

STOVER SCHOOL MAGAZINE



DECEMBER, 1954

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MAGAZINE COMMITTEE :

Editor .. Miss SAVILL

Sub-Editors :

J. MEADOWS, G. LA TOUCHE, J. GROSE, R. PARNABY, M. VARLEY

Any contributions towards the 1955 Magazine should be handed to Miss Savill or any member of the Committee at any time during the year



STOVER SCHOOL MAGAZINE

1954

MY DEAR GIRLS AND OLD GIRLS,

In May of this year the Chairman of our Governors, the Right Rev. W. F. Surtees, resigned his appointment as Bishop Suffragan of Crediton, owing to ill health. I know you will be sorry to hear of this, but we are glad to say that the Bishop is continuing as Chairman, and we hope that his health will improve sufficiently for us to see him frequently.

We were grieved to learn of the death of the Duke of Somerset at Easter time, and are glad to feel that his visit to Stover, which had had to be postponed more than once, did take place at last. We wrote to the Dowager Duchess of Somerset expressing our sympathy with her in her great loss, and we should like to reaffirm this now.

The year has been full and busy, and has passed very quickly, but on looking back I can see no particular landmarks during the year. It has been what a gardener might call a "good growing year," and our many activities have flourished. The lacrosse and tennis teams have worked with much energy throughout the wettest year we can remember, in spite of many disappointments over cancelled matches. The Guides have been to camp for the first time for some years, and the successful and happy week they spent is proof of the thoroughness of the work that preceded it. The small orchestra is growing, and improving in quality. The drums which were a kind gift of one of our parents, are a great joy. The choir maintains its reputation for hard work and musical results. The art room is redecorated constantly with works ranging from Mr. Morgan's own delightful studies to the second form contributions which usually display a closer acquaintance with the animal than the human creation. Next door, the newly-opened Pottery Room suggests that the district has recently been flooded and a considerable deposit of clay left behind! Our Chapel continues to give us much joy, and is regularly used for services and private prayer.

We very much enjoyed the visit of Miss Jerred, Head Mistress of the Godolphin School, who came to present the prizes on Speech Day. We now feel we have another link where already we had several, with the Godolphin School.

Examination results have been good this year, and we are particularly proud of the five scholarships gained in the Advanced Level G.C.E. examinations in June.

We have enjoyed the many visits from old girls during the year, and the reunions both here and in London. We look forward to the reunion which has been planned for Saturday, January 8th, 1955, at the Ivanhoe Hotel, Bloomsbury Street, London, and we shall hope for a good attendance of old girls.

With all good wishes for Christmas and the New Year.

PHYLLIS E. DENCE.

Just as we are sending our Magazine to press we learn with sorrow of the death of a dear friend of the School, the Right Rev. J. J. Willis, former Bishop of Uganda. The Bishop has visited us many times and taken services for us. We shall long remember him for his kindness to us and his sincere and forthright words. Members of the VIth Form two years ago will recall his address to the VIth Form Conference which was held in the Autumn of 1952 at Stover.

We should like to offer our sympathy to his family in their loss. We thank God for the help and encouragement he so often gave us.

P.E.D.

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

- Sept. 16. Autumn Term began.
- „ 19. Film: "Happiest Days of Your Life."
- „ 21. Careers talk: Flt. Officer Westover, W.R.A.F.
- „ 23. Film: "Everest." Mr. Keen.
- „ 29. Lecture: Dr. Marcus James.
- Oct. 4. Film: "The Leper Colony," presented by Mr. P. P. Pryce.
- „ 5. Recital: Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wilson.
- „ 11. Talk: Father Strickland.
- „ 16. Visit to Exeter Theatre Royal: "Twelfth Night."
- „ 17. Film: "Worm's Eye View."
- „ 24. Sherwood-Moore Marionettes.
- „ 30th—Nov. 2nd. Half Term.

- Nov. 14. Film : " Hamlet. "
- " 16. Recital : John Clegg.
- " 24. Careers Lecture : Miss Harthill.
- " 28. Film : " The Importance of Being Ernest. "
- Dec. 12. Royal Film : " Elizabeth is Queen. "
- Christmas Party.
- " 13. Carol Service : Teigngrace Church.
- " 18. End of Term.
- 1954
- Jan. 15. Spring Term began.
- " 16. Film : " Where No Vultures Fly. "
- " 26. Recital : Mr. and Mrs. Parkhouse (piano and 'cello).
- Feb. 1. Lecture : Mr. Dudley Glass (Australia).
- " 6. Film : " La Cenerentola " (Mr. Keen).
- " 20. Film : " Mandy. "
- " 27. Talk on Theatrical Make-up : Miss Babington.
- Mar. 6. Recital : Mr. J. F. Whiteley (Thereminist).
- " 7. Talk : Pastor Christol (McAll Mission).
- " 27. Film : " Nicholas Nickleby. "
- Apl. 2. End of Term.
- May 5. Summer Term began.
- " 7. Lecture : Hospital Almonry.
- " 8. Film : " Ascent of Everest. "
- " 15. Watched the arrival of H.M. the Queen in London,
on Television.
- " 25. Recital : Cecil Cope.
- June 5. Visit to Torquay Tennis Tournament.
- " 11. Speech Day and Sports Day. Prizes presented by
Miss Jerred.
- " 11—14. Half Term.
- " 16. Sports Day (rain caused deferment).
- " 15. G.C.E. examinations (Advanced Level) began.
- July 5. G.C.E. examinations (Ordinary Level) began.
- " 24. Swimming Sports.
- " 24. Old Girls' Week-end.
- " 24. Performance of " H.M.S. Pinafore " for Old Girls.
- " 26. Performance of " H.M.S. Pinafore " for Highweek Parish.
- " 27. Performance of " H.M.S. Pinafore " for parents.
- " 28. End of Term.



GIFTS TO THE SCHOOL

Patricia Seagram : Books for the Library. "The Ascent of Everest"

Janet Meadows : Scales for use in School Tuck Shop.

Rosemary Parnaby : Set of Sir Winston Churchill's books.

Carole Troman : Camellia bushes for garden.

Jennifer Hellens : Card Index system for Chapel.

Jennifer Waterhouse : Candle snuffer for Chapel.

Mr. and Mrs. Tharby : Pair of drums.

Rev. and Mrs. Brooke : Book for Library.

Miss Mogg : Cheque for Chapel Fund.

Miss Given : Cheque for Chapel Fund.

Capt. and Mrs. Tyler : Cheque for Chapel Fund.

Rosemary Campbell : Record Album.

Mrs. Pruen : Records.

Gillian La Touche : Shrub for garden.

Judith Fielding : Inter-Form Cup.

Elizabeth Stewart : Books for Library. "Doctor in the House," etc.

Elizabeth Tett : Books for Library. "History of Music," "Oxford Companion to English Literature," etc.

Susan Erredge : Books for Library. "Under the Red Sea," etc.

J. Sandercock : Pair of Pinking Scissors.

VALETE

Christmas, 1953

R. Bellamy

R. Campbell

D. Pethick

P. Seagram

J. Waterhouse

A. Wiles

Easter, 1954

No leavers.

Summer, 1954

A. Evans

J. Meadows

R. Parnaby

C. Auzepy

J. Fielding

J. Sandercock

E. Stewart

E. Tett

J. Dodge

S. Erredge

A. Gaudion

S. Henderson

P. Johnstone

R. La Touche

C. Lunn

J. Hellens

K. Tyler

SALVETE

Autumn, 1953

E. Bain, Lr. IV.	G. Meyrick, Lr. IV.
E. Baxter, IIIa.	J. Morris, IIIa.
E. Brown, Lr. IV.	J. McGuire, Up. IV.
H. Clark, Lr. IV.	P. McMurtrie, Lr. V.
A. Combes, IIIa.	S. Pratt, IIIa.
P. Everard, IIIb.	C. Scott-Forbes, IIIb.
J. Forward, IIIa.	B. Storrs, Up. IV.
J. Grose, VI.	S. Tharby, IIIb.
S. Marshall Harvey, IIIa.	W. Upham, IIIa.

Spring, 1954

T. Combes, IIIb.
M. Pearse, IIIb.
J. Piggott, IIIb.
N. White, IIIb.
W. Wood, IIIa.

Summer, 1954

M. A. King, IIIb.
J. Mackinnon, IIIb.
Jennifer Northcott, IIIb.
S. Pengelly, IIIa.

APPOINTMENTS

Head Girl, 1953-54: Rosemary H. Parnaby

Prefects:

Anne Evans, Judith Grose, Gillian La Touche, Janet Meadows,
Martha Varley, Judith Fielding, Margaret Frew, Penelope Key,
Elizabeth Tett.

GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF EDUCATION**(ADVANCED LEVEL), JUNE, 1954**

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

Judith M. Grose: English—*Pass*. History—*Pass*. Scholarship Level).

F. Gillian Digges La Touche: English—*Pass* (Scholarship Level). Latin—*Pass*. French—*Pass* (Scholarship Level).

Janet Meadows: English—*Pass* (Scholarship Level). Latin—*Pass*. History—*Pass*.

Rosemary H. Parnaby: Latin—*Pass*. French—*Pass*. History—*Distinction* (Adv. Level), *Pass* (Scholarship Level).

Martha A. Varley: English—*Pass* (Scholarship Level). Latin—*Pass*. History—*Distinction* (Adv. Level), *Pass* (Scholarship Level).

B. Anne Evans : Music—*Pass* (Additional subject).

On these results Martha Varley was awarded a State Scholarship, and Judith Grose, Gillian La Touche, Janet Meadows, and Rosemary Parnaby were awarded County Major Scholarships.

Entrance to Universities and Colleges

Judith Barker has entered the Central School of Arts and Crafts, in London.

B. Anne Evans has entered the Royal College of Music.

Janet Meadows gained a place at St. Andrew's University.

Rosemary H. Parnaby gained a place at Bedford College, London University.

Jean Sandercock has entered the Teachers' Training College, Bedford.

Patricia A. Seagrim gained a place at Reading University.

Barbara M. Thorpe gained a place at Glasgow University (Medical School).

Jennifer Waterhouse gained a place at St. Andrew's University.

GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF EDUCATION

(ORDINARY LEVEL), JULY, 1954

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

Catherine Auzepy : *Pass*—English Language.

Elizabeth Bruce : *Pass*—History.

Marion P. Crawford : *Very Good*—English Literature. *Good*—English Language, Latin, Geography, History, Religious Knowledge. *Pass*—French.

Jan E. Dodge : *Good*—French. *Pass*—English Language, English Literature, History, Geography, Mathematics, Biology.

Susan A. V. Erredge : *Very Good*—English Literature, History. *Good*—Latin, Geography, Mathematics. *Pass*—English Language, French.

Joan E. Frew : *Good*—English Language, Mathematics. *Pass*—English Literature, Latin, French, History.

