

STOVER SCHOOL MAGAZINE



DECEMBER, 1946

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S. WOTTON
Printer
22a Courtenay Street
Newton Abbot

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MY DEAR SCHOOL AND OLD GIRLS,

You will see from the Calendar of Events and from the various accounts of many of them that we have had a full, interesting, and varied school year at Stover. Health has been good so that few activities have been interfered with, and the bad weather has hampered games and swimming remarkably little.

We are proud that Stover has gained her first public honour through Ann Pretty, who obtained a Minor Scholarship in History to Girton College, Cambridge. She will be taking up her studies there next Autumn. We hope that this is the first of many successes of the kind.

We have not yet been able to carry out any of the alterations in the buildings that we hoped for, nor does the prospect seem much better for next year. However, cramped conditions in some circumstances are not a great hardship, and we appreciate all the more the lovely space all round us.

It has been very pleasant to meet more Old Girls during the past year, and to hear of so many being demobilised from the Forces and taking up various careers. We do hope that more Old Girls will keep us informed of their doings, particularly when they get married. We try to collect up-to-date news to pass on to those who visit the school and ask after their friends. I was particularly delighted to receive a visit recently from Mrs. Butler (née Josephine Stubbs), who was Head Girl when I first came to Stover. She has a little son and a baby daughter Raphael, who is my god daughter, and who I like to think will one day be Head Girl of Stover in her turn.

We shall be holding our Annual Old Girls' Reunion next June, and shall hope to see plenty of Old Girls then. Those who are unable to come will, I hope, find opportunity to join us at the Annual Lunch on January 6th, in London. The time and place of this luncheon will be notified to Old Girls as soon as possible.

With all good wishes for Christmas and the New Year,

Yours sincerely,

PYHLLIS E. DENCE.

CALENDAR OF EVENTS.

JANUARY, 1946—DECEMBER, 1946.

- Jan. 22—Beginning of Spring Term.
- Feb. 10—Lecture on Dr. Barnardo's Homes. Miss Brown.
- Mar. 2—Senior Picnic to Steppes Bridge.
- " 4—Recital on Two Pianos. Mr. and Mrs. Wilson.
- " 6—School Visit to *The Merchant of Venice*, the Pavilion,
Torquay.
- " 9—School Visit to *Twelfth Night*, the Pavilion, Torquay.
- " 16—Senior Trip to performance of *Jane Eyre*, Newton Abbot
Repertory Company.
- " 23—Junior Picnic to Steppes Bridge.
- " 26—Elocution Examination. L.A.M.D.A. Examiner, Mr.
Rodney Bennett.
- " 28—Four girls went to Bovey Tracey to Women's Institute
to give items for entertainment.
- " 29—Lecture and Film on New Zealand. Mr. Schloss.
School Trip to Hound Tor in honour of Ann Pretty's
Scholarship to Girton.
- April 1—VI Form Performance.—*Outward Bound*.
- " 3—Term ends.
- " 9—Old Girls' Dinner in London.
- May 1—Summer Term Re-opens.
- " 4—Seniors visit the Pavilion, Torquay, to see *The Gondoliers*.
- " 11—Junior Picnic to Hound and Hay Tor.
- " 15—Visit of Senior School to St. Mary's Hall to production
of *The Silver Cord* (Arts Council).
- " 24—Nursing Lecture and Film arranged by Mr. Cowell.
- " 25—Guides entertain children from Dr. Barnardo's Home.
- June 1—Old Girls' Week-end.
- " 2—Organ and Choir Rehearsal at High Week Church.
- " 7—Sports Day, Half-Term.
- " 15—Film Show, *Rhodes of Africa*.
- " 21—Lecture on Careers. Mrs. Wise.
- " 28—Oral French Examinations.
- July 3—Housecraft Examination.
- " 6—Film Show—Nursing.
- " 14—Visit of Miss Marten. Talk on "Missions to Seamen."
- " 20—Swimming Sports. Performance of *Goblin Market*.
- " 23—Lr. V Performance of *World without Men*.
Choral Society Performance of *The Gondoliers*.
- " 24—End of Term.
- " 25—VI Form Conference at Stover.

- Sept. 18—Beginning of Autumn Term.
 Oct. 9—Seniors Visit the Pavilion, Torquay, for Torquay Musical Festival—*Jelly d'Aranyi*.
 „ 19—Lower School visit Paignton Zoo.
 Upper School visit to Missionary Exhibition, St. Mary's Hall, Torquay.
 Oct. 21—Visit to production of "Travelling Opera" Company (Arts Council).
 „ 26—Film Show, *Wings over Everest*.
 Nov. 1—Half-Term.
 „ 5—B.B.C. Audition.
 „ 7—Visit of Miss Latham, Probation Officer.
 „ 17—Film on the work of St. Paul.
 „ 27—Talk on Radiography, by Dr. Wroth, of Exeter.
 „ 29—Film Show by Commissioner Mrs. Sladen.
 Associated Board Music Examination.
 Dec. 1—Confirmation Service.
 „ 5—VI Form Conference.
 „ 7—Film Show.
 „ 14—Christmas Party.
 „ 17—Speech Day.
 „ 18—End of Term.

Appointments.

January, 1946 :

Head Girl—Ann Pretty (since September, 1944).

Prefects—Maywin Sturges (since September, 1943), Barbara Windeatt, Mirabel Clausen (since September, 1944), Joan Connell, Ann Booker, Mary Demetriadis, Pauline Collins.

September, 1946 :

Head Girl—Maywin Sturges.

Prefects—Mary Hooper, Dionyse Humphrey, June Prynne.

Valete.

March, 1945 : Ann Carden.
 Paddy Saunders.

July, 1945.

Ann Booker	Elizabeth Hancock	Margaret Lind
Sheila Briscoe	June Howell	Erica Ludwig
Mirabel Clausen	Mary Steele-Perkins	Rosemary Neve
Pauline Collins	Barbara Windeatt	Mary Patterson
Joan Connell	Marion de Kadt	Janet Partridge
Mary Dawe	Shirley Kingston	Shirley Partridge
Maureen Fair	Avril Lees	Ann Pretty
Anita Roberts	Jane Seaburne May	Jill Snell

December, 1946.

Ann Holmans Naomi Ramsay Louise Rickenman
Betty Stevenson.

Salvete.

January, 1946 :

Jean Blair (Lr. IV) Susan Steele-Perkins (III)
Mary Steele-Perkins (VA) Betty Stevenson (Up. IV)

April, 1946 :

Prudence Allen (II) Jenny Himely (II)
Sheila Crossman (III) Louise Himely (II)
Ann Himely (III) Jennifer Waterhouse (III)

September, 1946 :

Barbara Baker Beall (III) G. Foale (Lr. IV)
Ann Burridge (Up. IV) A. Goodliffe (III)
Jean Deuchar (Up. IV) G. Hexter (II).
Kathleen Hibbert (VI) Corina Rushton (V)
Hilary Johns (II) Patricia Seagrim (IVB)
Katherine Johnstone (IVA) Helen Whittall (IVA)
Margaret Ann Johnstone (VB) Sheila Willing (IVA)
Barbara Kauntze (III) Valerie Willing (VB)
Jacqueline Kerr (III) Joy Willis-Fleming (III)
Pamela Please (VB)
Christine Powell-Davies (IVB)

Higher Certificate Results.

Anne Hooker : Physics, Chemistry, *Pass* ; Botany, *Pass* (to Advanced standard) ; Zoology, *Pass* ; General Paper, *Pass*.
Result—*Pass*.

Maywin Sturges : Physics, *Pass* ; Chemistry, *Pass* ; Botany, *Pass* ;
General Paper, *Pass*. Result : *Pass*.

Barbara Windeatt : French, *Pass* ; Art, *Pass*.
(Two papers only taken).

General School Certificate

Mary Demetriadis : *Pass* with Credit in German.

General School Certificate

Sheila Briscoe : *Very good*—English Language, English Literature,
Modern History, Geography, French, French Oral, Biology.
Credits—Latin, Elementary Mathematics, Art.
Result : *Pass* with Matriculation Exemption.

Pauline Collins : *Very good*—English Language, Biology, House-
craft. *Credits*—English Literature, Modern History, French,
Oral French, Elementary Mathematics, Art. *Pass*—Geography.
Result : *Pass*, with Matriculation Exemption.

Maureen Fair : *Credits*—English Language, English Literature, Modern History, Art, Housecraft. *Pass*—French, French Oral, Elementary Mathematics, Biology.

Result : Pass.

Elizabeth Hancock : *Very good*—English Language, Housecraft. *Credits*—English Literature, Religious Knowledge, Modern History, Geography, French, French Oral, Biology.

Result : Pass.

Mary Hooper : *Very good*—French Oral. *Credits*—English Language, English Literature, Modern History, Geography, Latin, French, Elementary Mathematics, Art. *Pass*—Biology.

Result : Pass, with Matriculation Exemption.

June Howell : *Very good*—English Language. *Credits*—English Literature, Modern History, Geography, Latin, French, French Oral, Art. *Pass*—Elementary Mathematics, Biology.

Result : Pass, with Matriculation Exemption.

Dionyse Humphrey : *Very good*—English Language, English Literature, French, French Oral. *Credits*—Religious Knowledge, Modern History, Latin, Elementary Mathematics, Art.

Result : Pass, with Matriculation Exemption.

Rosemary Neve : *Very good*—Spanish, Spanish Oral. *Credits*—English Language, English Literature, Religious Knowledge, Geography, Elementary Mathematics, Art. *Pass*—Modern History.

Result : Pass, with Matriculation Exemption.

General School Certificate

June Prynne : *Very good*—Elementary Mathematics. *Credits*—English Language, English Literature, Modern History, Geography, French, Biology. *Pass*—French Oral, Housecraft.

Result : Pass, with Matriculation Exemption.

Jane Seaburne-May : *Very good*—Religious Knowledge. *Credits*—English Literature, Modern History, Geography, Latin, French, French Oral, Biology. *Pass*—English Language.

Result : Pass.

Mary Patterson : *Credits*—English Language, English Literature, Modern History, Geography, Elementary Mathematics, Housecraft. *Pass*—French Oral.

Result : Pass.

Mary Steele-Perkins : *Very good*—English Language, Religious Knowledge, Geography, Elementary Mathematics. *Credits*—English Literature, Modern History, French, French Oral.

Result : Pass, with Matriculation Exemption.

Royal Drawing Society

Division One : *Honours*—A. Thorpe, M. Perring, E. Ludwig, A. Jeffree, S. Steele-Perkins, S. Finlinson, B. Stevenson, M. de Kadt, S. Holman.

