**

# STOVER SCHOOL MAGAZINE

1945

Stover School,  
Newton Abbot,

MY DEAR SCHOOL AND OLD GIRLS,

This is the first School Magazine to be published since the war started, and I am hoping that its production and circulation will encourage Old Girls who have somewhat lost touch with us during the last six years, to write again, or better still, to visit us.

Those who have not been here since 1938 will find certain changes in the buildings, and within the next few years, when we are permitted by the authorities, further changes will take place. We have acquired part of the original Stables Quadrangle, known as the Clock House, and when the remainder is free the whole will be remodelled for school use.

We have very much to be thankful for in this peaceful and lovely spot. Although we have watched the fires which destroyed much of Plymouth and Exeter, and listened to the explosions of bombs on Torquay, Newton Abbot and Teignmouth, we have been safe and untouched all through the war. Although we have been surrounded on all sides by military and naval camps, we have been allowed to stay here, and have suffered no more than inconvenience. Our service on Speech Day, at Highweek Parish Church will be a special occasion of thanksgiving for God's Blessing on the School.

We are very proud of past pupils who have been rendering National Service of all kinds, in various branches of the Services, in Nursing, on the land, and other forms of work. We shall hope for a good re-union in London in April, and for an Old Girls' Day at Stover as soon as it is possible to hold one.

We have tried, in this Magazine, to bring you up to date with School and Old Girls' news. The more of you that write to us during next year, the fuller our Magazine will be.

This will reach you just before Christmas, so I will take the opportunity of wishing you all, present pupils and staff, Old Girls and former members of the staff, a very happy Christmas, and a prosperous and peaceful New Year.

Yours affectionately,

PHYLLIS E. DENCE.

## CALENDAR OF EVENTS.

DECEMBER 1944—DECEMBER 1945.

- Dec. 9—Christmas Party.  
 „ 10—Nativity Play.  
 „ 13—Speech Day. Performance of *Alice in Wonderland*.  
 Jan. 16—Term reopens.  
 Feb. 3—Lecture by Miss Hosegood of London on “New Guinea.”  
 Mar. 1—VI Form Conference on “Town and Country Planning.”  
 „ 7—Violin and Piano Recital by Miss Margaret Haig and  
 Miss Gertrude Trede.  
 „ 16—Dancing Competitions.  
 „ 22—End of Term.  
 April 24—Term reopens.  
 May 8—V.E. Day celebrations.  
 „ 9—  
 „ 15—Lecture by Major Robyn on “East Africa.”  
 „ 19—Gym Competition judged by Miss M. E. Donne.  
 „ 29—Lecture by Mr. Ayana Deva on “India.”  
 „ 31—Elocution Examinations. Examiner: Clive Sansom.  
 June 8—Athletic Sports followed by Half-term.  
 „ 13—R.D.S. Examinations.  
 „ 14—  
 „ 22—Lecture by Mr. Peter Blackman on “Australia.”  
 „ 23—R.S.M. Examinations.  
 „ 26—Choir sing at Highweek Mothers' Union meeting.  
 July 5—School General Election.  
 July 14—School Picnic to Steppes Bridge.  
 „ 19—Post War Society for VI Forms meet at Newton Abbot  
 Grammar School to discuss “Agriculture.”  
 „ 21—Swimming Sports.  
 „ 21—Visit of Guide Commissioner to Guides and Brownies.  
 „ 25—Form Plays and Tennis Finals.  
 „ 26—End of Term.  
 Sept. 20—School reopens.  
 „ 22—Lecture by Mr. T. Mansfield on “Great Finds in the  
 East.”  
 Oct. 7—Visit of Miss Allbery of the Church Pastoral Aid Society.  
 „ 21—Visit of Mrs. M. Sladen of the Salvation Army.  
 „ 27—Lecture on the making of dolls by Mrs. Warren of Torquay  
 Nov. 10—Visit of Senior School to the Pavilion, Torquay, to see  
*St. Joan*.  
 „ 11—Guides attend District Church Parade.  
 „ 18—Visit of Mr. G. N. Whitfield, Headmaster of Tavistock  
 Grammar School.—Service.  
 „ 24—Divisional Guiders' Training—Singing and Drama.

- Dec. 6—Post-War Society for Sixth Forms meet at Torquay Grammar School to discuss "Education."  
 „ 9—Choir sing at St. Matthew's Church, Cockington, Torquay.  
 „ 15—Christmas Party.  
 „ 16—Carol Service.

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### Appointments.

September, 1944 :

*Head Girl*—Ann Pretty.

*Prefects*—Maywin Sturges (since December, 1943), Barbara Windeatt, Mirabel Clausen.

November, 1944 :

*Prefects*—Moya Pinks, Doreen Nickels, Margaret Lind.

November, 1945 :

*Prefects*—Joan Cornell, Ann Booker.

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### Valete.

March, 1945 : June Williamson.

July, 1945 :

Marie Ault	Rosalie Jackson
Sally Barker	Joy Lawry
Carol Bennett	Patricia Lewis
Michael Brown	Doreen Nickels
Elizabeth BurrIDGE	Elizabeth Rew
Margaret Clarke	Grace Shaddock
Sara Corson	Flavia Timpson
Sybil Davies	Dorothy Walker
Mary Fernandes	Rosemary Walker
Rhoda Hare	Zina Vakil
Carol Heeley	

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### Salvete.

January, 1945 :

Elizabeth BurrIDGE (I)	Ann Jeffree (III)
Elizabeth Church (I)	Bunty Pruen (L. IV)
Gillian Compton (III)	Margaret Pruen (I) and Ruth Pruen
Mary Dawe (II)	Mary Rew (II)
Rachel Evans (IVa)	Mary Shewell (II)
Ann Evans (II)	Ann Tuson (IVB) Half-term.
Mary Fernandes (I)	

April, 1945 :

Fortune Cannell (I)	Louise Rickenman (IVB)
Rhoda Hare (I)	Jill Snell (IVB)
Ann Holmans (III)	Fiona Tanner (I)
June Irving (IVa)	Flavia Timpson (I)
Jennifer Nicholson (IVB)	Loveday Townend (IVB)

## September, 1945 :

Philippa Ball (II)	Dionise Humphrey (VA)	} returned } after stay in } Argentine
Rowan Beckett (III)	Rosemary Neve (VA)	
Yvonne Card (I)	Irene Neve (VB)	
Marion Cozens (I)	Margaret Neve (II)	
Marianne de Kadt (IVB)	Julia Noel-Hill (IVB)	
Virginia Edwards (III)	Gillian Payne (IVB)	
Judith Fielding (I)	Mavis Pering (III)	
Sally Finlinson (IVB)	Ursula Pridham (III)	
Ann Fursdon (II)	Ann Thorpe (III)	
Rosemary Gorle (I)	Barbara Thorpe (IVB)	

**Examination Results, 1945.***Cambridge School Certificate.*

- Marie Ault : *Credits*—English Language, Literature, Geography, Mathematics, Biology, Art. *Pass*—French, Housecraft, Matriculation exemption.
- Carol Bennett : *Very good*—English Language. *Credits*—Literature, History, French, Mathematics, Biology. *Pass*—Geography. Matriculation exemption.
- Mary Demetriadis : *Very good*—English Language, Literature, Religious Knowledge, History, French, written and oral. *Credits*—Latin, Mathematics, Biology, Art. Matriculation exemption.
- Rosalie Jackson : *Very good*—Religious Knowledge. *Credits*—English Language, History, Biology, Art. *Pass*—Literature, Geography, French.
- Margaret Lind : *Credits*—English Language, Literature, History, Geography, French, Mathematics, Biology, Housecraft. Matriculation exemption.
- Doreen Nickels : *Credits*—English Literature, Religious Knowledge, History, Geography, Mathematics, Biology. *Pass*—English Language, French, Housecraft.
- Moya Pinks : *Credits*—English Language and Literature, Religious Knowledge, History. *Pass*—Geography, Mathematics, Biology, Art.
- Elizabeth Rew : *Credits*—English Language, Religious Knowledge, Art. *Pass*—Literature, Geography, Mathematics.

*Royal Drawing Society Examinations.*

- Full Honours Certificates*—Pauline Collins, Maureen Fair, June Howell, Moya Pinks, Sheila Briscoe.
- Special Prize in Grade VI*—Mary Demetriadis.

*London Academy of Music and Dramatic Art.*

*Bronze Medals*—Sheila Briscoe, Pauline Collins, Sybil Davies, Jane Seaburne-May.

*Grade VI*—Anne Wild

*Grade V*—Angela Nicol, Marie Tremeer (distinction), Sally Barker (distinction).

*Grade IV*—Denise Shapley, Naomi Ramsay, Anne Mpnro, Avril Lees (distinction), Naomi Jones, Gillian Hooper.