Ann Gaudion : *Very Good*—Religious Knowledge. *Good*—English Language. *Pass*—English Literature.

Sheila H. Henderson : *Good*—English Language, English Literature, History, Religious Knowledge. *Pass*—Latin, French, Geography.

Cherry L. Isaac : *Good*—English Literature. *Pass*—History, Religious Knowledge.

Jean M. Jackson : *Exceptional*—Art. *Good*—English Language. *Pass*—English Literature, History.

- Patricia L. Johnstone : *Pass*—History.
 Joan O. Kennard : *Good*—English Language. *Pass*—English Literature, Latin, Religious Knowledge, Mathematics.
 Rosemary Digges La Touche : *Exceptional*—Art. *Good*—English Language, English Literature, French. *Pass*—History, Religious Knowledge.
 Christine M. Lunn : *Pass*—English Literature, French, History, Geography, Biology.
 Mollie Matson : *Very Good*—Religious Knowledge. *Good*—History. *Pass*—English Literature.
 Patricia M. Parkin : *Exceptional*—English Literature, Religious Knowledge. *Very Good*—English Language. *Good*—Latin, History, Biology. *Pass*—French, Geography.
 Elizabeth A. Pleace : *Pass*—English Literature, History, Art.
 Susan P. Stapleton : *Exceptional*—English Language. *Very Good*—English Literature, French, Mathematics. *Good*—Latin, History. *Pass*—Geography.
 Naddathong Thongyai : *Very Good*—Mathematics. *Pass*—Art, Biology.
 Margaret E. Wallis : *Very Good*—English Literature. *Good*—Religious Knowledge. *Pass*—English Language, History, Mathematics.
 Juliet C. Warren : *Pass*—History, Geography.

Additional Subjects

- Judith H. Fielding : *Good*—English Language. *Pass*—Geography.
 Jennifer J. Himely : *Pass*—Physics.
 Penelope J. Key : *Exceptional*—Physics. *Good*—Chemistry.
 Jean M. Sandercock : *Good*—Art. *Pass*—Mathematics, Biology.
 Elizabeth A. Stewart : *Pass*—Physics, Chemistry.
 Elizabeth M. Tett : *Pass*—French, Biology.
 Martha A. Varley : *Pass*—Greek.

ROYAL SCHOOLS OF MUSIC (ASSOCIATED BOARD)

December, 1953

Piano :

E. Morris, Passed with Distinction	Grade I.
J. Hughes, Passed with Merit	Grade I.
J. Webber, Passed	Grade I.
F. Irvine, Passed	Grade I.
A. Cornish-Bowden, Passed	Grade II.
A. Stephens, Passed	Grade II.
J. Lister, Passed with Merit	Grade III.
N. Goord, Passed	Grade V.
A. Evans (piano and singing), Passed with Merit	Grade VIII.

Clarinet :

F. Woolner, Passed Grade III.

March, 1954

Piano :

R. Watts, Passed Grade II.

J. Greenhough, Passed Grade IV.

V. Windle, Passed Grade V.

Theory of Music

M. Frew, Passed... .. Grade V.

V. Smith, Passed Grade V.

A. Waterman, Passed Grade V.

Violin :

V. Smith, Passed Grade III.

J. Himely, Passed Grade III.

A. Evans, Passed Grade V.

J. Kennard, Passed Grade V.

June, 1954

Piano :

S. Tharby, Passed Grade I.

J. Northcott, Passed Grade IV.

M. Frew, Passed... .. Grade VII.

Flute :

J. Northcott, Passed with Merit Grade III.

GAMES REPORT

School Games Captain, 1953-1954 : J. Fielding

Vice Games Captain, 1953-1954 : J. Meadows

LACROSSE TEAMS**1st XII.**

G.K. aR. Parnaby
Point P. Key
C.P. M. Varley
3rd M. E. Pleace
R.D.W. J. Meadows
L.D.W. aJ. Fielding (Capt.)
C. P. Bickford
R.A.W. M. Crawford
L.A.W. C. Isaac
3rd H. L. Himely
2nd H. J. Sandercock
1st H. E. A. Stewart

2nd XII.

S. Erredge
H. Leggate
J. Lovegrove
J. Himely (Capt.)
M. Matson
E. Chaplin
J. Greenhough
D. Seex
V. Easterbrook
G. LaTouche
J. C. Warren
P. Johnstone

15 and Under XII.

S. Gay,
H. Leggate
P. Bickford (Capt.)
J. Lovegrove
S. Hatfield
M. Pitman
J. Greenhough
A. Tedd
D. Seex
A. Waterman
J. Pearse
Z. Worden

Also played in the 1st XII.—J. C. Warren, J. Waterhouse, A. Wiles, M. Matson

a—Colours

Colours were awarded to J. Meadows during the season.

NETBALL TEAMS

1st VII.		14 and Under VII.	
P. Bellamy	G.D.	J. Lovegrove	
E. Pleace	D.	J. McGuire	
L. Himely	C.D.	D. Seex	
J. Fielding (Capt.)	C.	P. Bickford (Capt.)	
J. Himely	C.A.	E. Roberts	
R. LaTouche	A.	V. Windle	
C. Isaac	G.S.	S. Gay	

Also played—E. Tett

SCHOOL FIXTURES—Autumn Term, 1953

School or Club			Result
2nd XII. v. Oxtton House 1st XII.	..	Home	Won 16—1
2nd XII. v. Shute 1st XII.	..	Home	Won 21—0
3rd XII. v. Shute 2nd XII.	..	Home	Won 17—0
2nd XII. v. Oxtton House 1st XII.	..	Away	Drew 1—1
1st XII. v. Bristol University	..	Away	Lost 4—1
1st XII. v. Harcombe House	..	Home	Won 8—3
1st XII. v. Oxtton House 1st XII.	..	Home	Scratched

Spring Term, 1954

1st XII. v. Royal School 1st XII.	..	Away	Lost 17—8
Under 15 XII. v. Royal School Under 15 XII.	..	Away	Lost 7—4
1st XII. v. Sherborne 1st XII.	..	Home	Postponed
2nd XII. v. Shute 1st XII.	..	Away	Postponed
Under 15 XII. v. Shute Under 15 XII.	..	Away	Postponed
2nd XII. v. Oxtton House 1st XII.	..	Home	Drew 3—3
1st XII. v. Bristol University	..	Home	Scratched
1st XII. v. Harcombe House	..	Away	Won 7—3
1st XII. v. Sherborne 1st XII.	..	Home	Scratched
2nd XII. v. Oxtton House 1st XII.	..	Away	Drew 4—4

The London Rally

1st XII. v. Queen Anne's 1st XII.	Lost 6—0
1st XII. v. Cheltenham Ladies College 1st XII.	Lost 4—2
1st XII. v. Princess Helena's 1st XII.	Lost 2—1
1st XII. v. Whiteleaf 1st XII.	Lost 3—2

NETBALL

Autumn Term, 1953

14 and Under VII. v. Oxtton House 14 and Under VII.		Away	..	Lost 5—8
1st VII. v. Notre Dame Convent 1st VII.	..	Home	..	Scratched
14 and Under VII. v. Notre Dame Convent 14 and Under VII.		Home	..	Scratched

Spring Term, 1954

Under 15 VII. v. Shute Under 15 VII.	..	Away	..	Postponed
Under 14 VII. v. Oxtton House Under 14 VII.	..	Home	..	Lost 11—16
1st VII. v. Sydenham House 2nd VII.	..	Away	..	Scratched
Under 14 VII. v. Shute Under 14 VII.	..	Away	..	Lost 10—4
1st VII. v. Notre Dame Convent 1st VII.	..	Home	..	Lost 19—2
Under 14 VII. v. Notre Dame Convent Under 14 VII.	..	Home	..	Lost 21—5
Under 14 VII. v. Oxtton House Under 14 VII.	..	Away	..	Lost 17—10

TENNIS TEAMS**Summer Term, 1954**

	First Couple	Second Couple	Third Couple
1st VI. ..	J. Fielding (Capt.) P. Johnstone	R. Parnaby J. C. Warren	J. Grose S. Erredge
	Also played—G. Brown and E. Pleace		
2nd VI. ..	M. Davidson G. Brown	E. Pleace J. Meadows (Capt.)	J. Lovegrove P. Bickford
	Also played—E. Johnstone		
14 and Under VI.	J. Pearce D. Seex	G. Brown P. Bickford (Capt.)	

Summer Term Fixtures, 1954

School or Club				Result
Aberdare Cup (First Round) Home	Won 2—1
Stover 1st VI. v. Shute 1st VI.	Lost 1—2
Stover 1st VI. v. Edgehill 1st VI.	Lost 64—35
2nd VI. v. Bishop Fox Away	Won 26—18
14 and Under VI. v. Bishop Fox 14 and Under VI. Away	Lost 41—40
1st VI. v. Oxton House 1st VI. Away	Lost 27—54
2nd VI. v. Stoodley Knowle 1st VI. Away	Won 63—36
1st VI. v. Notre Dame Convent 1st VI. Away	Scratched
2nd VI. v. Notre Dame Convent 2nd VI. Away	Scratched
1st VI. v. Oxton House 1st VI. Home	Won 59—40
2nd VI. v. Oxton House 2nd VI. Home	Won 59—22
2nd VI. v. Sydenham House 2nd VI. Away	Scratched
1st VI. v. Convent of Assumption Home	Won 59—28
1st VI. v. Tregear House	Scratched
1st VI. v. Old Girls	Won 67—32
1st VI. v. Staff	Won

INTER-HOUSE MATCHES**LACROSSE****Autumn Term, 1953**

1st, Queen Mary; 2nd, Queen Elizabeth; 3rd, Queen Victoria

Spring Term, 1954

1st, Queen Victoria; 2nd, Queen Elizabeth; 3rd, Queen Mary

NETBALL**Autumn Term, 1953**

1st, Queen Elizabeth, 13 goals; 2nd, Queen Mary, 11 goals; 3rd, Queen Victoria, 7 goals

Spring Term, 1954

1st, Princess Anne, 14 goals; 2nd, Prince Charles, 5 goals

TENNIS**Summer Term, 1954**

Senior—1st, Queen Elizabeth; 2nd, Queen Victoria; 3rd, Queen Mary
Junior—1st, Princess Anne; 2nd, Prince Charles

TENNIS TOURNAMENTS

Senior—Winner, J. Fielding; Runner-up, P. Johnstone
Junior—Winner, J. Lovegrove; Runner-up, G. Brown

GYMNASTIC COMPETITION

A gymnastic competition was held at the end of the Spring Term, 1954. Every form took part, and the tables were varied according to age. Points were awarded for each exercise, particular attention being given to footwork, control, finish, and the amount of effort put into the work. We are very grateful to Miss Margaret Irwin, from Teignmouth, who came to judge the competition, and, who amusingly and helpfully criticized each form in turn at the end. Results:

1st, Upper VI., 116 points; 2nd, VIth Form, 115½ points; 3rd, Lower V., 112 points; 4th, Upper V., 111 points; 5th, Lower IVth, 105½ points; 6th, IIIrd Form, 102 points.