- Pass*—D. Shapley, P. Ball, D. Madath, A. Himely, J. Ford, V. Edwards, B. White.
- Division Two : *Honours*—V. Edwards, R. Neve, B. Stevenson, R. Evans, G. Isaac.
- Pass*—M. de Kadt, M. Ling, A. Tuson, N. Ramsay.
- Division Three : *Honours*—A. Brooke, R. Neve, B. Stevenson, S. Thomson.
- Pass*—J. Irving, J. Sturges, A. Tuson, R. Beckett, S. Partridge, R. Howell, M. Ling, M. de Kadt, B. Jenner.
- Division Four : *Pass*—E. Pruen, R. Neve, R. Evans, M. Beare, S. Thomson, A. Brooke.
- Division Five : *Honours*—M. Beare (Illustration), M. Hooper (Illustration), R. Neve (Plant).
- Pass*—A. Wild (Design), S. Kingston (Design).
- Division Six : *Pass*—M. Hooper (Illustration), A. Wild (Plant).

In the Newton Abbot and District Essay Competition for girls of 13 and under, Jennifer Nicholson, Form IVB, tied for 1st place with another girl.

Sally Finlinson, Form IVB, gained 3rd prize offered by the Rock Theatre Co., for a criticism of their performance of *The Merchant of Venice*.

London Academy of Music and Dramatic Art.

Silver Medals—Pauline Collins, Jane Seaburne-May.

Bronze Medals—Anne Wild.

Division VI.—Marie Tremeer, Dionyse Humphrey (with distinction), Angela Nicol.

Division V.—Gillian Hooper (with distinction).

Division IV.—Barbara Thorpe, Ann Thorpe, Gillian Payne.

Division III.—Paddy Saunders, Anne Evans (with distinction).

Division II.—Anne Fursdon.

Division I.—Judith Fielding (distinction), Rosemary Gorle (distinction).

Public Speaking, Preparatory Grade.—Sheila Briscoe.

Speech Day.

Speech Day was held on December 18th, and to start the day we all went to Highweek Church for a service. We were very fortunate in having the Bishop of Crediton to preach to us, and he gave us a most inspiring sermon on the highway of life. Mr. Read, a school governor, kindly played the organ and during the service we sang George Dyson's setting of "Let all the world in every corner sing." We were delighted to have many parents present.

After the service we returned to school and the prize-giving was held. We were very grateful to Dame Violet Wills for coming to speak to us and present the prizes. At the commencement Miss Dence gave her report on the school year, and then Dame Violet Wills presented the Examination Certificates, Prefect Badges, Cups and Colours, and spoke to us. Afterwards the parents were invited to lunch in the gym. The next event was the sale of work which was held in the hall in aid of the Projector Fund. There were also stalls in the Junior Common Room, and Junior as well as Senior contributions were very popular. There were attractive stencilled Christmas cards, toys and useful household articles of many kinds. A very beautiful Pinocchio doll made by Pauline Collins was auctioned and sold for £2.

Meanwhile the caste of *Twelfth Night* had been dressing for the performance of scenes from this play, which followed the sale, and brought to an end an enjoyable and successful Speech Day. The caste was as follows :—

Orsino	J. Seaburne-May.
Sebastian	B. Windeatt.
Antonio	E. Hancock.
Sir Toby Belch	A. Nicol.
Sir Andrew Aguecheek	J. Prynne.
Malvolio	M. Demetriadis.
Fabian	M. Prinks.
Olivia	P. Collins.
Vida	M. Fair.
Maria	S. Briscoe.
Priest	J. Howell.
Sailors	E. Pruen, G. Hooper.
Pages	N. Ramsay, G. Payne.
Duke's Attendants	M. Patterson, M. Tremeer.
			MARY HOOPER, (Form VI.)

The Guide Year.

The most important event in our Guide year was—the Camp ! The whole company did not go, as Captain only wanted a small number, for it was our first venture, but we hope to double that number next year.

The camp site was in one of the fields belonging to White Rock Farm, Brixham Road, Paignton. It was in a very good position and both Brixham and Paignton were quite near. The sea was only a few minutes' walk, and so we were able to bathe nearly every day.

One day in the week, while we were at camp, some of us walked to Dittisham. The others went to Brixham and brought back fish

for supper. Once when we went down to the sea for the day we came back to find the marquee had blown away and one or two tents were swaying in the wind.

We had plenty to eat and the bread rationing did not have any effect on us, although everyone ate three times as much as they would have done normally.

We had a visit from the camp adviser, and one night Miss Hughes, who had done a great deal of work with the G.I.S. came, and told us about her work during the war. She also brought some photographs for us to see.

There were eleven of us altogether—Captain and the two Lieutenants, and eight Guiders. The Guides were divided into two patrols, which were called "The Jolly Rogers" and "Caballeros."

On our first day at camp Miss Dence came to visit us and brought us some delicious ice-cream, for which we were very grateful, as we were very hot.

There were several Patrol Leaders training, and once there was a Guiders' camp-fire training at Stover, to which the whole Company was fortunate enough to be invited.

During the year Miss Russell-Smith joined the Company as a Lieutenant after being enrolled at Waddow. We were also very sorry to lose Miss People, who was one of our Lieutenants, but we hope very much she will rejoin us later.

Several of the older Guides had to leave us, but one or two recruits joined, and now there are twenty-six in the Company.

On Armistice Day there was a youth rally in Newton Abbot, which the Company attended. There was a parade through Newton Abbot and then a service at the Congregational Church.

While we were preparing for camp the different things we learnt helped us very much with both Second and First Class work, and several Guides have since obtained their Second Class.

One Saturday in the Summer, we had a visit from the 2nd Exeter Company. Each of the Stover Patrols adopted two or three Guides from the 2nd Exeter and then went and pitched a tent or made a shelter. After lunch we played a scouting game, then bathed, and ended up with a jolly camp-fire sing-song, and struck the Colours.

There was the district competition which to our great pride was won by the Kingfisher Patrol, who enjoyed the test thoroughly.

All the Company would like to thank Miss Dence very much for her help and also for letting some of us stay at school the few days before Camp.

We should also like to thank Mr. Reed and Mr. Wally for their help in the preparation before Camp.

Even if the whole Company have not actually got their Second Class, everyone has made progress in some way.

JENNIFER NICHOLSON, (Lower V).

Stover Brownies.

We meet every Thursday in the Gym. from 3 to 4, and spend all the time we can spare in our lovely garden.

There generally are from 15 to 20 of us, and our one hour together soon flies by as there is always so much that we want to try to do! Several of us have won our Golden Bars during the last year, and five more of us hope to get them by December 5th, and to have them presented to us by our District Commissioner, Miss Bindloss, whom we are longing to meet. Next year two or three of us hope to win our Golden Hand!

We are very busy now getting ourselves ready for our Commissioner's visit, and we are practising songs, and singing games, and so on, so as to give her a happy time with us. We have one new Brownie this term, and we hope Miss Bindloss will enrol her when she comes. We have some secrets and surprises which are things all we Brownies love having.

This term we welcomed into our Pack a First Class Brownie, who is very kindly helping Brown Owl in lots of ways, and us all, too! Brown Owl keeps a big register and the Sixers have theirs, and we have our little Homes either in the Gym. or in lovely places in the garden or among the trees. We carry on as most other Packs, we expect do only we do so long for more uniform as we do want to look smarter Brownies!

Once each term Miss Dence comes to see us, and she always tells us a story. We all love that, and having her with us, and we look forward to her visit all the term, and begin to prepare for it almost as soon as we start the meetings. Once, Miss Lidgate came to see us, and oh! we did so much enjoy having her! Miss Inman does all sorts of kind things to help us, and this is not only when Brown Owl is away!

We are really very busy on Thursdays, with our work and games, our singing, and fun, and we do all enjoy ourselves while we are *learning* to be Brownies.

BROWN OWL.

Choir and Choral Society.

At the beginning of the Summer Term, Mr. Durling invited us to give a recital at Highweek, with Miss Dence playing the organ, and with the help of the Church Choir. The recital took place after Evensong on June 2nd, and the whole of the Choral Society took part. We sang several songs after Miss Dence had given her most enjoyable organ solos.

We gave the following items:—

“The Blackbird's Song”—P. C. Buck.

"Above Him Stood the Seraphim"—Richard Dering.

"Lift Thine Eyes," from Mendelssohn's "Elijah."

"Jesus, Saviour, I am Thine," from Bach's "St. Matthew's Passion."

"O, Sanctissima," traditional Sicilian melody.

During the Easter term the Choral Society worked diligently at *The Gondoliers*, but we decided to postpone our rendering of it until the end of the Summer Term. It was given on July 24th. The Contadine made a pretty picture with their gay blouses, dirndl skirts and brightly coloured scarves, and handfuls of flowers, and the whole performance was greatly appreciated by the school. Some of the characters were particularly amusing, and rose to the occasion nobly. The chief characters were:—

Marco	} Gondoliers	The ...	A. Nicol
Giuseppe		J. Irving	
Grannetta	} Their	Wives ...	M. Fair
Tessa		Miss Peuple	
Inez	M. Patterson
Duke of Plazatoro	S. Holman
Duchess of Plazatoro	M. Sturges
Casilda	B. Windeatt
Luiz	E. Hancock
Don Alhambra	M. Hooper
Fianetta	Miss Mitchell.

November 4th, was an important date in the history of Stover singing, for it was on this day that we were granted our first B.B.C. audition. We were unfortunate in that many of our leaders had left the previous term. However, we were told that our tone was good, despite the fact that we all looked rather miserable! We are now awaiting the result with some trepidation.

The programme was as follows:—

"I'm Seventeen come Sunday"—Somerset folk song, arranged by Cecil J. Sharp.

"A Rosebud by My Early Walk"—Scots folk song.

"Where the Bee Sucks"—Bach.

"Five Eyes"—Music by Armstrong Gibbs.

"Trade Winds"—Music by Frederick Keel.

"I have Twelve Oxen"—Music by Eric Thiman.

"Golden Slumbers"—arranged by Gordon Jacob.

"Sir Eglamore"—arranged by Balfour Cardiner.

We are now practising carols, including some Polish ones, which we hope to sing on Speech Day.

Late news:—November 13th. We have just heard that we have been granted a broadcast in the Spring.

MAYWIN STURGES, (Form VI).

Senior Bible Class.

This year the Seniors decided to have services on Sundays instead of Bible readings. The majority of people prefer this change, as they like a short service similar to Evensong. Miss Dence very kindly conducted most of our services, giving us a short address after preliminary prayers and hymns.

Mr. Neve (who has recently returned from the Argentine as a missionary worker) gave us an interesting talk on January 27th on his missionary work out there, and also told us about his work in Palestine.

On February 10th Miss Brown gave us an interesting address on Dr. Barnardo's Homes. This was a special occasion, as Miss Brown had not visited Stover for several years. Some charming pictures of the children were shown. These pictures showed the desolate state of the children when they were first received in the homes, and the amazing change that a few years of careful attention had made to them.

The following week we were glad to welcome Mr. Rogers, the headmaster of Highweek school, who kindly took our service and gave us a talk about the three sacraments. These were the sacraments of Baptism, Confirmation and Confession.

We were delighted to welcome Mr. Beckwith on March 24th, who very kindly took our service, and we hope he will re-visit us soon. Mr. Beckwith, has been very generous with his gifts for our future chapel.

