

STOVER SCHOOL MAGAZINE



DECEMBER, 1953

VIVAT ELIZABETHA REGINA



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Any contributions towards the 1954 Magazine should be handed
to Miss SAVILL or any member of the Committee at any time
during the year



STOVER SCHOOL MAGAZINE

1953

Mrs. KEY'S LETTER

STOVER SCHOOL, 1932-53

9, THE CLOSE,
SALISBURY.

MY DEAR STOVER GIRLS, PAST AND PRESENT,

A bright Autumn morning 21 years ago ! The trees changing colour and wearing the lovely browns and golds that perhaps suit them best of all. The moors a hazy purple in the distance, with the heather well-nigh over, and Stover House solid, massive, welcoming, and rather sad and lonely.

That was the picture that I saw when I came with an "order to view" to find suitable premises to house a small preparatory school.

"A white elephant," they said to me before I came. "A desolate place, too far from the town, and impossible to run."

But as I walked up the portico steps and entered the gracious hall, and then as I opened the door of the Library I found myself saying, "This is it." For my eyes were resting with delight on the lovely view from the Library window, and my heart was singing with David of old : "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help."

Yes, it needed some help and some vision in those early days. How to get there, so far from the town ? How to light such a place ? No main electricity then ! Where to build a gymnasium ? How to find enough water for the school ? And perhaps the most vital question of all—How to get the pupils ?

But Stover has ever been—and, please God, always will be—a place of Vision, Venture and Vocation.

And so in those early days we prayed that as the work was God's work, He would supply all our needs. For the work of education in its fullest and richest sense, is His, and the fear of the Lord is the beginning of Wisdom.

Stover has seen much of life in twenty-one years. Many children have passed through its walls. Much to rejoice us has happened. Grief, too, has had its place. Celebrations, birthdays, dangers even, friendships, successes, failures—all these have played their part. But through it all there stands a great Truth, and this I would leave with you for your reflection.

We hear much of the problems of our generation—the crime amongst the youth of today, the frustration and the restlessness. We read the papers with fear in our hearts, for what will be the end of it all?

"The youth of the country," they say, "is baffled, unsettled and unsatisfied. They have no object, no goal, no Faith. What is the reason?" And the answer is: "Where is their Vocation? Where is their Vision? For where there is no Vision the people perish."

So we wish for you, girls past and present, a true sense of Vocation, a spirit of adventure, and the Vision of the Truth, the Life, and the Way. This has always been our aim for you, that you may go out from Stover, quite sure of your Vocation in the world, equipped and ready to face all "the fiery darts of the Evil One," and willing to lead your generation to a worthier goal and a better future.

With love to you all, and every blessing.

A. JOAN KEY,
Headmistress, 21 Years Ago.

MY DEAR GIRLS AND OLD GIRLS,

Although my letter is not the important one in this number of the magazine, I could not let this year go by without sending you a special greeting. It is a happy chance that our twenty-first birthday falls in this year, which is made memorable by great national events, both sad and happy—the passing of Queen Mary, that well-loved lady, and the crowning of her grand-daughter, our present Queen. How deep the affection Queen Elizabeth inspires in her subjects is shown by the desire we all felt so strongly on the day of her Coronation, to share in her act of dedication to the service of God and country. How wonderful was the feeling we all experienced, of taking a real part in the great service in Westminster Abbey, whether we were in London or Devonshire.

We have had many delightful visits from past pupils and members of staff during the year, and a particularly happy Old Girls' weekend in July. Those whom we have not seen recently, don't forget that we love to see you, and we can often find room to put you up for a short visit.

I think you would all wish me to record our gratitude to governors of the school, both past and present, who have given time and work so willingly, and have guided the school through the years since they took responsibility for it. We hope they will accept our warmest thanks, and realize that we deeply appreciate what they have done.

There are many others to whom we owe a debt of gratitude. Stover has been blessed with many good friends, among them those whose generosity and kindness has helped towards providing us with our Chapel, and its beautiful furnishings.

To all old girls, and past members of the staff, and to our friends and well-wishers we send our good wishes for a very happy Christmas, and good fortune and prosperity in 1954.

Yours sincerely,

PHYLLIS E. DENCE.

THE HISTORY OF STOVER

Although Stover is nowadays a scene of continual activity, previous records are curiously silent concerning it. Consequently, research on the history of the house has not produced the amount of information which its size would seem to warrant.

Before the previous house was built, a smaller building appears to have been situated below the existing one. This was called Stoford Lodge, but no traces of it remain.

The present house was built by James Templer in 1776, who, although the son of a poor man, became sufficiently successful in business to buy the estate and to build himself a country house. Eleven years later, the present Church at Teigngrace was built by James Templer and two of his brothers, one of whom was the rector there. He also built the Stover Canal, down which the granite for building portions of London Bridge was conveyed by means of the granite railway from Haytor, and which was another of his speculations.

In his "History of Devonshire," written in 1797, Richard Polwhele made the following statement about Stover: "It is of granite of Hightor down. It is a strong and irregular pile of building. The chimney pieces in the upper rooms exhibit the different marble of the country."

The grandson of the founder of Stover House was apparently introduced everywhere as "the accomplished George Templer of Stover." He was a poet, a wit, a scholar, and one of the cleverest sportsmen of the age. He became the Master of the first regular pack of foxhounds, which later came to be known as the "South Devon." His other interests appear to have included the theatre,



R. La Touche, Lr. V.

for we hear of Mrs. Siddons, the famous actress, visiting Stover to watch some amateur theatricals.

Unfortunately, all the pleasures had to be forfeited, for such was George Templer's generosity and unbounded hospitality that the handsome fortune with which he had begun his career was quickly used, and he was compelled to sell the house and to give up his hounds. Faced with the loss of his home, he wrote the following poem, entitled "On looking back from Haldon for the last time on Stover":

"Stover, farewell ! Still fancy's hand shall trace
Thy pleasures past in all their former grace,
And I will wear and cherish, though we part,
The dear remembrance ever at my heart."

"Not as the hare, whom hounds and horn pursue,
In timid constancy I cling to you ;
But, like the bolder chase, resolved, I fly
That where I may not live I will not die."

Templer then went abroad, but returned a year or so later to build Sandford Orleigh, a large mansion on the outskirts of Newton Abbot. He finally met his death in December, 1843, at the age of sixty-two, as a result of an accident in the hunting field, a fitting end for one who was referred to as the "Paladin of the Chase." He lies buried in the family vault at Teigngrace, where a monument to him may be seen today.

The property of Stover had passed into the hands of Edward Adolphus Seymour, the eleventh Duke of Somerset, in 1829, who had succeeded his father in 1793, at the age of eighteen.

Stover was later handed on to Harold St. Maur, a relation of the Seymours, from whom his name is derived, who settled there and built new kennels. He was destined to see active service as a Major of the Royal First Devon Yeomanry in the Boer War. After the outbreak of war, Stover itself was converted into a Red Cross hospital, and many badly-wounded soldiers were personally tended by Mrs. St. Maur. At the close of the season 1896-7, St. Maur resigned his Mastership of the hounds. In 1910, he stood as a candidate for Exeter, and was elected in the same year.

One of the living descendants of the Templer family has suggested that the Italian portico of the house, added some years after its foundation, and constructed in a different stone, was erected in memory of the Battle of Waterloo.

In 1932, the present school was founded, and nowadays, like many other mansions in this county, no longer fulfils the purpose for which it was built.

P. SEAGRIM and J. WATERHOUSE (Up. VI.)

Mr. and Mrs. Wollington

A birthday number of our Magazine would be incomplete without a tribute to our two oldest inhabitants—two who were here from the very start of the School. Mr. and Mrs. Wollington are part and parcel of Stover to all who have lived here during the last 21 years, and we owe too much to them for one short article to do them justice.



Among my early memories of "Wolly" is the picture of him mowing the tennis lawn with a small boy astride his shoulders. That was when Stover had a Kindergarten. There are many pictures of him being "helped" by a crowd of eager but inexperienced gardeners (whose enthusiasm he never damped). I remember him, during the war when sweets and fruit were in very short supply, pulling young carrots for a crowd of small people who longed for something sweet. I shall not easily forget either, the nights when there were enemy raids. Whether or not he was officially on A.R.P. duty, "Wolly" was always out and about, and it gave one a comfortable feeling that all was well. There were several years when we had no other male help except for "Wolly," and he cared for the games field and gardens unaided except for the rather spasmodic help which members of the School could give.

Not only gardener, but handyman and "Lord High Everything else," "Wolly"

was our mainstay. The unstinted and loving service he gave us took their toll of his health, but although officially "retired," "Wolly" still does a great deal, and his experience will, we hope, plan and direct what goes on in the gardens for many years to come.

We owe a great debt of gratitude also to Mrs. Wollington, who, by taking charge of the poultry kept us supplied with eggs all through the war, and the difficult post-war period of rationing. What we should have done without this supply I cannot think, and Mrs. "Wolly" was always able to charm eggs from the hens when no other hens seemed to be laying.

So thank you, Mr. and Mrs. "Wolly," from all of us who have enjoyed rides on your shoulders, or in the wheelbarrow, or raw carrots or cooked peas or strawberries from the kitchen garden, and eggs from the hens, who have revelled in the lovely flowers, or used the swimming bath you looked after, who have slept sound in our beds because you were on guard, and from those who have sat round your fireside and drunk your cups of tea and enjoyed your company. Thank you from all of us at Stover.



A LETTER FROM IRENE COLEMAN (*nee* Coldridge)

It was a great joy to visit Stover again this year and to seem to belong to the school for a brief weekend.

Perhaps some old girls and old members of the staff are accustomed to leave long-suffering husbands, but I seldom leave mine except for a shopping expedition to Birmingham. However, this time, Miss Dence's very warm invitation paved the way, and I was thrilled at the thought of going down for the Old Girls' Reunion.

After leaving Exeter the train journey is a delight to a Devonian exiled to the Midlands. I sat in the corner seat where I could revel in the coastline at Dawlish, Teignmouth, and Shaldon, with the red cliffs and green cap of the Ness. Then, as the railway line turned inland and ran alongside the River Teign towards Newton Abbot, I thought I had never realized how beautiful it is.

Reaching the Market Square in Newton Abbot, I stood in the queue for the Bovey 'bus. What memories that spot recalls of the old Stover School 'bus driven by Bickle. In the early days it used to call for me at my home in Devon Square and we proceeded to collect girls and small boys, even going as far as Wolborough Hill for Margaret and Jean Scott. Our final port of call was at Forches Cross, where the postman waited with a pile of letters. These I jealously guarded and took straight to Miss Dence. She did not guess how disappointed I was if she were not in her study for her gracious greeting and her morning smile always made me feel it was good to be beginning the day's work at Stover.

I loved "Prayers," especially the hymns, in spite of arriving breathless after having hurried up the stairs from the Staff Room. The joyousness of the singing and some of the words of praise remain with me now.

But to return to that Friday evening. It was delightful to be met at the Lodge by Miss Dence and to join Mrs. Key, Mrs. Milne, and Mary Hooper in the Drive and walk back to the School. Later we called on Mr. and Mrs. "Wolly," and enjoyed a chat in their cosy sitting-room. Miss Lidgate, hard at work as usual, joined us in Miss Dence's study and Old Girls began to arrive. One of them, Joy Gerard, seemed just the same, only just a little older (like the rest of us), as she was when I taught her at "The Chestnuts" before Mrs. Key, then Miss Joan Dence, moved to Stover. Joy and I were always good friends. I cannot remember anything unhappy about our relationship as teacher and pupil.

Who would think of beginning the Saturday at Stover with breakfast in bed! This really did happen to me, and it was brought to me by the Head herself!

The Old Girls' lunch and tea were very happy occasions. It was interesting to sit next to Jean Scott at lunch and hear of her life abroad, and at tea to find myself sharing reminiscences with June Howell.

I was always proud of Stover, even in the war years, when things were difficult, but now when I think of the delightful dining hall, with its small tables and pretty decorations, of the absolute abandonment of the girls in the sheer joy of the singing I enjoyed, and of the little chapel, a sure source of strength to all who seek God's Presence there, I am glad that I had a small share in helping to lay the foundations of the school.

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

- Sept. 17. Autumn term began.
- " 20. Film : "Louisa."
- " 26. VIth Form Conference at Stover.
- " 27. Lecture, Mr. Philip Thornton : "Music of Primitive Peoples."
- Oct. 18. Film : "For the Love of Mary."
- " 22. Lecture, P. Ashton : "Current Affairs."
- " 29. Piano Recital, Iso Ellinson.
- Nov. 7-10. Half term.
- " 25. Careers lecture : Miss Harthill.
- " 26. Recital : Carl Dolmetsch and Joseph Saxby.
- " 29. Films and talk : "The Leper Community," Rev. P. Pryce.
- Dec. 9. Films : Cadbury Bros.
- " 13. Christmas Party. Film : "Appointment with Venus."
- " 17. End of term.
- 1953
- Jan. 14. Spring term began.
- " 17. Film : "The Wooden Horse."
- " 31. Film : "Lady Hamilton."
- Feb. 1. Talk and films : Father Strickland.
- " 9. Pianoforte recital : David Parkhouse.
- " 11 and 12. Common Entrance examinations.
- " 14. Film : "The Man in the White Suit."
- " 15. Talk by Deaconess Leman.
- " 26. La Troupe Francaise, at Torquay G.G.S.
- Mar. 1. Film and Talk by Mrs. Wardle : "Missions to Seamen."
- " 7. Film : "The Elusive Pimpernel."
- " 14. Recital (Violoncello) : Maurice Eisenberg.
- " 28. Film : "Caesar and Cleopatra."

- April 1. End of term.
 " 29. Summer term began.
 May 1. VIth Form talk on Nigeria, by Mr. Wallis.
 " 2. Films : " Gentlemen, the Queen," and " The British Monarchy."
 " 6. Lecture on Handwriting, by Mr. Lewis.
 " 13. B.B.C. recording of Choir.
 " 27. Dedication of Chapel by the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Crediton.
 " 30. Half term.
 June 2. Coronation of Her Majesty the Queen.
 " 3. Half term ends.
 " 7. Holy Communion Service in School Chapel, conducted by Rev. P. C. Young.
 " 9. G.C.E. (Advanced Level) examinations began.
 " 13. Choir broadcast in Children's Hour.
 " 17. Coronation Film, Odeon : " A Queen is Crowned."
 " 27. Sports Day and Fete in aid of Chapel Expenses.
 July 2. Lecture, Miss Bickersteth : " Agra, the City of the Taj."
 " 6. G.C.E. (Ordinary Level) examinations began.
 " 18. Swimming Sports.
 Old Girls' weekend.
 " 19. Holy Communion Service in School Chapel, conducted by Canon Jones.
 " 23. Performance of " The Rivals," in aid of Highweek Church Funds.
 " 24. Speech Day. Prizes presented by His Grace the Duke of Somerset.
 " 25. Summer Term ends.

VALETE

Christmas, 1952
 Ana Buss
 Suzanne Chapman
 Julia Walters
 Margaret Ballard
 Jane Bawdon
 Anthea Bickford
 Celia Bowstead
 Pamela Bowstead
 Jillian Chenhall
 Elizabeth Cove Clark
 Sally Dove

Easter, 1953	
Wendy Brewer	
Valerie Markwick	
July, 1953	
Prudence Fawcett	
Jillian Hexter	
Anne Himely	
Ann Hughes	
Hilary Johns	
Jean Miller	
Evadne Painter	
Anne Street	
Teresa Wield	

SALVETE

September, 1952

Susan Anthony, Lr. IV.	Patricia Norwood, III.
Claire Dixon, III.	Elizabeth Pollard, III.
Sally Dove, V.	Marguerite Reeves, Lr. IV.
Prudence Fawcett, Lr. V.	Drina Seex, Lr. IV.
Patricia Hackney, Up. IV.	Jacqueline Seex, III.
Jill Hughes, III.	Kathleen Stewart, Lr. IV.
Felicity Irvine, III.	Naddathong Thong-yai, Lr. V.
Diana Keith, III.	Ann Waterman, Lr. IV.
Elizabeth Morris, III.	Rosamund Watts, III.

January, 1953

Rita Smith, III.

May, 1953

Elizabeth Scrymgeour, III.
 Valerie Smith, Lr. IV.
 Katherine Tyler, III.

APPOINTMENTS

Head Girl, 1952-53: C. Anne Himely

Prefects:

W. Brewer, A. Evans, H. Johns, B. Kauntze, G. La Touche,
 J. Meadows, R. Parnaby, P. Seagrim, M. Varley, J. Waterhouse

**GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF EDUCATION
(ADVANCED LEVEL), JUNE, 1953**

The following girls were awarded certificates as a result of the above examination:

B. Anne Evans: English—Pass. Latin—Pass.

C. Anne Himely: History—Pass. Art—Good.

Patricia A. Seagrim: English—Pass (*Scholarship Level*). Latin—Pass. French—Pass. General Paper—*Exceptional*.

On these results, P. Seagrim was awarded a Devon County Major Scholarship.

Jennifer Waterhouse: English—Pass (*Scholarship Level*). Latin—Pass. General Paper—Pass. French (*Ordinary Level*)—Pass.

**GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF EDUCATION
(ORDINARY LEVEL), JULY, 1953**

The following girls were awarded certificates as a result of the above examination:

- Pauline Bellamy : *Very Good*—English Literature. *Good*—English Language, History, Religious Knowledge. *Pass*—Geography.
- Anthea W. W. Bickford : *Exceptional*—Art. *Good*—English Language, Biology. *Pass*—English Literature, History.
- Pamela M. Bowstead : *Very Good*—English Literature, History. *Good*—Latin. *Pass*—English Language, Mathematics.
- E. Rosemary McO. Campbell : *Very Good*—History. *Good*—English Language, English Literature, Latin. *Pass*—French, Geography, Biology.
- Jillian K. Chenhall : *Very Good*—Art. *Pass*—Mathematics.
- Elizabeth A. Cove Clark : *Pass*—English Language, English Literature, History, Art, Biology.
- Sally J. Dove : *Exceptional*—French, and French Oral. *Very Good*—English Language, English Literature, Mathematics. *Good*—Latin, History. *Pass*—Religious Knowledge.
- Margaret J. Frew : *Good*—English Literature. *Pass*—English Language, French, Biology.
- Jillian L. Hexter : *Pass*—History.
- Jennifer J. Himely : *Pass*—English Language, English Literature, History, Religious Knowledge, Mathematics, Biology.
- Penelope J. Key : *Very Good*—Mathematics. *Good*—French, Biology. *Pass*—English Language, English Literature, Latin, Religious Knowledge.
- M. Louise Parkinson : *Exceptional*—English Language, English Literature, Oral French. *Very Good*—French (written), History, Geography. *Good*—Latin, Mathematics. *Pass*—Religious Knowledge.
- M. Jean Sandercock : *Pass*—English Language, Geography.
- Elizabeth A. Stewart : *Good*—English Language, English Literature. *Pass*—History, Geography, Biology.
- Anne J. Street : *Exceptional*—English Language, History. *Very Good*—Religious Knowledge, Mathematics. *Good*—English Literature, Latin, French, Geography.
- Elizabeth M. Tett : *Good*—History. *Pass*—English Language.
- Angela Wiles : *Very Good*—Art. *Pass*—English Language, Geography, Biology.

ADDITIONAL SUBJECTS

C. Anne Himely :	<i>Pass</i> —General Science
Hilary E. Johns :	<i>Pass</i> —Biology
Barbara E. Kauntze :	<i>Good</i> —Geography, Mathematics. <i>Pass</i> —French, General Science
Janet Meadows :	<i>Good</i> —French
C. Evadne Painter :	<i>Pass</i> —Religious Knowledge

ROYAL SCHOOLS OF MUSIC (ASSOCIATED BOARD)**December, 1952****Piano :**

Grade VII. A. Evans (Pass)
Grade V. J. Kennard (Pass)
Grade IV. H. Crook (Pass), C. Hammond (Pass with Merit), V. Windle (Pass with Distinction)
Grade III. M. Crawford (Pass), J. Hellens (Pass), E. J. Warren (Pass with Merit)
Grade II. A. J. Greenhough (Pass with Distinction), J. Northcott (Pass), F. Woolner (Pass with Merit)

Singing :

Grade VIII. A. Evans (Pass with Distinction)
	Ballet :

Grade III. C. Hammond, J. Himely, L. Himely, E. Tett
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ROYAL SCHOOLS OF MUSIC (ASSOCIATED BOARD)**March, 1953****Piano :**

Grade III. K. Stewart (Pass with Merit)
Grade II. J. Lister (Pass with Merit)
Grade I. A. Cornish-Bowden (Pass with Merit), C. Dixon (Pass), E. Roberts (Pass with Merit), A. Stephens (Pass with Merit)

Violin :

Grade IV. A. Evans (Pass with Distinction), J. Kennard (Pass with Merit)
Grade III. R. Parnaby (Pass)
Grade II. J. Himely (Pass with Distinction)

Violoncello :

Grade IV. P. Key (Pass)
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ROYAL SCHOOLS OF MUSIC (ASSOCIATED BOARD)**July, 1953****Piano :**

Grade V. C. Hammond (Pass with Distinction)
Grade III. A. J. Greenhough (Pass with Merit), J. Northcott (Pass with Merit), F. Woolner (Pass with Distinction)
Grade I. J. Miller (Pass)

Theory of Music :

Grade V. J. Kennard (Pass), G. LaTouche (Pass), R. Parnaby (Pass)
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Elocution (Theory Paper) :

Grade VI. M. Varley (Pass)
Grade III. E. Johnstone (Pass)
Grade II. F. Benwell (Pass with Distinction)

GIFTS TO THE SCHOOL

Starting Pistol : Mr. and Mrs. Cove Clark.

Reference books for Library : Miss June Davies

Loan for Laboratory : Microscope (G. S. Brown, Esq.)

GAMES REPORT**School Games Captains :**

Autumn Term, 1952, and Spring Term, 1953 : W. Brewer.

Summer Term, 1953 : P. Seagrim.

LACROSSE TEAMS

	1st XII.	2nd XII.	15 and under XII.
G.K.	R. Parnaby	E. Bruce	J. Bawdon
Point	P. Key	S. Dove	N. Goord
C.P.	J. Waterhouse	M. Varley	M. Matson (Capt.)
3rd M.	E. Pleace	J. Himely	H. Leggate
L.D.W.	aJ. Fielding	M. Matson	P. Fawcett
R.D.W.	W. Brewer (Capt.)	J. Meadows	E. Chaplin
C.	A. Himely	L. Himely	L. Himely
R.A.W.	C. Isaac	R. Campbell	J. Greenhough
L.A.W.	H. Johns	P. Seagrim (Capt.)	M. Crawford
3rd H.	A. Bickford	A. Street	P. Bickford
2nd H.	J. Sandecock	P. Johnstone	V. Easterbrook
1st H.	J. Warren	A. Wiles	J. Lovegrove

*a*Colours.

Lacrosse colours were awarded to H. Johns, R. Parnaby, A. Himely and A. Bickford during the season.

LACROSSE FIXTURES—Autumn, 1952

Date	School	Result
Oct. 18th	1st XII. v. Harcombe House 1st XII. ... Home	Lost 9-13
Oct. 25th	1st XII. v. Shute 1st XII. ... Away	Won 16-0
Nov. 1st	2nd XII. v. South Devon Ladies ... Home	Cancelled
Nov. 22nd	1st XII. v. South Devon Ladies ... Home	Won 9-2
Nov. 29th	1st XII. v. Harecombe House 1st XII. Away	Lost 7-10
Dec. 6th	2nd XII. v. Oxton 1st XII. ... Home	Won 7-4
	1st XII. v. Oxton 1st XII. ... Home	Cancelled
	14 and Under XII. v. Oxton ... Home	Cancelled
	2nd XII. v. Oxton 1st XII. ... Away	Draw 6-6

Spring, 1953

Jan. 24th	1st XII. v. Sherborne 1st XII. ... Away	Lost 2-15
Jan. 31st	1st XII. v. West Wanderers 1st XII. ... Home	Cancelled
Feb. 7th	2nd XII. v. Shute 1st XII. ... Home	Won 13-2
	14 and Under v. Shute 14 and Under XII. ... Home	Cancelled
Feb. 14th	1st XII. v. Bristol University 1st XII. ... Home	Cancelled
Feb. 21st	2nd XII. v. Oxton 1st XII. ... Away	Lost 4-5
Feb. 28th	1st XII. v. Harcombe House ... Away	Cancelled
March 7th	West of England Rally at Bath : 1st XII. v. Badminton 1st XII. ...	Won 7-0
	1st XII. v. Alice Otley 1st XII. ...	Won 1-0
	1st XII. v. Cheltenham 2nd XII. ...	Drew 2-2
	1st XII. v. Uplands 2nd XII. ...	Won 8-0
	2nd XII. v. Westonbirt 2nd XII. ...	Drew 1-1
	2nd XII. v. Royal School 1st XII. ...	Lost 1-2
	2nd XII. v. Cheltenham 1st XII. ...	Lost 0-5
	2nd XII. v. Uplands 1st XII. ...	Drew 1-1
March 21st	1st XII. v. Oxton 1st XII. ... Home	Won 9-1
	14 and Under XII. v. Oxton 15 and Under XII. ... Home	Home Won 18-0
April 2nd	All England Lacrosse Rally at London : 1st XII. v. Commonweal Lodge ...	Lost 1-2
	1st XII. v. Dunneaton ...	Won 5-1
	1st XII. v. Bridlington ...	Won 1-0
	1st XII. v. Newbury ...	Lost 2-5

NETBALL TEAMS

Netball 1st VII.	14 and Under
E. Pleace	G.K. H. Leggate
A. Himely	D. C. Isaacs
L. Himely	C.D. M. Crawford
J. Fielding	C. L. Himely
J. Himely	C.A. J. Himely
C. Isaac	A. R. La Touche
J. Chenhall	G.S. J. Warren.

NETBALL FIXTURES—Autumn Term

Date	Event	Result
Oct. 11th	1st VII. v. Stoke Lake 1st VII. ...	Drew 13-13
Nov. 3rd	14 and Under v. Stoke Lake ...	Won 26-15
Nov. 5th	1st VII. v. Stoke Lake 1st VII. ...	Cancelled
Nov. 15th	1st VII. v. Stoodley Knowle 1st VII. ...	Cancelled

Spring Term

Date	Event	Result
March 14th	1st VII. v. Convent of Notre Dame ..	Lost 20—21
	14 and Under v. Convent of Notre Dame ..	Cancelled
	1st VII. v. St. Michael's Convent ..	Lost 13—15
	14 and Under v. St. Michael's Convent ..	Lost 9—26

TENNIS TEAMS**1st Tennis VI.**

1st Couple :	J. Fielding
	J. Warren
2nd couple :	P. Bellamy
	P. Johnstone
3rd couple :	S. Dove
	A. Bickford

Also played : H. Johns

2nd Tennis VI.

1st couple :	P. Seagrim
	H. Johns
2nd couple :	A. Street
	E. Pleafce
3rd couple :	A. Hughes
	A. Gaudion

Also played : R. Parnaby

Tennis Colours were gained by A. Bickford, S. Dove and J. Fielding during the term.

TENNIS FIXTURES

Date	Event	Result
May 9th	1st VI. v. Convent of Notre Dame	1st VI. . . Won 46—35
May 16th	Aberdare Cup—1st round :	
	Stover v. Shute	Won 3—0
	Stover v. Maynard	Lost 0—3
	Round won by Maynard.	
	14 and Under VI. v. Oxton	Cancelled
May 23rd	1st VI. v. Assumption Convent	1st VI. . . Cancelled
	2nd VI. v.	2nd VI.
June 6th	1st VI. v. Bishop Fox	1st VI.
	2nd IV. v.	2nd IV.
	15 and Under IV. v. Bishop Fox	2nd IV.
June 13th	2nd VI. v. Marist Convent	2nd VI.
June 20th	1st VI. v. Oxton	1st VI.
	2nd VI. v. Oxton	2nd VI.
July 4th	1st VI. v. Sydenham	1st VI.
July 18th	1st VI. v. Old Girls	1st VI.
" 21st	2nd VI. v. Old Girls	2nd VI.
	1st VI. v. The Staff	1st VI.

The Senior Tennis Tournament was won by J. Fielding ; the runner-up, S. Dove.

The Junior Tennis Tournament was won by G. Brown ; the runner-up, P. Bickford.

The Doubles Tennis Tournament was won by J. Fielding and E. Pleafce ; the runners-up, S. Dove and B. Kauntze.

GYMNASTIC COMPETITION

which was won by the Up. V., the Sixth Form. The Third Form tied for second place. Miss M. E. Donne, of Bishop Fox School, Taunton, kindly came to judge the gymnastic competition.

Inter-House Matches**Autumn Term, 1952**

The Senior House Lacrosse matches were won by Queen Victoria.
The Junior House Lacrosse matches were won by Queen Elizabeth.

Spring Term, 1953

The Senior House Lacrosse Matches were won by Queen Elizabeth.
The Junior House Lacrosse Matches were won by Queen Elizabeth.

Summer Term, 1953

The Senior House Tennis Matches were won by Queen Elizabeth.
The Junior House Tennis Matches were won by Queen Victoria.

ATHLETIC SPORTS RESULTS—Summer Term, 1953

Event	1st	2nd	3rd
High Jump, Open ..	C. Isaac, 4' 4"	J. Fielding	A. Himely
High Jump, Inter. ..	L. Himely, 4' 7"	S. Lovegrove N. Goord	
High Jump, Junior ..	J. Greenhough, 4' 3"	A. Reid	P. Henley
100 Yds., Open ..	C. Isaac	J. Sandercock	J. Fielding
" Inter. ..	L. Himely	L. Parkinson	M. Pitman
75 Yds., Junior ..	J. Greenhough	J. Webber	J. Lister
Small Visitors Race 1 ..	P. Troman	W. Northcott	
" " 2 ..	D. La Touche	M. Pearse	
Sack Race, Senior ..	J. Fielding	J. Himely	R. Parnaby
" " Inter. ..	E. Johnstone	M. Whiteway- Wilkinson	M. Crawford
" " Junior ..	T. Wield	D. Keith	J. Hughes
Obstacle Race, Senior ..	J. Himely	R. Campbell	
" " Inter. ..	S. Gay	R. Parnaby	
" " Junior ..	C. Hammond	L. Himely	D. Seex
Mothers' and Daughter's Race	Mrs. Wield and	A. Cornish- Bowden	J. Hughes
Father's Race ..	Mr. Parkinson		
3-Legged Race, Senior ..	(J. Fielding C. Isaac	I. Sanderecock E. Stewart	(A. Bickford J. Chenhall
" " Inter. ..	(J. Greenhough L. Himely	(J. Pearce A. Tedd	(A. Waterman D. Seex
" " Junior ..	(A. Reid J. Webber	(C. Hammond V. Windle	(R. Smith E. Morris
Slow Bicycle ..	E. Bruce	R. Campbell	F. Woolner
Egg and Spoon Race, Senior ..	J. Waterhouse	J. Sanderecock	
" " " Inter. ..	J. Miller	A. Tedd	
" " " Junior ..	R. Smith	P. Henley	J. Northcott
Two-Twenty Yards, Open ..	J. Chenhall	J. Sanderecock	L. Parkinson
Long Jump, Open ..	C. Isaac, 15' 7"	J. Chenhall	J. Sanderecock
" " Inter. ..	L. Himely, 13' 10½"	A. Waterman	M. Pitman
" " Junior ..	J. Greenhough 13' 11"	D. Keith	R. Watts
Throwing the Cricket Ball	J. Warren	A. Hughes	J. Greenhough

<i>Junior House Relay</i>	..	Queen Elizabeth	Queen Victoria	Queen Mary
<i>Senior House Relay</i>	..	Queen Victoria	Queen Mary	Queen Elizabeth
<i>Senior Challenge Cup</i>	..	C. Isaac		
<i>Inter Challenge Cup</i>	..	L. Himely		
<i>Junior Challenge Cup</i>	..	J. Greenhough		
<i>Harvey Cup</i>	..	A. Bickford		
<i>Sandhurst Cup</i>	..	J. Fielding		
<i>House Challenge Cup</i>	..	Queen Elizabeth.		

ROYAL LIFE-SAVING SOCIETY EXAMINATIONS.

Elementary.—J. Seex, J. Barker, P. Henley, P. Norwood, A. Reid, J. Northcott, E. Morris, V. Windle, E. Roberts.

Intermediate.—M. Crawford, J. Hughes, D. Pethick, M. Davidson, S. Gay, F. Benwell, P. Hackney, J. Pearse, R. Belben, D. Seex, J. Lovegrove, E. J. Warren, M. Whiteway-Wilkinson, A. Cornish-Bowden.

Bronze Medallion.—M. Crawford, J. Dodge, C. Bowstead, V. Easterbrook, S. Hatfield, L. Himely, P. Warren, E. Bruce, H. Leggate.

Scholar Instructors.—E. Pleace, S. Erredge.

Bronze Cross.—S. Erredge, C. Lunn, C. Isaac, P. Key, E. Pleace, J. Fielding, M. Matson.

Silver.—J. Waterhouse.

Instructors.—A. Himely.

SWIMMING SPORTS, 1953

Event	1st	2nd	3rd
<i>Breast Stroke Style, Junior</i>	F. Benwell	A. Cornish-Bowden	J. Seex
" " " Inter.	L. Himely	J. Warren	S. Gay
" " " Senior	A. Himely	M. Varley	P. Key
<i>Crawl Style, Junior</i>	.. J. Hughes	A. Cornish-Bowden	J. Barker
" " " Inter.	S. Hatfield	D. Seex	L. Himely
" " " Senior	A. Hughes	S. Erredge	P. Key
<i>Back Crawl Style, Inter.</i>	L. Himely	S. Gay	
" " " Senior	A. Himely	J. Fielding	A. Hughes
<i>English Back Stroke, Open</i>	A. Hughes	A. Himely	R. Parnaby
<i>Beginners Diving</i>	.. S. Henderson	M. Whiteway-Wilkinson	F. Benwell
<i>Junior</i>	.. J. Hughes	J. Barker	E. Roberts
<i>Open Diving</i>	.. A. Himely	A. Hughes	L. Himely
<i>Fancy Diving</i>	.. (L. Himely	A. Himely	A. Hughes
<i>Junior 1 Length Free Style</i>	P. Norwood	J. Hughes	J. Barker
<i>Inter 2 Lengths Free Style</i>	V. Easterbrook	S. Hatfield	J. Greenhough
<i>Senior 3 Lengths Free Style</i>	A. Hughes	C. Lunn	M. Frew
<i>Beginners Race</i>	.. E. Morris	R. Smith	D. Keith
<i>Junior Feet First</i>	.. F. Benwell	A. Cornish-Bowden	J. Seex
<i>Inter</i>	.. V. Easterbrook	S. Gay	S. Hatfield
<i>Senior</i>	.. S. Erredge	P. Key	A. Himely

<i>Junior Plunge</i>	..	J. Lister	F. Benwell	K. Tyler
<i>Open</i>	..	H. Johns, 45'	A. Bickford	P. Key
<i>Junior 20 Yds. Breast</i>		A. Cornish-Bowden	J. Hughes	F. Benwell
<i>Inter 1 Length Breast</i>	..	V. Easterbrook	J. Greenough	S. Gay
<i>Senior 1 Length Breast</i>	..	C. Lunn	A. Himely	J. Meadows
<i>Sculling, Open</i>	..	A. Himely	A. Gaudion	C. Isaac
<i>Life-Saving, Open</i>	..	A. Hughes	J. Greenough	A. Cornish-Bowden
<i>Junior 20 Yds. Back</i>	..	P. Norwood	V. Windle	J. Barker
<i>Inter 1 Length Back</i>	..	J. Greenough	D. Seex	S. Beney
<i>Senior 1 Length Back</i>	..	{ A. Hughes A. Himely		J. Fielding
<i>Underwater Swimming</i>	..	E. Pleace, 1 length	J. Hughes	A. Bickford
<i>Blowing the Ping Pong Ball</i>				
	(1)	A. Gaudion	P. Key	S. Hatfield
	(2)	S. Gay	P. Norwood	J. Hughes
<i>Junior House Relay</i>	..	Q. Elizabeth	Q. Victoria	Q. Mary
<i>Senior</i>	"	Q. Elizabeth	Q. Mary	Q. Victoria
<i>Challenge Cup</i>	..	A. Himely	A. Hughes	
<i>Inter</i>	"	L. Himely	V. Easterbrook	S. Gay
<i>Junior</i>	"	J. Hughes	{ F. Benwell A. Cornish-Bowden	
<i>House Challenge Cup</i>	..	Q. Mary	Q. Elizabeth	Q. Victoria

HOUSE REPORTS

Queen Elizabeth House

The most notable event in the school year for Queen Elizabeth House was the winning of the House Cup in the Spring Term. We were particularly glad that we should win it then, since this was the last term that we had Wendy Brewer at Stover as our House Captain. On Sports Day, thanks to the efforts of many members of the House, we won the Inter-House Challenge Cup as well as the Senior, Intermediate, and Junior Individual Challenge Cups. The House lacrosse and netball matches at the end of the winter term, together with the tennis matches during the Summer Term, were as exciting as usual because the House teams were very equal. Swimming sports in the Summer Term provided another chance for Inter-House competition, and we were extremely pleased to win both relays for the third consecutive year. We hope that next year will prove even more successful, and that we will once more be able to win the House Cup.