*Grade II*—Paddy Saunders.

*Grade I*—Elizabeth Church.

*Red Cross Examinations, Junior Section.*

(Those marked with a star obtained honours in the three examinations which comprise the full certificate, thereby gaining proficiency badges) :

*Full Certificates*—Sally Barker, Shelia Briscoe, Mary Demetriadis, Elizabeth Hancock, Mary Hooper, June Howell, Ann Levett, Angela Nicol, Mary Patterson\*, June Prynn\*, Judith Sturges, Marie Tremeer.

*Music Examinations.*

Dorothy Walker	Grade	III	Credit
Josette Humphrey	"	IV	"
Jennefer Ashby	"	II	"
Bunty Jenner	"	II	"
Sheila Thompson	"	IV	Pass
Ann Brooke	"	IV	"
Avril Lees	"	II	"
Naomi Jones	"	II	"

**Speech Day.**

Speech Day was held last year at Stover on Wednesday, Dec. 18th. We were fortunate in obtaining Miss Webster, of Newton Abbot, to address us and to give away Certificates, Games Trophies and Prizes. The function began at two p.m. and was well attended.

Miss Dence, in her report, referred to the Examination Successes, the work of the School Societies and the war-time difficulties the School had had to contend with. She expressed her thanks to Miss Webster and to the Members of the Staff for their great services to the School.

In her address, Miss Webster gave valuable information with regard to Local Government in which she has taken so active a share, and urged upon the girls their duty as citizens of a democracy to play an energetic part in local affairs.

Five scenes from *Alice in Wonderland* were then presented by the Juniors and after tea a small Sale of Work was held. The proceeds realized £47 9s. 0d., which was given to various School Charities, including Dr. Barnardo's, the Cot in an S.P.G. Hospital which the School supports.

## PROGRAMME.

Scenes from *Alice in Wonderland*.

## Characters—

Alice	..	..	..	Jim Butlin
The Duchess	..	..		Gill Hooper
The Cook	..	..	..	Judith Ryle
The Hatter	..	..		Josephine Kellock
The March Hare	..	..		Josette Humphrey
The Dormouse	..	..		Jennifer Ashby
The Cheshire Cat		..		Janet Lloyd
The White Rabbit		..		Angela Bradley
The King of Hearts		..		Ann Brooke
The Queen of Hearts		..	..	Sheila Holman
The Knave of Hearts		..		Naomi Ramsay
Two	} Gardeners			Sara Corson
Seven				Gill Isaac
Five				Naomi Ramsay
Executioner	..	..	..	Jennifer Ashby
The Mock Turtle	..	..		Judith Ryle
The Gryphon	..	..		Sheila Holman
Scene 1	(a)	A grassy bank.		
"	(b)	The Duchess's Kitchen.		
"	2	In front of the March Hare's House		
"	3	The garden of the King of Hearts		
"	4	The seashore.		
"	5	Throne-room of the King and Queen of Hearts.		

**The Choir.**

In the Christmas Term, 1944, there were several newcomers and the Choir was a little "ragged," until we began to get used to each other's voices. After half-term we began to work on the Nativity play, *The Coming of the King* in which there were a large number of carols.

During the Easter term our time was taken up in learning psalms, new hymns and Magnificats to improve our services. On Sports Day in the summer term, the choir gave a recital of songs and rounds. Later in the term we sang the same programme at Highweek to the Mothers' Union. In July, Miss Dence invited us to a choir supper in the garden. It was a sumptuous feast with ice-cream and the Choir was much envied by the Juniors who looked on from their dormitories with great interest.

We have been asked with Miss Dence this Christmas term to give an Organ and Choir recital at St. Matthew's Church, Cockington, where Miss Dence used to be organist. The recital is to be mostly of carols, some sung by the choir alone, and some with the senior school also.

The Choral Society was formed in October, conducted by Miss Dence and consisting of members of the staff and the choir. The meetings are anticipated with much interest and we have greatly enjoyed the carols, part-songs and songs from *The Gondoliers* we have attempted.

BARBARA WINDEATT, MAYWIN STURGES (Form VI)

PROGRAMME—*The Finding of the King.*

Characters in order of appearance—

Innkeeper	..	..	..	Ann Pretty
Vagabond	..	..	..	Ann Booken
1st Shepherd	..	..	..	Carol Bennett
2nd Shepherd	..	..	..	Moya Pinks
3rd Shepherd	..	..	..	Margaret Clarke
Soldier	..	..	..	Sybil Davies
Melchior	..	..	..	Barbara Windeatt
His Pages	..	..	..	Rosalie Howell, Jill Butlin
Balthazar	..	..	..	Zina Vakil
His Pages	..	..	..	Josephine Kellock, Gillian Isaac
Gaspar	..	..	..	Elizabeth Rew
His Pages	..	..	..	Josette Humphry Sheila Holman
Mary	..	..	..	Mary Patterson
Joseph	..	..	..	Joan Connell

Angels :—Joy Lawry, Elizabeth Burridge, Angela Bradley, Alison Twallin, Elizabeth Church, Ann Carder.

**The Guide Company.**

During the past year the Guides have been working with enthusiasm. During the Christmas and Summer terms, Miss Dence very kindly took the meetings and Miss Peale was our Lieutenant.

In the summer holidays two guides from our company went to the District Camp which was held at Bickington. They very much enjoyed themselves and hope to go again some other year. Several new guides have been enrolled and as a result we have formed two new patrols, the Nightingales and the Chaffinches, so that we have now got six patrols. The new guides are working for their second-class badges. Marie Tremear, Josette Humphry and Jennifer Nicholson have gained their second-class badges this year. We hope that more guides will gain their second-class during the coming year.

At Christmas we had a party which we gave to those who are not guides in the School and the staff were also invited. It was very successful. We had a sing-song and the guides gave an entertainment which was enjoyed by everyone.

We raised money for the Guide International Scheme by various means in the Easter term. One patrol raffled oranges and sweets. Another patrol had competitions, and we all raised money by cleaning shoes and bicycles and by doing other useful tasks.

On the Sunday after V.E. Day we went to a Parade at High-week Church where The Rector took the services.

On November 11th, our Company joined the other Newton Companies in a Thanksgiving Parade through Newton. We marched in procession through the streets and attended a service with all the other Youth Movements at Newton Abbot Congregational Church.

This term the new matron, Miss Postlethwaite, has taken over our meetings from Miss Dence, and we are very glad to welcome her as our new captain. Miss People remains our Lieutenant.

JUDY STURGES (Bluetit Patrol Leader).

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### **The Library.**

The Library has increased considerably the last year in spite of the difficulty of obtaining books. We have been very fortunate in having a valuable present of both books and money from Mr. and Mrs. Bruce, whose contribution enabled us to obtain, among other other purchases, a beautiful edition of Donatello's pictures. The money Mrs. Jackson generously presented us with has been invested in National Savings for use at a later date, when we hope to get a complete set of Galsworthy's works. We are very grateful to Mrs. Dence who has just given us a present of books, including Thackeray's novels.

Every term each person makes a small contribution to our Library, which is used to add to the fiction and reference sections. The committee have had several enjoyable trips to Torquay to choose the new additions.

Last Christmas term we held a Book Drive. At half-term everyone was asked to bring back a book. In this way we were able to enlarge our library still further. The fiction section is very well used. We should like to urge the members to explore still further among the non-fiction books, where many excellent and helpful "treasures" are to be found.

MOYA PINKS (Librarian).

### Gifts.

Stover Chapel is still only a castle in the air, but we have been given some beautiful things to use in it once it is built, and meanwhile they are used on occasions in the entrance hall when services are held, and kept in the Junior Chapel. They are: a pair of candlesticks, and a beautiful cross, a silver box to hold wafers, and a large Bible for lectern use. The Rev. E. Beckwith, who has so often taken services for us here, is the donor, and he has in addition given us a number of other Bibles, as we were short of them and needing them badly.

Mrs. Beckwith has given us a most handsome present of four fine pictures by Landseer, which hung in her home for years. Two of them now hang in the Senior Common Room, one in the Junior Common Room, and one in the dining room. We should like to express our warmest thanks to both Mr. and Mrs. Beckwith.

We are also very grateful to Mrs. Beckett for her kind gift of Bibles. They are much appreciated and will be well used.

Very much appreciated also were the gifts of tennis balls from two or three friends during the summer, the present of one tennis net, and the loan of another. They made all the difference to our tennis season!

### The Debating Society.

For over a year we have had a flourishing Debating Society at Stover. At first it was quite small, but now nearly everyone from the Lower IV upwards attends.

We meet once a fortnight and each meeting is looked forward to with interest. Often members of staff attend and have even been prevailed upon to speak.