In the Summer Term, June 16th, Miss Bindloss (a former junior mistress), who had joined the G.I.S., gave us a very interesting talk on her exciting time in Europe as a relief worker. She told us about the thousands of displaced persons in Europe and the conditions of these people. We so enjoyed her talk that, a fortnight later, she came again to resume it. Other very welcome visitors have been the Deaconess of Highweek Parish, Miss Marten (Secretary for the Missions to Seamen) and Mrs. Key, who each in turn conducted a service and addressed us.

ANGELA NICOL, (VA).

Gifts.

During the past year we have been fortunate in receiving some delightful gifts from Old Girls and friends of the school.

The Rev. E. Beckwith has very kindly given us some beautiful altar linen, as well as £20 for our Chapel Fund. Miss Dence made us a present of four lovely pictures, one of which is now hanging in the library.

Sheila Briscoe presented the school with a silver cup for the three lengths swimming race. Moya Pinks, Mary Patterson and

Jane Seaburne-May have each added to our collection of library books, which is soon to be increased when we spend Ann Pretty's generous gift of £5.

M. DEMETRIADIS.

Missions to Seamen.

One Sunday Miss Marten gave us a talk on the work of the Missions to Seamen. Some of us decided we should like to form a crew. Miss Marten was very pleased and promised to send us the necessary forms.

On September 29th the following were enrolled: M. Tremeer, M. Demetriades, J. Kitson, J. Irving, L. Rickenham, B. Stevenson, A. Nicol, A. Wild, J. Nicholson, A. Bradley, A. Levett, J. Noël-Hill, S. Holman, G. Payne, S. Chambers, D. Madath. We had a service amongst ourselves. After the service we decided we should like to give an entertainment to the rest of the school in aid of the Missions to Seamen Far East Fund.

The entertainment was held on the first Saturday after half-term. We thought it better to divide the party into two halves, senior and junior, as there would have been too many people in the hall if we had a combined party. For the juniors we held a fancy dress parade, and presented a prize for the funniest, prettiest and most original costume. We were surprised at the ingenious costumes the competitors produced. We then played games to the end of the party, which the juniors all seemed to enjoy.

After supper we held the senior party, of which the main feature was dancing. Miss Edwards very kindly played the piano for us. Anne Wild and June Irving made a great success of fortune telling. Refreshments, for some of which we were very grateful to Miss Dence, were enjoyed by everyone.

The sum altogether raised was £2. This has been sent to the local Lightkeeper's Secretary.

The crew made twenty-one Christmas cards, with needles and wool to put in with the Missions to Seamen Christmas gifts. Miss Marten was very pleased with them.

MARIE TRMEEER, (VA).

Junior Club.

On Friday evenings we have a club with Miss Dence in the Junior Common-room.

The first night we all had a lovely game of musical bumps. Then we decided what we should do for our club. We made out a list of things which we could make or do. Then we had to put what we wanted second and third. We decided to divide into two sides—Tweedledum and Tweedledee.

The next night we started our Christmas presents. I have made a pin cushion. We are making a Scrap Book for a Hospital. Sometimes we act and dress up in old clothes. We have a band of combs, drums and tambourines. It is lovely fun. I always look forward to Friday nights.

A. HIMELY, Form (III).

The Red Cross Classes.

During the year Miss Gurney has very kindly given Red Cross classes on Saturday mornings. Anne Levett and Judy Sturges have passed two Home Nursing examinations, with honours. Judith Ryle and Marian de Kadt gained honours in the First Aid examinations, and Dora Madath, Gillian Hooper and Gillian Payne gained passes. This term Ann Brooke has joined the class. We enjoy ourselves very much and hope to become more useful members of society.

J. STURGES, (VA).

Collections.

During the year collections were made on behalf of the starving children of Austria. All forms contributed and the sum of £4 was raised, part of this being the proceeds of the VI Form performance of *Outward Bound*. Lower IV gave three scenes from *Little Women*, which realised £2. Later in the year a short entertainment by Upper IV at the Old Girls' Week-end realised £1, which was sent to help the Chinese children.

School Theatricals.

During the past year acting has played an important part in the school activities. The theatrical productions cover a wide range: Shakespeare, modern drama and comedy, pantomimes, light operas, concerts and finally the efforts of our humbler school playwrights. It is difficult to say whether actors or audience get the most enjoyment out of these entertainments.

The stage on which most of the performances take place is erected in the library. The two doors conveniently provide us with side exits, and screens are used to improvise the middle one. Two bright lamps above the stage and the use of shaded torches and other ingenious devices, give almost professional lighting effects!

We must now take a glimpse behind the stage, where a delightful chaos reigns. Actors are frantically wriggling into costumes or searching for lost articles of clothing. Others rummage in the make-up box for Fuller's Earth or eyebrow-black. Faces through the

mirrors and the painted reflections that stare back provoke laughter and amazement—incredible what a few dashes of colour and a new hair-style can do! But we must not probe too far into the actors' secrets

Last Autumn term there were numerous entertainments of great variety. A performance of the school play *Twelfth Night* took place on Speech Day, and another was given down at Teign-grace, with Barbara Windeatt's play, *Presents for the Princess*. The village gave us a warm welcome and made us feel that our first appearance in public had been a success. The staff pantomime, *Aladdin*, with its elaborate scenery and stage decor, provided glorious entertainment at the Christmas party. The Lower V presented a very amusing and lively play of Ann Tuson's *The Snodgrasses Entertain*.

In the Spring term the VI Form produced *Outward Bound*, an ambitious attempt at a complex modern drama, but one which the actresses thoroughly enjoyed doing. Scenes from *Little Women* were acted by the Middle School and the juniors gave a concert which included songs in French and English, dances and poetry.

Last term the juniors gave a charming performance of *Goblin Market* out on the terraces. The traditional "Lower V show" was a highly entertaining comedy, *World without Men*, as well as a full supporting programme of songs and mimes. The Choral Society presented Gilbert and Sullivan's opera, *The Gondoliers*, in which the colours and grouping were particularly attractive.

I have tried to give an idea of the variety of the entertainments given during the year, most of which have been produced spontaneously and without help. Not only are school theatricals a source of enjoyment, but they also develop initiative and co-operation—and certainly patience! So good luck to our actors and producers of the future!

MARY DEMETRIADIS, (Form VI).

Our Visit to the Zoo.

On the 19th of October, 1946, Miss Dence said that we could have a treat and go to the Zoo. We were all very excited and pleased at the idea.

On Saturday after lunch we tumbled into the school bus and started off to the station. We had to wait a little, but who minded? No one. We got on the train and went to Paignton station. Miss Inman and Miss Hellier took us.

When we got to the zoo we went to see the parrots. Some said "Hello" and "Goodbye," and others bowed and squeaked. It was great fun. As we were walking along Miss Inman said "Oh, do look!" We all looked and saw lots of tiny wee mice eating the birds' grain.

After that we went to the tropical house, where there were some wonderful plants. In the beginning of the tropical house we saw a wonderful lily pond with an enormous gold fish in it. It had big round eyes and a turned-down mouth. It looked very cross. A lady threw it bread crumbs and it made a loud sucking noise as it swallowed them. There was also an alligator. He was so still he looked stuffed.

As we went out of the tropical house we saw lots of peacocks running loose. They had long feathers of lovely colours. Then we went to the aquarium, where there were some tiny brightly-coloured fish, crocodiles with sly looks, water tortoises, and frogs. It was great fun looking at them.

After we had seen the aquarium we went to watch the monkeys. There were three. One did very funny tricks. Then we went to see the lion and bears. The bears were having their tea, so they did not come out. After a bit one came out for us. As there was nothing else in cages we could see, we went up a long drive to a field, where there were two Shetland ponies. They were just like little barrels. While we were walking peacefully along, there was a loud screeching noise. I thought a pig had been killed. We all rushed to see what it was. All it was was a zebra wanting his tea! Next door to him was a bison. After we had looked at them we went and sat down to a wonderful tea. There were tomato sandwiches, buns and cake, cups of steaming tea, and ice creams. It was raining by then.

We walked back to the bus stop. When we got to the station we all tumbled into the train. After we got back we had a very big welcome. We thanked Miss Dence and Miss Inman and Miss Hellier very much. I was tired out, but it had been a lovely day.

A. TWALLIN, Form (III).

A Night at the Opera.

On the night of October 28th, the majority of the senior school, including several members of the staff, attended a production of the Arts Council at St. Mary's Hall in Newton Abbot, in the form of a Travelling Opera Company. The programme consisted of selections from *Le Mariage de Figaro*, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, *The Policeman's Serenade*, a touching extract from *La Bohème* and scenes from *The Beggar's Opera*.

All the items were received with the utmost enthusiasm, but the storm of applause following *The Policeman's Serenade* indicated that this was the most popular.

As usually happens, the occasion proved to be quite a social event. Among the most entertaining features of the evening's performance was the variety of comment and conversation which flowed steadily throughout the intervals.

Mrs. Kingston had acted as organiser, and provided refreshments. To the mutual satisfaction of all present; tea and biscuits and ice cream were served in the two intervals.

It is to be hoped that the success scored by this company will encourage similar entertainment more often in Newton Abbot.

D. HUMPHREY, Form (VI).

Overheard.

A Brownie.—

Please I've been rolled.

A future artist.—

Please shall I use burnt semolina or raw semolina?

Historians.—

Leonardo da Vinci's mother was a pheasant.

Britain was invaded by the Angels and Saxons.

Harold the sun of Godwin helped Edward to rain.

Joan of Arc was Noah's Ark's wife.

Medical Students.—

We can't play netball because all the others are being medically expected.

She's gone to be X-raised.

A traveller.—

One gets to India through the Sewerage Canal.

A scientist.—

Solitudes dissolve in water, and insolitudes do not dissolve but they sink to the bottom.

Biology Student.—

An amoeba spits into two. This spitting is called Binary Fission. A cow reproduces by binary fission.

Hungry child before entry into dining room.—

I'm simply ravishing!

Newspaper addict.—

I liked the picture of the Guards, with their noms-de-plumes waving in the breeze.

"A FLY ON THE WALL."

Steppes Bridge.

It was Saturday morning and a beautiful sunny day. We were asked if we should like to go to Steppes Bridge that afternoon. We all said 'Yes.' After lunch all the juniors scrambled into the 'bus. (The seniors had been on their picnic earlier.)

As we got nearer we started to count the daffodils that we saw, till we saw so many we gave it up. At last we arrived. We crossed over the River Teign, and stopped nearly opposite the café.

We all looked longingly at the daffodils in the café garden. No others were to be seen from where we were, but we were reassured by observing people going away with great big bunches, though we wondered if there would be any left. We were divided into groups of not less than four. My party climbed up the very steep slope that shuts in the valley. Seeing no daffodils up there, we came down again. On our way down we saw many enormous ants' nests. The ants were about a quarter of an inch long.

We walked along the path and came to a space. Here we picked our daffodils. I have never seen them like that before. The ground was covered with them.

It is certainly a beauty spot, and I think that if people would pick just a few of the flowers and be content with those, the beauty would last longer for more people to enjoy.

We came back to the 'bus, collected our money, and went to the café. I think every one of us bought a bottle of 'pop.' When we had taken our bottles back, and were in the 'bus, we were given a bun each. Then the 'bus started and we went back to school. It was a very enjoyable afternoon. I had a lovely time, and I think we all agreed.