J. MEADOWS, House Captain

Queen Mary House

Mary House were sorry to lose two House Mistresses—Miss Johnstone in the Spring Term and Miss Radford at the end of the year. We are very grateful to them for the time and help they gave the House. In Miss Johnstone's place we were happy to welcome Miss Dawson, and hope that we will soon gain the House Cup for her, and Miss Radford's successor. During the year we only held this prize for one term—the Autumn—when we were greatly helped by the excellent G.C.E. results. No success crowned for us the lacrosse and tennis House matches, but we did not accept defeat easily, and enjoyed the struggle. On Sports Day, although possessing few outstanding athletes, we came second in marks, owing to our skill in such events as the sack and obstacle races. At swimming sports we were overjoyed when we won the House Challenge Cup, and Anne Himely gained the Senior (Individual) Challenge Cup. This event brought the School year to an end with a success which we hope will be followed up in the coming year in every field.

J. WATERHOUSE, Vice-House Captain

Queen Victoria House

This year has been an uneventful one for Queen Victoria House. All our concentration has been centred on regaining the House Cup, which we did in the summer term. Although we did not win an outstanding number of races on Sports Day, we were very cheered when we won the Senior Relay, and also when Jillian Chenhall broke the record for the 220 yards. At swimming sports, Jill Hughes won the Junior Challenge Cup for us.

We were extremely sorry to lose Miss Comyn at the end of the year. She has been a great help during the time she was one of our House Mistresses, but we will be glad to welcome her successor.

P. A. EVANS, House Captain

SCHOOL EVENTS AND ACTIVITIES**FILMS**

During the past year we have had a good variety of films. We are lucky enough to have our own projector, and if we are able to procure a film everybody flocks to the library to see it—that is unless something goes wrong, when there is great disappointment.

Among the films we had in the Autumn Term there was "Louisa." This was a very amusing film about an elderly lady who is pursued by two suitors, one of whom, after very hilarious experiences, is successful. He is played by Edmund Gwenn, and Louisa by Spring Byington. Next we had "For the Love of Mary," starring Deanna Durbin and Don Taylor. Then for the Christmas party we had "Appointment with Venus," which starred David Niven, Glynis Johns, Jeremy Spenser and Venus the pedigree cow.

At the beginning of the Easter Term we saw "The Wooden Horse." In the film were Leo Genn, Anthony Steele, and David Tomlinson. It told of three prisoners who escaped from a German prisoner of war camp by means of a tunnel which they dug from under a wooden vaulting horse, over which some other prisoners were jumping. They were able to dig beneath the wire fencing and thus escape to reach freedom and safety after an anxious and exciting time in Germany. After this we saw "Lady Hamilton," with Vivien Leigh as Lady Hamilton and Sir Laurence Olivier as Lord Nelson. "The Man in the White Suit" came next. This starred Alec Guinness, Joan Greenwood, and Howard Marion-Crawford, and introduced little Mandy Miller. It told the story of two rival textile manufacturers. Among the staff of one of them is Alec Guinness, who invents a wonder material which always remains clean and never wears out. The other manufacturer is extremely worried and tries to prevent the material being produced. The workers give chase to the inventor, as they realize that if the material is produced, the need for it will soon diminish and their work will no longer be necessary. During the chase the suit, which is worn by Alec Guinness, begins to disintegrate, to the workers' delight. Its inventor, however, is undaunted, and the film concludes as he finds his mistake in the calculations and sets off to try again.

Quite a time afterwards we saw "The Elusive Pimpernel." David Niven played the part of Sir Percy Blakeney, the mysterious Scarlet Pimpernel; Margaret Leighton was his wife, ignorant at first of his adventures. His faithful band make a very clever rescue of a French nobleman's family, bringing them safely to England. There are complications, however, which imperil Sir Percy's life, but his wife discovers that he is the Scarlet Pimpernel, and hurries to save him, and all is well in the end. There are some beautiful pictures of the French countryside, and Mont St. Michel especially is magnificently photographed.

At the end of the Easter Term we had "Caesar and Cleopatra," which was very spectacular and was photographed

very well in technicolour. It was extremely popular, and starred Vivien Leigh and Claude Rains.

At the beginning of the Summer Term we had two films, one about the ancestors and predecessors of our Queen, and the other telling her life story, from early childhood, in the form of an album. The first was called "The Monarchy," and the second "Gentlemen, the Queen."

Then, on June 17th, the whole school went to the Odeon Cinema, Newton Abbot, to see "A Queen is Crowned." It was excellently filmed in colour, and the commentary, written by Christopher Fry, was very well spoken by Sir Laurence Olivier.

As the new year starts we would like to express our gratitude to those who have made these films possible.

R. D. LA TOUCHE, Lr. V.

GEOGRAPHICAL FILMS

During the past year we have had a very interesting series of geographical films. The first was a film about Australia, in which we learnt about nomads and their way of life. To contrast with this, the next film was about Greece, where we saw life in the peasant villages of the Mediterranean shores. We then had an enjoyable film of Jamaica, which showed us quantities of delicious-looking bananas being gathered and packed up for export. In "Sponges," we saw how the natives of the Bahama Islands harvested sponges from the sea, laying them out to dry on the sand, and then carefully cutting them into different sizes and shapes in the factories before sending them abroad. "Nomads of the Jungle" taught us about the timber industry in Malaya.

The first films of the Spring Term were about India—"A Foothill Town, Darjeeling," and "A Himalayan Town, Katmandu," from which we caught several breathtaking glimpses of the snow-covered Himalayas. "The Po River Valley," a film of agriculture in a warm Italian valley, formed a great contrast to that about Katmandu.

For "Western Isles," we came back to England to see how Harris tweed was made, and then in "Petroleum," we learnt about the petroleum industry of Trinidad. We found these films most helpful and instructive, and hope to see some more in the coming year.

M. L. PARKINSON, Up. V.

LECTURES, 1952-53

During the year 1952-53 the school have enjoyed several lectures on many varied subjects.

On November 25th, Mrs. Hart-Hill gave a very helpful talk on careers for girls, and aided many to choose their future careers.

Mr. Philip Ashton also lectured in the Autumn Term on current affairs to the Senior School, explaining the problem of the Saar coalfields among other interesting topics.

In the Spring Term, some of the Senior School enjoyed going to Torquay Grammar School to see a performance of "Les Précieuses Ridicules," among other French plays performed by "La Troupe Française," and all were very impressed by the excellent acting and beautiful costumes.

Another careers lecture, equally informative, was given on March 30th by Mrs. Finch, who talked on many varied subjects, such as physiotherapy, secretarial careers, and nursing, and answered questions for us.

The Summer Term, although a very busy one, gave opportunity for three very good lectures. Mr. Wallace came to the school on May 1st and talked about Nigeria, and how it gained its independence, and the great work entailed in setting it up as an independent country.

On May 6th, Mr. Lewis, the art master at Dartmouth Royal Naval College, interested the school greatly by his lecture on handwriting, from the first primitive types to present-day script.

The Junior School enjoyed a talk on the famous Taj Mahal of India, and Miss Bickersteth showed them some pictures to illustrate her lecture.

R. MCORAN CAMPBELL, Up. V.

RECITALS, 1952-53

The School are always pleased to hear that there is going to be a recital, and we are very grateful to Miss Dence for asking so many interesting people to play to us during the past year.

The Autumn Term began with a concert given by Philip Thornton, who held the school enthralled with music from all parts of the world played on a most astonishing variety of instruments. One of these was believed, in the place where it was made, to cause rain, which, much to our astonishment, it had done when Mr. Thornton played it at the Sixth Form conference the day before.

Only a month elapsed before we were again preparing for a concert, this time by the Russian pianist, Iso Ellinson. Mr. Ellinson was particularly welcome, as he has played at Stover

before. He gave a most exciting programme, and was not allowed to leave until he had played numerous encores.

November brought a different kind of music with the visit of Carl Dolmetsch and Joseph Saxby. They played many early European instruments, viols, recorders, and a harpsichord, which aroused much envy. The recorders were particularly interesting; one of them could play higher than the highest note of a piano. It was a fascinating concert, and the school's previously low opinion of recorders rose considerably in consequence. This recital ended the musical events of the Autumn Term.

With the Spring Term came another pianist, David Parkhouse. He gave a most enjoyable concert, mixing classical works with some light, amusing pieces. The School particularly enjoyed Jacques Ibert's "The Little White Donkey." His visit brought disillusionment to would-be pianists who thought that they were at last getting somewhere, but they were also encouraged to further efforts. Likewise, when Maurice Eisenberg gave a concert later in the term, the 'cellists felt depressed at their own insignificant efforts, but inspired by the thought that the 'cello could sound like that. It was an amazing concert which delighted the school, especially a piece of Mr. Eisenberg's own composition, called "Pizzicato Blues."

This was the last concert of the year, and as the Autumn Term comes round again, we look forward to some more pleasant yet instructive afternoons, hoping to welcome back some who have played to us before and to meet some new artists.

J. WATERHOUSE, Up. VI.

THE CHOIR, 1952-53

In this, Stover's twenty-first year, the choir feel proud to have had two opportunities of broadcasting, once with the Royal Naval College, Dartmouth, and once on our own.

Last Autumn we sang, with Dartmouth College, the cantata, "God So Loved the World," by J. S. Bach, and various carols, one of which contained a solo sung by Anne Evans. We gave two performances in the Chapel of the Royal Naval College on the 16th of November, the first of which was given to visitors and the second to the College. This latter performance was recorded for broadcast. In between the two we had a very enjoyable supper. After the last performance we listened to one or two carols played back to us on a tape recorder, and later in the term we heard part of the programme on the wireless.

At the end of term we had our carol service in Teigngrace Church for the first time.

In the spring we gave a performance of "Stabat Mater," by Pergolesi. We were accompanied by Miss Johnstone on the piano, with two flutes, played by Mr. King and Mr. Todhunter, from Dartmouth.

This summer we welcomed Miss Hoskin into the choir, and six new members from the Upper Fourth, making it larger than it has ever been.

At the beginning of the term we recorded a programme of madrigals and folk songs for broadcasting, which we heard a month later on Children's Hour. It was very interesting to hear ourselves singing so long after we had been recorded, and it was difficult to believe that it was us.

At the end of May our School Chapel was dedicated by the Bishop of Crediton. For this we sang Walmsley's "Magnificat in D Minor." We were accompanied by the orchestra.

At the end of term we did our annual Gilbert and Sullivan opera. This year our choice was "Iolanthe." We gave two performances, one to Old Girls and the other to the school. Both were enjoyed very much by all. The cast was as follows:

The Lord Chancellor	A. HIMELY
Earl of Mountararat	E. PAINTER
Earl Tolloller	S. DOVE
Private Willis	A. BICKFORD
Strephon	A. EVANS
Queen of the Fairies	J. WATERHOUSE
Iolanthe	J. HIMELY
Celia	J. FIELDING
Leila	A. HUGHES
Fleta	E. STEWART
Phyllis	W. BREWER
Chorus of Fairies	Members of Lr. IV.
Chorus of Peers	Other Members of Choir

We are all looking forward very much to singing Mozart's "Twelfth Mass" with Dartmouth College at the end of November.

P. KEY, Up. V.

6th NEWTON ABBOT (STOVER) GUIDE COMPANY

This year has been a successful and enjoyable one for the Guides. We have had many new recruits and have formed a new Patrol, the Robins. Seven Guides have gained Second Class and are now working for Proficiency Badges and towards First Class.

We have been able to hold most of our meetings outside this year, and have enjoyed cooking, stalking, and tracking in the grounds.

We were very pleased when one of our Guides was chosen to attend the Guide Coronation Service in Westminster Abbey on July 3rd.

The whole Company went to the County Rally in Exeter in July, and to the service in the Cathedral afterwards. During the Rally, a pageant was given by the Devon Guides depicting different aspects of Guiding through the ages. We joined with the rest of the Newton Abbot district in showing what the Guide International Service had done for the less fortunate countries during the war. The climax of the Rally came when one Guide from each Company ran through the mass of Guides and placed her Tribute Card at the foot of the County Commissioner. Each card included a report of what their Patrols had done as their Coronation tribute for the year. Guides all over the world had been making a special effort this year to do some real service for other people as a tribute to the Queen. We in the Newton Abbot district raised £25 to provide a skittle alley for the Old People's Home in the town. Three of our Guides attended the opening ceremony and they enjoyed playing a match against the old people, even though they did not beat them! Great ingenuity was used to raise the money in school. We ran a milk bar, organized tennis and table tennis tournaments, and gave a Christmas entertainment and party. As part of our Tribute, the Company also made a garden and presented a garden seat to the Polish Camp; sent scrapbooks of the Coronation to Guides in Ovambaland and a book to Guides in Greece.

We would like to thank Miss Dence, Miss Dawson, and the Cadets for all they have done for us during the year. We were very glad to welcome Miss Savill into the Company as a Guider, but we are sorry to lose Cherry Isaac and Mollie Matson, two of our Patrol Leaders.

THE GUIDE CORONATION SERVICE AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY

I was very fortunate in having the great privilege of being chosen as the Guide who went from Stover to the Guide Coronation Service at Westminster Abbey. I left Newton Abbot on Saturday evening and arrived at London on Sunday morning, having spent part of the night at Exeter.

I went with the other Guides to the Guide Club at Hyde Park by Underground. Having had a meal, we went sight-seeing up the Mall and saw all the marvellous decorations. We took our places opposite Queen Victoria's Statue outside Buckingham Palace.

There was great excitement when the Household Cavalry went by. The greatest attraction to most of the Guides was the Changing of the Guards. This was a truly wonderful sight, with the band playing all the time. There were mounted police patrolling and keeping the surging crowd back.

Soon we left Buckingham Palace and went through Trafalgar Square to Whitehall, where we saw some of the Household Cavalry. Then we all went back to Guide Headquarters to eat some sandwiches. Afterwards we marched in threes to Westminster Abbey. Previously, the Guides who were going to Windsor and the Catholic Church had left us. Our procession was led by the mounted police.

We at last reached the Abbey and went in by a back entrance which was dull and dreary, but immediately the door of the Abbey was opened. The walls and all the chairs were covered in a rich turquoise colour, which contrasted with the lovely red of the Royal Throne and the chairs in which the Royal Dukes had sat.

The Abbey was crowded with four thousand Guides from all over the Commonwealth. The Guides of our party sat behind the three Duke's chairs. The service was taken by the Bishop of Chelmsford. The Dean of Westminster was there, wearing a magnificent scarlet robe. The lesson was read by Lord Rowallan, the Chief Scout of the Commonwealth and Empire. He and Lady Baden-Powell went to the Sanctuary together with the Dean. They stood before the throne, and Lord Rowallan said the Scout's Promise, which they said after him. The Guides, led by Lady Baden-Powell, did likewise.

The service was at an end, and we walked through the Abbey, which was covered in that lovely turquoise colour, into the Annexe. Here we saw all the Crown Jewels, the two crowns sitting majestically at the head, with the Swords of State and the orb below, all glittering in the afternoon sun.

We left the Abbey and returned to the Guide Club for our supper. Then we took the train back to Newton Abbot, having had the most wonderful experience.

M. MATSON, Lr. V.

THE BIBLE READING FELLOWSHIP

During the course of the year we have been pleased to welcome some new members to the Bible Reading Fellowship, and hope that even more will join. Every Sunday now we go to Miss Dence and prepare the evening service with her. During this service, one of our members reads the prayers, and two girls read the lessons. By taking part in the service in this way, we

feel that it is more our own than before, and we all enjoy it. During the year we have very much enjoyed the visits we have had from various people who have come to take our services.

On 29th November, Mr. Pryce gave us a very interesting talk on the work done among the lepers. He also showed us a film, which made us realize the misery suffered by these poor people before they are given help.

On February 1st, Father Strickland came to talk about his work, and also told us how difficult it was for the missionaries to obtain equipment and teachers. After the service he showed us some of the things that he had collected on his visits to different native villages, and recounted many amusing incidents which had occurred during his work abroad.

Deaconess Leman gave us an address, on February 15th. We enjoyed her talk very much, and hope that she will come again in the near future.

Our last visitor of the Spring Term was Mrs. Wardle, who came on March 1st and gave us an account of the work done by the Missions to Seamen, as she has often done before. After the service she showed us some slides which we all found most enjoyable.

On May 25th, Bishop Willis, late of Uganda, came and gave us a very interesting talk. He told us about his work in a district where only a few missionaries had ever been before. There was an address by Miss Cobham, on June 7th, a most appropriate one for that time—just after the Coronation.

Mrs. Key took our service on July 18th, during Old Girls' Weekend, and told us about the growth of the school and its moving to this house. Mrs. Key was the last speaker of the year, and as a new school year begins, we hope to see again those who have already visited us, as well as welcoming new speakers.

J. HIMELY, Up. V.

THE CHRISTMAS PARTY

The Christmas Party, 1952, was my first at Stover. I knew that every year a large Christmas party was held, and after all the excited chatter and praise I had heard about the last one, I was expecting something really wonderful. So I now joined eagerly in the joyful and expectant talk as the time came nearer and nearer.