One of the subjects debated was: "Strikes should be abolished." This was very appropriate as there were strikes in progress at the time, but, by the end, the meeting was more of a heated argument as to whether the miners were being given fair chances than a peaceable debate. Then we discussed the motions: "The discoveries of modern science are a benefit to humanity," and "The present generation is decadent." The latter was so interesting that it had to be continued the next day. I am glad to say that when the votes were counted it was found that the majority considered the present generation not quite degenerate.

Other motions discussed during the year were:

The woman's place is the home.

It is better to be married than to remain single.

Vivisection should be abolished.

Classical music is to be preferred to modern dance music.

It is better to go to a boarding school than a day school.

War is inevitable.

Fox-hunting should be abolished.

The theatre is to be preferred to the cinema.

The School Certificate Examination should be abolished.

The best things in life are free.

Corporal punishment should be completely abolished.

Examination successes are the most important things in school life.

The Prefect System is unnecessary to the efficient administration of a school.

MOYA PINKS (Secretary).

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### Senior Bible Class.

#### Visits of Miss Allbery and Mrs. Sladen.

At the beginning of the autumn term we decided to make some alterations in Bible Class. The Senior School expressed a preference for a short service on Sunday evenings, and so each Form, From IVa upwards, takes it in turn every week to make the arrangements for the service. They prepare the room, choose suitable hymns, and select one of the members to read the lesson.

The services are short and very simple. Usually they are taken by Miss Dence who gives us an address and also plays the hymns. Once or twice, however, a visitor has very kindly given up her time to joining our little meeting and to talk to us. The first occasion was when Miss Allbery, of the Church Pastoral Aid Society, came, and in a very moving address she told us of her social welfare work among the poor children of the big industrial towns. I do not think that any of us had fully realized what such work meant, but when Miss Allbery spoke we could see the children that came to the summer camps, pale, thin, ill and quite ignorant of the wonderful teaching and comfort of Christ. When they left, they were stronger, healthier and rich in the new spiritual knowledge they gained.

On another occasion we welcomed Mrs. Sladen of the Salvation Army. She led us in a few prayers and then spoke to us. Even those who had never before met her felt that it was an old friend speaking. Her subject, too, was to us extremely interesting. Miss Dence had often described the terrible conditions of countries that had been under German occupation and we were all very eager to hear the experiences of someone who had been working there and trying to help the people who had been made homeless by the war.

We were told of the organizations that had been formed to deal with relief work and the qualities that were essential in anyone who undertook such relief. Mrs. Sladen pointed out that it sounded very pleasant to go round with a mobile kitchen and give soup to the starving people, but that was not nearly enough. Hospitals had to be set up, the people fed and clothed and literally "set on their feet"

after the terrible experiences they had been through. A relief worker must be physically fit, have a good knowledge of first-aid, catering, camp management, nursing and hygiene, and last of all, she must know something of the languages and the local governments and social conditions.

There was one Belgian hospital she mentioned in particular. To begin with it was nothing more inspiring than a large, empty building, but in a few days the people had made rough beds. Somehow or other a doctor and a few nurses were found and by the end of the week the hospital was running smoothly and was filled with starved children, suffering from every imaginable disease and many too weak to move. So amazingly efficient was the nursing—even under such difficult conditions—that hardly any of the children died.

When she had finished her talk, Mrs. Sladen very kindly answered questions and we regretfully bade her good-bye. We very much hope that we shall have other such visits in the future.

JANE SEABOURNE-MAY (Form VA).

### National Savings.

Our warm thanks are due to Miss Wright, who, until last term, managed our War Savings Group for us.

Miss Bearne, our new secretary, has inspired us all with new enthusiasm to make greater efforts in our Savings Campaign, and though there has been good support from many members she would like to see a more widespread response.

SAVE FOR A VICTORIOUS PEACE!

STUMP UP, STOVER!

Form totals, September—mid-November: Form II, 5/-; Form III, £1 5s. 4d.; Lower IV, £3 14s.; Upper IV, £1 1s. 6d.; Lower V, £4 9s.; Upper V, £2 18s. 6d.; Form VI, £4 11s. 6d.

Total for Thanksgiving Week: £394 12s. 6d. The target was £20!

K. C.

### The Red Cross Classes.

During the year there have been the usual weekly Red Cross Classes which Miss Gurney has very kindly taken. At the end of each term there have been examinations, the results of which have been highly satisfactory. Five people have now gained their Red Cross badges and intend to continue by taking a Home-Nursing course. The lessons are very interesting. We learn how to deal with everyday accidents, and hope we shall know how to be useful in any emergency.

JUDY STURGES (VB).

### Junior Collection.

In school we are collecting for the poor children in Germany who are getting better in hospitals.

We are sending any dolls or puzzles we can obtain and any scraps of material with which they can make things. We are also trying to get drawing books, paints, pencils, woollen balls and plasticine.

Many of these children are orphans and have been very ill, and we are trying our best to make them happy again.

PHILIPPA BALL (Form II).

### H.M.S. "Vivid."

In the autumn term 1944 it was suggested that the School should "adopt" a submarine, and send reading matter and a letter each week to the crew. So next term we wrote to H.M.S. "Vivid." We now send weekly a letter from a pupil of the school, and periodicals such as *Punch*, *Picture Post*, *The Geographical Magazine*, and some local newspapers.

At half-term we were requested to bring back books to send to the submarine. We collected about fifty or sixty. It was at the very end of the year that we received our first letter from them including some photographs of the crew. They asked for snaps of the School and of us in return.

This term the Juniors have written many letters, and have sent some pictures drawn and painted by themselves. These were much appreciated, and the crew asked for one special pupil each for a correspondent; they have also organised a painting competition for the Juniors. Many of our letters have been enlivened by puzzles and riddles. Perhaps you can tell the answer to this one: When is a ship in love? Answer: When it is attached to a buoy.

We print below a letter from one of the ship's crew, and are very sorry we cannot reproduce the charming illustrations.

BARBARA WINDEATT (Form VI).

H.M. S/m. "Vivid,"

c/o G.P.O.,

London.

3-9-45.

*To the Members of Form Two.*

Dear Friends,

Having received your very welcome letter, we have decided to make it our job to reply. When I say "we," I am referring to Able Seamen Lashmar (of Bournemouth), Jesson (of Birmingham), Manning (of Dartmoor) (the prison) and myself, Filton (of Lytham, St. Anne's).

To the pupil who enquired after the Submarine, to explain it fully here would take too long, but here is a brief description :— It is one of the smaller class submarines and carries a crew of 32 men and four officers. It is fitted with torpedo tubes and a gun, and it is driven by diesel engines and electric motors. To dive, the Submarine is equipped with ballast tanks which, when filled with water, cause the Submarine to dive beneath the surface. This water is blown out again when the ship is required to surface. We can compress our own air into air bottles with which to surface the ship. This is about all we can tell you as most of our gear is secret.

Generally speaking, we lead rather a busy life in the Navy, as, after work we have to do all our own washing, mending, and general cleaning (shoes and caps). Many of us have hobbies such as picture collecting, embroidery, and model making.

If we were still at school, we would envy you having such a fine swimming pool ; we were not so fortunate. But now, we can go swimming daily when we are in harbour. We spend many happy hours playing water polo. We also have a ship's football team which has been very successful playing against other submarines.

Now, to the pupil whose favourite lesson is nature, the place we are at should cause her much interest. We have seen many brightly coloured birds and reptiles, to list some of these we have seen parrots, canaries, kingfishers and woodpeckers. Many kinds of snakes (land and sea), lizards and chamelions. Sometimes we have difficulty in distinguishing between the reptiles and insects as some of the insects are as big as the reptiles. These include big bees, wasps, dragonflies, ants, beetles, and the queerest of all, the "praying mantis." Of course, we see many wild animals and our list includes monkeys, elephants, deer, mongoose, chipmunks and pumas. Most of the country here is wild jungle and no doubt you have read of palm-fringed beaches, that is the type of coast we have here. Often when on picnics, we travel on jungle roads, and this is where we have seen most of our natural study which we greatly appreciate. Some of the most beautiful sights we have seen, we have seen here. Most of us have been in many other countries but have never seen such brilliant colours as we see on the flowers and plants here. Although all of us would change it for the English rose.

We think this answers your letter, but before closing, would it please be possible for each of us to correspond with one or a group of the pupils as each of us wish to write individually in future.

We hope this letter meets with your teacher's and your approval and we look forward to a reply from you. We also wish to inform you that we did not happen to notice your letter until to-day. Good-bye for now, and good luck from your sailor friends.

J. FILTON

C. LASHMAR

C. J. MANNING

G. JESSON

### **The Clock House and the Junior Chapel.**

The Lower Second, the Upper Second and the Third Forms now have their lessons over at the Clock House. It is a square, grey building with a courtyard in the middle. To get in, you go through a big arch and on the top of it is a small tower with a bell and a clock on the front. There are three pleasant form rooms and a big coach house where we play when it is wet. One side of the Clock House belongs to a farm. On the second storey there is a room where the seniors have carpentry and there are also the mistresses' bedrooms. There are still some disused rooms there.