VIRGINIA EDWARDS, Form Lr. (IV).

Riding.

At Stover School those who like riding are allowed to go once a week to Mrs. Marshall's riding school on the Exeter road.

We enjoy ourselves very much. Some people go on Tuesdays, some on Wednesdays, and some on Thursdays and Fridays.

We are not allowed to choose what pony we want to ride, but that does not matter. All the ponies are nice. They are: Thunderhead, Honey, Gypsy, Blackbird, Mayflower, Flicka, Johnny, Paddy, Collein (he is a hunter), Shannon, Smokey, Blackvelvet and Greylady.

I think I like Honey the best. She is dark brown and she has a long black fringe down to her beautiful big eyes. She has a black tail only a few inches from the ground.

We go for many rides up into the woods, and have lovely canters.

There is a ring in a field and we often enter it for practice in case any of us want to go in for shows at any time.

Altogether we enjoy our rides very much, and look forward to them every week.

BRENDA WHITE, Form (III).

School Outing to Hound Tor.

On the 27th of March came the thrilling news that Ann Pretty, the head girl, had won a Minor Scholarship in History to Girton.

Naturally, everybody was very proud of her. Miss Dence gave us a holiday, and it was decided that if the 29th was fine we should go to the moors, and if it was wet a visit to the Odeon cinema was suggested.

Friday, the 29th, turned out to be a mildly cold day, with a slight drizzle, but this did not deter us, and, carrying our heavy coats, we eagerly entered the waiting 'buses. We were to visit Hound Tor, which lies between Manaton and Widecombe.

When we arrived we were told that we might roam where we wished. The sun came out and it was a lovely mild day. The rocks were a great attraction; many energetic people ventured down to the valley, where there were beautiful moorland pools.

We had our dinner by the roadside, for there was a nice flat piece of turf. Our lunch consisted of pasties, buns, and the first batch of bananas.

We had to leave early, as we were to have a film shown to us at school. So, after our picnic lunch, we reboarded the 'buses and returned by a different route, past the legendary place known as "Jane's Grave."

We all enjoyed the trip and we look with pride at Ann Pretty's name on the honours board.

ANNE WILD, (VA).

The Christmas Party 1945.

On Saturday, December 15th, we celebrated one of the most eagerly anticipated events of the Autumn Term—the Christmas Party. After lunch the exciting process of getting ready began, and at two-thirty, everyone came down to the hall, where games started immediately.

We commenced by playing "General Post," which was followed by forfeits and other party games. Then we had a special game made up by the Upper V, in which everyone was divided into two teams. The person at the head of each team had to answer a question. These questions were about the characteristic expressions or sayings of people in the school and provoked much amusement.

Meanwhile, the Juniors were enjoying themselves in their common room, which was gaily decorated with holly and the Christmas tree, and were playing "Nuts in May," and various other favourite games.

At four o'clock we all went down to the dining-room for tea, which was also decorated with holly. The large tables were pushed back to the sides of the room and standing on a table of its own in the centre was the Christmas cake. This was a joy to behold, for it had three tiers, all iced, with candles on the top, which were lit before the cake was cut. After tea Miss Dence came down and cut the slices. Then Miss Bearne came in and was heartily cheered for producing such a miracle in these days of rationing.

Afterwards we returned to the library where the staff were to do an entertainment. Everyone was very curious, for many different rumours had been circulating as to what form the entertainment would take. While we waited for it to begin, someone began a sing-song, which although not altogether tuneful, provided us with much enjoyment, until the curtains parted to disclose the opening scene of *Aladdin*.

This proved a great success, and all the characters fitted their parts very well. Miss Checkley was amusing as Widow Twankey's servant, and frequently exclaimed "Golly-olly-olly," much to the delight of all, while Aladdin's mother, Widow Twankey, was most amusingly played by Miss Peuple. The wicked uncle was Miss Klempner, who both looked and acted her part very well, while Miss Inman made a convincing boyish Aladdin.

Other characters were Miss Russell-Smith and Sister, who were servants of the uncle and also appeared as the Palace Guard, and dressed as Boy Scouts, and were the hits of the evening. Miss Faulder was the Sultan, with Miss Gwen as his Chamberlain, and Miss Checkley also was the beautiful Princess, which she kindly undertook at the last minute, and performed very gracefully. Her lady-in-waiting was Pamela Humphrey.

Miss Mitchell and Miss Hellier appeared as two sprites, slaves of the lamp and ring, and produced a pleasing contrast to other more vivid boisterous characters. The pantomime was thoroughly enjoyed by all and it was with reluctance we watched the curtain fall on the first act.

After the pantomime we came down to the dining room for supper, and then returned to the hall where we danced until bedtime with Miss Faulder kindly playing the piano. At last we retired to bed very tired, but happy, after having spent a wonderful afternoon and evening.

JUNE IRVING, (VA).

GAMES REPORT, 1946.

School Tennis Teams.

	1st VI.	2nd VI.
1st C. ...	B. Windeatt. D. Madath.	J. Ryle. B. Jenner.
2nd C. ...	A. Pretty. A. Booker.	M. Demetriadis. J. Howell.
3rd C. ...	M. Hooper. M. Patterson.	E. Hancock. S. Briscoe.

Tennis Fixtures.

June 1st	1st VI	v. Old Girls.	Won, 91—18.
June 15th	1st VI	v. Roundham.	Won 87—22.
June 29th	1st VI	v. Maynard.	Won 70—29.
	1st VI	v. Staff 1st VI.	Lost
	2nd VI	v. Staff 2nd VI.	Won.

Junior Tennis Singles were won by N. Ramsay.
Senior Tennis Singles were won by D. Madath.

14 and Under Netball.

G.K.	L. Rickenman.	A.C.	S. Holman.
D.	S. Willing.	A.	G. Isaac (Capt.).
D.C.	J. Buttin.	G.S.	J. Humphry.
C.	J. Ryle.		Reserve, J. Ashby.

Senior Netball Team.

G.K.	M. Hooper.	A.C.	N. Ramsay.
D.	B. Jenner.	A.	J. Kitson (Capt.)
D.C.	M. Beare.	G.S.	D. Madath.
C.	D. Humphrey.		

Netball Fixtures.

Spring Term :—			
14 and under	v. Teignmouth Grammar.	Won 48—11.	
14 and under	v. Courtfield.	Won 41—1.	
Senior Team	v. Courtfield.	Won 25—9.	
Under 14	v. Newton Abbot Grammar.	Lost 20—26.	

School Lacrosse Team.

Goal	M. Sturges.	C.	J. Ryle.
Pt.	I. Neve.	L.A.	M. Demetriadis.
C.pt.	M. Tremeer.	R.A.	S. Holman.
3rd	M. A. Wild.	3rd H.	J. Kitson.
L.D.	B. Jenner.	2nd H.	D. Madath.
R.D.	M. Hooper.	1st H.	J. Humphry.
		Reserve :	M. Beare.

Lacrosse Fixtures.

Spring Term :—

1st XII.	v. The Stragglers.	Scratched.
1st XII.	v. Exeter University.	Tie 4—4.
2nd XII.	v. Courtfield.	Won 9—0.

Athletic Sports Results 1946.

<i>High Jump</i>	Senior	M. Patterson.
	Intermediate	J. Ryle.
	Junior	A. Bradley.
	Under 10	J. Fielding.
<i>100 Yards</i>	Senior	A. Booker.
	Intermediate	G. Isaac.
<i>70 Yards</i>	Junior	A. Bradley.
	Under 10	Y. Card.
<i>Small Visitors' Race</i>		C. Isaac
		S. Blair
<i>Sack Race</i>	Senior	J. Kitson.
	Intermediate	J. Ryle.
	Junior	J. Ashby.
<i>Obstacle Race</i>	Senior	S. Thomson.
	Intermediate	J. Humphry.
	Junior	J. Ashby.
<i>440 Yards</i>	Senior	M. Beare.
<i>Mother and Daughter Race</i>		Mrs. Ryle and J. Ryle.
<i>Fathers' Race</i>		Mr. Westlake.
<i>Slow Bicycle Race</i>	Open	J. Howell.
<i>Long Jump</i>	Senior	J. Kitson.
	Intermediate	J. Ryle.
	Junior	J. Ashby.
	Under 10	Y. Card.
<i>Egg and Spoon</i>	Senior	J. Kitson.
	Intermediate	J. Ryle.
	Junior	A. Twallin.
	Under 10	P. Allan.

<i>Cricket Ball</i>	Senior	D. Madath.
	Intermediate	M. Hooper.
	Junior	J. Ashby.
<i>Three-Legged Race</i>	Senior	J. Howell and S. Holman.
	Intermediate	J. Ryle and G. Isaac.
	Junior	A. Bradley and D. Shapley.
	Under 10	E. Ford and L. Himely.
<i>Chicken Pox Race</i>		F. Cammell.
<i>Old Girls' Race</i>		A. Carter.
<i>Boy Visitors' Race</i>		T. Connell.
<i>House Relay</i>	Senior	Queen Mary.
	Junior	Queen Mary.
<i>Challenge Cups</i>	Senior	J. Kitson.
	Intermediate	J. Ryle.
	Junior	J. Ashby.
	Under 10	Y. Card.
<i>Harvey Cup</i>		P. Collins.
<i>Sandhurst Cup</i>		A. Booker.
<i>Inter-House Sports</i>		Queen Elizabeth.

Swimming Sports Results 1946.

<i>Breast Stroke Style</i>	Senior	A. Wild
	Intermediate	J. Humphry.
	Junior	P. Ball.
<i>Crawl Style</i>	Senior	J. Howell.
	Intermediate	J. Ryle.
	Junior	J. Ashby.
<i>Back Crawl Style</i>	Senior	M. Patterson.
	Intermediate	J. Ryle.
	Junior	J. Ashby.
<i>Diving</i>	Senior	A. Nicol.
	Junior	J. Ashby.
	Senior	D. Humphrey.
<i>3 Lengths Race</i>	Senior	J. Humphry.
<i>2 Lengths Race</i>	Intermediate	P. Ball.
<i>1 Length Race</i>	Junior	B. White.
<i>1 Width Race</i>	Beginners	A. Wild
	Senior	M. Patterson
<i>Feet First</i>	Intermediate	J. Humphry.
	Junior	J. Ashby.
	Senior	M. Patterson.
<i>1 Length Breast</i>	Intermediate	J. Ryle.
	Junior	J. Ashby.
	Senior	M. Patterson.
<i>1 Length Back</i>	Intermediate	J. Ryle.
	Junior	J. Ashby.
	Senior	J. Ashby.

<i>Underwater Swimming</i>	Senior	D. Humphrey.
<i>House Relay</i>	Senior	Queen Elizabeth.
	Junior	Queen Elizabeth.
<i>Challenge Cups</i>	Senior	M. Patterson
		D. Humphrey } J. Humphry.
	Intermediate	J. Ashby.
	Junior	Queen Victoria.
<i>House Cup</i>		

Life Saving.