It had been arranged that we should start off with the film "Lady Hamilton," but as that was not obtainable we had one called "Appointment with Venus." This was really much more suitable for the occasion, as I afterwards found out than "Lady Hamilton" would have been.

It was decided that we would not change into our party frocks before the film, as some people had the kind of dress that would not look its best after being sat on for an hour or two. "Appointment with Venus" was very successful, thanks to the help of the Messrs. White, who put the projector right during an interval, during which we all danced in the hall. The seniors had decorated it very well, winding red streamers and holly around the white pillars. After the film we ran quickly upstairs and changed into our party frocks, admiring those dresses that had been kept as a surprise and had not been seen by us before.

The next thing on the programme was supper. And what a supper ! We all gasped in amazement as we saw the dining-room, festooned with red streamers spreading out from the centre of the ceiling, making a wonderful pattern on the white background. Tucked into the pictures were sprigs of holly and mistletoe. The tables, also, were laden with sandwiches, sausage rolls, cocktail sausages, and all kinds of dainty cakes, meringues, jellies, lemonade, orangeade, and every other delicious thing anyone could possibly think of. Lastly, the cake—it was the largest cake I had ever seen, and needed a whole table to itself ! We soon settled down to this gorgeous feast, and at the very end, when we were so full that we could not possibly have eaten anything else, we managed to give three lusty cheers for Miss Bearne and Miss Gwillam, who had provided such a generous amount for us.

After this we all trooped over to the gym, where the dancing was to be held. This was the ideal place, as there was a very large space to dance in. A Christmas tree stood in one corner, draped with decorations until its branches drooped. The wall-bars also were quite hidden in one mass of green holly and red berries. Soon we were a laughing, happy crowd as we danced away to the sound of the gramophone. One of the dances that I remember most distinctly was the "spotlight" dance. It was more and more exciting as the time wore on and more people had been illuminated by that beam of light that we were trying so desperately to avoid. At last, however, that searching light picked us out of one of the dark corners that we were hovering about in. We danced with everyone—mistresses, seniors and juniors alike. At last, after joining in every dance that we had enough breath to join in, we all made a circle round the room and joined hands to sing "Auld Lang Syne."

So I was not disappointed with my first Christmas party ; in fact, it was more than I had ever anticipated. And as the party broke up I could not help thinking of the many years that I hope to be at Stover, and of the many happy and homely Christmas parties in which I will join.

D. SEEX, Lr. IV.

THE SIXTH FORM CONFERENCE

The subject of the Sixth Form Conference, held at Newton Abbot Grammar School on March 26th, was "Racial Segregation." We began with a service held in St. Mary's Church, Abbotsbury, at which the Rev. J. W. Timms, M.A., Vicar of Buckfastleigh, was the preacher.

After the service we met in Newton Abbot Grammar School, where we listened to a very interesting talk on racial segregation given by Dr. Marcus James, who is a Jamaican by birth, and who holds degrees at Harvard and Oxford. He has also been associated with Haarlem, New York.

After a short break we assembled again in the hall, and a "Commission of Enquiry" was held. Six pupils (including two from Stover) served on the Commission, while each of the other four schools appointed two pupils to appear before the Commission to present the case for and against racial segregation, confining their remarks to a particular region. Torquay Girls' Grammar School presented the case for and against racial segregation in the U.S.A., Dartmouth for South Africa, and Torquay Boys' Grammar School for Jewry.

After lunch there was a musical session. Totnes Boys' Grammar School sang native spirituals, and two boys from Torquay played violin and piano solos. We ourselves sang three songs. One was the Bantu National Anthem, another "Linstead Market," and the last "Mango Walk," sung to the well-known tune of the Jamaican Rhumba. We were very pleased to learn that Dr. Marcus James had recognized and enjoyed our last song.

The last item before the Conference ended was the Forum, the chairman of which was the Rev. J. W. Timms, J.P. The members of the Forum were Mr. Tasker, District Commissioner for Nyasaland; Professor S. Watkins, a member of Devon Education Committee; Mr. Masumba, a school master from Uganda; and Dr. Marcus James.

Altogether the Conference was very interesting and most enjoyable, and we would like to thank Newton Abbot Grammar School for their kind hospitality.

G. LA TOUCHE, Lr. VI.

"TOM SAWYER"

At the end of the Spring Term, 1953, the Third Form acted four scenes from "Tom Sawyer." The first was called "Aunt Polly's Kitchen," and was very amusing. Jackie Seex, who played Tom, and Virginia Windle, who played the part of Aunt Polly, were especially good.

Aunt Polly was dressed in a mauve gown, white apron, white mob-cap, and with a pair of glasses perched on the end of her nose, while Tom wore a pair of tattered trousers and a torn shirt. In this scene, Tom was found in the cupboard by his aunt, eating jam, but he eluded her by a trick.

The next scene was "Outside Aunt Polly's Garden." This time Tom was seen dressed in an overall, whitewashing his aunt's fence, though he was obviously doing it very unwillingly!

Jim, played by Jill Hughes, a little negro boy, refused to help Tom whitewash—he made the excuse that he had been sent by Aunt Polly to get some water, and on no account was he to help Tom.

At that moment, however, Aunt Polly appeared, and chased Jim off. Nevertheless, at the end of the scene, we saw Tom squatting on the ground, eating an apple, holding a kite and playing with a dead rat, all of which he had purchased by "selling" turns of whitewashing to all his friends.

In the next scene, called "Sunday School," Tom wore his best clothes, but he evidently felt very uncomfortable in them! In the beginning he exchanged various odds and ends for blue, yellow, red and green tickets which would eventually earn him a Bible. However, when the time came for Tom to receive his Bible, the very pompous visiting Judge asked Tom who the first two disciples were! Of course, Tom had no idea, so after a pause he stammered: "David and Goliath!"

The fourth and last scene, called "In School," was all about Tom's and Becky's romance. Elaine Roberts, who took the part of Becky, was very good. She wore a blue frock, with a little bonnet and black shoes with silver buckles.

Tom revealed his love for Becky, and she, still rather coy, at last agreed to kiss him. Tom, in his efforts to please Becky, blundered, for he talked about Amy Lawrence, who he obviously adored. Becky realized this and promptly burst into floods of tears.

After trying in vain to comfort her, Tom strode out. Becky ran after him, but he was then out of sight.

When Becky was out of the room, Alfred Temple, who was jealous of Tom because Becky liked him better than himself, came cautiously in, and poured ink on Tom's exercise book. Becky saw him doing this, but she was so angry with Tom she did not say anything about it. When Tom returned later he discovered Becky reading Mr. Dobbins' best book. When she saw him she gave a start and accidentally tore it! Becky was extremely upset and called Tom very mean.

In lessons, Tom was told to remain behind and see Mr. Dobbins for spilling ink on his book. Then the master took out his book and saw that it was torn. All the pupils replied in the negative when they were asked if they had torn the book, until at last Becky was questioned.

Immediately Tom jumped up with a courageous "I done it!" and was rewarded by a grateful smile from Becky. She told Tom that she would wait outside for him until he was allowed out, and then the screens were drawn amidst great applause. We all thank the Third Form for their delightful performance.

C. HAMMOND, Lr. IV.

STOVER CHAPEL COMMITTEE

On July 22nd, 1952, the first meeting was held of a specially-formed Chapel Committee, which has been meeting during the year to plan and supervise conversion of the garden hut into a chapel.

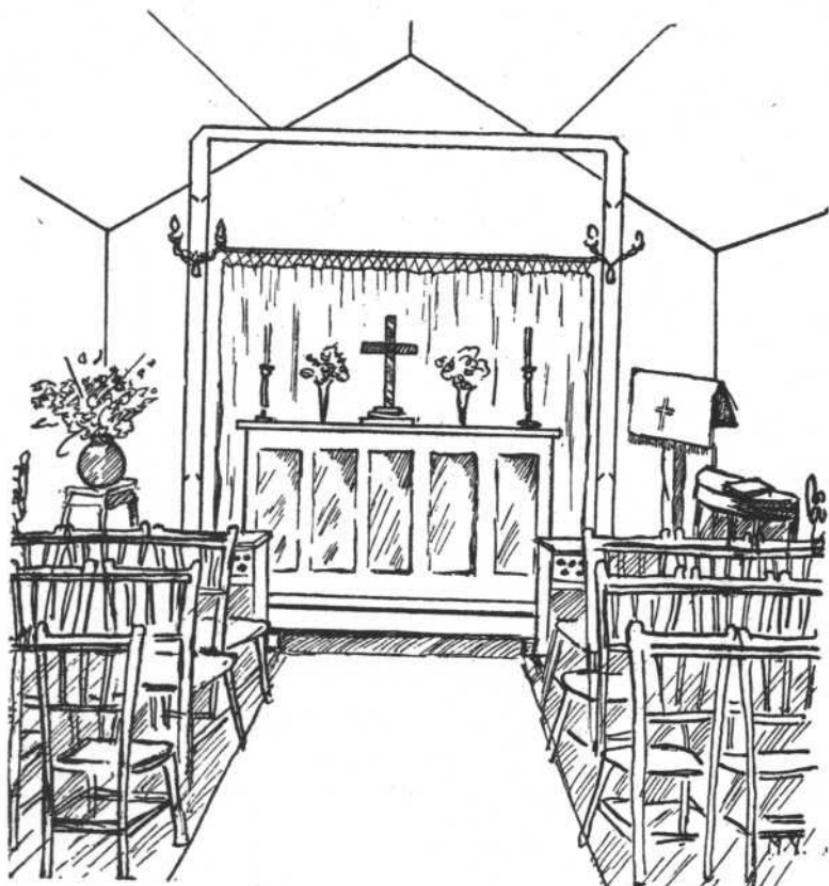
The committee, under the chairmanship of Miss Dence, consisted of the following members: Mr. George Brown, representing the Governors; Mrs. E. Kitson, representing the parents and past pupils; Mrs. A. S. B. Johns and Mr. J. F. D. La Touche, representing the parents of present pupils; Miss R. Bellamy and Miss A. Fursdon, representing the old girls; Miss Lidgate and Miss Given, representing the staff. The School was represented by the head girl, the secretaries of the various charities that we support, and representatives from each Form.

Four full meetings were held, at which all the major matters were discussed and decided. A small sub-committee was appointed to deal with matters which might arise between the meetings.

At the last committee meeting it was found that, when all accounts had been settled up, there was a surplus of £18 4s. 3d. It was decided, therefore, to purchase a small kneeling desk for the use of the priest, and to have a plaque to commemorate the work and generosity of all who had contributed to the chapel in any way.

I should like to express sincere thanks on behalf of the School to all who have helped provide us with a chapel, to those who gave either time, gifts of money or materials. I should like to say a special thank you to the Chairman of our Governors, the Bishop of Crediton, for coming to dedicate the chapel. The presence of such an old and dear friend of the School made the occasion complete for all of us.

M. VARLEY,
Honorary Secretary to the Chapel Committee.



M. Varley, Lr. VI.

THE CHAPEL DEDICATION

On Wednesday, May 27th, our new School Chapel was dedicated. The ceremony was performed by the Bishop of Crediton and a number of governors and visitors were present.

The school, choir and orchestra, together with about half of the visitors, were accommodated in a small marquee opposite the chapel, and microphones were installed to ensure that the service could be heard. After the Lesson, which was Solomon's Dedication of the Temple, from the First Book of Kings, the choir and school gave a beautiful rendering of the Magnificat (Walmesley, D Minor), accompanied by the orchestra. The orchestra also entertained us with several lovely compositions both before and after the service.

Towards the end of the service came the Bishop's Address. He spoke of the beautiful simplicity of the chapel, and also reminded us in what an appropriate year the ceremony was taking place—both the school's twenty-first anniversary and Coronation year, when our young Queen is dedicating herself to her people. He also told us how much he hoped that we should learn to love and use it as often as possible for both private and communal prayer.

The rug, hassocks, and curtains have been made by hand, while the pews, lectern, and altar have been contributed by various benefactors. The whole effect is enhanced by the lovely flowers on and beside the altar.

As the Bishop said, it is a beautiful sanctuary, and will be greatly valued by all of us.

S. STAPLETON, Lr. V.

CORONATION DAY

At midnight on Coronation Day I was lying curled up in a tiny space on the pavement of Pall Mall in London. Dressed in three jerseys, a coat, and skirt of my aunt's, and a mack, I was fairly warm except for my feet. It was impossible to go to sleep, as every ten minutes I got "pins and needles" down my side, and had to turn over. Taxis and singing people were still going up and down the street, but the time dragged endlessly. All the people in the street were covered in blankets and trying to sleep, but mostly in vain.

Eventually it began to get lighter, and the street lamps went out, accompanied by a loud murmur of disapproval from the crowd. Newspaper vendors walked to and fro shouting the headlines, and at two o'clock we heard the great news—Everest had been climbed! Soon it began to rain, and a dense cloud of umbrellas appeared like mushrooms.

At four o'clock the police began to arrive in companies, greeted by ragged cheers. They were more fortunate than we, for every so often they marched off to have something to eat and drink. The troops did not arrive for another four hours, which seemed to us more like twice that number.

One or two taxis, with peers wearing robes and coronets, passed by, and then a cheer announced the appearance of the first coach going to the Abbey. Altogether we saw three, marvellous dainty conveyances that reminded me of Cinderella's magic coach.

For a time the loudspeaker near us relayed music, and the crowd sang "Land of Hope and Glory" with great gusto. Then we had to stand up to make room for more people behind us, although I managed to sit down on the kerb every now and then. The police went round collecting orange boxes and stools from the crowd, but everybody seemed very gay and cheerful in spite of the discomfort.

The rest of the morning the crowd were quieter as the Abbey service was relayed to us on loudspeakers. The service was very impressive, especially the music. The time went very slowly, and ten minutes seemed like an hour, although I was never really bored. Nine o'clock the evening before, when my father and I had arrived, seemed days ago.

At one time the sun came out, and there was a shout of delight, but it did not last. When the procession began it was extremely cold and it was raining torrentially, though it slackened off later. A slight breeze rustled the colourful flags and decorations, and as the first mounted horsemen came round the corner a cheer rang out. In the first carriages came the Colonial ministers, accompanied by the Queen of Tonga, who had a tremendous reception, and Churchill, making his V-sign as usual. Then the Colonial detachments arrived, with the Canadian Mounties in their red jackets, and many others. Men and women from our own services followed, all very smart, especially the officers, who carried their gleaming swords point upwards. The bands were almost drowned by the cheering. Most magnificent of all were the Grenadier Guards, resplendent in scarlet uniforms and huge busbies.

After them drove past members of the Royal Family, and dukes and duchesses. The Queen Mother was leaning out of her carriage window smiling and waving, with Princess Margaret beside her. Then came row after row of the Queen's attendants, and at last a crescendo of cheers heralded the arrival of Queen Elizabeth herself. I had scarcely time to admire the eight splendid greys and the golden coach before I was craning forward eagerly to see the Queen. Wearing the Imperial State Crown, she sat very

erect and still, but very lovely. The troops presented arms with a clash, and roar upon roar of cheers swept the crowd till I had hardly breath left to shout. I caught a glimpse of the Duke of Edinburgh, and then the coach had gone. More cavalry passed, the black horses shining with much grooming, and then the procession was over and the crowd began to break up.

Many of them went to see other Coronation ceremonies which were to take place that day—the great fly-past, the Queen's speech on the wireless, the firework display, but the greatest moment of the day was over—Elizabeth II. had been crowned Queen, and her people had cheered her as she began on what we all hope will be a long and glorious reign.

M. L. PARKINSON, Up. V.

THE SPITHEAD REVIEW

The Spithead Review was something we shall always remember. We were all delighted when we heard that Miss Dence had hired a television set so that we could see it, and we were very grateful for her thoughtfulness.

The day girls who were unable to watch it in the evening were allowed to go and watch it for threequarters of an hour in the afternoon.

The boarders were more fortunate, because we were able to see the Fleet Air Arm fly-past. The dragon-fly helicopters amused us immensely as they looked like monstrous insects. The television camera was situated on H.M.S. Eagle, which is the most modern aircraft carrier in the Royal Navy, and one of the officers aboard gave us a running commentary on the passing planes. The Eagle is equipped with the newest planes, and it is of immense size. Its flight deck is two acres in extent and the hangars below can store two hundred and fifty double-decker 'buses.

After supper we were thrilled to hear that we were to be allowed to watch the whole programme again from 9.30 p.m. until 10.35.

As the Surprise left Portsmouth and passed on her way up to H.M.S. Vanguard, she looked very graceful. The saluting platform was made of teak and glass, which enabled the crews of the review fleet to see the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh very clearly. The ships fired a salute of twenty-one guns. The Vanguard was near H.M.S. Eagle so that we saw our biggest battleship very distinctly.

Another camera was on H.M.S. Reclaim. It was from here we saw the procession as it made a difficult turn between the ships

and the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh came into view for the first time. We also saw the two frigates with the Board of Admiralty guests on board, but the liners in the procession were unable to execute the difficult turn.

Near the Reclaim was the United States ship, the Baltimore, which we were interested to see because it was the ship which had stood by as the Flying Enterprise sank in the beginning of the year 1952.

At 10.35 p.m. we saw the whole fleet illuminated. What a wonderful sight ! The outlines of the ships were clearly shown against the inky blackness of the night. The lights remained on for a while and then went off for the fireworks. The most impressive of these were the waterfalls from the sides of the carriers, and after this the programme was all but at an end.

S. ERREDGE, Lr. V.

SPORTS DAY

The morning of Sports Day dawned bright and fair. After breakfast the School busied themselves in preparing for the fete in the afternoon. This entailed putting up the stalls and competitions (we had all tried them out ourselves the night before). The field was prepared for the sports, chairs were put alongside the tracks, and the jumping-pit was raked and dug over. By lunch-time everything was ready.

At about two o'clock, parents and visitors began to arrive, and at half-past two the school marched out in one long file to the field. It was very hot, but everyone enjoyed watching, especially such events as the Sack and the Mother's and Daughter's Races. Each mother had during the course of the race to ladle into her daughter's mouth, by means of a teaspoon, a cupful of water ! Much choking ensued !