One of the small lower rooms we have made into a Junior chapel. Every evening the boarders have a service, which the second form mistress, Miss Inman, takes.

One Sunday this term we three Junior forms had a harvest festival in the chapel and Mr. Wallington, the gardener, was very kind and let us have some apples, pears, carrots, beetroots and turnips to use for decorations. When the little service was over we sent all the vegetables and fruit to a poor widow and her son.

We have had a beautiful cross given to us. It is a lovely wooden one. We have pictures round the chapel which members of the first and second forms have painted. They make the chapel walls very pretty.

Miss Dence has given us many texts for the chapel, and often if we get full marks for scripture we are allowed to choose one of the texts for ourselves.

ANN CARDEN, VIRGINIA EDWARDS (Form III).

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### **The Stover Mock Election.**

During the summer term 1945, a mock "General Election" was held at Stover. Many of us were interested in the Parliamentary elections, and we eagerly welcomed Miss Dence's suggestion of holding an election within the school.

The three candidates chosen were Joan Connell (Conservative), Anne Pretty (Liberal) and Sheila Briscoe (Labour).

From the first there was great rivalry, and the notice board was covered with posters and notices. Each party had a separate meeting, and then each candidate made a speech in one big meeting just before polling. Polling was carried out by secret ballot.

The Conservative candidate, who from the start had a large number of supporters, spoke first. Her speech was mainly concerned with the necessity of having Winston Churchill to win the peace. Her other points were the probable effects of nationalization and the undesirability of government controls.

The Liberal candidate, who had all the facts at her finger-tips, said that the Liberal party had ideals in between reactionary Toryism and advanced Labour ideas. She drew attention to the definite Liberal policy with regard to agriculture, foreign and home affairs and reform of representation in Parliament.

The Labour candidate's speech is printed below.

The Conservative candidate gained forty-eight votes, the Liberal eighteen, and the Labour eight.

### **The Ping-Pong Tournament.**

Owing to the increasing popularity of this game in the School, as an active pastime in the winter evenings, an Open Tournament was organized this term for staff and girls. There were numerous entries but everyone was very keen so that by half-term there were only the finals to be played. In the semi-finals there were two staff and two girls, Miss Given was beaten by Barbara Windeatt and Miss Russell Smith by Mary Demetriadis. We are hoping to play the final match in the very near future.

MARY DEMETRIADIS (Form VI).

### **The V.E. Day Bonfire.**

On the night of May 8th we had a huge bonfire on the terraces to celebrate the victory in Europe. After tea, the whole School set to work to gather sufficient wood and by the time we had finished there was a variety ranging from the smallest twigs to giant branches—almost tree-trunks! It is doubtful how much of it was good burning wood, but once it was on the fire it blazed up as if it had all been pine or beech.

Teigngrace village had been invited and we made a huge circle round the fire; when we had finished a picnic-supper, the celebrations began. We opened with a sing-song. It was not very tuneful perhaps, but it was very jolly and this was followed by various sorts of entertainments provided by groups of staff, guides, seniors and juniors.

These included a charade, a mime, which was acted by the staff, and which caused much laughter especially as the players had improvised costumes and extremely funny ones too. There was also a spontaneous and original play about the history of Stover, past and future.

Stover in the past was shown by a scene in which the Duke and Duchess of Somerset paid a morning visit to two old-fashioned children. They were receiving instruction from a governess whose manners were a strange mixture of Spartan and early-Victorian.

Stover in the future was represented as a highly mechanized institution. Everyone went to church by 'plane and flying to the

North Pole and to America in a geography lesson was quite a natural event. Any exercise was useless and futile as the pressing of buttons was all that would be needed to open doors or to do any other task ; so that the result was seen in a gym lesson where a very stiff set of girls felt pain in doing the easiest exercises. To touch your knees with your finger-tips was remarkable ! Most people decided by the end that Stover in the present was by a long way the best. . . .

The songs continued as it grew darker, and we had some improvised fireworks such as lighted magnesium ribbon held on the end of a stick. About eleven, when the bonfire was only glowing embers, we sang " taps " and thus ended our first V.E. Day holiday.

MARY DEMETRIADIS (Form VI).

### **Christmas Party, 1944.**

On the last Saturday of term the traditional Christmas party was held. Everyone had been looking forward to it for weeks, even more so as there was a rumour that the staff were going to act a play.

At three o'clock the party began. The seniors played games in the hall, consisting of a spelling bee, guessing characters pinned on one's back, and a scavenger hunt. The character-guessing game provoked much mirth, and the scavenger hunt quite exhausted most people ! One of the things which to be found was a spider, the result being that half the seniors were in the cellars in their party dresses, while the rest who did not relish the idea of catching wriggling " daddy long-legs," remained in the hall.

Meanwhile, the juniors were enjoying games organized by the Upper V, and we could hear them singing " Oranges and Lemons," and playing musical bumps. After the games the whole School went down into the dining-room where we had a sing-song until tea was ready.

The dining-room was decorated with holly, and the shutters were closed. Candles were lit at all the tables which had been arranged round the edge of the room. The light flickered on the shining holly, the bright faces and colourful dresses.

Everyone was chattering merrily when Miss Lidgate, in Miss Dence's absence, suddenly came in and approached a small table in the middle room which held three huge iced Christmas Cakes upon it. Immediately voices were brought down to a whisper and there was a breathless silence while she lifted a knife to cut the first cake. Then a sudden burst of clapping broke the silence, and continued until the last cake had been cut, Each person was given a big slice and words of approval were to be heard all round !

Miss Bearne was then called for and we gave her three hearty cheers for working so hard to provide such a magnificent feast in war-time.

After tea the staff entertainment took place, but first the whole School had to endure an agonizing half-hour before the staff were ready.

At last the time came and everyone hastened up to Ripponter and sat on every available perch! The curtains hid the whole stage from view, but right across them was a decorative notice, "The staff present your favourite Pantomime, "Cinderella."

Then the curtain "went up" and Buttons, whose part was taken by Miss Peuple, ran across the stage shouting to "Cinders," who turned out to be Miss Inman. Buttons came to the front of the stage and made the audience sing with great enthusiasm.

The part of the dashing Prince was taken by Miss Russell-Smith, and the Baron by Miss Klempner, and the ugly sisters were played most realistically by Miss Wright and Miss Chechley, who took part in many well-known songs! Miss Foulder, as a gypsy, played the piano, and Mrs. Thomas and Miss Bicknell, who was also the announcer, were ladies of the court.

Miss Given took the part of the old Chancellor, Miss Hellier was Dandini and Miss Mitchell made a charming fairy godmother.

There was some excellent scenery of a wooden fireplace which Miss Hellier had painted most realistically on old sheets.

At the end of the Pantomime the storm of clapping was deafening, and Miss Wright, the producer, was at length dragged on to the stage to face a renewed burst of applause.

After the show everyone went into the hall to dance. The characters of the Pantomime, still in their clothes and make-up, danced also until supper-time. Everyone went down to the dining-room where a spread of ham, dates, nuts and oranges had been prepared.

After supper, the dancing continued until the party officially ended at half-past nine, and all joined into a circle to sing *Auld Lang Syne*. Then the Juniors went to bed, and the staff and the Seniors continued to dance until nearly eleven o'clock!

By that time everyone was tired out and began to disappear to their respective dormitories. At last the hall was empty, and everyone was soon happily asleep in bed.

The only thing that marred the happiness of the party was the fact that Miss Dence was not well, and was unable to join in the activities with the School, but Miss Lidgate conducted the ceremony in her place. Thus the party ended celebrating Stover's thirteenth anniversary.

JUNE HOWELL (Va).

## GAMES REPORT.

## School Lacrosse Teams, 1945.

	1st XII	2nd XII
G.	P. Collins	M. Sturges
Pt.	M. Demetriadis	M. Treveer
C.Pt.	M. Clauser	M. Beare
3rd M.	A. Wild	B. Jenner
L.D.	J. Ryle	S. Holman
R.D.	J. Connell (Capt.)	M. Hooper
C.	A. Pretty	S. Briscoe
L.A.	B. Windeatt	M. Pinks (Capt.)
R.A.	M. Fair	M. Patterson
3rd H.	A. Booker	J. Kitson
2nd H.	J. Howell	D. Madath
1st H.	M. Lind	J. Humphry

## 14 and under Netball Team, 1945.

G.K.	S. Kingston	A.C.	M. Beare
D.	M. Hooper	A.	J. Kitson (Capt.)
D.C.	S. Briscoe	G.S.	D. Madath
C.	J. Ryle		

## School Fixtures, Autumn 1945.

Date		Result
Oct. 6	—1st XII v. Battle Abbey 1st XII .. ..	Won 17-2
.. 20	—2nd XII v. Courtfield 1st XII .. ..	Won 6-0
.. 27	—14 and under VII v. Stoodlay Knowle ..	Won 23-22
Nov. 10	—14 and under VII v. Teignmouth Convent Grammar School .. . . .	Won 21-4

## School Tennis Team, 1945.

1st Couple	D. Nickels (Capt.)	2nd Couple	J. Connell
	B. Windeatt		M. Pinks
3rd Couple	A. Pretty		
	A. Booker		

## School Tennis Fixtures, 1945.

Date		Result
June 2	—1st VI v. St. Monica's, Chagford .. ..	Won 57-42
.. 28	—1st VI v. Battle Abbey .. ..	Won 74-25
July 7	—1st VI v. St. Monica's, Chagford .. ..	Won 60-39
.. 21	—1st VI v. Staff .. ..	Lost.