The following have entered for, and gained :—

Intermediate Certificate—A. Bradley, J. Ashby, G. Isaac, G. Payne.

1st Bar to Bronze—M. Tremeer, J. Kitson, S. Briscoe, A. Wild, A. Nicol.

Bronze Medallion—D. Humphrey, M. Ling, S. Kingston, M. Steele-Perkins, J. Seaburne-May, J. Irving, J. Humphry.

Silver Medallion—M. Patterson, D. Humphrey.

1st Bar to Silver—P. Collins.

House Report.

During the past year competition between the three houses, Victoria, Mary and Elizabeth, has been as keen as ever. Although there has been little opportunity to divert our energies in any new channels, enthusiasm has been shown to obtain marks in work and games.

Ann Pretty, the captain of Elizabeth house, scored a great success by gaining a Minor Scholarship to Girton, Cambridge, and thus brought in one hundred marks for her house. Candidates who passed their School Certificate and Higher Certificate examinations were also helpful to their houses, as marks were gained for distinctions and credits. Some girls raised their house totals by achieving their Bronze and Silver medallions.

Mary house exceedingly regretted Miss Checkley's departure and offered her a small token of their appreciation, with hearty congratulations and best wishes for the future. Victoria House were equally sorry to lose Miss Klempner, and presented her with a bedside lamp.

Queen Elizabeth proved to be the best in the Tennis finals; Queen Mary took the second place. Queen Elizabeth was also victorious in the Athletic sports and Queen Victoria gained the House Cup for swimming.

At present all three houses are practising keenly for the matches in lacrosse and netball, which take place at the end of the term.

During the Summer Term a flower competition was held between the houses. The entries were very kindly judged by Miss Dence, Miss Bearne and Miss Gaukrodger. Victoria House won the prize and Elizabeth house was the runner-up.

POINTS.

	ELIZABETH	MARY	VICTORIA
Autumn Term, 1945	1,332		887½
Spring Term, 1946. House Marks	1,403		967
Summer Term, House Marks	1,574		1,476

	ELIZABETH	MARY	VICTORIA
House Mistresses :	Miss Given Miss Russell-Smith	Miss Peuple Miss Hellier	Miss Inman Miss Down
House Captains	Dionyse Humphrey	Mary Demetriadis	Maywin Sturges
Vice-Captains	Mary Hooper	June Prynn	Marie Tremeer
Games Captain	Mary Hooper	Joy Kitson	Judith Ryle

M.A.D.
M.D.H.

Pixies.

One day I went to fairy town
And met a pixie man.
He bowed to me, I bowed to him,
And then away he ran.

I went along the street and saw
A fairy girl and O,
She was a-crying bitterly,
I said, "Why is it so?"

I picked a blackberry full ripe,
And gave it to the fay,
She took it, and said, "Thank you, dear,"
And then she flew away.

JENNY HIMELY, (Form II). Age 8.

When Autumn Comes.

When Autumn comes
And all is red,
Little Miss Lady-Bird
Goes to bed.
She takes off her black spots
And lays down her head
That is the way that she goes to bed.

When Autumn comes
And all is brown.
Mr. Bob Robin
Goes to town.
He puts on his waistcoat
And little brown hood,
And then he goes hopping
Through the wood.

ROSEMARY GORLE, (Form II).
Age 9.

The Party.

Come put on your shawl,
And away let us flee,
To the Butterflies' Ball
And the Grasshoppers' Tea.

In the soft dewy glade
By the side of the wood,
All the tables are laid,
With things that are good.

We all have some honey,
On lovely new bread,
And nice chocolate money,
And cherry jam red.

We dance all the night
Till up peeps the sun,
Now it grows light
And away we must run.

Y. CARD, (Form II).
Age 9.

How the Giraffe got his Long Neck.

Long ago, when giraffes had no necks or spots at all, there was born a baby giraffe. He was always very curious. His mother used to say to him that one day his inquisitiveness would lead him to a bad end, but the little giraffe just laughed at his mother's wise words, and walked away, looking for something else to poke his nose into.

One very hot day, the baby giraffe was walking by a bank and he was feeling curious. He came to a very enticing-looking hole, and of course he poked his nose into it; but it was very dark, and so he poked the whole of his head in. Then he tried to get out, and he found he could not! He pulled and pulled, and his neck got longer and longer, and the sun was so hot that it burnt freckles all over his head, his long neck, and his body.

At the end of the day, the giraffe's mother discovered that the baby giraffe had not come back, and she set out to look for him. When she found him, with his head stuck in the hole, she pulled him out, and said very severely to him, "Now, perhaps that will teach you not to be so inquisitive again." And it did!

JOY WILLIS-FLEMING, age 11.

The Fairies.

The night was dark and still. Somewhere an owl hooted. Mary, aged eight, sat up and stared at the big harvest moon smiling in at her. "The moon is lovely!" she thought to herself, "I simply must get out and look out of the window." She got out of bed and leant on the window sill. What else did she see except the moon? Dancing by the pond were some fairies. "Oh" exclaimed Mary, "Oh, how pretty! I must go out and see them more closely."

Silently she went down the crazy-paved path. What a lovely night! When she reached the fairies she saw the tulips looking up at her. They seemed a little wider open than usual. Mary was a very curious girl, and looked to see why the tulips seemed more open than generally, and to her delight lying in the tulips were the sweetest little baby pixies that one could ever imagine.

At their heads were dandelion flowers, and at their feet was a shawl made of twisted grass that they carried the babies in. Over the babies were rose petals and leaves. It all looked very charming with the babies' hair, which was a lovely gold in colour. Their cheeks were as pink as the rose petals and their lips were scarlet. Their eyes were as blue as the summer sky, and the tulips were red.

There were two babies in each tulip, so you can imagine how small they were. "I'll set the tulips swaying a bit," thought Mary, "Then I'll watch the fairies dancing." She did so.

After a time she noticed something else. Under a tree was a very large toad-stool with many little toad-stools around it. On the centre large one some flower petals sewn together to make a dainty tablecloth. Arranged there were baskets of fruit and glasses. It looked very party-ish.

Mary watched the fairies eating and then as the sun peeped up behind the hills, a mist came down. But when it lifted again, the fairies and the toad-stools had gone and even the babies from inside the red tulips.

ANN EVANS, aged 10 years.

The White Horse.

It was a December night, and the moon was rising over the black ruins of an old castle. As it rose it flooded the ancient hall with a ghostly white light. Suddenly it shone upon the figures of two men, whose clothes were covered with the sign of the Broad Arrow. "Yes, I don't like this," said one man. The deathly silence was telling on his nerves. "Well, we don't want it full o' noise," said the other. "I'm a-going to yell in another minute," said the first speaker, whose name was No. 1,550* or Black Beard Scarlet. "Well, yer don't want the cops in the place," said 505, or Hangman Dan, as he was called in ordinary life. "Sure, I don't," said Black Beard, and the two stopped talking.

Suddenly, the silence was broken by a neigh that had a hollow ring in it, and a clatter of hoofs. The two men's teeth began to chatter. The queer noise could be heard quite distinctly, as a snow-white horse galloped into view. The horse's hoofs shone and gleamed as though with fire.

"I'm a-getting hout o' here," said Black Beard. "Na, stay put; you'll run inter the cops," said Dan. The white horse came straight at them. It saw them. It neighed again, and reared, as its front hoofs came to the ground. It struck Black Beard on the head. He groaned, and sank into unconsciousness.

Dan paused a minute, and fled. He ran through the ancient dining hall and into the court-yard, out through the castle gate, over the drawbridge, and across the grass. He heard a clattering. The white horse was following him. He dodged, and ran back into the castle. He paused in the court-yard, his eyes nearly popping out of his head, for, all around him, were knights and ladies, squires, men-at-arms, horses, and worst of all, modern policemen. He was soon arrested, and was told that he and his friend had landed themselves right in the middle of a film. But it did not hurt the film having Dan in the middle of it. Oh no! That will be shown as a special film, telling how a crook was captured.

(*In prison, the convicts are always known by numbers.)

ROWAN BECKETT, aged 11 years.

The Circus.

There was once a small boy who was very spoilt. One day, his mother brought him a toy circus. It was a lovely one. It had four toy horses (two black, two white), one toy elephant, two toy dogs, a clockwork clown, a dancing doll, and two acrobats. Tom liked it for a while, and looked after it, but then, after some time he spoilt the circus ring, and broke the dancing doll's leg off and she could only hobble. He dropped the clockwork clown. One of the acrobats was thrown into the fire. The other was most unhappy. He broke the elephant's trunk. The two white horses had no tails, nor had the black ones, and two dogs limped badly.

One night when everyone was in bed asleep, the poor circus animals talked about unkind Tom. Then the horses suggested running away. Everyone liked that idea. The next night, when everyone was asleep except the toys, the acrobat mounted one horse, the dancing doll another, and the broken clown another. One horse had nobody on him, and the elephant carried the limping dogs. They crept downstairs and out of the front door. The horses galloped and the lame dolls clung to their *Mying* manes. The elephant kept up with them with the hurt dogs on his back. "Oh! how nice it was to be free," they cried, as up the street they clattered. Then they could see the moors, where wild ponies lived. The ponies were very friendly, and now they are the best of friends. The horses have grown lovely tails. The elephant has got a trunk. The two dogs are no longer lame. The dancing doll and the acrobat have been married and have a little girl. The clown lives with them. The animals often see them, and everyone is happy.

Tom is no longer spoilt. He is now a vet. He is very kind, and looks after all animals who are ill. He often wonders where his circus went to, and he was sure it was his two black horses he saw on the moors with his two white ones, but he didn't know the elephant and dogs were there as well.

MAVIS PERING, aged 11 years.

The Goat and Its Kid.

Once upon a time, there was a nanny-goat who lived on a great big stretch of grass near a forest. She had a young kid, who was two weeks old. They were very happy together, eating the luscious grass all day, and when they were thirsty, drinking from the clear spring that bubbled up out of the earth. They slept in a dell during the night.

The nanny-goat always told her little one to keep close to her, and never to go near the forest. But one day, they wandered closer to the trees than the mother thought. The kid said to himself, "I will stay behind a little, for this grass is lovely!" and

when his mother was out of sight a small voice within him cried, "Why shouldn't I go near that wood; I am not afraid, nothing can hurt me!" the small voice boasted. So he crept up to the forest, looking behind him all the time to see if his mother was coming. When he got to the outskirts of the forest, a great big wolf came to him and said, "Ah, just what I am looking for, a nice juicy supper!" "Oh, please do not eat me," cried the kid, trembling all over, "I will do anything you ask me, but please do not eat me." "Well," said the wolf, "If you lure the first animal to me here, that you see, I will let you off."

So away went the kid till he came to the footprints of another goat. "This will do," he said. He followed till he saw the back of a goat going behind a rock. So, keeping just out of sight, he called "Hey!" Thus it went on, he keeping just out of sight and the other following, till the kid thought he heard his mother's voice calling, "Stop, please wait." With an ache in his heart, he went on till he came to the forest. There the other goat caught up, and to the kid's horror, it was his dear mother. "Oh, what have I done!" cried the kid. Then he told his mother all that had happened. "How can I save you?" cried the kid. "Only by fighting the wolf yourself," said the goat. So the little kid sharpened his horns on a tree and called the wolf.