Gymnastic Awards.—E. Chaplin, P. Bickford, J. Greenhough, D. Seex, J. Pearce, E. Roberts, V. Windle, J. Seex.

ATHLETIC SPORTS RESULTS, 1954

High Jump.—*Open*—L. Himely, 4' 8". *Intermediate*—J. Greenhough, 4' 3".
Junior—A. Reid, 4' 1".

100 Yards.—*Open*—C. Isaac. *Intermediate*—J. Greenhough. *Junior* 75 yards—P. Norwood

Sack Race.—*Senior*—J. Fielding. *Intermediate*—P. Bickford. *Junior*—J. Forward

Sack Race, 10 years—C. Scott-Forbes

Obstacle Race.—*Senior*—J. Himely. *Intermediate*—A. Waterman. *Junior*—A. Reid

Three-Legged Race.—*Senior*—L. Himely and J. Greenhough. *Intermediate*—J. Pearce and A. Tedd. *Junior*—A. Reid and J. Webber

Egg and Spoon.—*Senior*—R. Parnaby. *Intermediate*—J. McGuire. *Junior*—S. Harvey

Egg and Spoon, 10 years—N. White

220 Yards.—*Open*—P. McMurtrie and J. Sandercock

Long Jump.—*Open*—C. Isaac, 14' 1½". *Intermediate*—A. Waterman, 13' 3½". *Junior*—P. Norwood, 11' 8".

Junior House Relay.—Prince Charles

Senior House Relay.—Queen Elizabeth

Senior Challenge Cup.—C. Isaac

Intermediate Challenge Cup.—J. Greenhough

Junior Challenge Cup.—A. Reid

Harvey Cup.—C. Isaac

Sandhurst Cup.—J. Meadows

Senior House Cup.—Queen Elizabeth

Junior House Cup.—Prince Charles

SWIMMING SPORTS (Summer Term, 1954)

Breast Stroke, Style.—*Senior*—J. Himely. *Intermediate*—E. J. Warren. *Junior*—J. Hughes

Crawl, Style.—*Senior*—E. Tett. *Intermediate*—J. McGuire. *Junior*—J. Hughes

Back Crawl, Style.—*Senior*—J. Himely. *Intermediate*—J. McGuire

English Back Stroke, Style.—*Open*—J. Himely

Diving.—*Open*—J. Meadows. *Junior*—J. Hughes. *Beginners*—W. Upham

Fancy Diving.—*Open*—J. Hughes

Three Lengths Free Style.—*Senior*—J. Meadows

Two Lengths Free Style.—*Intermediate*—J. McGuire

One Length Free Style.—*Junior*—J. Hughes

Width.—*Beginners*—J. Forward

- Feet First.—*Senior*—P. Key. *Intermediate*—F. Benwell. *Junior*—P. Norwood
 Plunge.—*Open*—P. Key, 38' 3"
 One Length Breast Stroke.—*Senior*—C. Isaac. *Intermediate*—A. Cornish-Bowden
 Junior 20 Yards Breast Stroke.—J. Hughes
 Sculling.—*Open*—D. Seex
 Life Saving Race.—*Open*—J. Himely
 One Length Back Stroke.—*Open*—J. Fielding. *Intermediate*—J. McGuire
 Junior 20 Yards Back Stroke.—J. Barker
 Underwater Swimming.—*Open*—J. Hughes (1 Length, 12 feet)
 Blowing the Table Tennis Ball.—*Open*—1st Race, J. Hughes; 2nd Race, J. Himely
 Boat Race.—Queen Victoria
 House Relay.—*Junior*—Princess Anne. *Senior*—Queen Victoria
 Senior Challenge Cup.—J. Himely
 Intermediate Challenge Cup.—J. McGuire
 Junior Challenge Cup.—J. Hughes
 House Challenge Cup.—Queen Victoria
 Junior House Challenge Cup.—Prince Charles

ROYAL LIFE SAVING SOCIETY (JULY, 1954)

- Instructor's Certificate.—Janet Meadows
 Scholar Instructor's Certificate.—Vivien Easterbrook, Pauline Warren, Louise Himely
 Award of Merit.—Judith Fielding, Jennifer Himely, Penelope Key, Cherry Isaac, Elizabeth Peace, Mollie Matson
 Bronze Cross.—Susan Hatfield, Louise Himely, Helen Leggate
 Bronze Medallion.—Elizabeth Chaplin, Susan Gay, E. Juliet Warren, Jacqueline Greenhough, Jennifer Pearse, Drina Seex, Heather Crook, Juliet C. Warren, Margaret Whiteway-Wilkinson
 Intermediate Certificate.—Jessica Barker, Felicite Irvine, Rosamond Watts, Elizabeth Morris, Rita Smith, Penelope Henley, Virginia Windle, Gillian Meyrick, Elaine Roberts, Elizabeth Baxter, Jennifer McGuire, Jacqueline Seex, Patricia Norwood, Eleanor Brown, Jane Northcott, Wendy Upham, Diana Keith
 Elementary Certificate.—Katharine Tyler, Mary Anne King, Sally Pratt, Nicola White

HOUSE REPORTS

Queen Elizabeth House

We were very sorry to lose both our House Mistresses—Miss Given and Miss Keens—at the end of the Summer Term, and we should like to thank them for all they have done for us. Throughout the year the struggle for the House Cup was very close and we succeeded in winning it in the Summer. Among the chief events of the year was the forming of two new Junior Houses which considerably reduced our numbers. Another important event was the Inter-House Music Competition, held in the Spring Term. Many members of the House entered for soloist classes and the whole

House took part in a House Concert. House matches were played each Term and although we were not successful in lacrosse, we were very pleased to win the House tennis matches at the end of the Summer Term. Just as last year, our best effort was on Sports Day, when we won the Inter-House Challenge Cup and the Senior and Intermediate Individual Challenge Cups. We hope next year to achieve even greater success.

J. MEADOWS, House Captain.

Queen Mary House

We were very pleased to welcome Miss Woolcock as our Vice-House Mistress this year, although at the same time we were sorry to lose Miss Radford. We made an excellent beginning to the year by winning not only the House Cup, thanks mainly to the G.C.E. marks of the previous Summer, but also the Senior lacrosse cup. Our good fortune did not last, however, and the Spring Term saw the loss of both cups. But we have not given up fighting for them and hope to regain them next year. In the Summer Term Mary House was somewhat diminished, as over half our members had gone into the newly-formed Junior Houses. Although few in numbers we won some successes both in athletic and swimming sports. The Intermediate swimming cup was won by J. McGuire, of whom we are justly proud.

M. VARLEY, House Captain.

Queen Victoria House

This year we welcomed Miss Reynolds as our Second House Mistress in the place of Miss Comyn. Our efforts to gain the House Cup were rewarded in the Spring Term, after a disappointment in the Autumn Term when, in spite of the marks from Pat Seagrim's County Scholarship, we were just beaten. As usual there has been keen competition for the Games Cups and we won the lacrosse in the Spring Term. We did best in Swimming Sports, winning the Inter-House Challenge Cup and the Senior Relay; and Jenny Himely won the Senior Individual Challenge Cup for us. In the Inter-House Music Competition in the Spring Term our soloists brought in many welcome marks and we all worked hard preparing for the House Concert given at the end of Term. This year two Junior Houses have been formed and we now have only Upper IV. upwards in the House. We should like to wish the new Junior Houses every success.

R. PARNABY, House Captain.

The Junior Houses

This year two Junior Houses were created, which are called after Prince Charles and Princess Anne. It was felt that the Juniors were too far away from the top of the School to take an active interest in the Senior Houses, and the Junior Houses have proved quite successful.

So far the honours have been more or less equally divided between the two Houses, although Prince Charles has a more imposing array of cups. In the Spring Term, Princess Anne succeeded both in Netball and in House marks. Miss Dence presented us with a House Cup in the Summer, and this was gained for the first time by Prince Charles House, which also managed to win more points than Princess Anne both in Sports and Swimming Sports. Princess Anne, however, won the Inter-House Rounders Match.

Miss Oggier and Miss Savill are acting as House Mistresses to the Junior Houses, and our thanks are due to them for their help and support.

THE CHAPEL

The Chapel has proved itself to be a great joy to us all during the past year. A special time, before breakfast, each morning, has been set aside for private prayer, and each Sunday we have our evening service there, taken either by Miss Dence or a visiting preacher. Holy Communion has also been celebrated there several times each Term.

We are divided into groups and take in it turns to see that the Chapel is clean and that there are always fresh flowers. This enables us to take a real pride in it.

There have been several donations to the Chapel during the year, for which we were very grateful. They helped towards the cost of some slight repairs which were necessary. We now have a book in which all the names of those who have donated towards the Chapel are inscribed. It has also been decided to have a lamp outside of the Chapel, which will be very useful in lighting our way to it on dark nights.

P. BICKFORD, Lt. V.



School Events and Activities

THE CHOIR, 1953-54

This year the Choir have, as usual, been working very hard. In the Autumn Term we very much enjoyed singing Mozart's "12th Mass" with Dartmouth Royal Naval College. We gave one performance in the evening of November 29th, having rehearsed all the afternoon. We were especially proud as Miss Hoskin was singing the alto solo.

At the end of Term we held our annual Carol Service in Teigngrace Church. Miss Hoskin and Anne Evans sang solos, both of which were very much enjoyed by all the congregation.

During the Spring Term we were working for the Torquay Music Festival, at which we were to sing a variety of folksongs, madrigals and motets. The senior and junior singing classes had also entered for various items and so we all travelled to Torquay Town Hall on March 30th. We were very pleased to hear that Boris Ord was the critic. We were very excited when he said he could find few points on which to criticize us, and, after only a slight mishap in one of the songs, we were able to go home very proud. I am sure the Choir would like to thank Miss Dence very much for all the time she gave up to us helping us to achieve such a gratifying result.

In the Summer we performed a Gilbert and Sullivan opera, as is our custom. This time, however, we decided to give three finished performances, one to the Old Girls, one to the parish and the other to parents. We very much enjoyed "H.M.S. Pinafore" and look forward to an equally successful opera next year.

We are also looking forward to next Term when we are singing a Bach Cantata and several anthems with the Royal Naval College.

PENELOPE KEY, Lt. VI.

ORCHESTRA

Despite the usual complaint about the noise we make, more people have joined the orchestra this year, and the noise is really not so bad as the rest of the School pretend.

We were sorry to lose Miss Godwin as our conductor, but Mr. King kindly offered to take over, and we must thank them both for giving us so much enjoyment. There has been an addition of four violins, a clarinet, a viola, a 'cello and two flautists, so now the orchestra can boast about twenty members. We were sorry that A. Evans and R. Parnaby had to leave in the summer.