Queen Victoria House obtained the greatest number of points, so that they won the Sports Cup. Mrs. Tanner, the school doctor's wife, very graciously gave away the prizes, and after that tea was provided for the parents in the cool of the library.

At about five o'clock, the fete opened, and different people went around urging everyone : " Do have a ticket, it's a lovely prize ! " The Sale of Work was very successful, and there were some very good hand-made articles. The ice-cream and strawberries and cream went very quickly indeed and the Boat Race of Pennies almost met around the edges of the swimming pool ! In the end, Oxford won.

Unfortunately there was a sudden squall of rain, but it did not last for more than five minutes and so did no real damage to the competitions. At half-past six the Juniors gave a concert in the gymnasium. There were some very good solos at musical instruments, as well as recitals of poetry, and several old English folk-songs were sung and acted.

That ended Sports Day for another year, and very successful it had been.

M. CRAWFORD, Lr. VI.

OLD GIRLS' WEEKEND

The Saturday of Old Girls' Weekend was a great success. Fortunately the day dawned fine, and as it was the School's twenty-first birthday a great many Old Girls and parents came.

As usual, the swimming sports in the morning inspired inter-House feeling, and everyone shouted herself nearly hoarse for competitors in their particular Houses, especially during the inter-House relays, which were a great triumph for Queen Elizabeth House, who won both for the third year in succession. Unfortunately, it rained during the last few events, and all spectators ran for cover.

Originally it had been arranged that we were to have the Old Girls versus School tennis match after lunch, but because of the rain we saw instead a production of Gilbert and Sullivan's "Iolanthe" by the choir and members of the Lower IV. We all enjoyed it very much.

During the evening it cleared up, so after tea we were able to have the match. This was very exciting to watch, and after a hard fight the School won.

After the match we all went to dress for the party, and came down to a delicious buffet supper. At the end of supper, Mrs. Key proposed a vote of thanks to Miss Dence for all that she had done for us.

We then went over to the gym, which was beautifully decorated, and where there was dancing. This was great fun, and everyone was very cheerful. Just before the dance ended we sang "Auld Lang Syne." We then went over to the school, where large bowls of cereal awaited us.

Several of the Old Girls stayed for the weekend, and on Sunday came to church with us. In the evening the choir and the Old Girls had a sing-song. They sang everything which had been sung when the Old Girls were at Stover. It was great fun, and enjoyed by all who took part.

P. BICKFORD, Up. IV.

"WILD DECEMBERS"

At the end of the Summer Term the Lower Fifth produced the play "Wild Decembers," written by Clemence Dane. It is about the Bronte family, and the cast was as follows:

Charlotte Bronte	PRUDENCE FAWCETT
Emily Bronte	SUSAN STAPLETON
Anne Bronte	CELIA BOWSTEAD
Mr. Bronte, Curate of Haworth	ELIZABETH PLEACE
Branwell Bronte	ROSEMARY LA TOUCHE
Monsieur Heger	SUSAN ERREDGE
Mademoiselle Blanche	CHERRY ISAAC
Madame Heger	PATRICIA JOHNSTONE
Louise	NADDY THONG-YAI
The Rev. Nicholls	JEAN JACKSON
Miss Wooler	JULIE WARREN
Ellen	JOAN KENNARD
Clerk	PAT PARKIN
Tabby	MARION CRAWFORD

At the beginning of the play the three sisters, Charlotte, Emily and Anne, are trying to persuade their brother, Bramwell, to stop drinking, and Charlotte is trying to induce Emily to leave Haworth and take up a post as governess somewhere, as she herself is doing. Emily refuses, saying that she would be homesick, and that she has to look after her father. The next scene is that of the school in Brussels, where Charlotte has taken up teaching, but although the master, Monsieur Heger, is very kind, Charlotte cannot bear his wife, or another teacher, Mademoiselle Blanche, who works with her. Therefore she returns home, only to find that Branwell has taken to drink once more. She refuses to speak to him ever again. About a year later he falls ill and dies.

In the next act, Charlotte tells her sisters that she has written a book, "Jane Eyre," but they surprise her by saying that they too have written books—Emily, "Wuthering Heights," and Anne, "Agnes Grey."

Emily becomes ill, however, and although her sisters implore her she will not see a doctor. She dies of consumption, and very soon afterwards Anne dies also.

Charlotte grieves greatly at her sisters' deaths, but falls in love shortly afterwards with Mr. Nicholls, a young curate, and wishes to marry him. Her father will not consent to give her away, but Miss Wooler, a school mistress, does so instead.

This play was very well acted by the Lower Fifth, and very much enjoyed. It was produced by Margaret Ballard and Miss Keens.

A. DIXON, Up. IV.

SPEECH DAY

Speech Day this year was held for the first time in summer, on the last day of term, which was Friday, July 24th.

The weather was very good, and the sun shone all day, so we set out for the service in Highweek Parish Church in dresses and hats. The service began at eleven o'clock, and there was an address by the Bishop of Sherborne. After the service ended we went back in the 'buses to Stover, where we assembled in a large white marquee which had been erected on the lawn at the right of the portico.

The prizes were very kindly given away by the Duke and Duchess of Somerset. Afterwards the Duke gave us a very interesting talk on the history of Stover, in which he read to us a letter he had had on the subject. The letter said that the granite for the building of Stover House had come from the Haytor quarries by means of the granite railway, parts of which can still be seen in the grounds of Stover. The Duke also said in his talk that the art of speaking well in public was a great asset, and he hoped that we would be able to do so when we were older. He hoped, too, that many of us took riding lessons and were taught to look after our horses well. At the end of his talk the Duke of Somerset said he would like to give us a half-holiday, and this was greeted by enthusiastic cheers.

Then Miss Dence gave an account of the School work and activities during the past year. After she had finished, we filed out of the marquee into the bright sunshine, and the people who had received prizes ran to show them to their friends and relatives. Among the prize winners were Rosemary Parnaby, who was awarded Mrs. Milne's prize for History and Mrs. Dence's for Religious Knowledge; Judith Baker, Ann Evans, Barbara Kauntze and Pauline Bellamy, who received prizes for Art, Music, Needlework and Elocution respectively.

The guests were now departing for the Upper Fourth Form room, the dining room, and the Junior Common Room, where they were having lunch.

At half-past two the guests assembled in the gymnasium for a performance of Sheridan's play, "The Rivals," which was very good indeed, and a fitting conclusion to a memorable Speech Day.

A. DIXON, Up. IV.

"THE RIVALS"

On Speech Day, the School gave a performance of R. B. Sheridan's "The Rivals." It was produced by Miss Evans, helped by Miss Radford and Miss Dawson.

The part of Jack Absolute, the hero, was admirably played by Martha Varley, and Rosemary Parnaby charmingly portrayed the flighty Lydia Languish. Pene Key, as Mrs. Malaprop, gave one of the best performances, bringing out her atrocious "Malapropisms" with great gusto; and Pat Seagrim, as Sir Anthony, played up to her very well. The rest of the cast were as follows:

Faulkland	SALLY DOVE
Julia	PAULINE BELLAMY
Acres	HILARY JOHNS
Sir Lucius O'Trigger	ELIZABETH STEWART
Fay	JENNIFER WATERHOUSE
Thomas	ELIZABETH PLEACE
David	EVADNE PAINTER
Lucy	ROSEMARY CAMPBELL
Boy	JUDITH FIELDING

The duel scene was performed very realistically, once poor Acres had been persuaded to take part by the fiery Sir Lucius, who assumed a most convincing Irish accent. The audience loved the scene in which Mrs. Malaprop presents the Captain with his own letter to Lydia, in which he describes Mrs. Malaprop herself as "an old weather-beaten she-dragon"! After many complications the plot is finally unravelled, and Mrs. Malaprop and Sir Anthony consent to the marriage of Lydia and the Captain. The other young lovers, Faulkland and Julia, are also happily reunited after many stormy quarrels.

The costumes, the most beautiful of which were kindly lent by the Countess of Iddesleigh, and others obtained by Miss Evans from an Exeter Repertory Company, were magnificent affairs of brocade, silk and satin, typical of the picturesque eighteenth-century style.

It was altogether a very creditable performance, and was thoroughly appreciated by the audience.

S. STAPLETON and M. CRAWFORD, Lr. V.

FLY ON THE WALL

Daddy took us to the sea once in his car, but we often went swimming on our bicycles.

King Charles's followers broke out in small risings.

(*After a visit to Dartmouth, in an essay*). In a sonnet the three groups of *cadets* are followed by a rhyming couplet.

When you opened the gate you would go under an arch
with petunia crawling all over it.

L'aube cassa—Dawn broke.

The moorland ponies and their foul were galloping across
the heath.

A group of swallows flew across the sky.

Thou shalt not convert thy neighbour's house.

On the christening cake was a stalk carrying a baby.

I'm an angel, look at my wigs.

They were standing around in clichés.

Parsons wear vestries.

Sonnets were dead things. Shakespeare was a sonnet.

Mucor feeds on dead mater.

A monk's three vows were poverty, sanitation and obedience.

Sentences to be corrected :

- (a) He borrowed an antiquated knife from his friend
with a broken blade.

Corrected to :

He borrowed a knife with a broken blade from his
antiquated friend.

- (b) He attempted to commit suicide by firing a pistol at
his head which he had for many years kept hidden
under the pillow.

Corrected to :

He had attempted to commit suicide for many years
by firing a pistol at his head which he kept hidden
under the pillow.



CONTRIBUTIONS

THE OWL IN THE BELFRY

The Owl sat in the Belfry,
 While a far-off clock struck three,
 The night was as dark as a bottle of ink,
 In rooms the people still silently drink
 To the Owl who sat in the Belfry.

The Belfry walls were as thick as stone,
 'Twas a long way down to the church,
 The winds whistled through with a horrible moan,
 The wind it whistled in the church to search
 For the Owl who sat in the Belfry.

The Belfry clock struck half-past three,
 Another owl sat in another tree,
 "Twitwo," he called to the Belfry Owl,
 But no answer he got from that selfish fowl,
 The Owl who sat in the Belfry.

A. REID, Form III.

THE POLICEMAN AND THE ROBBER

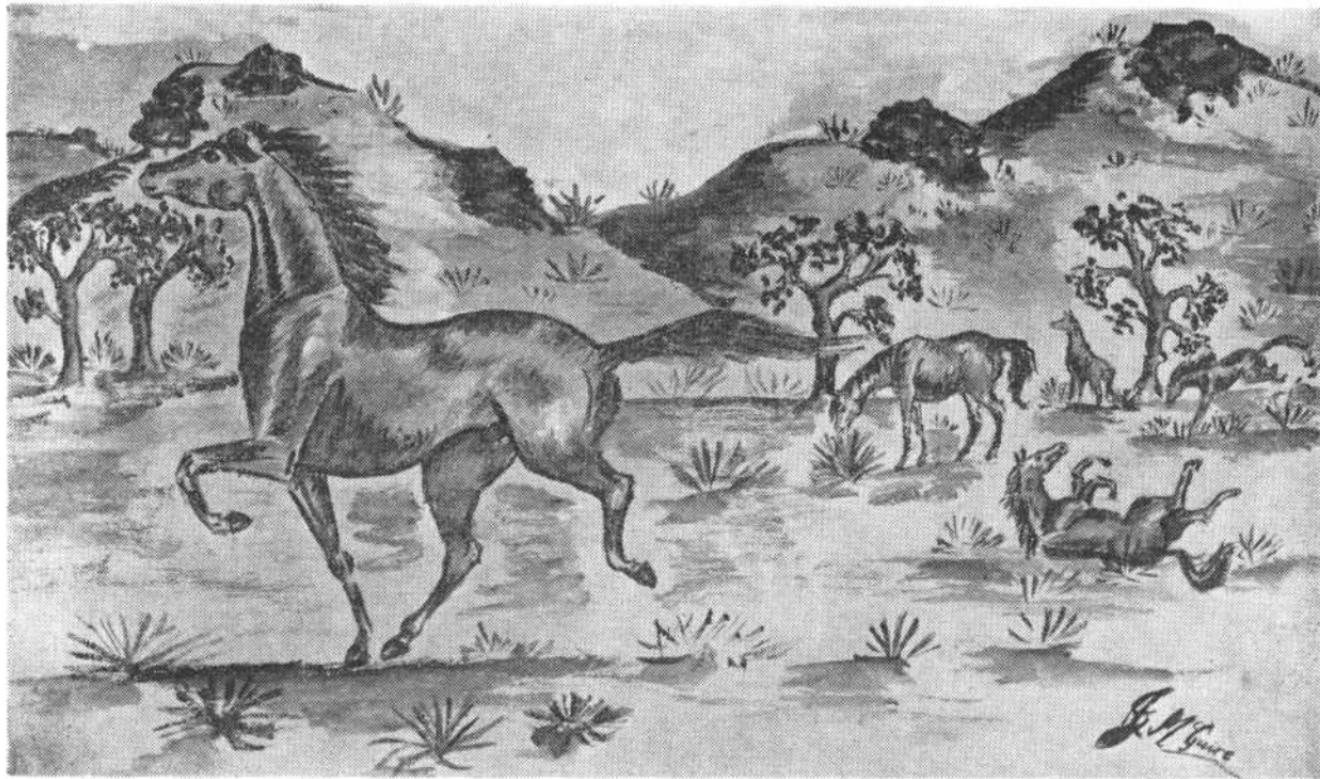
When all the footsteps homeward go,
 And traffic ceases row by row,
 The policeman paces on his beat,
 To and fro, and down the street.

When all is black and very dark,
 And he is passing near the park,
 A robber suddenly he sees
 Starting to climb up one of the trees.

Though all is dark and very still,
 He soon gets to the window sill,
 Forces the window with his jemmy,
 To steal the jewels. Will he get any?

Though it was dark (there was no moon),
 He crept into the little room,
 And, much to his surprise and fear,
 Suddenly—the policeman did appear.

E. ROBERTS, Form III.



J. M. Guice

THE STALLION

With mane and tail held proudly high
And billowing on the wind,
The stallion galloped towards me, with
A bunch of mares behind.

He arched his neck and danced around
Large eyes were rimmed with red ;
Then he pawed the ground with blackened hoof
And tossed his royal head.

An inquisitive mare sniffed at my hand
But no further could she go ;
A streak of lightning hurtled past
And challenged the black mare's foe.

He gave a series of warning nips
To the mare, who cornered in fright ;
Then snaked his head along the ground
'Twas a truly regal sight.

He lifted up his gallant head
And uttered a shrill neigh ;
Then, wheeling round, he galloped off
To the hills, so far away.

C. HAMMOND, Lr. IV.

HOW THE RATTLE SNAKE GOT HIS RATTLE

Before the snake got his rattle he lived all by himself. Well, one day as he was slithering along he came upon a female snake, and he thought her very beautiful, so he started courting her, and at last he won her with his charm. But when he asked her if she would marry him, she said she would not unless he brought her something she had never seen, and after he had brought it to her he was to swallow it.

Then the snake said : " If I get this thing that you have never seen, where will you be ? " So she said : " I will be here until I die," and then she told him her name was Esmeralda, and he said his name was Edward. Then away he went, promising that he would be back one day. As he travelled on he thought of

Esmeralda, and vowed that he would get something, no matter what it was, but he must get something she had never seen before. He was so engrossed in his thoughts that he bumped into a stone, but he recovered and after that he kept on the lookout for something unusual. Then, as he was looking up he saw a thin spiral of smoke rising up into the air. "Now if I follow that, I might find something queer." Then he said to himself: "I must hurry, otherwise another snake might come and take her away from me," and the more he thought about it the more he hurried. Then he could see where the smoke came from. It came from a cave, and he knew that a man, a woman, and a child lived there. He quickly went up to the cave entrance and cautiously looked inside. There he saw the child playing with something queer, which rattled all the time. That was something Esmeralda had never seen, he was sure, because the woman had made it out of wood, with some hard berries inside. So when the woman was not looking, he slipped into the cave and up to the baby. Then suddenly the woman turned around and gave a scream, for it looked as though Edward was going to strike the baby. Then she picked up a burning stick and threw it at Edward; it missed him but made him pause. Then she snatched up the child and ran to the back of the cave, but she left the rattle behind, and that was what Edward wanted, so he picked it up and went away.

As soon as he had got the rattle he went towards Esmeralda's home, but it took him nearly a whole week to get there because the rattle got in the way. But at last he reached her home and rang the little front door-bell and then the door opened, and there was Esmeralda, looking more beautiful than ever. "I have brought something I do not think you have ever seen before," said Edward. "Why, what ever is it?" said Esmeralda. "I have not seen it before, and I think you are very clever and handsome," and she gave him a kiss so that Edward smirked, as if to say, "I always was rather clever," but when she told him he had to eat it the smile dropped from his face. But he took courage and ate it bravely, and it went all the way down to the bottom of his tail and then he told her that it was a rattle and he moved his tail a little bit and a rattling noise came out of it. "Why, the rattle has gone to the bottom of your tail," said Esmeralda, "I think you sound lovely with it." Edward was rather pleased with it, too, and when he was married he showed it off to all his friends, and Esmeralda was very proud of him because all her friends admired his rattle, and that is how the snake got his rattle. And now you can always tell when a rattlesnake is coming by his rattle.

V. WINDLE, Form III.

*L. Himely, Up. IV.***THE SUNSET**

She was a ship whose wondrous sails
Were made of cloth of gold,
Her masts were fiery columns,
Her flag was scarlet bold.

No crew were working on her deck,
No anchor at her side,
I could not see her name, for it
Was washed o'er by the tide.

She slowly then began to sink,
As slowly as can be,
She went down like a graceful dove,
Into the mystic sea.

When she sank to the ocean bed,
I was alone with no one by,
As she went down, a glow of red
Spread eastwards in the sky.

I stood and watched upon the shore,
I watched the waves which tell no lies,
I watched the place where the ship went down,
In the morn again to rise.

E. JOHNSTONE, Up. IV.

FIRELIGHT

If you look into the bright flames,
 Of a fire, when sitting at night,
You can often read historic names,
 In the dancing, flickering light.

If you look into a fire at night,
 When the embers are burning low,
You can see the archers in all their might,
 Some running, some pulling the bow.

If you look into the bright flames,
 When all are asleep or in bed,
You can see some children playing games,
 In the flames of yellow and red.