The latter came softly up looking for his supper. Then the kid sprang at the wolf and dug his horns in his sides. It screamed with pain, and bit the kid. A long and furious battle followed, till the kid dug his horns into the wolf's throat and killed him. The goat ran away and came back with fragrant herbs and rubbed all the kid's wounds and healed them. Afterwards she gave him herbs to eat. Then they galloped past the trees and lived on the plain together ever after, and never did they go near the forest again.

VIRGINIA EDWARDS, aged 12 years.

The Garden.

As we approached the little cottage with its thatched roof and white walls, we passed through a small white gate which led us down to the cottage door.

Cottages are always very beautiful, but never had I seen such a lovely one as this.

As we walked up the path which was lined by a border of the lovely flower all beautiful colours and shining in the sun, we were met at the door by an old lady who had a smiling face, and who told us that we might look at her garden, and that she would show us round.

We then went along a little path that led us to the back of the house. On the way we saw on the walls roses, red in colour. They had beautifully-shaped buds, and the flowers were of such quality

that they would bring gladness to any sad heart. As we went along the path we saw many large beds of flowers, their colours blending as beautifully as anyone could think. There were the tall and stately daisies, and poppies, and round to make a border of blue were the little harebells. It was a wondrous sight and when we passed a dove-cote we heard the cooing of the beautiful birds.

We went on for some time, and we were now approaching a small wood of silver birch trees, which bordered the end of the cottage garden. As we trod along the path which was covered with the soft green moss, we suddenly came to an opening in which stood a little pond. Its water was that of crystal, and round its banks were moss and large drooping ferns, which gave it a look of mystery. As we retraced our steps down the path, we saw the long shadows of the evening sun dancing out from every flower. The birds were singing and the flowers were beginning to close their petals, but their scent came strongly through the heavy evening air. Everything was just as beautiful however, and as we walked up the garden path again and into the cosy little house, we wondered at the beautifully-made little garden.

After we had had our tea we said "Good-bye" to the old lady and made our way down the garden path, our arms full of big bunches of flowers which the old lady had given us.

JILL BUTLIN, 13 years.

Escaped !

Frema was a beautiful specimen of a Golden Eagle. His hunting territory was very far away from the world of man, far away in the Hebrides, which is one of the few places in which eagles are found, as they are gradually becoming rare.

He was hatched on a few sticks and heather, which served as an eyrie, perched perilously on a ledge of a precipice in the mountain.

In due time his parents turned him out of the eyrie, fully fledged, and ready to face and lead his own life. He found hunting rather difficult round his home, so he migrated into a more civilised part, where there were a few solitary farms.

One day, when hunting was very poor, he realised that the white objects he had seen so often in the fields would be easy prey. The white masses were ewes with their lambs. Frema found that, as he had thought, the sheep were easy prey, and he was continually carrying away a lamb. But he was to do this once too often, for the farmer was not blind to the fact that his young lambs were disappearing.

The farmer, unfortunately for Frema, happened to be inspecting his sheep on the day that the Eagle decided that he would once more visit them, and so the farmer discovered where his lambs

were disappearing. He was very enraged, but all he could do was to shake his fist at the gradually diminishing Eagle in the distance. His friend, however, took a different view of the matter. "You think yourself unfortunate," he said, "Good Heavens, man, don't you know that if you caught the bird alive you could get a lot of money for him? They're not as common as all that."

The farmer's tone changed. "Why ever didn't I think of it? Of course, they're not common. We must think of a plan to catch him."

Meanwhile, Frema, quite unaware of this plot, went on making frequent visits to the sheep, until one day, the farmer's plan worked, and he was caught. He had to be kept in a cage, which was not very strong, till the evening, when he was being taken away to be sold to a gentleman who had an aviary. He struggled wildly, and the men had no slight difficulty in capturing him. But at last he was conquered. When he was left alone, he flung himself in a passionate longing to escape, against the bars of the cage, but in vain. Then suddenly he saw it—the weak place.

When he had beat against the bars, the bottom of the cage at one corner had come slightly apart. He tore at it with his talons until there was a gap large enough for him to get through. But as he was nearly free, the farmer, having heard the noise, came out, just as Frema was about to make off. The man seized Frema's leg, but a wild frenzy for the freedom, and endless expansion of the skies, filled the fierce untamed heart of the Eagle and gave him terrific strength. He escaped the man's grasp, and soared away, every line of his body expressing grace and ease, into the peaceful solitary places of Nature, unspoiled by man, never to be caught again. He left behind him the farmer, who could merely shake his fist at the Golden Eagle, beautiful and rare, which by now was only a speck disappearing into the blue.

LOUISE RICKENMAN, 14 years.

The Old Farm.

The old farm house is a very pretty place. It has rambler roses growing at the front. In the garden there are two pear trees. In the summer it is very pretty—full of scent and bloom. It is situated in the heart of Kent, and it has green woods and fields around. The woods are full of animals, flowers, mosses and birds. They are cool and quietening to your body and soul. They are full of soft beauty, and happiness, which cannot be described. The fields are thick with ripening corn in summer, and rabbits and partridges live there. In winter, when the snow covers them, they look like a carpet of pearls. In spring they are full of young things, young partridges, plovers, and green shoots.

Inside the farm house it is just as beautiful as the surroundings. There are four little bedrooms, with curtains fluttering in the win-

dows, and a small bed in each. They have oak beams in them as well. The front room is a sunny place, with pictures on the walls, and a bright wood fire glowing (in the winter). There is a sofa, and arm chairs, and book cases full of books to read, and also a wireless, and oak beams on the ceiling.

There are many little nooks and crannies in this dear little farm house, such as under the stairs, behind the big grandfather clock, and other places which are dear to childish souls.

In the kitchen there are red tiles on the floor and a cooking stove, and a sink. There is also a boiler, larder, and silver and crockery cupboard. The crockery is very pretty. It has lovely patterns on it. Outside this little house, there is a dairy, for there are many cows on this farm.

There are geese, chickens, ducks and turkeys, not too many, but just a few. There is a big fat old pig, with lots of little pink piglets. There are some sheep and lambs, with a shepherd and his dog to look after them. There is a sweet little brown calf, which is very inquisitive, and a tiny foal, which comes up to nuzzle you when you go to it. There are two cart horses, which are very big and strong, as well as handsome. Also there are three cats, which always come round rubbing your legs for milk.

There we leave the pretty picture of the old farm house, sleeping in the heart of Kent.

JENNIFER ASHBY, age 12 years.

First Experience in the Snow by a Puppy.

When we went out one morning,

Master and me!

There was white stuff on the ground,

It didn't move or make a sound.

I looked up at Master; Master looked at me.

"Master, what's the white stuff on every bush
and tree?"

"Why, it's snow," says Master,

"Look! it's coming faster!"

I tried to eat it, it tasted cold!

(Now I greet it as friend of old.)

I snuffed it, picked it high in the air,

Lovely to play with, while it was there.

I played and wagged my tail for joy,

I dug a hole to hide my toy.

Then Master called me to go inside,

I had to leave "white stuff" to bide.

I'll come out later, if it's there to see,

So now, "Goodbye" from Master and me!

G. HOOPER, (Form Lr. V).

Age 13 years.

Things that I Love.

I love the roses fresh and fair,
 Made up of colours sweet and rare,—
 The scent of heather on the moor,
 That gives rich colour to each tor.
 The golden buttercups I love,
 And snow-white clouds in the heavens above.
 The lovely tales and poems I've heard,
 The sweet clear notes of a singing bird,
 Chimes of bells and the ticking of clocks,
 Children's laughter and their gay little frocks.
 The streams that ripple and laugh and the brooks,
 The woods and the dales with cool shady nooks.
 Apples in storage in lofts high and tall,
 Where cobwebs hang and sunlight falls.
 The rainbows, the moon, and the stars in the sky,
 The delicious taste of a home-made pie.
 Sea breezes and sunshine, refreshing showers,
 Pleasures and games that while away hours.
 Music and songs that great men composed,
 Winter's evenings when doors are closed.
 And roasting chestnuts to eat by the fire,
 Where a family sit and chat till they tire.
 The everlasting memory of those so brave,
 Who on our behalf the great sacrifice gave.

ANNE BURRIDGE.

The Housewife.

Into one shop, out the other !
 Crowds of people, what a bother !
 Where's the basket ? Coupons gone !
 Where's the baby ? Walking home !
 Mrs. Jenkins, well I never !
 How's your cold ? Yes, windy weather !
 To the first shop, queues again !
 Goodness me, here comes the rain !
 Why, hello, dear Mr. Brown,
 Fancy meeting you in town !
 Next, the grocer, then the meat !
 My ! This is a crowded street !
 Home at last, with basket full,
 Beef and cabbage mixed with wool !
 In a chair myself I fling,
 Till the telephone does ring.
 Hello ! Yes ! What's that, my dear ?
 Oh ! You've found you've got some beer !

Will I call this afternoon?
 Certainly, 'tis not too soon!
 After that the lunch I cook,
 Then settle baby with a book.
 While off to town I go again.
 My goodness, how I hate the rain!
 Back again the tea to set,
 Baby's out and getting wet!
 Bring her in and put to bed,
 This then done, the dog is fed.
 Next, the supper's cooked and laid,
 Bills are checked. What, some not paid!
 'Bout half-past ten to bed I go,
 But wait, what's that? The cat, I know!
 Outside in the freezing cold.
 I let him in, but do not scold,
 And so to bed, peace till the morn!
 Sweet sleep, before the new day's born!

DORA MADATH, (Lower V.)
 Aged 14 years.

The English Lake District.

Beneath the quiet English hills,
 And spring-time's lovely skies,
 'Mid a yellow mist of daffodils,
 The shimmering water lies.

The stately hills that stand on guard
 Above the bright blue lake,
 Their glorious beauty, never marred,
 These, our England make!

GILL PAYNE, (Lower V.)
 Aged 14 years.

My Most Adventurous Journey.

The "Britannia" moved slowly away from the quay-side, where throngs of people were standing bidding us a good voyage and success in our new life, which was to begin as soon as we reached Australia. Our ship was an emigrant vessel bound for southern lands, where some hoped to make their fortunes or die in the attempt.

For the first few weeks the sea was calm and not a fleck of cloud passed over a turquoise sky. But sailing in 1820 was no game, and I, with the practised eye of a veteran, knew that the glorious weather which we had enjoyed for so long would not last after we reached the Cape of Good Hope.

I, being the captain of the "Britannia," had made this journey three times before, but now having amassed enough money to live quietly, I had decided to remain in Australia, where it had been arranged a new captain was to take over the ship for their return journey.

Then one day, the waves rapidly became heaving masses of water, topped with hissing spray. The sky darkened ominously and a sense of foreboding hung over our ship. No other moving thing save the sea and the dark, scurrying clouds, were to be seen. Our little ship was tossed mercilessly on the gigantic billows.