At the end of the Winter Term, the orchestra and a few cadets whom Mr. King brought over from Dartmouth, accompanied the Intermediate School's Nativity Play. In the Summer Term, with the Dartmouth Cadets' orchestra, we gave an informal concert here to the School.

The choir gave a production of Gilbert and Sullivan's operetta "H.M.S. Pinafore," at the end of term, and once more, those of the orchestra not in the cast, were asked to play.

We hope that people have enjoyed our playing and that the size of the orchestra will increase and the quality of the playing will improve still more.

J. HIMELY. Lr. VI.

RECITALS, 1953-54

During the year Miss Dence kindly arranged several recitals for us.

The first of the year was given by Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wilson, whom we are always glad to welcome. Included in a delightful programme, they played a special favourite of Stover's — The third movement of Milhand's "Scaramouche." In November John Clegg played here for the first time. He gave a most enjoyable programme and we hope to hear him play again in the future.

We had one recital in each of the Spring and Summer terms. In January Mr. and Mrs. Parkhouse gave a recital of piano and cello music and in May Cecil Cope gave us a very pleasant afternoon. He sang Lieder by Schubert, Schumann and Brahms and was accompanied by Miss Dence.

We would like to thank Miss Dence for arranging these recitals which we appreciate very much as can be heard from the applause at the end of each of them.

M. FREW. Lr. VI.

FILMS

Last year we were very fortunate to have had such a large variety of films which were all most enjoyable.

In the Autumn term we began by having "Worm's Eye View," which was a very amusing film about the lives of several service men who had been billeted in Morecambe. Laurence Olivier played the leading part in "Hamlet," in which the acting and production were excellent. The next film was a comedy, "The Importance of Being Ernest," and at the end of term we had "The Happiest Days of Our Lives," a very amusing film on the lives of two different schools who were forced to use the same

buildings, which was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone. For the Christmas Party we were fortunate in having "Elizabeth is Queen," a lovely film of the Coronation. In the Spring Term we had five very good films, the first one being "Where No Vultures Fly," which was full of excellent scenery and animal shots taken in Kenya. Following this we had an Italian film of Rossini's opera, "Cinderella," which was beautifully filmed and the singers had wonderful voices.

Mandy Miller acted the part of a deaf and dumb child in "Mandy" very well and a great many girls left the library determined to dedicate their lives to the welfare of such children. "Nicholas Nickleby" and "Tom Brown's School Days" followed, the latter on the last night of term as a surprise.

We had two films in the Summer Term, "Everest," and "The Return of the Queen."

The Everest film was excellent and made the adventure seem a reality to those who saw it. The "Return of the Queen" was a wonderful film in which we saw Queen Elizabeth throughout her Commonwealth tour. With this film we had an extremely interesting one on animal life in Hungary, which was obviously very patiently filmed, in colour.

V. EASTERBROOK, Lr. V.

GEOGRAPHICAL FILMS

This year we have had two Geographical films, both of which were very interesting. The first was about the Eskimo hunters of North West Alaska, who are very skilled in hunting seals, seabirds and caribou. Having caught the caribou with the aid of a dog team, they take the skins to sell at a trading post and keep the carcasses for food.

The second film we had was "Life in the Highlands." This showed the simple life of the crofters and how they carry on their trade of spinning and weaving.

We have not had as many films as usual this year, but we enjoyed those we saw and look forward to next year's. Our thanks go to Miss Down for arranging the films and Mr. Guntrip for showing them.

V. M. EASTERBROOK, Up. V.

THE BIBLE READING FELLOWSHIP

Last year the membership of the Bible Reading Fellowship was doubled. We now have ten "A" group members, thirteen "B," eighteen "C" and thirteen "Y."

Before this Term there were no Junior members, and it is very pleasing to see that there are now thirty-one. Many Con-

firmation Candidates also helped towards the increase in membership.

We were very lucky to have Miss Margery Sykes, the Secretary of the Fellowship, to talk to us about her work and that of her friends. One of the many interesting things which she told us was that Princess Margaret was a member of the Bible Reading Fellowship, and debated with other members at least once a week.

Every Sunday three senior members of the Bible Reading Fellowship go to Miss Dence to choose the hymns and lessons for the Evening Service and during it one member reads a group of prayers and two girls, not necessarily members, read the lesson.

The Services have been taken by many different people during the past year. Father Strickland has visited us twice, showing us two missionary films which were both very interesting. One was about Africa; the other about Japan. Also a French missionary, Monsieur Christol, told us about his work in the larger French ports.

Our great friend, Bishop Willis, has also visited us several times during the past year. Mr. George Whitfield and the Bishop of Sherborne also took some of the services last year.

We have enjoyed all these people's visits and hope that they will return next year. We hope too, that many new people will come to take our services.

M. DAVIDSON, Lr. V.

STOVER SHOP

At the beginning of the Summer Term a School Shop was started in a small room over at the Clock House. We had long hoped to be able to do this, and the results have justified all our expectations.

The room itself is very simple; there is a table which serves as a counter and several cupboards in which the goods are stored. We sell a large variety of sweets, also lemonade, biscuits, fruit, stationery, soap, toothpaste, and other useful articles.

The Governors very kindly lent us fifty pounds to pay our initial expenses. We have already refunded half of this in the first Term. When we have returned the rest, the profit will go to the Library Fund.

The VIth Form have been put in charge, and they open the shop twice a week, besides seeing that supplies do not run out. The shop has proved very popular, and there is always a long queue waiting impatiently to be allowed in. We hope that it will continue to do as much business in the future.

L. PARKINSON. Lr. VI.

SIXTH FORM ACTIVITIES

We went to Torquay on November 27th, 1953, for the VIth Form Conference. The subject set for that term was the work of a County Council.

The day began with a service held in the Zion Methodist Chapel, and afterwards everyone walked down the hill to the Town Hall where the Mayor shook hands with all the VIth-Formers and entertained us to coffee and biscuits. The Mayor's Secretary then gave us a talk on the work of a Mayor and a Municipal Council, and invited us to visit the various offices and officers who conduct municipal affairs. We visited the Council Chamber where we saw a large-scale map of Torquay marked with the proposed site of the new theatre, the Borough Treasury, the Engineer's and Water Engineer's offices, where we saw maps of the reservoirs which supply Torquay and its district with water.

As it was past one o'clock we went to the Boys' Grammar School for lunch and then went into their large Assembly Hall for the main purpose of that day's Conference—the holding of a mock County Council meeting.

During the Term each School had taken on the work of one of the committees set up by the Council to conduct County affairs: Stover had been allotted that of the Children's Committee, and other schools had been allotted the Finance, General Purposes, Roads and Education Committees, among others. Thanks to talks given to us by Alderman Day, Chairman of the Devon County Council's Children's Committee, and Miss Gallop, one of the Children's Officers, we knew quite a lot about the work of a Children's Committee.

Judith Fielding represented the Children's Officer, Elizabeth Stewart a Councillor in the Committee, and Louise Parkinson as Chairman of the Children's Committee proposed the building of a new Children's Home and the closing of two smaller ones (entirely imaginary of course!). All the VIth-Formers, as members of the Council, were allowed to ask questions and to move amendments, and once, when the Council went into Committee, all the Staff, representing the public, had to leave the room. One member, too, became so objectionable that he had to be forcibly removed by a policeman.

The County Council meeting was most enjoyable and informative and we should like to thank the Torquay Boys' Grammar School for their hospitality and the interesting programme they had made out.

Alderman Day had invited us to attend a real Children's Committee meeting, and on the 7th December, 1953, we went to Exeter. As it was to be held in the afternoon Miss Dence proposed

that we should visit some of the buildings in Exeter. We first went to St. Nicholas' Priory, where there are fine Tudor ceilings and a cellar with massive Norman arches. We then went to the Guildhall where an Attendant showed us the City regalia, consisting of valuable silver chains, maces, a Tudor cap given by Henry VII. to the City for loyalty, and Nelson's sword. We looked around the Cathedral and then had lunch. After lunch we went to the Castle where the Children's Committee meeting was held. I believe we were the first members of the public admitted to a Committee meeting and we enjoyed it very much. We should like to thank Miss Dence very much for taking us to Exeter.

On February 16th, 1954, we went to Exeter again to attend Assizes. We were too late to hear the trial of a Corporal in the R.A.S.C. charged with manslaughter but just in time to hear the verdict. This Corporal had been in an amphibious vehicle from which a man had fallen into the sea and drowned. He had been so affected by this accident that he had drunk thirteen pints of bitter and two rums, and had then driven a lorry. Owing to the slippery nature of the roads the lorry had swerved and run over a small girl. The judge, taking into account his exemplary character, sentenced him to two years' imprisonment and ordered his licence to be endorsed for ten years.

The next case heard was a claim for damages brought by a man who had been severely injured in a clay mining accident, against a well-known Kingsteignton company. We learnt a lot about clay mining from this trial and followed it intently. We had to leave before the judge gave his verdict but learnt in the papers the next day that the company had privately agreed to pay him an undisclosed sum. Miss Down had taken us to the Assizes and we should like to thank her for giving up some of her valuable time but we hope she enjoyed it as much as we did.

G. D. LA TOUCHE. Up. VI.

SIXTH FORM PLAY READING, 1953-1954

During the last year the Sixth Form read a very varied assortment of plays, ranging from Shakespeare's tragedies to a light comedy by Noel Coward. As our group was not very large we all had to take several parts each, and although this was rather muddling at first, we soon got used to it.

As well as reading English drama from varying ages—the mediaeval Coventry Nativity play, Beaumont and Fletcher's Knight of the Burning Pestle, Congreve's Way of the World and Christopher Fry's The Lady's not for Burning—we read one French play, the Bourgeois Gentilhomme by Molière. Miss Keens kindly

took charge of this and helped us with our pronunciation. We were very pleased to welcome some members of the Staff who came along to join us on several occasions. We are also very grateful to Miss Savill for taking so much trouble over casting, and making such enjoyable evenings possible.

J. C. M. GROSE. Up. VI.

6th NEWTON ABBOT (STOVER) GUIDE COMPANY REPORT

The Guide Company has flourished throughout the year. We now have 28 Guides and a new patrol was formed early in the Autumn Term, making four altogether. Miss Bindloss, our District Commissioner, held a big enrolment of younger Guides, and we spent a great deal of time out of doors working towards First and Second Class.

In the Spring we entertained the Ipplepen Brownies at one of our Company meetings, and a First Class Brownie flew up to one Guide Company.

A Thinking Day Service was conducted by Canon Jones for all Guides on February 22nd in the School Chapel.

The Company attended the Newton Abbot District Rally in St. Mary's Hall, and gave a demonstration of morse and semaphore signalling. During the Spring Term, Miss Cobham very kindly tested some First Class work. Freda Woolner took part in a Pioneer Training at Bradley Manor.