Junior Tennis Singles were won by M. Hooper.  
Senior Tennis Singles were won by A. Booker

## Athletic Sports Results, 1945.

<i>High Jump</i>	..	Senior	S. Barker
	..	Intermediate	S. Kingston
		Junior	A. Bradley
		Under 10	B. White
<i>100 Yards</i>	..	Senior	S. Barker
		Intermediate	G. Isaac
<i>70 Yards</i>	..	Junior	A. Bradley
		Under 10	J. Partridge
<i>Small Visitor's Race</i>			S. Kitson
<i>Sack Race</i>	..	Senior	P. Lewis
		Intermediate	J. Ryle
		Junior	J. Ashby
<i>Obstacle Race</i>	..	Senior	M. Clauson
		Intermediate	N. Ramsay
		Junior	A. Jeffree
<i>440 Yards</i>	..	Senior	S. Barker
<i>Mother &amp; Daughter Race</i>			Mrs. Ling & M. Ling
<i>Cricket Ball</i>	..	Senior	A. Booker
		Intermediate	M. Hooper
		Junior	J. Ashby
		Under 10	M. Brown
<i>Long Jump</i>	..	Senior	A. Booker
		Intermediate	G. Isaac
		Junior	J. Ashby
		Under 10	M. Brown
<i>Slow Bicycle Race</i>		Open	J. Howell
<i>Egg and Spoon Race</i>		Senior	B. Windeatt
		Intermediate	M. Beare
		Junior	A. Bradley
		Under 10	M. Rew
<i>Three-legged Race</i>		Senior	P. Lewis & S. Barker
		Intermediate	G. Isaac & J. Ryle
		Junior	A. Bradley & D. Shapley
		Under 10	J. Partridge & J. Ford
<i>House Relay</i>	..	Senior	Queen Victoria
		Junior	Queen Victoria
<i>Challenge Cups</i>		Senior	S. Barker
		Intermediate	J. Ryle
		Junior	A. Bradley
		Under 10	J. Partridge
<i>Harvey Cup</i>	..		M. Sturges
<i>Sandhurst Cup</i>	..		P. Lewis
<i>Inter-House Cup</i>			Queen Victoria

### Swimming Sports Results, 1945.

3 Lengths Race ..	Senior	M. Patterson
2 Lengths Race ..	Intermediate	J. Humphry
1 Length Race ..	Junior	J. Ashby
Breast Stroke Style	Senior	J. Kitson
	Intermediate	J. Humphry
Crawl Style ..	Junior	R. Howell
	Senior	A. Wild
Back Crawl Style	Intermediate	J. Humphry
	Junior	J. Ashby
Diving ..	Senior	M. Ling
	Intermediate	J. Butlin
Feet First ..	Junior	J. Ashby
	Senior	A. Nicol
Plunge ..	Junior	J. Ashby
	Senior	P. Lewis
1 Length, Breast ..	Intermediate	J. Humphry
	Junior	R. Howell
1 Length, Back ..	Senior	M. Tremeer
	Junior	J. Ryle
Underwater Swimming	Senior	M. Patterson
House Relays ..	Senior	M. Ling
	Open	D. Nickels
Challenge Cups ..	Senior	Queen Victoria
	Junior	Queen Victoria
Inter-House Cup	Senior	
	Intermediate	
	Junior	Queen Victoria

### Life Saving.

The following all entered for, and gained the Bronze Medallion :

M. Patterson	S. Kitson	Z. Vakil
S. Briscoe	M. Tremeer	S. Barker
M. Demetriadis	A. Wild	A. Booker
A. Nicol	N. Clauser	

Silver Medallion : P. Collins

P. Lewis

B. R. S.

### House Report.

The activity of our three houses, Victoria, Mary, and Elizabeth has not been as great in the past two terms as it is usually, apart from our House Matches which were as well played as they were interesting to watch.

Queen Elizabeth proved to be the best in the Tennis Finals ; Queen Mary took the second place. Tennis was taken extremely seriously last summer term, and to see the stern determination with which our Seniors tried to coach the Juniors in every spare moment, was interesting to behold. While Queen Elizabeth was victorious in Tennis, Victoria carried away the honours for Swimming.

This term, Victoria House has, unfortunately, lost many Seniors so that it finds itself in a rather difficult position for the coming House Matches.

Queen Elizabeth also won the Senior Lacrosse March, and Queen Victoria the Junior Netball.

Queen Mary House welcomed a new House Mistress, Miss People, this term, replacing Miss Wright, who left to take up duties as Geography Mistress at Lewes High School.

At present all three houses are very enthusiastically competing in their work for the Christmas Sale, to be held on Speech Day, and in spite of the shortage of material, the children are making charming toys and very useful garments. The proceeds will go towards the purchase of a new projector.

We also hope to have house plays again next term as in past years.

The House Cup went to Queen Elizabeth both in the spring and summer terms.

## POINTS.

	ELIZABETH	MARY	VICTORIA
SPRING TERM, 1945 :			
House marks	978	875	851
SUMMER TERM :			
House marks	1,661	1,469	1,430

	ELIZABETH	MARY	VICTORIA
House Mistresses	Miss Given Miss Russell Smith	Miss Chechley Miss People	Miss Inman Miss Klempner
House Captains	Ann Pretty	Joan Connell	Maywin Sturges
Vice-Captains	Barbara Windeatt	Moya Pinks	Mary Paterson
Games Capt.	Mirable Clansen	Ann Booker	Mary Paterson

### News of Old Girls.

- Leonare Arnold—In the W.R.N.S. Home address : " Meadcote,"  
Throwleigh, Okehampton.
- Marie Ault—At the Newton Abbot School of Art. Home address :  
" Becky Falls," Aller Road, Nr. Newton Abbot.
- Nancy Ball—In the W.R.N.S. "Inglewood," Coach Rd., Newton Abbot
- Mary Barker—"Summerhill," Liverton, Newton Abbot.
- Eleanor Beare—Studying Architecture. Culver Lodge, Newton  
Abbot.
- Betty Blair—Training to be a Masseuse at The Swedish Institute.
- Norman Bradridge—Bedford Froebel Training College, Bedford.
- Marjorie Brown—Nursing. Home address : Colingwood, Newton  
Abbot.
- Anne Butler—Helping at her father's school. Winchester Lodge,  
Torquay.
- Eileen Carr—The Training College for Teachers, Liverpool.
- Ann Carter—At home on farm. New Barn-Farm, Ringmore, Shaldon,  
S. Devon.
- Margaret Clarke—At home : " Hazeldene," Ashburton, Devon.
- Patricia Collins—Has trained for a children's nurse. Home address:  
" The Laurels," Bovey Tracey.
- June Davis—Studying History at Exeter University. Home address:  
Lopes Hall, Exeter.
- Sybil Davis—At the Newton Abbot School of Art.
- Helen Demetriadis—Studying French at Girton College, Cambridge.
- Barbara Duckett—Nursing at The Devon and Exeter Hospital,  
Exeter.
- Janet Ellis—Langmead Farm, Bickington, Newton Abbot.
- Joy Gerrard—Ripton, Streatley, Berks.
- Pamela Grierson—Serving in the W.R.N.S. Home address : St.  
Mewan, Knowles Hill, Newton Abbot.
- Diana Harding—Serving in the W.R.N.S. Home address : Gatcombe  
House, Broadhampton, Nr. Totnes.
- Monica Harvey—" Crebar," Yealumpton. Working on the land.
- Rosalie Jackson—Studying art in Bournemouth.
- Peggy Knapman—Ermington Mills, Ermington, Plymouth.
- Beryl Lansdown—Training as a junior teacher, Charlotte Mason  
College, Ambleside, Westmorland.
- Patricia Lewis—Taking a course in Domestic Science : Harcombe  
House, Uplyme, Lyme Regis.
- Bridget Lind—Teaching at Earlywood School, Ascot, Berks.
- Cicely Lowe—Nursing at the Devon and Exeter Hospital, Exeter.
- Biddy Makeson—Meadow Bank, West End Grove, Farnham, Surrey.
- Diana Mead-Muller—Burnaby, Woodlands Road, Ashhurst, Lynd-  
hurst, Hants.
- Kitty McIntyre—In the F.A.N.Y's. Now in India.