J. SEEX, Form III.

AN INTERESTING AFTERNOON AT KENT'S CAVERN

One very dull, rainy afternoon last holidays when it was impossible to swim or go for a picnic, we thought we would go to Kent's Cavern, the famous caves in Torquay. I am not sure why they are called that, since they are definitely in Devon. We set out at about half-past two, and when we arrived there the man who gave us our tickets told us that we had to wait for another quarter to half an hour till our guide was ready. This did not discourage us, as there was so much to look at before we entered the caves themselves. There were, for instance, pictures of prehistoric monsters, their bones and enormous teeth. Those of prehistoric man were twice as big as those of modern man.

At last we were told that the guide was ready, and he led our group into the caves. It consisted of about twenty men, women and children.

When we entered the caves it seemed as if we had taken a step into the far past, except of course for the electric lights and the asphalt path on which we walked. The first den we were shown was that of the hyena, we then saw those of a lion, a cave-bear, a sabre-toothed tiger, and also a prehistoric rat's. Naturally, all these animals were not living in the cave at the same time. The most important den we were shown was that of prehistoric man, the only known one in Great Britain. It was not any bigger than the others, and rather insignificant. They knew this was man's because they found charcoal in it.

Then we found ourselves in the most beautiful part of the caves, which the guide told us was two hundred feet below ground level. It has been formed completely of stalactites and stalagmites. The colouring was red, green, blue, white, black, grey and turquoise, caused by different kinds of minerals.

In one of the chambers there was a formation exactly like a wedding cake, with the guests standing round it. In another chamber it looked as if an organist was playing his instrument in a church. In this part they also found a tooth of a sabre-toothed tiger and the skull of a great cave-bear. These have both been removed to a museum, but unfortunately the tip of the tooth had been broken off, and we could see it clearly, embedded in the low roof.

It was now time to wend our way back to the entrance of the cave. On the way the guide told us that the air was always a hundred per cent. pure, so we naturally found a difference when we went outside. He also told us that we had walked half a mile; this was very hard to believe, but as there had been so much to look at I suppose it could have been true.

Then we went out of the first, very low, entrance to the caves, after a very enjoyable and interesting afternoon.

M. DAVIDSON, Up. IV.

A WINTER'S NIGHT

Lazily drifting snowflakes fall
Gently over hardened ground;
Soon their soft white glistening pall
Covers every frozen mound.

Stars are shining in the sky,
Twinkling down; and soft the snow
Lying on the branches high
Falls with silver grace below.

Peacefully the village sleeps,
Nesting 'neath the towering hills,
While from roofs the chimneys peep,
White as snowy window-sills.

Silently an owl flies by,
Searching for its food; its prey,
Cowering, 'fraid of hungry eye,
Swiftly darting, 'scapes away.

J. FREW, Jr. V.

IN THE THICK OF IT

Once again the laughter ceases,
And the nervous chatter quietens;
Once again the air of stillness
And the atmosphere of tension
Settles on this room of silence.
All its worry, all its struggles,
All its thought and concentration,
All its hopes and desperation
Seems to cover all the pupils,
Writing, writing, ever writing,
Ink-stained fingers, pencils scribbling,
Pens and pencils always writing,
Aching fingers, lines and pages
Covered with the hurried writing.
And the clock ticks slowly onward.
Eyes gaze round for inspiration,
Hopeless glances, eyes of anguish,
Pen lies idle in the fingers,
In the stiff and aching fingers
Of some tired and desperate scholar.
O, the search for greater knowledge,
O, the hopeless hours of study,
O, the waste of all the learning,
That precede examinations.
Look, outside the sun is shining,
Shining from the sky of azure,
Shining on a lonely 'Vampire,'
Turning both its wings to silver
As it screams above the tree-tops
And is lost amid the brightness
Of the brilliant sky in summer.
And the clock ticks slowly onward.
Then the insects, buzzing loudly,
Irritate with drone persistent,
Or the whirring of a mower
Cutting grass, is heard afar off.
But the time is getting shorter,
Once again attention wanders,
But the time is getting shorter,
And the clock ticks slowly onward.
Final, desperate, hurried scratching
Of the pens in ink-stained fingers,
Hasty scanning, rapid blotting,

And another paper's finished
 Handed in, and best forgotten.
 Once again, the tumult rises,
 Sighs and laughter, exclamations,
 For its finished, over, done with,
 Till tomorrow, when another
 Takes its place, and then, another.
 But, for now, one more's completed,
 And the three-hour grind is over,
 Till tomorrow brings the next one.

P. A. SEAGRIM, Up. VI.

LIFE !

" Half past seven ! " goes up the cry,
 The Annexe ope's its weary eye.
 We tumble down with ties askew,
 To pour out tea for twenty-two.*
 We then rush out, sticks brandished high
 " It's beastly cold," we groan, and sigh.
 " Run up ! Run down ! " the captain shouts,
 " Bring forth that ball from out the sprouts."
 Indoors we squelch with icy feet—
 A Latin Test—that's got me beat !
 The morning drags its weary way,
 Till then it's lunch. " What *shall* I say ? "
 We spend our " Rest " in working hard,
 (O what it is to be a bard !)
 The lesson drags, now here's the rain,
 That means it will be walks again !
 Tea follows fast, now Mrs. Dale
 A programme which with joy we hail !
 Two hours at prep, how slow it goes.
 Then supper comes to ease our woes.
 What happens next ? For some its Choir
 While others don their night attire.
 We go to bed with heartfelt sigh,
 And, there at last, exhausted lie.

POETS ALL.

*It would be difficult to discover why this number were chosen ; or could it be that the need for rhyme has overcome accuracy ?—

EDITOR.

STOVER'S BELLS

When the bell rings in the morning
 All the Stover girls are sleeping.
 But its harsh, insistent clang
 Wakes them from their glorious dreaming.
 Then the girls, with weary faces
 Stretch themselves, and grumbling, tumble
 Out of bed, and to the bathroom
 In their gowns of many colours.
 After dressing very slowly,
 They go down to eat their breakfast.
 Afterwards, they go to classrooms
 To indulge in "learning" lessons,
 Stopping only for their meal times.
 They emerge, late in the evening
 Waiting for the bell for bedtime,
 When they can return to dreamland.
 So through all their days at Stover,
 Bells will rule them with their ringing.

E. Z. WORDEN, Up. IV.

THE SHELIE

Here comes the little Shetland sheep dog,
 Barking, racing, tail revolving,
 Welcoming his master home.
 All day long he has been waiting,
 Waiting, watching, looking, hoping,
 Never daring far to roam.
 Now the longed-for moment's come,
 He's ready for a game of ball.
 Full of energy is he
 Racing round, and round and round,
 Round the apple tree he goes,
 Brings the ball to master's toes.
 Off again; when there he sees,
 Scampering quickly through the trees,
 A rabbit small, and then his brother,
 Ball forgotten, he chases another.
 But master whistles, and back he trots
 Though in his mind he's making plots.
 Back for dinner, the game is done,
 The little Sheltie has had his fun.

C. TROMAN, Lr. IV.

A DOG SHOW

I am a Dachshund called Lissa, and I have been showing for a very long time. I am five years old and dark red in colour. A few days ago I set off with my mistress to go to the Yeovil Show, in which I was entered. It took a long time getting there, and I thought that we might be lost. When at last we got there and parked the car, we walked across to the dog tent. At every show each dog has to be inspected by a vet., so I was lifted on to a table and a vet. looked at me. He could tell whether I was ill or not by looking at my glands. After being lifted down, I was taken to my bench. My rug was spread out and I jumped up. It is fun being at a Dog Show because everyone comes and looks at me. I don't like the nasty little boys that come around touching me, but there are only a few of them.

When the time came for me to be judged, my clean showing lead was put on, and I was combed and taken away from my bench to the ring. I had to wait a few minutes before it was time to go into the ring, so I preened myself up as well as I could, but I was rather sleepy as I had been sleeping on my bench. I did my best, but I didn't get a prize as there were many dogs and they were very good. I went back to my bench, and as more people were streaming past I sat up and watched them. I heard my mistress say that I was in another class, and I wondered what it was, because I knew that the breed classes had finished.

I was left on my bench for quite a long time, but when my mistress came she took me for a walk. We went to see the Obedience classes. They were very interesting ; the dogs that take the tests have to walk to heel, fetch a dumb-bell, and many other things. One Alsatian was, I thought, especially good, as he did exactly what he was told. All sorts of dogs do the tests and sometimes they are good, but it is the fault of their masters and mistresses that they do not get a prize. We watched them for about ten minutes and then I had to go back to my bench.

Soon I learnt that I was going into an Any Variety class. I went into the ring wide awake and alert. In the ring were many big dogs, and I felt very proud, and pulled in my waist and tried to look my best. Imagine my surprise when I was given third prize ; a Saluki was first, and a Beagle came second, but I beat all the others, and I went back to my bench very pleased.

R. L. BELBEN, Up. IV.

A MONK'S CAROL

Most people connect the word "carol" with a hymn sung at Christmas time. I myself did until one day, many years ago, I visited a cathedral near my home one hot, sunny day, to fill in time while waiting for a friend. I must tell you that I had often boasted that I did not believe in ghosts, but the incident which I am going to relate, although not very spectacular, changed my mind on this point.

I was conducted around the cathedral by an old man, who eventually led me into the cloisters. There I spied an especially beautiful carved seat, leaning against the wall, which attracted my attention. I asked my guide to tell me the history of the "carol"—for that is the name given to such old seats as these used by monks for study in the Middle Ages, but my usually talkative companion seemed disinclined to enlighten me on the subject, and soon left me outside the cathedral. As I had half an hour to wait for my friend, I determined to return to my carol to inspect the carving, which I found to be particularly beautiful, and as the air was warm and the cloisters peaceful, I sat down on the old seat for a rest.

However, as a quiet feeling of peace was spreading over me, the cathedral clock struck three, and suddenly the air became so bitterly cold that I pulled the collar of my jacket tighter over my ears and tried to rise from the carol. To my fear and amazement, I found myself to be paralyzed, while the thought that I was going quite insane passed through my mind, for streaming into the cloisters, reading from large, golden-bound volumes, came many monks, clothed in black, and they sat down on the benches leaning against the four walls of the cloisters. Then, to my utter amazement, a tall young man with a kindly face and unusually delicate features approached me as I sat shivering with cold and fear in my enormous carol. A look of anger came into his eyes, and seizing me by the collar, he threw me from the chair, shouting in a voice which echoed round the stone-walled cloisters: "How dare you sit in my carol, at this time of day especially!"

A series of unusual sensations passed through my mind, and when I first realized where I was, I was walking through the Cathedral Close, my numbed limbs slowly warming to the sunlight.

My dazed brain forgot the appointment with my friend, but resolved to learn more about the queer incident of the afternoon.

After searching in my library for many hours, I unearthed an old book on the cathedral, and on one of the pages I found a photograph of the carol, with half a page of information regarding it. I gathered with my incredulous mind that there was a legend

telling of how, at three o'clock, if one sat in this carol, a certain renowned monk of the thirteenth century would enter the cloisters and throw him or her off in anger. This was proof enough that what had happened to me was no dream, but on the next page was a portrait of the same famous monk. And, to my astonishment, I recognized the same eyes and delicate features that I had seen in the cloisters that afternoon.

This is the unspectacular event which made me cease to mock those who sincerely believed in ghosts.

R. MCORAN CAMPBELL, Up. V.

A HOLIDAY IN NIGERIA

I was held up for a day on my way out to Nigeria, and had an opportunity of seeing Kano, a very old city, with a mainly Mohammedan population. I was able to go up one of the towers of the mosque, from which there was a wonderful view of the city.

As soon as I arrived, we went to Ouitsha for the weekend. We stayed with the Resident, who took us for a trip on the Niger in his launch which was most interesting. From the river one can get a very good view of the waterfront, with its market, one of the most famous in Nigeria. While in Ouitsha we went to a service in the new Anglican Cathedral. The Bishop showed us around afterwards, and we saw what an interesting building it is—built entirely from local materials.

We visited Nanka Gorge, one of the few natural phenomena in Nigeria worth seeing, and it is the most amazing sight, a gorge five miles long and a mile wide, with a deep river at the bottom, and eighteen years ago Daddy walked across the mouth of it on level land. There was not even a stream there. It all started with water running down a bush path in the rainy season, and gradually carving out a bed for itself, and now there is this enormous gorge. An American specialist who has stopped serious erosion all over the world, has said that nothing can be done to stop it, and it is the most amazing thing of its kind in the world. Several villages have already fallen into the gorge.

I managed to see some native dancing, which was very entertaining, and I was especially interested in the instruments used by the "orchestra." They played the most extraordinary things—water pots with holes in, sticks laid over a basket, and even the smallest children could play them and keep perfect time.

The students at the African training college invited me to a proper African lunch, six courses in all, and very nice except for one dish—which they enjoyed enormously and I thought quite horrible. The students were most interested in Stover, and were



M. Varley, Lr. VI.

THE FANCY DRESS PARTY—SUMMER 1953

Among others, there are St. Trinian's, the Witches in Macbeth, Playing Cards, and the Seven Ages of Man.

thrilled when I gave them last year's magazine to read. They could not understand at all what lacrosse was like, and I had great difficulty trying to explain.

I helped two days a week at the Red Cross baby clinic, and had the job of weighing all the babies. Some of them are sweet, but we had others who were very sick and had to be taken to hospital. It is quite an achievement to persuade the mothers to let them go to hospital—they seem to hate the idea. It is the only clinic of its kind in Nigeria, and one mother came a hundred and eighty miles to attend!

Altogether it was a wonderful holiday, and I was very sorry indeed to come back to England again, especially when we landed at London Airport in a horrible cold fog.

R. PARNABY, Lr. VI.

THE RHODES CENTENARY EXHIBITION

The Rhodes Centenary Exhibition was supported by several African Governments, each of which contributed an exhibit of its peoples, industries, towns, development schemes, social services, and plans for the future.

Perhaps the most unusual exhibit was that of the African Village, in which different aspects of African rural life were shown. It was composed of several kraals, each representing a different tribe, and here the natives could be seen modelling, painting, carving, basket-making, and performing ritual and tribal dances.

The native artists, all of whom were uninfluenced by Europeans, had work very like that of any modern artist.

Carving was also a very interesting feature in the village. Articles were carved out of ivory, wood and soft stone. One man, a walking-stick carver, claimed to have made a stick for Sir Winston Churchill.

Watching the dancers was a most enjoyable pastime. Each tribe's dancers took turns every day to perform to a crowd of enthusiastic spectators. Some performed mimic dances of a modern type, but the majority preferred the old ritual and tribal dances, during which they worked themselves into a frenzy leading to the climax of the dance. The beat of the drummers, or "tom-tom" beaters would become louder and louder as the climax approached. One of the most exciting dances was that of the "Pole Dancer," who, masked and heavily beaded, would climb, helped by rhythmic clapping, one of two twenty-foot poles and after joining the poles together with a piece of thin rope, twist his body into various contortions until he was hanging upside down. He would then remain in this position until he had been thrown

sufficient contributions to bring him down, again assisted by clapping.

The Theatre Royal was, of course, a complete contrast to the African village. In the three months of the exhibition, the Hallé Orchestra, Sadler's Wells Ballet Company, Old Vic Company, the Covent Garden Opera Company, and several variety shows were successfully performed, and altogether it was an interesting and memorable exhibition.

JEAN JACKSON, Lr. V.

THE NATIVE VILLAGE, CEYLON

All Sinhalese villages, especially the poorer ones, are very much like each other in appearance, with little mud huts clustered together on each side of the road, and tall green and brown palm trees bending over them. A common sight to be seen in every village is the numerous bullock carts, continually passing through. The carts, made by the natives, are simple in structure: long bamboo canes which are fitted together and are bent over, form ribs for the roof. Over the canes the natives fix *kadjans* (palm leaves which are tightly woven) which offer shade, and shelter from the rain.

A pathetic sight, very common in the villages and roads all over Ceylon are the countless pariah dogs, which lie sprawled on the roads, very often too weak to move out of the way of cars—dogs covered in mange, sores, fleas, or who have met with accidents, and drag themselves along the road with paralyzed hind-quarters, or minus a leg. It is a pathetic sight, but unavoidable.

Very often, in passing through a village in the early morning, it is quite likely that you will pass small gatherings of native children, with slates under their arms, anywhere from four years of age onwards, walking to their nearest school, which may be anything up to five miles away from their homes.

There are usually a great number of children seated on benches, and balancing slates on their knees, all in the same long room, and taught by one master. Very often one can hear the smaller children chanting their tables.

There is usually a native hospital, within easy reach of each village, which is run by a dispenser (Sinhalese), who may be lucky enough to have a few native nurses working under him. These hospitals are slowly becoming modernized, with beds, electricity and water laid on.

Every village has its own dingy little native shops, which sell every little requirement needed by the natives.

The housing situation is being improved steadily. Little *kadjan* huts are being done away with, although a few are still to be found in some coastal regions. The majority of natives now live in one- or two-roomed mud huts which are made of this certain kind of mud which, when dried in the sun, bakes hard, and can stand almost any amount of rain. No furniture is kept in these huts; this enables the women to keep the floors clean and unmarked by furniture.

Oil lamps are used for lighting, and coconut oil is used by the women for cooking. Curry and rice is the main native food; and one large meal of this, eaten at mid day, is the only proper meal the natives have.

Rice growing is the family's livelihood. The ploughing is carried out by the men, who use ploughs driven by water buffalo. It is interesting to watch the men sowing the seeds. There are several men to one field, who form a long line, and slowly walk, knee-deep in mud, up the field, scattering the seed in handfuls, chanting as they go. The women and children cut the ripe paddy (rice), and it is the women also who dry the rice and thrash it.

A. GAUDION, Lr. V.

A CORNISH VILLAGE

Situated in the extreme South-West of England is the village of St. Just. The village is large, and not particularly beautiful, but it boasts the only Cape in England (Cape Cornwall) and the loveliest cliffs in the British Isles.

Formerly it was just one long street of shops, with a church at one end. Now, St. Just possesses several large shops, two Market Squares (one containing a War Memorial Clock), Barclays Bank, seven fair-sized hotels, a small cinema, and a fairly large population. The majority of its people being Wesleyans, there are three large chapels to the one church.