In the Summer Term we had many out-of-door activities, including a tea-hike for the whole company. We spent a great deal of time preparing for camp, which included pitching and striking tents, fire-lighting, and gadget-making.

Three of our Guides—Freda Woolner, Rosamund Watts, and Jill Hughes—were chosen to act as messengers at the Bath and West Show at Exeter on June 2nd.

At Whitsuntide, Miss Dyson, County Camp Adviser, held a training camp in the Stover grounds. Miss Savill and Miss Dawson joined Guiders from all parts of Devon for a weekend under canvas. Rosemary Parnaby passed her Cadet Challenge during this training.

Towards the end of term we spent two enjoyable and active days at the District Guide Centre at Bradley Manor. This proved to be an excellent preparation for camp which was a fitting climax to the end of a busy and happy year.

THE 1954 GUIDE CAMP AT WEMBURY

On July 29th, fifteen happy and smart Guides tumbled into a large lorry. We were all squashed in like sardines amongst the baggage and camp kit. We went through many small and out-of-the-way lanes, and got lost several times. However, we arrived at last to find two Guides, who had arrived by car. There we bumped over several fields containing cattle. All the time we had a glorious view of the sea. The weather was cold and dull, but our spirits were the very opposite. When we came to the field in which we were going to camp we unloaded all the baggage. Then we had a picnic lunch. The wind was very strong as we were facing the sea. After lunch we assembled our kit into the groups in which we were going to sleep. Then began the arduous business of pitching the tents. I mentioned before that the wind was very strong; by now it was almost blowing at gale force. Our tent was a bell tent, and we had literally to weigh the pole down as the remaining Guides bravely knocked in tent pegs and tightened guy ropes. At last it was up. When we turned round to see how our companions were faring, we discovered ours was the only tent pitched. We moved all our belongings into the tent and arranged ourselves in sleeping order. By now it had begun to rain, and mackintoshes were appearing. We then went out to help the other Guides, and eventually we had all three tents up and the store tent. Then we all helped to put up sister's tent, and Miss Dawson, Miss Savill, and Miss Tyler (Brock to all of us) put up their tents. Then we had tea in our tents, and it was then we discovered that our own tent was leaking. Everybody had to help to put us up a ridge tent. It was quickly done, and we found to our delight that we had the nicest tent of all, as it had a porch! Then we did innumerable other jobs and had our supper. Then it was time for bed.

For most people this was their first night under canvas, and I think we all slept thoroughly. The next day we put up some more tents, and when we had finished them there were ten tents in all. Then we got the camp shipshape and had our meals, and another day had gone.

On Friday we went to Wembury and ransacked the village post office of its picture postcards. Then on Saturday we made our tents look like exhibits from the Ideal Homes Exhibition, for Miss Dence was coming to visit the camp. When she came she had lunch with us; Miss Bindloss came with her. When she came, Miss Dence brought us all lollipops, and we were all very pleased. I think Miss Dence and Miss Bindloss were pleased with the camp. They had to go soon after lunch.

On the Saturday afternoon we picnicked at Cellars Beach. Jessica Barker, who lives at Newton Ferrers, came with us, and we had a lovely bathe. Many of us passed our first-class swimming test, in which we have to swim fifty yards.

The next day we attended morning service at Wembury Church. It is tucked away right in the cliffs and trees, and bushes shield it. We went round it once before we could find an opening into the churchyard. There were eighty Sea Cadets there, and I am afraid our voices did not make much impression on the male voices. In the afternoon the visitors crawled across the field in thick fog and drizzle. Some Guides went out with their friends and relatives; for the remaining Guides, Mrs. Tyler organized a scavenger hunt. Later, due to the rain, we went over to the barn, which the farmer kindly lent us, for tea, supper and games. Hilary's parents joined in the games and singing. We had a most enjoyable evening despite the weather. The night which followed was terrifying: a gale raged continually, and hardly anyone managed to sleep. I slept clutching the tent pole. We were very surprised to find everything intact in the morning.

Our routine duties were carried out under difficulties as the weather was still bad. After break, the weather improved a little and we crossed the "pool" to Newton Ferrers and then we crossed the River Yealm to Noss Mayo. We all went to bed early that evening and slept like logs.

On Tuesday we had a picnic tea at Newton Ferrers or Noss Mayo. Afterwards we swam in the River Kitley, and had great fun chasing Captain in the water, although we did not succeed in ducking her. That evening we had a fancy dress competition. There were many ingenious costumes, among them a Persil advertisement, Long John Silver, the Ghost of Wembury, and the Three Men of Gotham. The four adults went as the Wembury United football team. After the judging, we had Camp Fire. And so to bed.

The next day—Wednesday—we were up early. After breakfast we began dismantling our home of the past week. By 11.30 a.m. we had struck all but two tents. These we had been asked to leave standing by the Guides who were following us. After we had thoroughly combed the field for any litter, we got into the lorry and left Wembury Hill. We waved goodbye to the farmer and his "family" of pigs, and thanked him for lending us such a beautiful camping site.

We all had a lovely week, and are most grateful to Miss Savill, Miss Dawson, Sister, and Brock for giving up some of their holiday to give us such a lovely holiday.

R. WATTS, Patrol Leader.

THE NATIVITY PLAY

Last Autumn Term, the middle School, with the help of the choir, entertained us with a Nativity Play. It was the story of what kind of Messiah the shepherds and Kings expected, and how surprised they were to find He was a baby born in a stable.

The choral singing, which featured quite a large part in the play, was excellent. There were also some well sung solos by the principals.

The Innkeeper	J. HELLENS
The Vagabond	S. GAY
The Roman Soldier	L. HIMELY
Shepherds	{ M. DAVIDSON, P. WARREN F. BENWELL, J. WARREN
The Virgin Mary	P. BELLAMY
St. Joseph	S. BENEY
The Three Kings	{ S. HATFIELD, J. LISTER D. SEEX
The Pages	{ P. BICKFORD, E. PREUN J. HUGHES

We all enjoyed this very much and would like to thank Miss Dence for the great help she gave us in the costuming and production of the play.

At the same time the Junior School performed scenes from Maurice Maeterlinck's "The Blue-Bird." Tyltyl was very well played by Susan Tharby, and Carolyn Scott-Forbes as the part was rather too long for only one of them. Anna Coombes played the part of Mytyl.

E. JOHNSTONE, Lt. V.

CHRISTMAS PARTY, 1953

On December 12th, 1953, the last Saturday of the Autumn Term, our thanks were due to Miss Dence, Miss Lidgate, Miss Bearne, Miss Gwillam, the Prefects and all who contributed in any way to the enjoyment of this year's Christmas Party.

After a delicious tea, we crowded into the Library to see the Coronation film, "Elizabeth is Queen," shown by Mr. Keen. This was followed by a delightful Russian Cartoon in beautiful colour, far in advance of any British attempt. The film was a Fable in which a deer helps a wolf and then is chased by him. Mr. Keen then showed us a Czechoslovakian film. The "film stars" were mostly puppets, all of which moved without any visible strings attached to them. It was only in black and white but the movement was so good that colour was not necessary.

The films ended, we went down to supper, which we enjoyed very much indeed. The Christmas cake was in the form of "21" as it is the twenty-first birthday of the School this year. During supper we followed our usual custom of trying to break up the furniture in three hearty cheers for Miss Bearne and Miss Gwillam.

As soon as we had finished tea we went over to the Gym where we thoroughly enjoyed ourselves dancing, while the Upper V. played the records. At about half past ten Miss Dence very kindly played "Sir Roger de Coverley," and soon after that we all sang "Auld Lang Syne." This ended another very enjoyable Christmas Party.

S. BENEY. Lr. V.

SPEECH DAY, 1954

This year Speech Day was held on June 11th and started, as usual, with a service in Highweek Parish Church. The service was conducted by the Bishop of Sherborne and, since a great many parents and friends attended, the Church was very full. The choir gave a beautiful rendering of the anthem, "Above Him stood the Seraphite," and the whole congregation joined heartily in the singing of the two popular hymns, "King of Glory, King of Peace," and "O Heavenly beauty, Lovelier far."

After the end of the service we all returned to Stover for prize-giving. Miss Jerred, the Headmistress of the Godalpin School, Salisbury, had very kindly consented to perform this ceremony for us, and she also gave an address in which she told us something about her own school. The other speakers were the Bishop of Sherborne and, of course, Miss Dence herself, who made her annual report on the School's progress.

A buffet lunch was then served for the visitors in the two dining rooms and the Upper IV. Form Room, after which, while we hurriedly added some last minute touches to the Sale of Work and other Stalls, the visitors admired the art and needlework exhibitions in the Upper V. Form Room. There were some extremely good pieces of work on show which reflected great credit on Mrs. MacMurray and Mr. Morgan.

Everyone then went over to the Gymnasium for the Sale of Work. Though this latter stall was far the most profitable, there were many others, some most unusual and, though space was limited since the weather prevented us from overflowing into the garden, everyone enjoyed the proceedings. The auction of a chicken caused much amusement, while many people visited Miss Savill and the members of the Upper VI. to have their fortunes told. The produce and ice-cream stalls were also very popular.

About half-past three tea was served to the visitors in the Hall and Library, after which, once we had cleared up a little of the "debris," we all left for half-term. So ended yet another Stover Speech Day.

S. STAPLETON. Up. V.

SPORTS DAY

Unfortunately Sports Day had to be postponed from Friday, June 11th, to the following Wednesday. Luckily Wednesday turned out to be fine in spite of slight rain during the morning. As the date for sports could not be previously arranged owing to the weather, few parents were able to come. There were therefore, no races for any of the visitors, but a very exciting obstacle race was held, in which one of the difficulties that had to be overcome was the blowing of the ping-pong ball into a plant pot. As usual the climax of the day was the House Relays, the Junior Relay being between the two new Houses, Prince Charles and Princess Anne. There were no records broken this year, owing to the bad state of the ground, but nevertheless the standard maintained was still high.

We would like to thank Mrs. Fielding very much for presenting the prizes at such short notice, also Miss Reynolds for organising the sports so successfully, and to the rest of the Staff who helped her.

M. MATSON and C. ISAAC. Up. V.

H.M.S. PINAFORE

When in previous years, parents were pestered for such strange and unscholastic articles as Kimonos, fans, Guards' uniforms and slacks—"for the Gilbert and Sullivan"—they sighed, sent them, and knew no more until clothes and daughter returned, the former, and sometimes the latter, still streaked with grease-paint. Nor could they learn much of the performance, except perhaps that it "went quite well," or was "not too bad." This year, however, a chance to discover more appeared, for, to the joy of anyone who had taken part in or seen one of these annual productions, it was decided to put on "H.M.S. Pinafore," for Old Girls, parents and parish.