- Mary Minns—Nursing at Royal Devon and Exeter Hospital.
- Suzanne Mott—At : The Royal Cornwall Infirmiry, Truro.
- Shirley Nalder—In the W.R.N.S. At : Hyperion, Seymour Road, Mannamead, Plymouth.
- Doreen Nickels—Training to teach Domestic Science. Home address : Applegarth, Maidencombe, S. Devon.
- Joan Nightingale—Helping at her aunt's school : Follaton House, Totnes.
- Ann Norrington—In the W.A.A.F.S. Home address : Butlers, Norley Wood, Lymington, Hants.
- Diana Paul—At home : "Durfold," Doods Park Road, Reigate.
- Mary Rae—In the W.A.A.F.S. Home address : "The Moors," Bishopsteignton.
- Elizabeth Rew—Taking an Art Course in London : 77, Canfield Gardens, Hampstead, North London.
- Margaret Rodwell—Training for Missionary Work. Home address : 11, Hartley Road, Exmouth.
- Margaret Scott—c/o Dr. Scott, Woodhouse, Ilsington, Newton Abbot.
- Wendy Shapter—In the W.A.A.F.S. Home address : Lawn View, Dawlish, S. Devon.
- Maureen Sharpe—At Anstey Physical Training College, Birmingham
- Evangeline Sladen—At Home : 28 Grove Way, Esher Surrey.
- Jean Walker—C'E. L. J. Walker, 18100, W.T.S. F.A.N.Y. "C," Coy. Sigs., Force 136, Ceylon Command, S.E.A.C.
- Ann Webster—At home : 7 Southborough Road, Surbiton, Surrey.
- Deirdre Whitaker—V.A.D. Home address : Springfield, Belstone, Okehampton.
- Irene Williams—Nursing. Home address : 7, Priory Avenue, Kingkerswell, Newton Abbot.
- Mary Williams—Nursing. Home address : The Homestead, Kingsdown Road, Teignmouth.
- Joy Willing—Home address : Bulleigh, Barton, Ipplepen.
- Sylvia Wotton—In the W.A.A.F. 22 Devon Square, Newton Abbot.
- Joan Ross-Wyllie—Lecturing on Agriculture at Studlley College, Studley, Warwickshire.

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#### MARRIAGES.

- Hope Arnold—Mrs. Bentley, The Mill Inn, Maryculter, Kincardineshire.
- Joyce Coyte—now Mrs. Sandielands.
- Jane Mead-Miller—Mrs. Ewart-Evans.

Betty McIntyre—Mrs. Langton, Rock Hotel, Yelverton.

Josephine Stubbs—

Ann White—now Mrs. Horn. Address : Morwenna, Ivybridge Road Plympton.

We hope that by next year we shall have this list complete. As it is, even some married names are lacking. Old Girls ; Please supply information.

We have not attempted a list of births, as we have no dates, but we congratulate Joyce Coyte on the birth of a daughter ; Josephine Stubbs on the birth of a son ; Lady Parker (nee Valerie Mansfield) on the birth of a second son, and Mrs. Kay, on the birth of her third son, Simon Robert ; Mrs. Hewetson, on the birth of her son, Francis ; Mrs. Childs on the birth of her daughter, Jennifer ; Mrs. Chapman on the birth of her daughter Patrice.

#### News of Old Staff.

Miss Potter—Married, now Mrs. Hewitson, living at Ashtead. Has small son, Francis.

Miss Morris—Mrs. Childs. Home address : Melbourne House, Lower Cwmwrch, Swansea. Daughter : Jennifer Margaret.

Miss Carter—Teaching at Ashstead.

Miss Donne—Teaching at Bishop Fox's Girls' School, Taunton.

Miss Coldridge—Married. Mrs. Coleman, 9 Ladbroke Road, Solihill, Birmingham.

Miss Peggy Foster—Married. Mrs. Strachan, India. (Address unknown.)

Miss Boone—In charge of war-time nursery, Victoria Lodge, Leamington Spa.

Miss Urich—Assistant Housekeeper, Royal Holloway College.

Miss Wadland—Now Mrs. Hawkey, Banbury. Teaching. (Husband abroad.)

Miss Waterman—Married. Mrs. Milnes, 41, The Greenaway, Totteridge, Herts.

Miss Wright—Teaching at Lewis Girls' High School.

Miss Wilson—Now teaching at St. Mary's Diocesan College, Natal, S. Africa.

Miss Bridget Lind—Now teaching at Earley Wood Boys' Prep. School, Ascot, Berks.

Miss Mumford—Serving with the W.A.A.F.'s.

Mrs. Chapman—Greenhill, Denbury, Newton Abbot.

**An Idea.**

I have an idea of how to hop,  
But still I don't quite know.  
I asked the robin and he said,  
" You'd best try on the snow."

" I hope you know," said I to him  
" That that cannot be so,  
For look at the fields all bare and brown  
Without a trace of snow,"

And then he softly said to me,  
" Don't be impatient, dear.  
The snow will soon be coming down,  
For Christmas-tide is here."

ROSEMARY GORLE, aged 8 years

**Christmas Time.**

It was a frosty Christmas Eve.  
The snow was silvery white.  
And inside the house  
The lights were lit,  
And a lovely fire burned bright.

Mother and father were hastily  
Putting things round the house.  
There were cherries and apples,  
Chocolates and sweets,  
And a little, pink sugary mouse.

At morning when we all awoke  
We looked at our stockings full.  
" Look ! Here's a doll,  
And a bag full of sweets,  
And for my farm, a bull ! "

JUDITH FIELDING, aged 8 years.

### The Flood.

God saw that all the people were wicked, and it made him sad, so He said to Noah, "I am going to make a flood. You can make an ark to live in, and paint it with pitch, and get two of each kind of animals."

The door was on the side and the ark had three floors and a window. Then when everything was ready, God made a flood. It rained for forty days and forty nights, and after a little while they could not see the land.

Then Noah got worried and sent a bird called a raven, and soon the raven came back without a leaf. The second time Noah sent a dove and the dove looked and looked, and it found some land and came back with a leaf in its mouth. A week or two later the dove was sent out again and it did not come back, for it had gone to its olive tree. At last the ark came to rest on a hill and they all got out. God sent a rainbow as a sign there would never be a flood again.

ELIZABETH CHURCH aged 8 years.

### Ten Little Stover Girls.

Ten little Stover girls  
 Getting into line,  
 One had a long return,  
 Then there were nine.  
 Nine little Stover girls  
 Came to school too late ;  
 The Stover bus left one behind,  
 Then there were eight.  
 Eight little Stover girls  
 Walking out in Devon,  
 One went to pick some nuts,  
 Then there were seven.  
 Seven little Stover girls  
 Playing with some chicks,  
 One of them was rather pecked,  
 Then there were six.  
 Six little Stover girls  
 Learning how to dive,  
 One of them by chance was drowned,  
 Then there were five.  
 Five little Stover girls  
 Eating carrots (raw),  
 One had a nasty pain.  
 Then there were four.

Four little Stover girls  
Down by the sea,  
One was lost among the rocks,  
Then there were three.  
Three little Stover girls  
Went to see the Zoo,  
One would not go back home,  
Then there were two.  
Two little Stover girls  
Began a race to run.  
One fell down and hurt herself,  
Then there was one.  
One little Stover girl  
Having lots of fun,  
Soon came on the holidays,  
And then there were none.

MARGARE NEVET (aged 9 years).

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### The Snow Storm

The snow was falling silently ;  
The wind was blowing chill.  
Slowly drifted the flakes at first  
Soon white was all the hill.  
Out on the moor where the drifts were deep,  
A tiny lamb was lost.  
The shepherd went searching with his dog,  
Nigh frozen with the frost.  
The mother was bleating in her fold,  
The cottagers were abed.  
The shepherd went on with his trusty dog,  
But the little lamb was dead.  
Next morning all the snow was gone,  
Damp was the very ground,  
And in a ditch under a hedge  
His little form was found.

ANN MONRO (aged 12 years).

### The Quiet Lake

On the banks of a small but beautiful lake, a Stag stood. He was tired and exhausted, as could be seen by the way he held his head, as if he could not bear the weight of his magnificent antlers.

He had been hunted all day, and at last in the evening he had been able to escape his pursuers and come to this peaceful sanctuary. Somehow, the sight of the quiet water seemed to soothe and calm him.