The houses all use electric light and the main water supply, except a few of the old cottages right on the cliff edge, where the old-fashioned lamps and water pitchers are a striking feature.

Being only two miles from Geevor tin mines (now the only really productive tin mine in England), the main occupation is mining. Of course, there are many subsidiary jobs to be done at the mine, so there are numerous employees, but at least four hundred of the five hundred employees live in St. Just. These include twenty Italians, some thirty Poles, and a few Norwegians. The other inhabitants are either farmers, wireless men, or business owners.

In summer, being on the main coast road from St. Ives (114 miles) to Land's End (4 miles), St. Just sees numerous coach tours, hikers, and more than her fair share of holiday makers.

The cliffs are safe now, for the old mine shafts have been closed off, and large notices have been put up around the recently-discovered Roman graves.

Unfortunately, the films that are shown at the local cinema are always old, because the new films come first to Penzance (7 miles away), then travel right up through England, eventually returning to St. Just. However, many a wet evening is cheerfully passed in the cinema. The Town Hall, the British Legion Hall, and some of the hotels are often the scene of colourful festivity and dances.

Just outside St. Just is the Land's End Airport, which is really only for the air service to the Scilly Isles, which are clearly visible from St. Just in good weather. In bad weather the fog-horns of the "Longships" and "Wolf Rock" lighthouses make the village sound very dismal.

We own excellent cricket and football fields, complete with four good teams. The new playing fields and tennis courts were opened by Grenville Howard, M.P., and are strongly supported by the Duke of Edinburgh.

Our village is gradually turning into a town containing many outsiders and foreigners, but for all that I would not change my habitation for anywhere else in the world.

M. WALLIS, Lr. V.

CORONATION DAY

All London was excited and everyone was gay,
As we set out to see the sights on Coronation Day,
The streets were hung with coloured flags and brilliant decorations,
And everywhere were heard the tongues of many different nations.

We waited for the Queen to come and, as excitement grew
We knew that the procession would soon come into view,
The Services came marching by to martial music gay,
And carriages and horses completed the array.

At last the golden coach passed by and, 'midst a roar of cheers,
With gracious wave and smiling face our Sovereign Queen appears,
Then, the climax over, homeward we wend our way,
Remembering for evermore our Coronation Day.

S. STAPLETON, Lr. V.

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 ASHBY, JENNIFER, Brook Farm, Frant, Tunbridge Wells
 AULT, M. (Mrs. YOUNG), Brundred, Prestbury, Cheshire
 BALL, N. (Mrs. SEARLE), 54, Marguerite Drive, Leigh-on-Sea
 BATTERHAM, R. (Mrs. CAINE), 1, Birchenough Road, Bulawayo,
 S. Rhodesia
 BAKER-BEALL, B., Beerhaven, Long Hill, Beer, Seaton, Devon

- BAWDON, J., Riley, Hennock, Bovey Tracey
BEARE, E. (Mrs. LANE), Morleys, Waterman's Lane, Dibden Purlieu, Hythe
BEARE, M., Culver Lodge, Newton Abbot
BARKER, V. J., 31, New Street, Salisbury
BARKER, S. (Mrs. WARREN), c/o 11b, Devon Square, Newton Abbot
BELLAMY, R., 7, Elmsleigh Park, Paignton
BRADLEY, A., 111, Elgin Crescent, London, W. 11
BLAIR, J., Wood Close, Broomfield Ride, Oxshott, Surrey
BLAIR, S., Wood Close, Broomfield Ride, Oxshott, Surrey
BLAIR, B., 27, Bassett Road, Camborne
*BRISCOE, S., 10, Banstead Road South, Sutton, Surrey
BREWER, P. (Mrs. SHARP), 98, Torquay Road, Newton Abbot
BREWER, W., Plumley, Bovey Tracey
BICKFORD, A., Church Farm House, Icomb, Stow on the Wold, Glos.
BOOKER, A. (Mrs. I. F. CARR), Waylands, Bridgetown, Totnes
BOWSTEAD, C., 27, Wilton Road, Edinburgh, 9
BOWSTEAD, P., 27, Wilton Road, Edinburgh, 9
BURRIDGE, A., Pembroke House, Fortescue Road, Preston, Paignton
BUTLIN, J., Windyridge, Hartsbourne Avenue, Bushey Heath, Herts.
CARR, E. (Mrs. BEVINGTON), P.O. Box 539, Nairobi
CHAPMAN, S., Tregenna Hill, St. Ives
CHAMBERS, S., Trefusis, Yealmpton, S. Devon
CHENHALL, J., Oldway Links House, Southfield Road, Paignton
CLAUSEN, M., Garden Flat, 46, Marlborough Place, London, N.W. 8
COMPTON, G., 2, Fairview Bungalows, Okehampton
CREWS, J., 46, Edgbaston Park Road, Birmingham, 15
CROSSMAN, S., Hawson Court Cottage, Holne, Buckfastleigh
COVE CLARK, E., 45, Torbay Road, Paignton
DAVIES, J., Fore Street, Bovey Tracey
DEMETRIADIS, M., 39, Clifton Court, London, N.W. 8
DOVE, S., Wormhill Farm, North Bovey, Newton Abbot
EDWARDS, E. V., Luckdon, North Bovey, Newton Abbot
EVANS, R., 29, Newton Road, Torre, Torquay
FARMER, B., 7, Decoy Road, Newton Abbot
FINLINSON, S., 58, Lemon Street, Truro
FOALE, G., Winsley, Paris Road, Paignton
FURSDON, A., Mondello, Highweek, Newton Abbot
GERARD, J., The West Wing, St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London,
E.C. 1
GILES, S., Newnham Barton, Umberleigh, N. Devon
GOODLIFFE, A., Hazelford, Mount Nebo, Taunton
GRIERSON, P., 6, The Beach, Walmer, Kent
GUMMER, C., Little Gunshot, Wisborough Green, Sussex
GUMMER, A., Little Gunshot, Wisborough Green, Sussex

- HANCOCK, E., Hillcrest, Tavistock Road, Callington
HARDING, D., Dial Green House, Lurgashall, Petworth, Sussex
HARVEY, M. (Mrs. COSBY), Crebar, Yealmpton
HATFIELD, P., Meadowbank, Penhallow, Truro
HAWKE, B., 33, Parkhurst Road, Torquay
*HENDERSON, M., 66, Guildford Street, London, W.C. 1
HENDERSON, S., Indio House, Bovey Tracey
HENDY, S., Beech Dene, Rundle Road, Newton Abbot
HEXTER, G., Stonelands, Rundle Road, Newton Abbot
HIMELY, A., c/o The Office of the Surveyor General, Kuala Lumpur,
Malaya
HIBBERT, K., The Woodlands, Werneth Road, Hyde, Cheshire
HOLMAN, S., Heversham, Bridgetown, Totnes
HOOPER, M., Maiden Castle, Dorchester
HOWELL, J., Lukesland, Ivybridge
HOWELL, R., Lukesland, Ivybridge
HUGHES, A., c/o Mrs. Setchell, Ellesmere House, Delabole
HUMPHRY, J., 30, St. Lawrence Drive, Eastcote, Pinner, Middlesex
HUNT., M., 9, Crescent East, Hadley Wood, Barnet, Herts.
IRVING, J., Rawcroft, Arthur Street, Penrith
ISAAC, G., 22, St. James Close, Prince Albert Road, St. John's
Wood, N.W. 8
JACKSON, R., Swallowshill, Fredley Park, Mickleham, Dorking
*JEFFREE, A. (Mrs. Sergiades), c/o Mrs. Jeffree, The Spinney,
Pendarves Road, Camborne
JENNER, B., Gorse Cottage, Ilsington, Newton Abbot
JONES, N., Holcombe, Hemyock, Nr. Cullompton, Devon
JOHNS, H., 1, Fernpark Close, Exeter
JOHNSTONE, K., Dodington House, Breamore, Fordingbridge, Hants.
JOHNSTONE, M., Dodington House, Breamore, Fordingbridge, Hants.
DE KADT, M., c/o Perivale Maternity Hospital, Western Avenue,
Greenford, Middlesex
DE KADT, NANCY, c/o M. C. Bastes, Esq., Ruychrocklaan, 123,
The Hague, Holland
KITSON, J., Starparke, Lustleigh
*LANGTON, M. (Mrs. A. STEEN-NIELSON), Nobelsgate 31, Oslo,
Norway
LESLEY, S., Windyridge, Audley Avenue, Torquay
LEVETT, A., John Astor House, Foley Street, London, W. 1
MADATH, D., 113, Victoria Drive, Wimbledon, S. W. 19
MANSFIELD, J., Seafield, Alta Vista Road, Paignton
MOULE, P. (Mrs. P. M. JONES), c/o 49, Haile Street, Neath, Glam.
MILLER, D. (Mrs. POLITZER), Fieldgate, Worth, Sussex
MILLER, J. (Mrs. EWART-EVANS), c/o Mrs. M. Miller, 523, Rodney
House, Dolphin Square, London, S.W. 1

- MINNS, M., Weacombe, Lower Drive, Dawlish
MONRO, A., Honeysuckle Cottage, Whitchurch, Oxon.
MOSS, J. Fishwick, Kingsteignton
*NEVE, R., St. Stephen's Rectory, Woodside, Cinderford, Glos.
NICHOLSON, JENNIFER (Mrs. HUNT), Australia (address unknown)
NIGHTINGALE, J., 99, Old Park Ridings, Grange Park, London, N. 21
PAYNE, G., che Mme. Petit-Dutaillis, 4, Rue Michel Chauvet,
Geneva
PERING, M., Merita, Southey Crescent, Kingskerswell
PAINTER, E., 79, Trevethan Road, Falmouth
PHILPOTT, MARY VAUGHAN (Mrs. M. D. POWELL), c/o Box 392,
Kitale, Kenya
PLEACE, P., 237, Uxbridge Road, London, W. 12
*POWELL-DAVIES, C., 44, Hoop Lane, Golders Green, London,
N.W. 11
PRETTY, A. (Mrs. BAXTER), 135a, Ashley Gardens, London, S.W. 1
PRIDHAM, U., Westridge, Oakfield Avenue, Plympton, Plymouth
PRUEN, M., Deerswell, Bovey Tracey
PRUEN, R., Deerswell, Bovey Tracey
PRUEN, B., Deerswell, Bovey Tracey
PRYNN, J. (Mrs. D. L. LACE), 5, Lansdown Place, The Hoe, Plymouth
ROBERTS, K., c/o Elliots Hill Farm, Buckland-in-the-Moor
*RODWELL, M., Ikey House, 39, Glebe Place, Chelsea, London, S.W. 3
ROGERS, A. (Mrs. P. LIDSTONE), Morecombe Farm, E. Allington,
Nr. Totnes
RUSHTON, C., 12, Wilbarn Road, Paignton
RYLE, J., 75, Ebury Mews East, London, S.W. 1
SCOTT, M. (Mrs. HAMILTON), c/o Ministry of Works, Palmerston
North, N.Z.
SCOTT, J., 8, More's Walk, Cheyney, Chelsea
SHADDICK, P., Burn View Hotel, Bude
SHAPLEY, D., Grassway, Wheatridge Lane, Torquay
SHAPTER, W., c/o No. 2a, Victory House, Air Ministry, Kingsway,
W.C. 2
SHARPE, M. (Mrs. REICHWALD), Crantock, Knowle Lane, Cranleigh
SHEWELL, M., Brookland, Ashburton
SIMMONS, J., Dartmoor View, Bovey Tracey
SLADEN, E. (Mrs. DICKSON), 27, Gwalior House, Chase Road,
London, N. 14
STUBBS, J. (Mrs. BUTLER), Crawley Rectory, Sussex
STEELE-PERKINS, M., 6, Tehidy Road, Tywardreath, Par
STREET, A., St. Helens, Vine Road, Torre, Torquay
STURGES, J., St. John's Vicarage, Torquay
STURGES, M., St. John's Vicarage, Torquay
THORPE, A., Mulroy House, Mulroy Road, Sutton Coldfield

- THORPE, B., Mulroy House, Mulroy Road, Sutton Coldfield
THOMSON, S. (Mrs. LUCE), c/o Elm Bank, Abbey Road, Torquay
*TIPPET, J., Vine Cottage, Shipton Gorge, Bridport, Dorset
TOWNEND, L., Outalong, Haytor, Newton Abbot
TREMEER, M., Dalwood Lodge, 125, Torquay Road, Paignton
TWALLIN, S., The Oriels, Hill Brow, Bickley, Kent
*TYRER, R., 3, Lockerbie Court, E. St. Kilda, S.2, Victoria,
Australia
VARLEY, C., Hewton House, Bere Alston, Devon
WEBSTER, A., 7, Southborough Road, Surbiton, Surrey
*WESTLAKE, K., Harford, Merafield Road, Plympton, Plymouth
WHITAKER, D. (Mrs. WHITE), 30, Bishopston Lane, Ripon, Yorks.
WHITTALL, H., West End Cottage, Ashburton
WILLIAMS, I., 7, Priory Avenue, Kingskerswell
WILD, A., Longmynd, Salcombe
WILLING, J. (Mrs. NANKIVELL), Oggwell Green, Newton Abbot
WALFORD, P., Flat No. 6, Officers Quarters, Kneller Hall, Twickenham
WILLING, S., Tor Newton, Torbryan, Newton Abbot
WILLING, V., Tor Newton, Torbryan, Newton Abbot
WINDEATT, B. (Mrs. J. WEBSTER), Le Rocher Fleuri, St. Peter's
Valley, Jersey
WYLLIE, J. (Mrs. P. J. C. MILLETT), Borhat Tea Estate, Borhat
P.O., Upper Assam, India
WRIGHT, E., Southcourt, Middle Lincombe Road, Torquay

*Denotes Life Subscription (Five Guineas)

There are quite a few members who have not yet sent their subscriptions for last year, and if they wish to continue to be members, perhaps they would let us have them as soon as possible. (Subscriptions, 5s., run from July each year, and include a copy of the magazine).

We have left in the names of quite a few old girls who have not paid subscriptions for some time, thinking that as this is our 21st birthday year they would probably like to have a copy of this year's magazine, and should be glad to receive their 5s. if they would like to join again.

Please send all subscriptions to the Secretary, Stover School.

(N.B.—Miss Gaukrodger wishes to thank the Old Girls for so kindly giving her a book token at the July reunion. She is very pleased to be of any help she can to the Old Girls' Association).

As reported at the July reunion, the amount of money standing to the credit of the Old Girls' Association in the P.O. Savings Bank was then £81 14s. 6d., and since then we have had interest added amounting to 13s. 8d.

Old Girls' Reunion

There will be a reunion on Saturday, January 2nd, 1954, at the Ivanhoe Hotel, Bloomsbury, London. Tickets are 6s. each, and are obtainable from the Secretary, Stover School. We should be glad to see as many old girls there as possible and, of course, as many Staff members as possible too. Please obtain your tickets as early as you can, and not later than the 16th December, when our term ends.

ENGAGEMENTS

- ANN BOOKER to I. FRANCIS CARR
 ANN BURRIDGE to DAVID BELLING, 28.10.52
 ANGELA BRADLEY to DONALD BRADLEY
 MIRABEL CLAUSEN to Surg.-Lt. (D) J. D. SIEVERS, R.N., 27.12.52
 PATRICIA C. COMYN to Lt. (D) A. SMITH, R.N.
 JOSETTE HUMPHRY to RAYMOND WICKENS
 JOAN M. JOHNSTON to W. HALL-CRAGGS
 MARY E. MINNS to the Rev. A. S. CASWELL, 31.8.53
 JUDITH RYLE to Maj. PETER TALBOT-BUTT

WEDDINGS

- ANN BOOKER to I. FRANCIS CARR, 2.5.53
 ANN ROGERS to PETER LIDSTONE, 4.4.53
 SHEILA THOMSON to JOHN S. LUCE, 30.5.53
 ANGELA NICOL to CARMEL A. CERADO, 4.7.53 (in the U.S.A.)
 JOAN JOHNSTON to W. HALL-CRAGGS
 KATHARINE MCINTYRE to JOHN E. C. ANNESLEY, 1.8.53
 PATRICIA C. COMYN to Lt. (D) ALEC SMITH, R.N., 20.8.53
 MORWENNA COMMINS to HAROLD TANSEY

BIRTHS

- DORIS EVANS (*nee* Griffiths), a son (WYN GRIFFITH), 5.1.53
 DIANA POLITZER (*nee* Meade Miller), a daughter (VICTORIA), 28.2.53
 HELEN WIMBUSH (*nee* Klempner), a second daughter (MARIA),
 22.5.53
 JEAN PARTINGTON (*nee* Lewis), a daughter (ROSALIND JEAN),
 26.3.53
 MARIE YOUNG (*nee* Ault), a daughter (JANE), 27.3.53
 JOY NANKIVELL (*nee* Willing), a daughter (JILLIAN ELIZABETH),
 21.7.53
 MAUREEN REICHWALD (*nee* Sharpe), twin son and daughter (DAVID
 and ROSEMARY), 22.7.53

OLD GIRLS' NEWS

(Owing to lack of space, news is only given when we have been notified of any change since last year)

JUDITH BARKER is studying at the Salisbury School of Art. She has also joined the Choral Society, and is enjoying working at Bach's Christmas Oratorio.

Mrs. BEVINGTON (EILEEN CARR) will be returning to England from Nairobi next year with her husband, the Rev. G. Bevington, and her small son, David.

JEAN BLAIR has gained her secretarial diploma, and is now in a post at the Institute of Child Health, Great Ormond Street Hospital.

WENDY BREWER has gone to stay with French friends of ANNE LEVETT, in the Vosges, and hopes to improve her French. After a few months there she hopes to begin her secretarial training in London.

PAMELA BOWSTEAD is spending a few months at a tutorial college in Edinburgh before beginning her course in Dietetics at Atholl Crescent next autumn. She hopes to join an orchestra, and is looking forward to attending concerts during the winter season at the Usher Hall. CELIA is at the George Watson's Ladies' College.

GILLIAN COMPTON has a secretarial post with the South-Western Electricity Board, and is living at home.

JOYCE CREWS is training as a nurse at the General Hospital, Birmingham.