With the other Old Girls I saw the first performance on July 24th. It was very funny, expertly sung, and charmingly acted, from the first chorus by the sun-burnt crew to the final curtain. The players' evident enjoyment was infectious and the evening was one of pleasure for all.



Photo)

(CHAS. A. DORAN

In the first place, the choice of "H.M.S. Pinafore" was a happy one. This rousing, romantic comedy, of the love of an admiral and a foremast hand, for the lovely Josephine, is one of Gilbert and Sullivan's gayest and most light-hearted operas. This spirit was admirably caught and interpreted by the actors. Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B., whose advice:

"Stick close to your desk and never go to sea,
and you may be all rulers of the Queen's Navee,"

was very well received, surveyed the scene with triumph through his monocle in a most gentlemanly and aristocratic manner. Captain Corcoran, shyly admitting that he

"Hardly ever said a big, big D,"

was a stalwart leader and well suited to dear little Buttercup—with her amazing confession. The lovers charmed the audience with their singing and romance, to whom the full-blooded evilness of Dick Deadeye was a pleasing contrast. All were well backed up by an energetic chorus. The orchestra worked in harmony with the singers and the audience were much impressed by the spirited drumming.

The excellence and clarity of the singing with no jokes marred by blurred words was due to Miss Dence, who devoted a great deal of her valuable time to the opera. For the smooth running and producing of the work, the thanks go to Miss Babington. As Stage Manager and Lord High Everything Else, Janet Meadows was indispensable and contributed to the striking lack of hitches and flaws. Thanks to Mr. Guntrip the lighting was most effective, and the scenery created a very nautical air.

These then were the people who worked to make "H.M.S. Pinafore" a success, a skilled and finished production. I am sure many who saw this hope that in some future year we may have the pleasure of seeing another Gilbert and Sullivan opera produced by Stover.

JANNA WATERHOUSE.

FLY ON THE WALL

I love Elgar's Pomp and Circumference.

—
Include all reverent information.

—
Nurse was rushing round waving a temperature in the air.

—
Poems with a jogging rhythm get very anonymous.

—
An example of an oratorio is Joan Hammond.

. . . allowing starvation to weed out the weekly members of society.

A frog's eyes bulge into its mouth so that it can see what it is eating.

One of the Staff was manipulating the examination.

A submarine is a man who is not quite a marine.

The visitors to the town were thinning a little . . .

It was a lovely place for washing beasts and insects.

She would not think of doing such a thing to such an extinguished visitor.

Gipsies are called Romeos.

PRIZE WINNING ESSAYS—SENIOR

MY HOME TOWN

Even from the moors, miles away, Newton Abbot's landmark can be seen—a solid, plain grey tower. This is no tower like that of Blackpool, for people to ascend and admire the view. This tower is part of the electric works and is used for cooling water. The "tone" of a place can be guessed by the things one first sees of that place: they may be hotels, factories or houses by the sea, but when Newton Abbot's landmark is sighted, one knows that there will be nothing useless or trivial in that town. The approaches to the town are no less earnest in appearance. From the train one can see the marshy land which is used as a race-course, or the wastelands covered by rubble waiting to be flattened for use as a playground. Along the main road from Exeter one can see the great heaps of lignite or clay and on the road from Torquay, the white quarries of limestone.

The town itself seems an undistinguished place with its straight main streets flanked by solid Victorian buildings. There is what I believe is a pseudo-Elizabethan house with white plaster walls and black beams and "Ye Olde Bunne Shoppe" written on it, but even this building hardly seems different from those surrounding it.

This is not a town for pleasure-seekers: for that, they must go to Torquay which is on the sea and has many large hotels, making that town seem like one on the Riviera. Newton Abbot,

however, in the town for business-men. All trades and professions are represented here and everyone seems hard at work in their jobs. This gives the town its air of respectability and "drive." Newton Abbot is proud of its growing industrialisation. There are sites to the South of the town for at least eight factories, three of which are already in use. Newton Abbot is also a market town. Every Wednesday, a market is held in the great square in the centre of the town, where produce, plants and cattle are sold. There has been a Wednesday market in Newton Abbot from the times of the Abbots of Torre who owned the land around in the thirteenth century.

Newton Abbot has only played one part in the making of English history and that with little enthusiasm. In 1688, William of Orange, having landed at Brixham, stayed at Forde House, lent by Sir William Courtenay who kept out of the way himself. The Prince's manifesto was publicly read in the town and was received almost passively. This is accounted for by the lesson learnt from the Black Assizes which had severely punished those who had welcomed an unsuccessful invader. Consequently when William marched on to Exeter, everyone was relieved and the town once more carried on its usual business. There is now at the foot of the St. Leonard's tower—last reminder of the old church—a stone marking the old market cross where William's declaration was read but it was not until long after that the inhabitants began to appreciate the part Newton had played in history.

With the coming of the railways, Newton gained in importance and increased in size, for it became an important junction with all the attendant engine workshops.

As the town grew, so have the amenities for recreation. Newton Abbot is proud of its open-air swimming bath, parks with tennis courts, a National Hunt race-course, and the many societies such as the Music Club, the Repertory Company and Operatic Society.

Newton Abbot cannot be described as a grim, smoky industrial town. It is, rather, a pleasant market town with good business facilities and many practices. The inhabitants are not so much concerned with attracting visitors as shoppers. There are no "Miss Newton Abbot" competitions, only an annual Shopping Week in September with a Queen of Commerce and Trade. There is no census of the number of visitors but there is great rejoicing at the amount of the money spent in a week, month, or year. The posters greeting visitors only say "Come to Newton Abbot for your shopping," and this is typical of the approach of Newton Abbot to visitors, and the business tone of the town.

G. D. LA TOUCHE, Up. VI.

JUNIOR

My home is in the village of Compton, or the valley of the Blue Gentian. It lies in the beautiful countryside of Devonshire, outside Paignton, and is the southern corner of this county. Elizabeth Goudge has written on it in her book "Gentian Hill." The main features are the lovely old church and stately Compton Castle. Marldon church (as it is generally called) lies right at the top of the valley on a pedestal of rock, the village of Marldon nestles around it in a cosy fashion. In the interior of the church there is some beautiful carving. The golden lectern (an eagle with outstretched wings) is exquisitely moulded, each feather looks real and the eyes look down on one in a menacing fashion, compelling you to listen to the lesson. The pulpit is light oak and has lovely flowers and animals carved upon it. One of the lesser stained-glass windows pictures St. Francis of Assisi with his many woodland friends.

The village has a post office, inn and school. Now we wander down the village. There are a few houses and soon we leave even the few behind and come into a high-hedged lane. To our right we see the gentle slopes of the hillside with green meadows and red, ploughed fields. To our left the hillside is much steeper and each mound seems to be topped by a circular clump of trees with not a leaf out of place, as only Devon can make them. Right down through the valley there is a small stream which trickles softly over the pebbles. As we walk on, we notice where the best wild strawberries grow and where we found our first white violet. These and other lovely memories live again as we walk onward. Then we come to a row of cottages built against the rock where the valley narrows. The cottages are called "The hole in the wall." Then we come to my own home, an old sprawling farm-house. It has grey walls that are covered with Virginia creeper, which is green in Spring and red in Autumn. It is a great temptation not to linger here but there is more to see. A little further on are the cottages which belong to my home. Then there is a farm with a sweet smell of new-mown hay. When I was small I remember being terrified of the dog which used to come out and bark at us when we went by. Further on is the village shop, whose cobbled path, hollyocked border and red check curtains were always spick and span. Opposite this is the blacksmith's with its fascinating sparks and darkness.

Now, as we top a rise, we see before us, set in green velvet meadows, Compton Castle, home of Sir Humphrey Gilbert, the half-brother of Sir Walter Raleigh. The grey, stone walls have turretted towers and lancet windows. It was originally built in the thirteenth century, but has been rebuilt several times since.

There is a great cobbled courtyard. There is still the original balcony where Sir Walter Raleigh was doused with water while smoking the first pipe. The great hall has stone steps leading to a Minstrel's Gallery. There is a large polished oak table in the centre. It is always beautifully decorated with flowers. The people living in it are Commander and Mrs. Raleigh Gilbert, who come from the direct line of Gilberts, from Sir Humphrey. These people have had the Chapel restored and Holy Communion is held there once a month. Some of the Castle has also been restored. Peacocks wander in the grounds. An ancient tradition of the Castle is that one of these birds is roasted over an ancient, open fireplace every Christmas. There is a small farm attached. Last year the South Devon Hounds held their opening meet there and the old Castle looked even more lovely with the pink coats of the huntsmen in the foreground. This small part of Devon is lovely in its quiet beauty and ancient grandeur.

R. WATTS. Lr. IV.

A STORMY NIGHT AT SEA

I was walking along the cliff-top, one stormy Winter's night, looking down at the raging sea. The moon was shining down on it and the restless waves were glistening with blues, greens, reds and whites. The waves were tossing and turning, making a dull, roaring sound as they dashed against the rocky cliffs below. Now and again I saw a silvery fish being thrown up into the air, and once I saw a shark gliding along, with just its treacherous fin showing, which meant danger to so many people. Then at last I saw the friendly lights of home shining out through the wind and rain.

ANNA COMBES. Form III.

MRS. BLUMP

In the most capacious arm-chair reigned the portly Mrs. Blump. She was elderly, and her hair was grey, but there was an air of liveliness about her which deceived the eye as to her age. Her face was round and plump, and her cheeks were rosy. She smelled delightfully of the kitchen, for indeed, she was a cook, and a good one, too. At the moment, she was concerned only with her knitting, which lay on her lap. Hers was a peaceful character, and she attacked her work with determination and skill. She was wilful, yet merciful, busy, but with time to hear your troubles, and was a wonderful example of the typical English grandmother.

S. MARSHALL-HARVEY. Form III.



J. M. GOULD, Form III.

NARA

Nara is a very beautiful park in Japan. It is in the island Honshu near the ancient capital Kyoto. It is very large and has lovely big trees and little streams. One of the main interests are the deer. They breed in Nara and are a lovely sight. Nature, however, is not the only interest, for instance there is an enormous Buddha which is called Diabustu. This statue weighs 90 tons and is nearly a hundred feet high. On his head are curls which are shaped in conicals; there are about one hundred and eighty altogether. This Buddha is in an enormous building surrounded by a big garden. Near this is an enormous bell which is a big delight. If you pay ten yen, which is about twopence, you can try to ring it. There are lots of beautiful pagodas four or five stories high with beautiful carvings in both wood and stone.

There is only one thing that spoils it and that is the papers and rubbish. Most of this is scattered around a baseball field which is surrounded by wooden seats. However, it is a lovely place in both Winter and Summer and in a secluded spot with the deer to watch, you can relax in peace and quiet.

J. HUGHES, Lr. IV.

A DAY IN MY HOLIDAYS

It was two days after my birthday, and my present, which I was to share with my brother, was still to come. It was to be a canvas canoe. All that week we had been excited at the idea of a canoe, and we watched for it whenever we could, and became excited at the slightest sound of a truck or a knock.