The water of the lake was a shimmering sheet of gold, which gradually changed to steel-grey, as the sun disappeared behind the heather-clad hills. And the stag sank gratefully into the thick heather. All was still until the first star appeared shining through the gloom. Then there was quiet no longer. A sudden rustle behind the Stag caused every muscle in his body to become taut and tense; then he gradually relaxed, as he saw that there was only a rabbit scurrying by.

More rustles told the Stag of other woodland creatures, playing or seeking for their food.

At dawn he was up and away, and making tracks for higher ground, where the dreaded man was hardly ever seen, except for one or two shepherds who loved the deer.

It was in the shooting season and the Stag was in his prime. But he was growing more careless. One day, throwing all precautions to the winds he came down to the lower country around the lake. His track was found by a band of hunters, who trailed him until he came within shooting range. Suddenly, in some uncanny way, the Stag knew that he was being followed, and he swiftly swerved aside. That rapid swerve saved his life, but it was not sufficient to prevent him from being hit.

The Stag was away like a streak, despite the weakness that was gripping him through loss of blood which flowed freely from a wound at his side.

The hunters knowing they had hit him tried a long shot which sped aside and made the frightened animal plunge off into the forest at a still greater pace.

The Stag knew that he could not last much longer, but his great desire was to reach the lake. At last he was there. The wild, terrified look died out of his eyes, as he gazed at the serene, un-ruffled surface of the water. His breath came more evenly and he relaxed. The one thought filled him. Here was peace and safety in this hidden place of the wild.

LOUISE RICKENMAN (aged 13 years).

**ESCAPE.**

It was about ten-thirty on the eve of the ill-fated July 14th, 1789. I, Jacques Touvin, lived with my uncle, Le Marquis de Pontais, in Paris. I had bidden my uncle good-night and was making my way up the great oak staircase which led to my room. Upon reaching it, I opened the casement and peered out into the gathering dusk. In the distance I heard shouts and cries, and the gloom was lit by the light of many torches. The cries grew louder and soon it became clear what they were saying: "The Marquis de Pontais! He is one of them! To prison with him, the rat!"

These words stung me like a shot. My uncle! I had been aware that for some time Uncle Charles had been very worried by the increasing state of unrest in Paris, but that he, a noble of the Court of Louis XVI of France should be arrested—impossible! Surely the mob was not coming here. Perhaps I had not heard aright. I listened again and this time the shouts were more audible. "Down with de Pontais!" were the words that reached my ears.

My blood turned cold. They were coming here. The house would be ransacked. My uncle and possibly myself would be taken to prison. My first thoughts were to warn him and then escape from the house. Running and leaping down the stairs, I reached the large door of the library, where the Marquis de Pontais was said to possess the finest books in Paris. Without bothering to knock, as was my custom, I ran into the room and in gasps told uncle of the mob and its intent. He seem to grow old in a minute. "Quick," said he, "If it is indeed true, we must bar the doors and windows. You gather the servants together and send Jean, the butler to me. I shall go to the hall.

I hurried on my mission, my mind full of dread and fear. Soon all the household were gathered in the great hall and Uncle Charles explained to them briefly what the danger was. In five minutes we were all again collected in the hall after having barred the windows and doors.

All this time the mob had been drawing nearer and their cries and clamours could be heard plainly. Suddenly there was a loud knocking and a voice cried, "Open! Open in the name of the people of France!" My uncle appeared calm and unperturbed. To the old housekeeper, Maria, he said, "Take the servants out the backway and see they are safe. They have served us faithfully during these hard times. We must ensure their security now."

Soon they were safely out of the house and only my uncle, Jean the butler, and myself, were left. During this time there had been repeated bangs and crashes on the door.

My uncle said, "There is no point in staying in the house. If they break in, we shall be hopelessly outnumbered. The best thing we can do is to escape. Let us collect as many firearms as we can and then go out of the back door."

"Quick! Uncle," said I. "Let us get the family jewels, a change of clothes and some money."

Scarcely were these words spoken than a loud crash told us the front door was being broken in. "Make haste! We must not be found here," said uncle. As he spoke he handed me a brace of horse pistols. He himself had a carbine, and I noticed they were all loaded.

As we crept silently down the back stairs we could hear the tramp of feet above us. "Uncle!" I whispered. "Someone is coming down these stairs. We are lost." Even as I spoke I felt myself being dragged into an alcove at the foot of the stairs. A hand settled over my mouth just in time to stifle my startled scream. Behind us, we knew, was a panelled wall and imagine our surprise when it suddenly slid back revealing the figure of a man. It was Marcel Lafontes, my uncle's friend.

"There is no time to waste," said he. "The doors are guarded and soon they will search down here. Follow me!" We stepped through the open panel and were followed by another man, obviously the same one that drew us into the alcove. Lafontes closed the panelled door, and after about ten minutes' journey through a dark, dank passage we came out to some bushes. Afterwards we discovered it was Lafontes' garden.

We were taken inside the house where the first person we saw was Maria our housekeeper, who had warned Lafontes of our peril. "Thank you all for saving our lives," said uncle. Jean and myself also gave our thanks. We were safe for another day at least.

JUNE IRVING (aged 14 years).

### Sunrise.

The sky beyond the hills glowed as dying embers of coal. The early morning mist drifted from the ground, and everything about it glistened as if with pearls. Swallows flew high in the morning sky, as the sun rose with all its glory, as a king rises from a throne.

As I gazed at the sky, watching its magnificent hues changing from gold to amber and mauve, I thought what a forbidding place the world be if the sun never rose. Every living creature and plant responds to its stimulant rays. The buds in the hedgerows burst their scaly leaves, stretching towards the sun. The flowers unfold their petals to the warmth and light, whilst early morning visitors begin their search for honey and nectar. Beneath the surface of the earth the moles are busy with another day's work, carrying out their duties of tunnelling pathways, and providing spicy provisions for the larder. Rabbits peer into the daylight blinking at the glistening sunbeams, and then scurry across the dappled fields to the woods beyond. And at the river's edge, fish leap for the insects that, hovering over the shiny surface, are attracted by the golden reflection.

In the towns the sun rises silhouetted against the chimney pots, church towers and blackened tree tops. As the day begins, so the city life starts with its populous crowds, roaring traffic, organs and cries. But before the daily routine commences, a tranquil moment falls upon the city. The first sun pours its morning rays upon the roof tops and empty pathways, the rivers and canals. All is silent, the air is free and clear from heat and smuts. The broadened high streets are empty, and in the market square pigeons feed in peace.

I have often thought how wonderful the sun is, as although there is only one sun, thousands of people see it rise from different surroundings. Those at sea or on the shore, watch it appear from behind the rolling waves, its beauty reflected everywhere. Others see it come from behind the purple hills, or snow-capped mountains, but, wherever it may be, it is always magnificent. In the Far East the sun rises perhaps from a horizon of desert sand, and dark edged palm trees, and an amber sky is reflected upon wide stretches of barren land, or domed buildings. . . .

But as I watched the sun from my little bedroom window, I did not envy the Eastern skies, or the Swiss mountains for all their beauty. Here, the sun was rising from the small cosy valley surrounded by fields and trees, nestling farmhouses and cottages, winding lanes and church steeples. Yes, I am sure if I ever ventured to a foreign land, I should always long to see the sun rise from the countryside of England.

PAULINE COLLINS (aged 16 years).

THE UPPER FIFTH "JINK."

<i>Name</i>	<i>Answers to</i>	<i>Appearance</i>	<i>Weakness</i>	<i>Ambition</i>	<i>Future Occupation.</i>
J. Howell	"Blottie"	Debonair	Historical Instruction	Domestic Science Instructress	Stover Char.
S. Briscoe	Nickname— Unprintable	Pert	Spare Time	To split another atom	Picking up the pieces
M. Fair	"Mors"	Devastating	Her figure	Hollywood	Barmaid
P. Collins	"Pan"	Cuddly	Weekly Marks	Commercial Artist	Bill Sticker
E. Hancock	"Elong"	Chaste	Intensity	To be a spinster	Disproving Einstein
J. Punn	"Prune"	As implied	Mathematics	Chartered Accountant	Unchartered Accountant
M. Patterson	"The Missing Link"	Aboriginal	Green Aertox Blouses	To breed Horses	Tipster
J. Seaburne-May	"Colossus"	Mobilious	Her nasal organ	B.Sc. R.H.S.	Sexton
M. Hooper	"Hoopey"	Robust	Giving in Prep.	Wimbledon player	Ball boy
R. Neve	"Fatty"	Concrete	Gym, or lack of same	Sister-in-law	Aunt
A. Roberts	"Nitt"	Singular	Snoring	None	Farmer's wife
D. Humphrey	"Rhumba"	Unbelievable	We wonder	School Certificate	Trying

### Victory.

There is beauty in the mellow sky we never saw before,  
 And fearless eyes gaze up and watch—a shining sea-gull soar ;  
 The eyes that yesterday looked up to see a death-load fall,  
 Or scanned the heavens, thick-scarred with lights that echoed to the  
 call

Of wailing sirens screening death . . . but that is over now !  
 For victory has come, the crown of peace upon her brow.  
 In every house, in every heart are signs that she is there—  
 Peace shining in the golden sun, peace shining everywhere.  
 And many hands are lifted up and many voices sing,  
 While victory psalms are pealing forth and church bells sweetly  
 ring.