That evening I knew should have brought us in sight of the Cape, but as the ever-darkening sky grew heavier and heavier, I realised we could not make much headway that night for the wind was dead against us. Even if the wind changed, which was very unlikely, we should not be able to plot our course, for no stars were visible on such a night.

The intensity of the wind increased, I stood clinging on to the bridge, watching the futile efforts of the crew to steer the ship. Some, stripped to the waist, overpowered by the great seas, that came tumbling upon us, were hanging on desperately to the sides, unable to keep their feet.

Time after time, huge walls of grey evil-looking water fell on the deck, tearing away with it rigging, masts and men. Shouts could be heard, as the drowning men were hurled overboard, sounds which echoed and re-echoed upon the terrified emigrants huddled together in the lurching cabins. Women were clutching their small children who lay in their mother's arms, too terrified even to cry out. The precarious hurricane lamp had long ago been hurled to the floor and the passengers crouched there in the dark, half-frozen with the intense cold, some moaning, and others on the verge of hysteria.

For three terrible days and nights the furies lingered round our badly-beaten vessel. I knew we were miles out of our course, and fully realised the extent of our peril, but alas, I found that we were helpless to do anything until the storm abated.

On the dawn of the fourth day, I stood at the wheel trying in vain to hold it steady. The wind had been doing its worst during that night, and if it continued we should stand no chance of surviving.

While I was thus vainly trying to right the heeling ship, I saw a figure struggling to reach the wheel, It at last gained its objective and I saw it was a young man dressed in the clothes of a priest. His hat had been swept away, and looking up, I perceived his face. I saw no fear there, but instead a look of calm courage.

"Pray for our deliverance," he cried, "No one but the Lord can save us now! I have been praying these three days, but my faith alone is not sufficient. But your trust in that Perfect Captain, God; and He alone will steer us to safety."

Inspired by his words, spoken with such calm and complete faith, I did as he bade me, and silently offered up an earnest prayer. Then looking up I saw that the sky was clearing and that the rain was not falling so incessantly. Thus gradually, the storm abated, and soon the raging waters became calm. Instead of a sense of foreboding, one of peace filled the air, and we were able to see through the dense clouds of fog which had enveloped us.

Luckily, the wind changed, and that evening we were able to find out by the stars how far we were from our way. Although we were some miles out, the strong wind continued and within a week we were back again on our course. After two more weeks we reached our destination, a battered but triumphant band of emigrants.

J. IRVING, 15 years.

Temptation.

- (To the tune of "Waltzing Matilda.")
1. Once a little devil
Came upon a Stover girl,
Working so hard at her geometry ;
And he sang as he watched his victim working carefully,
Who'll come a-tempting in Stover with me ?
Chorus : Who'll come a-tempting,
Who'll come a-tempting,
Who'll come a-tempting in Stover with me ?
And he sang as he watched his victim working carefully,
Who'll come a-tempting in Stover with me ?
 2. Down jumped the devil,
Upon the little Stover girl,
Working so hard at her geometry.
Why don't you go and practise lax or play hockey ?
(Who'll come a-tempting in Stover with me ?)
Chorus : Who'll come a-tempting,
Who'll come a-tempting,
Who'll come a-tempting in Stover with me ?
Why don't you go and practise lax or play hockey ?
Who'll come a-tempting in Stover with me ?
 3. Up pricked the conscience
Of the little Stover girl,
Working so hard at her geometry.
" Lacrosse is for games time, and not for when you're
doing prep."
(Who'll come resisting temptation with me ?)

Chorus : Who'll come resisting,
 Who'll come resisting,
 Who'll come resisting temptation with me ?
 Lacrosse is for games time, and not for when you're doing
 prep.
 Who'll come resisting temptation with me ?

4. " Which shall I heed to ? "
 Said the little Stover girl,
 Resting a while from her geometry.
 " Shall I hear my conscience, or listen to the devil ? "
 (Who'll come a-solving this problem for me ?)

Chorus : Who'll come a-solving,
 Who'll come a-solving,
 Who'll come a-solving this problem for me ?
 Shall I hear my conscience, or listen to the devil ?
 Who'll come a-solving this problem for me ?

5. Alas, for her conscience,
 Pushed into oblivion,
 Gone was the zeal for her geometry.
 And seizing her 'crosse stick, out she ran to practise
 lax,
 Who'll come a-tempting another with me ?

Chorus : Who'll come a-tempting,
 Who'll come a-tempting,
 Who'll come a-tempting another with me ?
 And seizing her 'crosse stick, out she ran to practise lax,
 Who'll come a-tempting another girl with me ?

M. and J. STURGES.

Ode to Britain's Summer of 1946.

(A parody on Keats' " Ode to Autumn.")
 Season of mists, cold winds, and scattered showers,
 Close bosom friend of the perpetual gale,
 Conspiring with him how to pass the hours
 In spoiling crops and making harvests fail,
 To bend with cruel hand our precious trees,
 To fill our fruit with maggots to the core,
 To turn our streets to mud with heavy rain,
 To make the ceiling drip upon the floor,
 To blow in draughts that families may freeze
 Until the children cough and parents sneeze.
 Hoping for better weather—all in vain !

Where is the blazing sun? The cloudless sky?
 Think not of these, for they are not for thee,
 But be content with rain, and ask not why
 The heavens pour down in floods continuously.
 Envy not Canada that bounteous land,
 That has been blessed this year with bumper crops,
 Dream not of Switzerland's delicious food,
 But join the patient queues outside the shops
 And smile with B.U.'s ready in your hand,
 To show the world that THIS is Britain's mood. . . .

MARY DEMETRIADIS, (VIa) aged 16 years.

Old Girls' News 1946.

MARRIAGES.

Nancy Ball to Alan Searle.
 Ann Partridge to Richard Hill.
 Monica Harvey to Patrick Cosby.
 Eleanor Beare to Ronald Lane.
 Bridget Lind to Michael Justin Dancey.

BIRTHS.

To Mrs. Milnes (Miss Waterman), a daughter, Alison Margaret :
 April 21st.
 To Mrs. Bentley (née Hope Arnold), a son, Richard : May 24th.
 To Mrs. Butler (née Josephine Stubbs), a daughter, Raphael :
 May 7th.

Old Girls' Addresses and News.

Ault, Marie.—"Rosemary," Fairfield Road, Kingskerswell. Studying art at Newton Abbot.
 Batterham, Rosemary.—Keyberry House, Newton Abbot. Radio-graphy training.
 Batterham, Margaret.—Keyberry House, Newton Abbot.
 Bentley, Mrs. (née Hope Arnold)—With B.A.O.R., Germany.
 Blair, Betty.—108 Cromwell Road, S.W.7. Studying at Swedish Institute of Massage.
 Bradridge, Norma.—Leigh Croft, Cedar Road, Cobham, Surrey. Teaching.
 Briscoe, Sheila.—10 Banstead Road South, Sutton, Surrey. At Wycombe Abbey School.
 Booker, Ann.—Waylands, Bridgetown, Totnes.
 Carter, Ann.—New Barn Farm, Shaldon. Runs a riding school.
 Carr, Eileen.—St. Katherine's College. Queen Hotel, Keswick. Teachers' Training Course.

- Clarke, Margaret.—Hazeldene, Ashburton.
Clausen, Mirabel.—The Garden Flat, 46 Marlborough Place, N.W.8.
Working for entrance to Royal Dental Hospital.
Cosby, Mrs. (Monica Harvey).—Crebar, Yealmpton.
Collins, Patricia.—The Laurels, Bovey Tracey. Nurse.
Collins, Pauline.—The Laurels, Bovey Tracey. Studying Art,
Newton Abbot.
Davies, June.—Lopes Hall, Exeter. Reading History, Exeter
University.
Davies, Sybil.—63 Fore Street, Bovey Tracey. Studying Art, New-
ton Abbot.
Demetriadis, Helen.—Girton College, Cambridge. Reading Modern
Languages.
Duckett, Barbara.—Royal Devon and Exeter Hospital. Nurse.
Ellis, Janet.—The Downs, The Warren, Ashstead, Surrey. Sec-
retary.
Ewart-Evans, Mrs. (Jane Miller).—Burnaby, Ashurst, Hants.
Fair, Maureen.—South Hill, Kingskerswell, S. Devon. Studying
Art at Torquay.
Gerard, Joy.—Ripton, Streatley, Berks. School Matron.
Grierson, Pamela.—6 The Beach, Walmer, Kent. At Secretarial
College.
Hancock, Elizabeth.—Hillcrest, Tavistock Road, Callington.
Harding, Diana.—Gatcombe House, Littlehampton, Totnes.
Howell, June.—Lukesland, Ivybridge.
Horn, Mrs. (Ann White).—C/o. Morwenna, Ivybridge Road, Plymp-
ton (in U.S.A.).
Humphry, Pamela.—Battle Abbey School, Sussex. School Matron
(assistant).
Jackson, Rosalie.—Ellerslie, Canford Crescent, Bournemouth.
Studying Art.
Knapman, Peggy.—Ermington Mills, near Plymouth.
Lane, Mrs. (Eleanor Beare).—C/o. Culver Lodge, Newton Abbot.
Langton, Mrs. (Betty McIntyre).—Rock Hotel, Yelverton.
Langton, Mary.—Rock Hotel, Yelverton.
Lansdown, Beryl.—Heronsfield School, Chorley Wood. P.N.E.U.
Teaching.
Lewis, Patricia.—Foxdown House, Overton, near Basingstoke,
Hants. Teaching at Harcombe.
Lind, Margaret.—Para, Bovey Tracey. Studying at Bath Domes-
tic Science College.
Lowe, Cecily.—Royal Devon and Exeter Hospital. Nurse.
McIntyre, Kitty.—Pendley Manor, Tring, Herts. Assistant House-
keeper.
Miller, Diana.—179 Elm Park Mansions, Park Walk, Chelsea.
Minns, Mary.—Torbay Hospital, Torquay. Staff Nurse.
Mott, Suzanne.—Royal Cornwall Infirmary, Truro. Staff Nurse.