It arrived at our gate in the afternoon, in the back of a truck that delivered railway things, very dusty, with two old sacks tied onto its bows and stern. In it was a double-bladed paddle, painted blue, the same colour as the rest of the canoe. She was streamlined and slim, with a sharp prow, and was made of canvas and wood, painted with a water-proof, salt-resisting paint.

The driver of the truck offered to take her down to a little place by the river for us, where many sailing boats and small craft were kept. He offered to take us down too, so saying goodbye to Mummy, we climbed into the back, beside her, and sat on boxes and parcels.

As we rattled down to the water we decided to call her the "Lapwing."

When we lifted her out (she was very light) and took the sacks off her, we launched her, and found that she floated in four inches of water, with one person in her, quite safely.

We put the two little rubber seats to sit on on the bottom and I got perilously into her, for she rocked dangerously at the slightest movement. I sat in the bows, with my brother in the stern with the paddle, and we set off up the river.

She glided very fast, with hardly a ripple, and responded easily to the paddle, which we both took turns to use.

As she slipped silently beneath some overhanging boughs in a backwater of the quiet, dreamy river, we came upon a party of seven swans feeding quietly by the bank, their heads and necks twisted in the most fantastic positions, as they fed and cleaned themselves, their snowy plumage ruffling in the gentle breeze.

As we glided closer they raised their graceful necks and looked at us reproachfully for interrupting them, then stringing out into a graceful line, the big male swan leading them, they quietly glided away, some resting their grey, webbed feet on their downy wings, and only using one foot to propel themselves along.

We glided on and saw a grey heron fishing, and three speckled sea-gulls diving for fish.

We stopped at a little stream that gurgled happily into the river and lifted up some stones for elvers. They were very hard to see, their black sinuous bodies looking exactly like the shadows thrown by the rippling stream. They certainly lived up to the saying, "as slippery as an eel," for you could not hold them a second. I caught one and I was putting one hand in front of the other as the sinuous eel wriggled through my fingers into my other hand till it escaped.

Then we hunted for crabs and had crab races. We drew a circle with a square space in the middle, and placed the crabs in the space, and the first one over the line was the winner. They looked so funny scuttling sideways.

This amused us for a while, then we decided to go home, so we got into the canoe and paddled off.

When we arrived back the shadows were long so we turned her upside-down and left her for the night.

We arrived home tired but happy, to a lovely supper and a soft bed.

J. McGUIRE. Up. IV.

A SNAIL HE WOULD A-WOING GO

I climbed slowly into the boulder that keeps the North wind from blowing into my house, and sitting in the sun, polished my shell until it shone like a dewy cabbage leaf, for I had made up my mind to try my luck with slippery Sue, the most delightful little lady that ever left behind her a silver trail.

When my appearance was to my liking, I slid down from the boulder and made my way along the track that leads through the towering green wood to the thunder and earthquake land that stretches in a black, barren waste to the very forest in which my beloved lives.

Hardly was my tail clear of the undergrowth than an enormous monster swooped on me and grasping me in iron jaws, swept me upwards higher and higher but fortunately for me at that moment there came a mighty rushing wind as beneath with a fearful roar one of those huge black shapes that make the earthquake and the thunder roll flashed by, and the monster, caught by the hurricane, dropped me, not as had been intended on the hard, black desert, but in the very forest where I longed to be and almost on slippery Susie's shell.

What a fright I gave her! She fainted right away and it was quite a time before even my attentions brought her round, but when I did eventually restore her, she needed little persuasion to be mine. Then and there we fixed the happy day and I know that we will be happy all our lives.

GEORGINA E. BROWN. Up. IV.

A WET DAY AT THE SEASIDE

When I arrived at our nearby sea-side town it had already begun to rain. As I got out of the car I decided that it would be more than a light shower, for the black clouds were racing overhead. I was right; the rain began to lash down and the people who were wearing thin summer clothes hurried to the shelter of shop doorways. Glad that I had brought my mackintosh, I made my way to the promenade. Here, deck-chairs were being hastily dismantled, and the newspaper-seller was hurriedly gathering up the various magazines which had been displayed, and putting them away.

I looked at my watch, and as it was long past noon I went into a restaurant for my lunch.

When I left the restaurant, quite a while later, I found that end of the promenade deserted. The sea-gulls wheeled overhead with drawn out cries. The wheels of the cars and buses that went along the road behind me were churning up the dirty water. The grass bordering the little flower beds was sodden, and so were the numerous empty cigarette packets and ice-cream cartons that were strewn about. A newspaper blew up in front of me, and fell heavily on the sea wall, only to be lifted once more by the rising wind and blown out to sea.

I went and looked over the sea wall. The tide was high and waves lashed against the supports. A heavy sea fog was fast moving inland. I went on towards the beach, but I had no intention of swimming in this weather.

I went down the steps and walked across the sand—firm under my feet. There were three or four hardy swimmers out on the raft, which was now being tossed by the churning sea. Others, who had just come in from bathing, stood shivering, drinking cups of hot tea at the buffet. Two little children were cheerfully eating huge ice-creams.

The wind that came in was fresh, and despite the wet I enjoyed the walk along the sands. When I had climbed the steps from the beach I sat for a moment on the wet parapet and looked out to the little island that lies about half a mile from the shore. It is small and hilly, and that day was silhouetted darkly against an almost black sky. The grey sea dashed against the rocks and looked formidable and rather unpleasant.

As I returned to the car I thought how glad I was that I was not out there in a boat riding the high seas.

J. LISTER. Up. IV.

A JOURNEY DOWN A RIVER

The little town of Appelby was eleven miles away from Derwent Water. We had come to the Lake District for a fortnight's rest and we were going to Derwent Water for the day. After an early start, we arrived there at eleven in the morning. The lake looked beautiful that morning, with the dark hills behind it showing up against a pale grey sky. We wanted to explore one of the little rivers coming off Derwent Water, to the South of it. It was a slow stream with overhanging trees, which almost touched the water. We hired a boat from a rather reluctant old man, by the name of Paradise, who said: "A storm be comin' up Miss." We, poor innocents that we were, took no notice and soon we were on our way.

We soon found that Paradise was no talker; he hummed snatches from "Lead kindly Light" and "Guide me O Thou Great Redeemer" all the way. We found that this particular rivulet was two and a half miles long. It led us through dark undergrowth and beaming sunlight. The birds were all in beautiful song and the river was gay with animal and wild life.

There were many trees overhanging the river shedding a spectral light over the clear, still water. This dimness was here and there relieved by splashes of sunlight that came peeping through the dark green splendour of the trees. Every now and then we



L. HIMELY, Lower V.

would catch sight of a bluish haze that represented a hill in the distance.

The fish in the river were dashing to and fro, leaving rings on the surface of the water. The splashing of the oars also made rings which merged into one another and somehow got lost in the clear stillness of the water.

Then the river forked—one way having a little splashy waterfall, the other being the same as before. This miniature Niagara bounced over smooth stones, made smooth by the years of wear and tear. After the waterfall the river bounced on at a spanking pace, leaving behind it the sluggishness of old.

After a while we came out into the open again and saw, to our dismay, that a heavy mist was falling. It had not yet reached Derwent Water but mists like this one travel fast and cover all the ground over which they pass. Our guide decided that it would be better to start going back. So back we went, passing all the beautiful spectral chambers made by the overhanging trees and what were the open parts where sunlight came through.

One could now feel the atmosphere getting wetter and cooler and the old man, Paradise, knowing these mists, was straining at the oars with what seemed immense power, after the sluggishness of before.

As we reached the slow part of the river, we noticed that the birds had gone silent, there was a deathly stillness throughout the whole valley and the only noise was that of the oars, going back and forth like a machine-driven object.

Soon we got back to our starting point ; the mist was hard upon us by then, and the last few hundred yards were done in mist so thick that one felt crowded out of life. It was like a muffler around one's neck, which prevented one from seeing, hearing or thinking.

When one is travelling for beauty's sake, one should go to the Lake District. It is a really lovely place and although the mists are a menace, is worth visiting. My friend and I enjoyed that afternoon on the river even though there were no excitements and we ended with that cold, damp feeling from the mist.

E. J. WARREN. Lr. V.

A DAY AT THE FAIR

It was late September in the year of Our Lord eighteen hundred and five. For the last few days the town had been full of activity in preparation for the annual fair. It always caused excitement, because it gave the neighbouring villagers a chance to have a friendly chat over buying produce at the stalls or, as the

men preferred, over a glass of ale in the village inn. They would talk about family affairs and the past season and harvest, comparing their individual profits and loss.

This year the whole countryside was buzzing with the news of Nelson's departure from Portsmouth and the anxiety the French were causing in England. There had even been a rumour that Napoleon was preparing an invasion, and the East coast men were on special look-out day and night. Mothers were worrying whether their sons would be sent to fight and the men themselves were beginning to prepare to go. But today was the great day of the fair! People forgot their troubles and walked, rode and clambered into carts going in the direction of the fair. Near the outskirts of the town there was a congestion of traffic, carts, carriages, men, women and little boys, all shrieking and calling to neighbours. There were several dogs of all descriptions barking and dodging the whips and kicks of rough labourers. On the side of the road, a herd of sheep were being driven along towards the fair.

The fair was to be held, as always in the market place, as this was the natural focus of all roads and alley-ways in the small town. As soon as dawn had broken over the hills, carts started rattling in, carrying perhaps a fattened pig, or corn and vegetables. The local townsmen were arranging produce on stalls, women were spreading out laces and ribbons. From a quiet road a magistrate was leading a condemned man out, and closing him firmly in the stocks. For being driven to stealing a loaf of bread the previous day, this poor man was to be mocked and stoned by the people. He looked tired and haggard and somewhat frightened by the thought of the coming day and its ordeals.

At eight o'clock the fair was in full swing, people had begun to arrive at seven in hope of purchasing the best before the bulk of the people had arrived. The stall with the ribbons and lace did well. It was not an expensive stall so many visited it to buy a small present for themselves or a friend.

There was a crowd around the skittles and also around the stall which had wooden rings to throw over a small article. If you were successful the stall-keeper handed over a prize. Another stall, based on the same idea, was very popular as the prize was a bottle of ale.

By mid-day people had either moved off into the inns for a meal, or had returned home. The gaiety lasted until sunset when there was dancing around bonfires on the village green. Twilight came, the bonfires were lit and the people left the green, leaving only a few exhausted stall-owners to clear up the litter and remaining produce.

In the corner, near the road, the poor man in the stocks was nearly in a dead faint from his humiliating experiences. Small boys, half his age, had shrieked out bad words at him, and kicked him leaving bruises on his body. His face was dirty from the eggs and apples which had been flung at him, and now flies were resting on his nose, tormenting him as though they too knew he was defenceless. When the magistrate came to lead him away he brought some water, as though in pity, for the exhausted man.