Far, far away beneath the sod, where unknown soldiers lie,  
 Young heroes of their country who went to fight and die,  
 All those without a stone or cross to mark a new-dug grave,  
 All those who fell in battle, the young, the bold, the brave.  
 They are not here in body, but their spirits live to see  
 The day they fought and died for—the day of Victory.  
 All those who died in prison camps, who could but long and wait,  
 The day of their revenge has come, the Huns have met their fate.  
 Souls of the maimed and tortured will cry aloud no more,  
 For justice is fulfilled at last and death has shot her door !  
 From outside every window, on the top of every mast,  
 The flags can fly in triumph. It is Victory at last.  
 There are mingling tears and laughter as the men come marching  
 home,  
 And the kneeling forms are many beneath St. Paul's great dome.  
 Light flooding every city, joy killing dark and dearth  
 And the everlasting words come near—"goodwill and peace on  
 earth."

MARY DEMETRIADIS (aged 15 years).

### Death Undeserved.

One floppy ear and one up straight,  
 Two golden eyes, and always late ;  
 The wire-haired Spot—that was his name,  
 And then the day it happened came :  
 'Twas Autumn then, the flow'rs had died,  
 He trotted gaily by my side ;  
 Some strange new scent soon passed his way,

He looked at me as if to say :  
 " Dear Master, I must find out more  
 About this scent, I will explore.  
 His secrets, then come back."  
 So off he went, not on the track.  
 I walked along, admired the trees,  
 The beauty of the Autumn leaves ;  
 Red, brown and gold, on wings they flew  
 Tossing and turning into the blue.  
 And soon, thus pond'ring, I forgot  
 My little dog, adventurous Spot.  
 Meanwhile, he, sniffing heartily,  
 Had found a squirrel up a tree.  
 Alas ! His legs were much too short,  
 He gave it up, and left that sport.  
 The Pioneer went in the wood  
 The hunting scents were very good ;  
 " On, on ! " cried he in fiercest tones  
 But suddenly they turned to moans.  
 I, hearing this much from afar  
 Quit then my dreaming, called " Hola !  
 Spot, cry again ! Where are you son ? "  
 I feared for him, began to run,  
 And soon I came upon my dog ;  
 He lay close by a mossy log ;  
 He lay so still I feared him dead,  
 For close beside—the grass was red.  
 He looked at me, eyes full of fear,  
 And whined so softly, " Master dear,  
 He shot me, and I could not move."  
 O Spot ! I could not speak for love ;  
 I stroked him, but he lay so still,  
 I cursed that one who dared to kill.  
 Some heartless wretch had shot with gun  
 And ere I could have reached him, run—  
 My heart was filled with hate for him  
 But 'twas no use, Spot's eyes were dim.

One day I'll see you, Spot again  
 When you have long forgot your pain,  
 But if I see your slaught'rer there  
 I'll lose no time to shoot—I swear  
 He shall not live while I am there.

BARBARA WINDEATT (aged 16 years).

The autumn morning was crisp and lovely,  
Its spell was potent ; it caught and drew me,  
Hypnotised and unresisting  
Out of the house and into the garden,  
Into its clear, exciting freshness  
    Tinged with promise of icy winter.

The grass lay white with shimmering hoar-frost,  
Its still perfection only shattered  
Where I, unheeding, crossed it, leaving  
    A trail of staring prints.

Hung from the grass, festooned from walls,  
Their filmy cataracts dripping down  
From flowers tight-petalled, almost frozen,  
Jewelled with dew, the cobwebs glinted,  
Reflecting back in winking brightness  
    The early morning sun.

White shreds of mist rose from the valley,  
Like smoke from the autumn fires that burnt  
In the clustering woods with hectic fierceness,  
Yellow, umber and crude vermilion  
    Flaming on every branch.

Some trees had shed their painted leaves, and these,  
Outlined in silhouette with sharp precision  
Against the blue and high-arched vault of heaven  
Stood proudly lifting up their shapely branches,  
    Praising the morning's glory.

Nothing was moving,  
Save sheep, cropping the grass below,  
And the rooks, tumbling and cawing hoarsely,  
As if with the joy of being alive.  
The earth was flooded with silence : and time stood still  
As I stood enchanted, and drank in the beauty of autumn  
Heedless of everything else.

A bell clanged harshly, an ingenious summons.  
Sharply I turned, and went  
Indoors, to sit and work at a desk,  
Struggling with reasons and facts, while the morning  
Clamoured outside with distracting insistence  
You ought to be playmate with Nature  
In time of your youth !

ANN K. PRETTY (age 17).

### Outlook.

Now, after six years of war, when at last the arms are laid down, we find ourselves in a peculiar position. Most of us, who are without the experiences of the first world war, are at first rather surprised that peace is not the immediate result of war. We see now, that to have won under untold sacrifices in the battles of war, is only the primary condition whereupon to build up a future and lasting peace. The first phase was the soldiers' job—this second one, however, is ours, and it is in no way less delicate.

Let us now look back a little at these past years, like somebody who awakes after a long bad dream, thankful to have survived the night. Yes, we *have* survived the night. We have kept our faith, our health, most of us home and families, and all of us our freedom. Those who knew how nearly we might have lost all of these precious things, will still feel, that only by the help of God this was possible.

To draw the circle more closely—what about our School? Fate has been kind to us here. Not much has troubled our Devonshire peace. Hardly any bombing reached us here—and we belonged to the privileged schools whose children did not have to study and even sleep in perpetual fear—no real food problem—no shortage of fuel—no, simply nothing in the way of any material hardship. And yet—there was one, felt by some, maybe, by those alone who were old enough to remember the years before the war. They felt the walls around England rising—slowly but inevitably. This island-country, once so protected by its "splendid isolation," felt herself no longer safe by her insular position, and, in the past century, had been drawn closer and closer into the atmosphere of the continent. Knowing herself to be vulnerable as never before in history, England had to build walls to be safe. No fortification, no barbed wire could have been as affective as the determination and spiritual armour and wall the British nation built up against her enemies, fighting alone and depending entirely on itself for a long time. And who can be surprised, if during these grim years, patriotism was allowed to grow up into nationalism? If we had not been perfectly convinced that only our cause was right, if we had not fought single mindedly for complete victory, if we had left as much as one loophole open in the wall, to see the enemy's hidden virtues, or listen to tales of their bravery in times past—we might have been lost. Compromise in any form was impossible to accept. And the walls gave us safety.

Now they have fulfilled their purpose. We find that our eyes have grown so accustomed to seeing them—not just here in England, but all over the world, it seems—that we have difficulty in looking beyond our self-built protection. Protection walls must never become a prison for us—no, they will have to be broken down—by

us who built them to survive. For years we have been unable to travel, to behold the beauty that lies beyond this island. We have had no contact with fellow human beings who have endured almost superhuman sufferings, their books—unread, their spirit—forgotten by many, their music—growing strange to our ears, their problems—as distant as those of an undiscovered land. We have gone back for centuries in history, to the dark ages where a journey across 100 miles was a daring enterprise, and a stranger meant an enemy. Our children know foreign countries mostly by hearsay. How can we blame them if they believe our country to be the best? They are right in as far as they only know their own. They must be given a chance again to go into other countries, see how their people live, how they laugh and cry, enjoy themselves and work, eat and drink. The children must learn again that there is nothing that separates us from them, but lack of understanding, and ignorance. By knowing their language for instance, we have already broken down one high wall. The new generation must grow up into men and women who will never be prepared to fight other human beings because their love and respect for them is so great that it will not let them.

Many small beginnings of international understanding, of a closer union between nations, many a personal friendship, have been killed by the war. These sparks have to be kindled again, wherever and whenever possible, if they are to grow into the fire of love and understanding that can save us alone from a possible next war—and consequently from utter destruction.

Let us stretch our our hands again, to give help, if needed, to make friends, wherever possible; let us be more curious and interested in them, forget our reserve and make as many personal ties of understanding as we can. Only then shall we be able to help to establish normal international relations again and create a peace that is not an armistice. This task seems at present harder than ever before. But if we spend only a small amount of that determination that helped us win the war, on this task of love, we cannot fail. Peace lies not behind walls, it can only consist in a brotherhood of nations, based on understanding and respect. And to work for these, must be our sacred duty.

BY AN AUSTRIAN.