- Nalder, Shirley.—21 The Strand, Shaldon, S. Devon.
- Neve, Rosemary.—31 Draycott Avenue, Sloane Square, S.W.3.
Studying at St. James's Secretarial College.
- Nickells, Doreen.—72 Eccleston Square, London, S.W.1. Studying
Domestic Science.
- Nightingale, Joan.—72 Three Beaches, Goodrington, S. Devon.
Froebel Training.
- Normington, Ann.—Butlers, Norley Wood, Lymington, Hants.
- Paul, Diana.—Four Winds, 12 Richmond Grove, Bexhill-on-Sea.
- Pinks, Moya.—Mazzard Farm, Ottery St. Mary. Studying Art,
Exeter.
- Pretty, Ann.—73 Henley Road, Ipswich.
- Rae, Mary.—The Moors, Bishopsteignton.
- Reeves, June.—Southcote, Bridgetown, Totnes. Studying Art at
Paignton.
- Rew, Elizabeth.—77 Canfield Gardens, Hampstead, N.W.6. Study-
ing Art at Central School of Arts and Crafts.
- Rodwell, Margaret.—St. Christopher's College, 27 Vanbrugh Road,
S.E.3. Missionary training.
- Sandeman, Janet.—Royal Devon and Exeter Hospital. Nurse.
- Searle, Mrs. (Nancy Ball).—C/o. Inglewood, Newton Abbot.
- Scott, Margaret.—Woodhouse, Ilsington, Newton Abbot.
- Shaddock, Grace.—33 Greycoats Gardens, Westminster. Secretarial
training.
- Shapter, Wendy.—Lawn View, Dawlish.
- Sharpe, Maureen.—Westonbirt School, Gloucestershire. Games
Mistress.
- Sheridan-Patterson, Mary.—101 Ivor Court, Gloucester Place,
N.W.1. Secretarial training.
- Sladen, Evangeline.—28 Grove Way, Esher, Surrey. Studying at
Froebel College, Roehampton Lane.
- Walker, Jean.—Wishford, Ashstead, Surrey. Secretarial training.
- Warren, Mrs. (Mary Baker).—51 Lancaster Grove, Belsize Park,
N.W.3.
- Webster, Ann.—7 Southborough Road, Surbiton, Surrey. Nursing,
Middlesex Hospital.
- Whitaker, Deirdre.—Springfield, Belstone, Okehampton.
- Williams, Irene.—7 Priory Avenue, Kingskerswell.
- Williams, Mary.—Nurses' Home, Radclyffe Infirmary, Oxford.
Nurse.
- Wyllie, Joan.—Whitethorn House, Hittersleigh, Near Exeter.
- Willing, Joy.—Ogwell Green, East Ogwell, S. Devon.
- Windeatt, Barbara.—Home address: The Croft, Lower Warberry
Road, Torquay.
- Wotton, Sylvia.—22 Devon Square, Newton Abbot.
- Zealley, Betty.—Castlemaine, Highweek, Newton Abbot.

Past Members of Staff.

- Boone, Miss J.—Victoria Lodge, 2 Portland Place, Leamington Spa.
Childs, Mrs. (Morris).—76 Wendover Drive, Bedford.
Checkley, Miss K.—Gaydonhurst, Hampton Park, Eastbourne.
Coleman, Mrs. W. (Coldridge).—25 Marsham Court Road, Solihull, Birmingham.
Donne, Miss B.—Bishop Fox School, Taunton.
Hawkey, Mrs. (Wadland).—Elmhurst School, Camberley.
Hewetson, Mrs. (Potter).—Highfield, Park Lane, Ashstead, Surrey.
Klempner, Miss H.—36 Cambridge Road, New Malden, Surrey.
Milner, Mrs. (Waterman).—41 The Greenway, Totteridge, Herts.
Strachan, Mrs. (Foster).—Leaving England for India.

General Knowledge.

We are grateful to the Old Girls and past members of the Staff who arranged the Senior and Intermediate General Knowledge papers this year. We hope that some members will do the same next year. Those responsible this year were Mrs. Hewetson, M. Batterham, B. Blair, J. Davies, A. Norrington and M. Sharpe.

Annual Subscription to Old Girls' Association.

The annual subscription of 5s. 0d. a year, which covers the School Magazine, may be paid to Pamela Humphry, 106 Hendon Lane, Finchley, London, N.3. Members please note!

The Old Girls' Week-end.

The Old Girls' week-end took place the first week-end in June, and if the first of June was not glorious in respect of weather, the warmth of our welcome made up for that.

It was somewhat of a shock to be greeted with the information that a tennis match was to be held during the Saturday afternoon. Imagine the horror of the six Old Girls, the majority of whom had not played tennis for many months, who were confronted by six members of the school, who'd been, or so it seemed from the result of the match, practising furiously for weeks. At any rate, the spectators seemed highly amused, but perhaps the final scores are best left to oblivion!

During the evening the school put on a very good entertainment that was greatly appreciated, and enjoyed by the whole audience, even to the extent of demanding an encore. The evening was rounded off by a sing-song, which certainly made up in volume for what it lacked in skill.

And so to bed in the stables, but not as might be thought, amongst the horses, but in very comfortable quarters in the newly-converted school buildings.

On Sunday quite a considerable party went to the early service, and the whole school attended Mattins. A pleasantly lazy afternoon followed, and then we went to Highweek for the evening service, which was in the form of an organ recital given by Miss Dence, with items from the choir. It was a truly inspiring service, that was greatly appreciated by the whole congregation.

Then back to Stover we went for another of the magnificent meals, which we'd had during the whole week-end. When had we seen such food before—certainly not for some time!

The Old Girls began to scatter that evening and the following morning, after a very enjoyable week-end, the first, we hope, of many, of what is to become a yearly event.

P. V. GRIERSON.

Letters.

Here is the promised letter from Switzerland! There are so many things to say that I just don't know where to begin. We had a very good journey on the whole, but unfortunately we didn't have a very good introduction to the French countryside, as it was drizzling, but when we got to Switzerland the next day it was wonderful weather, with sunshine pouring down on the little Swiss chalets, carved and patterned all over, and all with window-boxes full of bright red and blue flowers. Even the factories had window-boxes! I think what struck me most first of all was the utter cleanliness of everything: all the houses looked as though they had just been freshly painted.

The meadows looked so beautiful with their bright green grass with large white daisies scattered here and there, and pale coloured cows placidly grazing with bells of different sizes around their necks.

The pension Ino is a dear little hotel, and we just fit in with two to a room. The family that keeps it is awfully nice: there are the Grandparents, then M. and Madame Frutiger, and three little Frutigers: Fritz aged about nine, Erica about seven, and Irma aged five. Every day two of us go down to the kitchen to help Monsieur cook the lunch or supper as the case may be, in order to learn cooking. We have wonderful food, including things like vol-au-vent, ice-cream, caramel cream, spaghetti and tomato sauce, and all sorts of delicious things like that.

There are seventeen of us here, and everyone is very nice. Nearly everyone is learning Italian, myself included, and I like it very much so far. I think I've done more German than anyone else, but I'm about average for French. Mrs. L'Estrange teaches us History of Art and History of Europe, both of which are very interesting. We have to speak French—or try to—all the morning, and for every meal except supper. As you can imagine, sup-

per is very much noisier than the other meals! All the morning we have lessons, and after lunch we go for a walk, except on Tuesdays and Fridays, when we are free to go where we like in two's and three's. Usually we go shop-gazing in Interlaken, and wishfully think of our pockets!

In the shops one sees all the things that we hope to see in England again one day, such as good shoes, nylon stockings, expensive scents and make-up, sweets, tinned fruit, lovely clothes, watches, fountain pens, and of course, the famous Swiss wood carvings and brooches. I'd love to have as much money as I like to buy presents for everyone in England!

Interlaken is a dear little town with a lake either side, and the Jungfrau behind—I expect you know it, don't you? I'm taking some photos so when I get them developed I will send them for you to see.

Yesterday we went to Thun, which is a town on the lake, from which the lake takes its name—Thunnersee. It was great fun wandering round looking at the shops. Some people bought things, but I'm going to wait till later on.

There was an old castle with red turrets on top of a hill overlooking the town. A long flight of steps inside a formidable wall led up to it. We didn't go inside, but we went through the cobbled courtyard. In the courtyard there was an old well, which was in case the castle was besieged, and also a very decrepit cannon. I heard the lovely story that during the war the Swiss brought out all their cannon like that one in case the Germans invaded! Everywhere one goes there are postcards of Churchill, when he came on his visit here, to Switzerland, I mean, and he's very popular. Everyone talks about about him as if he was a laurel-wreathed hero.

We had tea in Thun, which was delicious. I expect you remember Swiss cakes, don't you?

It's an awful responsibility to be here in a way, as we are the first English school Interlaken has ever had, and every eye is on us. If we do anything a little out of the ordinary, "the English" as a whole are doing it, so we have to be awfully careful.

The reputation of Stover rests on me at the moment, because Mrs. L'Estrange says she judges schools by what comes out of them! I wish there was another Stoverite here to uphold me! There are quite a lot of girls who have been to the same schools. I think I was the only person who didn't know at least one other person here.

I don't think I shall have much chance of sketching as there never seems to be time, and it's beginning to get too cold to sit about; to-day was an exception.

It's just on tea-time, a very good time to finish, so I'll send this letter to you with my love.

BARBARA WINDEATT.

Post-War Cambridge

Cambridge is gradually reverting to its pre-war ways of life; the process will not soon be forgotten, for it admirably illustrates the saying that human beings (and buildings, too) can adapt themselves to the most unthinkable conditions.

The dignified college walls never knew they were made of elastic, nor did students realise until now the exact meaning of being packed like sardines. The roads are no longer menaced by endless convoys of army lorries, yet the dangers of the road have been singularly multiplied by the alarming number of bicycles (or their nearest equivalent, *i.e.*, minus bells, brakes, etc.!) which are a nerve-racking test for every driver and the curse of every unfortunate pedestrian. For students have a highway code of their own, which amounts to saying that they know no laws, and which makes life on the roads a singularly perilous business, so that you must be very thankful to reach the safety of the lecture rooms unscathed.

Safety is a somewhat doubtful term, for at the lecture rooms the day's trials are only just beginning. You may not even be able to enter your lecture room, or you may only find a seat after picking your way carefully between the various students, files, sheets of paper, covering all the available floor space. However, I am glad to say that this early enthusiasm for lectures, characteristic of the uninitiated, is gradually quietening down as freshers learn to appreciate the relative merits of their lecturers.

The end of the war has brought a welcome influx of younger lecturers, whose new ideas prove rather shattering to the long unchallenged opinions of older generations. Moreover, these lecturers have been known to be mistaken for undergraduates, which is very embarrassing for all concerned!

In days gone by, being a third year student gave one a distinct feeling of superiority, but now, when you are seated next to ex-W.A.A.F.s, A.T.S., or any other abbreviations you care to think of, you get a very definite inferiority complex! Still, even if we cannot compete with their martial exploits, we can at least initiate them into the innumerable entertainments provided by university life.

Clubs and societies are soaring in numbers as many, lying dormant during the war years, are being re-started and many other new ones are being created. In fact, everyone has an opportunity for discussing a favourite topic and hearing about it, whether it be the scientist who wants to know how to split more atoms or the jazz fan who is well served by the band of the Rhythomaniacs! The Arts Theatre is too small to cope with play-goers, who flock to it day after day, after having paid due penance outside the

booking office. There are innumerable concerts displaying varying degrees of talent, there are sport centres for the energetic types, while the river awaits those anxious to develop their muscles. The May week boat races see the whole of Cambridge gathered beside, on (and in) the river, displaying a colourful assortment of scarves and caps, racing along the banks to cheer on both winners and losers.

When all is said and done, when you have been crushed in the lecture rooms, knocked off your bicycle, when you have exhausted your patience in bun queues, when in fact you have struggled for survival in every possible way, the final impression might be somewhat depressing! But I would say to you, come and have a shot at it, every moment is well worth while.

HELEN DEMETRIADIS, Girton College.