MARY DEMETRIADIS has a secretarial post with Macmillan's, the publishers.

VIRGINIA EDWARDS passed the Intermediate examination in art and craft at the Newton Abbot Art School in July.

BARBARA FARMER took her State finals in Orthopaedic Nursing at Oswestry this year. She was one of six, among 200 candidates, to gain honours, and took first place at her hospital. She is now doing her general training at University College Hospital.

GLENDY FOALE has completed her secretarial training, and has a post in a solicitor's office.

ELIZABETH HANCOCK completed her General nursing training at St. Thomas's at the end of June, and is now doing a six months course in Midwifery in Edinburgh.

MARJORIE HENDERSON spent the summer holidays in Nigeria with her parents. She finishes her course at Pitman's at Christmas, and goes to the House of Citizenship, Ashridge, in the New Year.

SHIRLEY HENDY is private secretary to the agent for Totnes Division Conservative and Unionist Association.

MARY HOOPER gained her A.R.C.M. this July. She has a post as secretary to the Senior and Junior London Orchestras' Association.

ANN HUGHES has started training as a nurse at University College Hospital.

JOSETTE HUMPHRY is engaged, and plans to be married early next year.

MARGARET JOHNSTONE has a secretarial post at the War Office.

HILARY JOHNS is studying Orthoptics with her father. She has joined the Exeter Cadets.

KATHARINE JOHNSTONE is working at the American Embassy.

NAOMI JONES is a private in the W.R.A.C. She is stationed at Harborne, Birmingham.

NANCY DE KADT is at a Domestic Science College at The Hague, and likes it very much. Her family have recently moved into the country.

ANNE LEVETT is in her fourth year at the Middlesex Hospital where she meets several other old girls who are also training as nurses.

EVADNE PAINTER is studying at Salisbury Diocesan Training College. She has joined the Choral Society and meets JUDITH BARKER there.

CHRISTINE POWELL-DAVIES is teaching at a nursery school until Christmas. In the New Year she starts nursing at the Westminster Hospital.

Mrs. POWELL (MARY VAUGHAN-PHILPOTT) is living in Kitale, Kenya, where her husband has a post with the Shell Company. She writes of the unsettled condition of the country, but they are enjoying life, and have their own house.

Mrs. REICHWALD (MAUREEN SHARPE) is finding life very busy and exciting with her twin babies, who were christened on October 18th.

KATHLEEN ROBERTS, after completing her Domestic Science course, is working on a farm at Buckland-in-the-Moor.

JUDITH RYLE announced her engagement on her 21st birthday. She has a secretarial post in London at present.

Mrs. SERGIADES (ANN JEFFREE) is spending some months in England with her parents at Camborne.

Mrs. SHARP (PATRICIA BREWER) writes of a delightful summer holiday in Cyprus. She is now living in Egypt, her husband being on the R.A.F. Station, Shalluya.

MAYWIN STURGES is house physician at Amersham General Hospital.

ANN THORPE has started nursing at the Queen Elizabeth Hospital, Birmingham.

ROSALIND TYRER is still at school at Toorak College, near Melbourne. She writes of a winter sports holiday in the Australian Alps.

Mrs. WEBSTER (BARBARA WINDEATT) and her husband at last have a home of their own in Jersey. Her son Adrian was a year old last January.

HELEN WHITTALL is doing a secretarial course at St. James's College, London.

Mrs. YOUNG (MARIE AULT) is living in Prestbury, Cheshire. Her baby girl was christened in Torquay this summer.

Letter from E. Pruen

The journey out here was wonderful, and I was fascinated by all the various ports. We came from Gibraltar at night, but at Naples had the whole day, and I took a trip out to Pompei and Sorrento, the former being most interesting. With a few hours at Port Said we continued on through the Suez Canal and Red Sea, nearly dying of heat at times with humidity at 77°. Aden was not particularly inspiring, but at Colombo I met a friend and we had a marvellous day sightseeing. I was introduced to a Ceylon curry, the most amazing dish I have ever eaten. Another ten days and I caught my first glimpse of Australia. With a whole day to spend in Perth and Fremantle, we set out on a round tour and, to be quite honest, I was not very impressed. The countryside appeared so burnt and dry-looking, and lacked any vestige of green colouring. I have since gathered that this is a true characteristic feature of Western Australia; in fact, in lesser degrees, it's a nation-wide characteristic during summer time. Although at first I was almost horrified at this complete bareness, only relieved at intervals by gum and blackwood trees, I have steadily grown to love it, and the feeling of wide space and freedom that goes with it. Four more days around the coast and across the famous Australian Bight and we came into Adelaide, a rather lovely city, straggling across a flat plain with the Lofty Mountains forming a wonderful background.

We reached Melbourne in the midst of a heavy shower of rain and the summer season had barely started, but for all the splashing on the windscreen as we drove here, I had the glimpse

of the city—most beautifully planned, the centre of which can be likened to a checker board with wide, straight streets, skirted on either side by tall, fine buildings. Here, as previously in Perth, I was struck with the one-storied houses everywhere and the comparative scarcity of two-storied homes. The long terraces of England are practically non-existent here, and nearly every house has its own small plot of garden surrounding it. Australians being, on the whole, keen gardeners, these plots during summer are a most colourful sight. I was very interested to learn that Melbourne and surrounding suburbs cover the same area as Greater London, with only about one-fifth of London's population, which perhaps gives some indication of the spaciousness of the housing here, with great facilities for public parks and recreation grounds as well. When one realizes that 100 years ago Melbourne as a city did not even exist, the building of this capital in that time is certainly some achievement.

Describing the "Aussies" as a people, one might say that they are an easy-going crowd, who attain a high standard of living, and have not known many hardships with regard to material needs. I have found them generous beyond measure, and always most friendly and kind. In fact, as a people I like them immensely. Their loyalty to England and the Crown is most marked, and the Coronation celebrations were such that one found it hard to believe that these people were 12,000 miles away from the Queen that they acclaimed with such feeling and warmth. I have been most interested to hear people referring to the Mother Country as "Home," even when, in many cases, they have never seen England and most possibly never will; but it is still "Home" to them as it truly was to their ancestors.

As you can imagine, spending Christmas Day in a temperature of 99° was certainly a novel experience, and it was quite an effort to do justice to the typical English Christmas fare which was followed traditionally by a hard game of tennis. As it happened, this year Christmas Day was the hottest day of the year, and held this status until late February, when we had a short heat wave and the temperature rose to 106°.

At the beginning of January I started off on a series of short-term jobs, looking after children, and for the whole of February had a wonderful post with a delightful family who were on holiday on Phillip Island, which lies just off the Victorian coast. The island, which is three miles long and one mile wide, is a natural sanctuary for koala bears, penguins, and seals. Koalas, who only feed on a special kind of gum tree found on the island, are the sweetest looking creatures when young, but lose a great amount of their charm when adult. The penguins were just fascinating,

and we had to wait until sunset to watch them come in their masses out of the sea and waddle up the beach to their young in their nests along the sand dunes.

I have found it very easy to obtain jobs. They have mainly been in Victoria, but I have actually just returned now from a post in Sydney. I visited Sydney while on a fortnight's touring holiday with my relations in April, and was anxious to see more of this beautiful city standing on the most magnificent harbour that I have ever seen or ever hope to see. Shaped like a many-pointed starfish, with long inlets and small harbours branching off it, the main harbour ends in a narrow-necked entrance. There could be no better example of a natural harbour anywhere, I'm sure. We took a boat trip all round, and at one stage we entered what is known as Middle Harbour, the largest inlet of all. Whereas the surrounding shore and cliffs of the main harbour are covered with beautiful homes, this Middle Harbour is still untouched, and I found my imagination wandering back to the time when Captain Cook must have first gazed upon this scene of clear blue water, fringed with blackwood trees and alive with sharks. There is no exaggeration in saying that the famous Sydney Harbour Bridge is truly a wonderful piece of engineering, and a wonderful sight as well. It appears so fragile in photos, but in point of fact it carries no less than double tram and train lines and a six-lane wide car road. Sydney itself differs greatly from Melbourne in that it never had a plan of building, and now stands as an interesting study of architecture of the past hundred and fifty years, with narrow, winding streets and the most antiquated tram service possible. It was interesting to stand and let one's eyes travel from the level of the road and the fifty-year-old trams up to the rooftops of one of the many modern blocks of flats (a striking contrast of ancient and modern). Sydney, situated as it is, between the mountains and the sea, is unable to sprawl for miles like Melbourne, and therefore flats play a large part in the housing scheme.

We had driven up to Sydney via the coastal road, a journey of 750 miles. The weather was perfect the whole time, and I had my first sight of Australia proper, passing through miles of high timbered forests and emerging into flat pastoral lands, which in turn became wild bush. We spent the nights at country hotels, which are most primitive in many cases, being miles from anywhere. At one point I all but killed a large black wallaby when it bounded across the road in front of the car. Of all Australia's claims to beauty, her coastline takes first place. The road keeps as near the shore as possible, and we often caught glimpses of long golden beaches, with the surf rolling in continuously. In Sydney

we had five days touring around, and spent one glorious day up in the famous Blue Mountains, where all the high ranges covered with gum trees have this most unusual blue haze always hanging over them. It really is a most intense blue, and the cause is supposed to be in the constant evaporation of the eucalyptus from the gums.

On our return journey to Melbourne, via the inland highway, we spent a couple of most interesting days in Canberra. At first I was almost revolted by the complete uniformity in the layout and building of the place, but, of course, very soon came to realize that it's unavoidable when a city such as Canberra has been designed for a purpose and had to be built according to a strict plan. At present it is only a very small town, but possesses many things of interest in the Houses of Parliament, National War Memorial Museum, Institution of Anatomy, National University. It is steadily growing, and will, I feel, in another fifty years time be quite a notable city, encircled by high and often snow-covered mountains.

On my return from Sydney this second time I flew en route to Canberra, and spent one night there again in order to visit Australia's new Governor-General and his wife. I spent a very pleasant day at Government House, which is a magnificent home—originally a station homestead. I had great fun learning from Sir William Slim how to throw a boomerang so that it returns to the thrower.

While in Sydney I had the chance to visit the head mistress of Wenona School, Miss Ralston. She was such a nice person, and we chatted for an hour, during which time I was able to say, on behalf of Stover, a personal thank you for all the food parcels sent during the war.

I shall have been here nearly a year by the time I leave in October, but feel now that one would need twice as long as this to see this vast country. I would love to have seen Queensland and its great cattle stations and sugar plantations. However, I have some idea of life in the "bush" after a visit to a sheep station on the Murray River, and must be content with that until I come back to Australia again, as I sincerely hope I will one day. It is difficult to find things of historical interest in Australia, but I visited Kurnell, the spot where Captain Cook landed in Botany Bay, now reserved as a National Park. The aborigines who faced them so hostilely now are seldom seen. They live almost entirely in Central and Northern Australia in their Reserves and on the mission stations. I myself have only seen two full-blood aborigines since I have been here.

I have only travelled in the south-east corner of Australia. Owing to its geographical position between mountains and coast, its natural fertility, good rainfall, and many rivers, this is the most densely populated part of the country. In the Central and Western regions, water conservation research is still in its very early infancy, but with the valuable mineral deposits and virgin soil, this area should in years to come make a large contribution to the coming wealth of the nation, which has undoubtedly a great future, with wonderful opportunities for coming generations.

Letter from J. Scott

I was nursing at St. Thomas's as a midwife until November 1950, and then travelled to South Africa to stay with relatives. I arrived in Somerset West, which is about thirty miles from Cape Town, at the beginning of December. The day after I arrived I met Sheila Harrison, now Mrs. Orr, quite unexpectedly in the Post Office. We had a long gossip recalling Stover days, and while I was there we saw a great deal of each other, going for picnics, swimming, and climbing mountains. It was then summer, and really extremely hot for mountains. Sheila had heard that Maureen Sharpe was "somewhere in Darkest Africa," but unfortunately we never managed to track her down.

After spending two months in the Cape, I travelled by train (two days and nights) and frightfully dusty and hot, 1,000 miles to Johannesburg, where I stayed for a few weeks with friends, then went to Natal, to a small village called Nottingham Road. The friends I stayed with there lived 18 miles from the village—consisting of two Indian stores, a butcher's shop, a garage, and hundreds of native men and women with babies on their backs, all sitting happily by the roadside. I never discovered where they had come from or were going to, or how long they had been sitting there, but there always seemed to be the same natives.

The road to the farm where I stayed was the worst I have ever travelled on in a car. At times, especially after heavy thunderstorms, which were frequent at that time of year, it was only possible to proceed by tractor. Long stretches of it were bare rock, and the better places loose shingle, or thick mud when wet! Going shopping was an all-day affair, and often a good part of the night too, depending on how heavy the rain had been.

The farm was very isolated, a complete contrast to Johannesburg, and to me infinitely preferable. The surrounding country was undulating (shades of old geography lessons and contour maps),

with mountains to the north—rather like Dartmoor, without the heather and gorse. For days one saw no other white people, only Zulus who were mostly very much in their native state and garb. They all lived in huts made by themselves of mud and grass, but one could walk in the remotest places without wondering what was coming up behind! One had to look out for snakes, however.

I returned to the Cape in April, and almost immediately set out again with another girl to drive to Johannesburg. We drove in a baby Fiat car, which behaved beautifully—no engine trouble, or changing of wheels in the middle of the Karoo, and managed to get as far as the Kruger National Park. We stayed there in various camps for a few days and saw all the animals, including giraffe and leopards. One night we were so fascinated by a leopard that we stayed out past the "closing time" of the camp gates, and were fined—very annoying. We did not meet any elephant, but having seen the uprooted trees where they had passed, we felt quite pleased not to have done so, as the car was really rather small compared with a large bull elephant.

When I returned again to the Cape I took a job as midwifery Sister in a native hospital. All the staff were natives or coloureds, except the Matron and Sisters. The mothers and babies were various shades from deep chocolate to pale coffee. The babies were adorable. After three months at the hospital I had to return to my relations to nurse my uncle, who was very ill.

In December, 1951, I was able to meet Rosemary Batterham in Cape Town. She had just arrived from England, and was on her way to East London and then to Rhodesia. We had lunch together in one of the most superior restaurants, and made a great deal of noise laughing and talking. Unfortunately, we had only a short time to gossip as Rosemary's ship sailed that evening.

In February, 1952, I sailed from Cape Town in a Norwegian cargo boat bound for Melbourne, Australia. I was the only person of British nationality on board. The crew and other twenty passengers were Norwegian, Swedish, Dutch, German, and two English-speaking South Africans. It was most amusing and interesting, especially at meal times. We all sat at one table and spoke a variety of languages. My German got very well brushed up! In the evenings, a German, Dutch and English gathering played poker with the Captain, who was Norwegian.

On arriving at Melbourne, I travelled by air to Christchurch, in New Zealand, and met my family quite accidentally in the Post Office. My mother and sister had already been there visiting relatives for two or three months, and were touring the South Island in a caravan with my brother. I installed myself and my luggage in the caravan, which already showed signs of overcrowd-

ing, and we continued the tour of the South Island. We motored down the East coast to Invercargill in the extreme south, and then drove north again up the middle, through the cold lakes and past the Southern Alps, a range of mountains running north and south. Mount Cook being the highest in all New Zealand. The lakes are famous for trout, and in the winter a great deal of ski-ing is done on the mountain slopes. We reached the North of the South Island, and took the car across to Wellington in the North Island by ferry. I stayed for a few weeks with relations about fifty miles from Wellington, on a large sheep station. The nearest village for shopping was eighteen miles away, but once having overcome various obstacles on the farm road—which was three miles long and invariably blocked by sheep, lambs, cows and calves, and had seven gates to be opened and shut—one could reach the village in twenty minutes by car. I once managed this when keeping a hair appointment!

We spent several weeks touring the North Island from south to north, and then returned to the farm near Wellington, from where my sister Margaret was married in July. She is now Mrs. Hamilton, and lives in Dunedin, where her husband is a lecturer on Geology at the University. They both hope to come to England soon, so that her husband can take an additional qualification at Cambridge.

I stayed in New Zealand, mostly on the farm, until November. For two months during the winter, while my aunt and uncle were on holiday, I was in charge as far as the house-keeping was concerned, and had to feed and "do" for the manager and my brother, who were running the business side. I had great fun cutting up and cooking, with various degrees of success, half a sheep once a week—extraordinary to order sugar at twenty pounds a time!

I returned to South Africa in December, 1952, and stayed again at Somerset West until after Christmas. At the end of January I was in Bulawayo, Southern Rhodesia, staying with friends. There I saw a great deal of Rosemary Batterham, now Mrs. Caine. Her husband is in the Air Force at a large training station in Bulawayo. They are expecting to be sent back to England in a few months. Rosemary has a very good job as a radiographer in Bulawayo, and enjoys the life very much, but is looking forward to seeing Devon again. We played tennis several times, both wearing extremely short shorts, which one wouldn't think of wearing at home, but in Rhodesia are perfectly respectable.

Before I left Rhodesia I heard that Sheila Harrison was getting married in Salisbury, where she was working as a physio-therapist. Her husband is an engineer, and they hoped to make

their home in Salisbury, but I believe have now been moved to Umtali. I was able to meet them both, but unfortunately could not go to their wedding.

I returned to South Africa and the Cape in February, and sailed for England a few weeks later, rather sadly, but very excited at the thought of being home again. When I arrived at the end of March it was very cold and bleak, and after South African sunshine, England seemed most unattractive. When the Spring really arrived, however, I thought I had never seen anything so beautiful since I left to go abroad.

After a few weeks at home in Devon, I visited Elizabeth Linton Bogle (Mrs. Ruhlmann), at Cambridge. She is married to a Frenchman at present serving in Indo-China, and has a charming baby of six months, my god-daughter. We had a great deal to talk about, not having seen each other for three years, and were able to make arrangements for a holiday together in Brittany before she returned to Paris for the winter.

I was staying at home in July and went to the Stover Old Girls' day for the first time. I felt very much an old girl, but enjoyed it tremendously, and was very pleased I had been able to go. Stover was looking delightful, and we all had a warm welcome from Miss Dence and Miss Lidgate. Mrs. Key and Mrs. Milne were also there. It was so nice to see them again.

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