The dancing went on far into the night. When at last the farewells had been said, perhaps for another year, the moon shone brightly enough for the people to travel home. Slowly, one by one, in a far more stately and quiet manner, the long line of carts and carriages drove away, leaving once more a quiet town, free from the noise of a fair day.

J. DODGE. Up. V.

THE DEVONSHIRE COUNTRYSIDE

The barrenness of the exposed heights of Dartmoor, with the more sheltered river valleys, the long coastline, and the general greenness of the countryside, indeed make Devon a beautiful county.

The coast of North Devon is very wild and desolate sand-dunes spread for miles behind long stretches of sand, onto which the Atlantic rollers break. In contrast to the shores of North Devon are the small bays and coves of the South. Behind many of these rise steep, red cliffs, sometimes completely bare, but sometimes, especially when the coves are small, clad with trees from top to bottom. These steep, red cliffs, covered with trees, make a beautiful picture, as they drop down to where the blue sea ripples gently over the pebbles of the coves.

One of the greatest features of Devon is Dartmoor, where barren peaks are topped by masses of granite, and rivers rise and flow through steep, tree-filled, rocky valleys towards the sea. Bracken, heather and gorse cover the moors in a profusion of green, purple and yellow. The turf is tight and springy to walk upon and rabbit holes abound everywhere. Often there are areas of treacherous marsh and bog lying in the hollows. Towards the West the moors become much wilder and bleaker. Typical of Dartmoor are the ancient stone walls, consisting of small boulders of granite built up on top of one another. The harsh moorland weather has had little effect on these walls, which still run across the moors for many miles.

How different are the river valleys from the heights. Many rivers have their sources on Dartmoor, including the Dart. This

river has an extremely picturesque valley, and as it flows is joined by its tributaries and thus gradually becomes wider and deeper. Running over boulders, under bridges, and through steep sided, tree-clad valleys, the Dart follows a meandering course towards the sea.

Devonshire is well known for its country lanes, which wind along between tall hedges. In Spring these are covered in large, pale patches of primroses, and in Summer they are massed with foliage, while wild flowers of every hue spring up and blossom. When Autumn comes blackberries and hazel nuts ripen along these hedgerows. Alongside the lanes are fields or woods, each adding to the beauty and colour of the countryside. In Spring the woods are a lovely sight, when the sun shines down through the new hazy greenness of the trees onto the masses of bluebells which carpet the woods.

A hill composed of fields closely resembles a patchwork, with each field varying from its neighbour in shape, and often in colour. During the Winter months the fields are mainly red with the ploughed earth, while through Spring and Summer they gradually change from their early vivid green to the golden colour of ripening corn, which is intermingled with scarlet poppies.

Thus Devon, as a county, has a great variety of magnificent scenery.

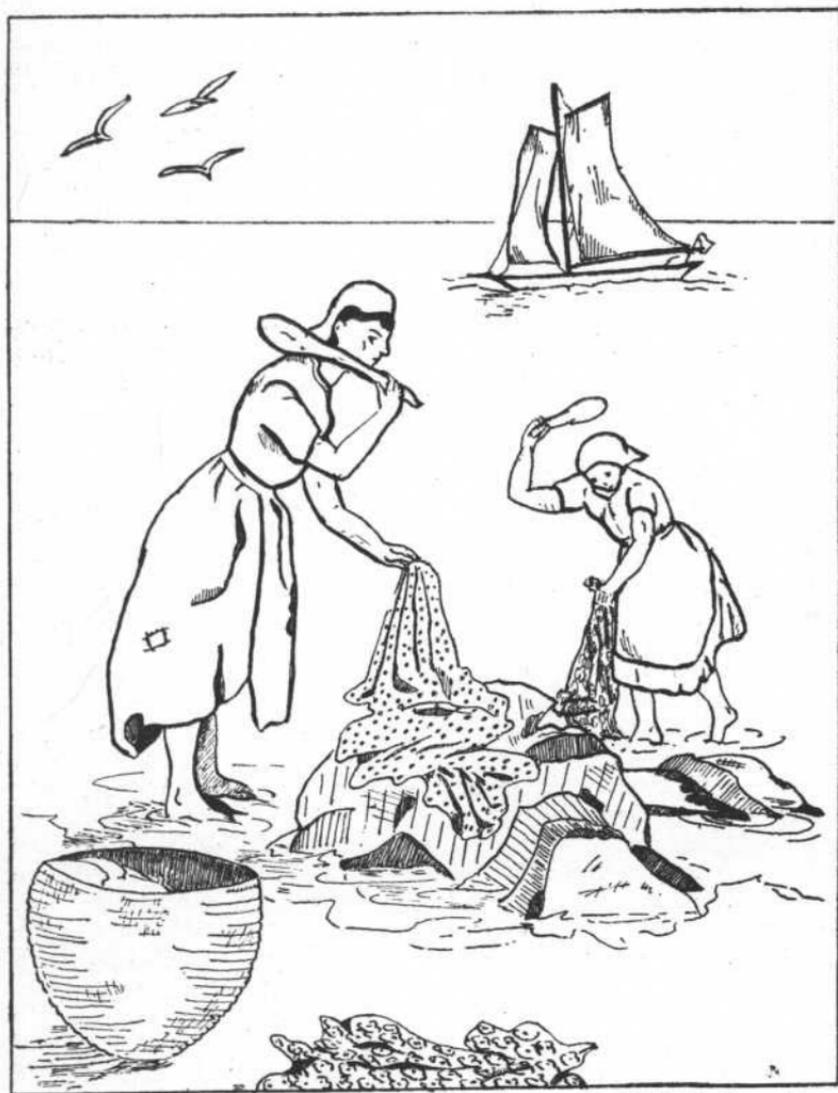
P. PARKIN. Up. V.

GREEK LAUNDRIES

When my friend came to spend the Summer holidays with me, her mother was very worried about the laundry problems, and sent her daughter to us with strict instructions about the starching and ironing of her clothes. Our family were very amused at this, as the laundry in Alwen, our home village, consists of five or six women standing knee-deep in the sea with long club-shaped sticks and beating the clothes with these upon rocks or any other nearby hard surface. Consequently after due good beating, the clothes appear worn and threadbare.

After the washing, comes the process of drying. The clothes are laid on walls, fences or even draped along the sand itself, and are left for half a day to dry by means of the sun. All this time there is usually an old woman who sits spinning wool and watching her flock of sheep, as well as the clothes, to see that they are not stolen.

After this the clothes are collected together, distributed in various piles and loaded into panniers upon a donkey's back. They are then taken to be ironed. The village people naturally



E. PLEACE, Upper V.

do not have modern ironing equipment. The old-fashioned irons have a very small fire inside the iron itself, but as the fire has to be continually renewed, the process of ironing is a very long one.

At the end of the day, the clothes are once more carried by donkey back to the various houses and distributed there.

Needless to say, my friend's clothes were not sent to the Aliveri laundry, but were washed and dried at home in the modern equipment of a washing machine and a drying machine.

E. PLEACE. Up. V.

THE GROTTOS

The Grottoes seem to be a different World to the one above. Everywhere is quite still, and, although there is no wind and the air seems motionless, the place is as thrilling and exciting as any new World is.

On my left, the old rambling ruins of the stables tower above and curve around us in an arc, shutting out that part of our World. In front and to my right, trees seeming to grow taller every moment, shut out the opposite side of our World. Inside the buildings I can hear the endless dripping of moisture, as it falls from the cracked ceilings to the uneven flag-stones forming the floor. The ruins are completely bare now except for the few courageous strands of ivy which have braved the cold nakedness of the walls. They curve out of my sight, but I believe that if I were to follow them round they would lead me to the mysterious secret passage, which so many people have longed to explore. Iron rings protrude at intervals from the cracks in the walls, rings which were used when the ruins were stables, and through the gaping arches and windows I can see ancient stones, the head of an angel carved out of one, and other such remains which have escaped the hands of those who have deprived the buildings of so much.

In front of me is the now stagnant pool, so covered with slimy duck-weed that it has the deceptive appearance of a green stretch of newly-mown grass, and therefore looks out of place in such untidy, tangled surroundings. A small maple tree, sheltered by one of the three palm trees which could form the corners of a triangle, stand motionless above the pond, and appear to drop their leaves onto it to contrast their starting redness with the vivid green.

The thick Bamboo clumps, their stalks bowed down with the heavy pointed leaves, seem to have grown so immense that they have become the tyrant of all the shrubs here, for they tower above

the bushes, brambles and dead ferns which form a dense thicket around the pool.

No animal life can be seen, and no birds settle on or even fly over the Bamboos. No birds except for a robin, and he, with his dull-red waistcoat and sleepy black eye, sends a withering glance in my direction and then flies back to the top of the rockery, knowing that this bewitching world is no place for him. For everything here seems dead, seems to live in another world which enjoys overgrown thickets, solitude and silence.

J. FREW. Up. V.



J. JACKSON, Upper V.

UPPER SIXTH JINKS

Name	Answers to	Appearance	Weakness	Ambition	Future Occup.
GROSE	Roast Beef	Rotund	Toy 'buses	Win the Grand National	Running a Women's Institute
LA TOUCHE	The Dowager	Portly	Society	The Foreign Office	Vicar's Wife
MEADOWS	Stinker	Pale and interesting	Leaving taps running	Sanitary Inspector	No one knows
PARNABY	Parn.	Vaguely intellectual	Guide-Hat	Triplets	Quins
VARLEY	Varlet	Soulful spaniel	Talking	Variable	Aunt
EVANS	Lil	Square	Cake	Concert singer	Matrimony

CANTO IV.

*The maid with ancient en'my fights
on lax pitch valiantly:
Then gains a goodly goal and wins
most glorious victory.*

A gentle maid was charging 'cross the plaine,
Ycladd in muddie boots and gymslip grey:
To shoot a goal in place she was full faine
Eftsoones to get the ball she did assay,
And, full of fire, sped o'er the slipp'ry way
She in swift flight could not for ought be staid,
But lept like lyon fiers upon the flying pray,
Who by this puissant foe was much dismayd
And of her brandish'd stick was sore affrayd.

Eke both to gain the ball they then did fight,
As when a falcon tow'ring with her pray
By a fell eagle chanced is in flight,
That would her rightful ravine rend away.
So encountred then these schoolgirls in their fray.
With hideous horror they each other smight
And souce* so sore that they the crowd affray.
But lo! the gentle maid a goal had pight,
And her amazed foe was vanquished quite.

*Souce—to Buffet.

L. PARKINSON. Lr. VI.

HOLIDAYS

Some people like going away for their holidays, but personally I would rather stay at home. Of course people who live in London, or other big and noisy towns or cities naturally will want to go for a quiet holiday to get away from all the noise and bustle of a town. But there are people, like myself, who would prefer to stay at home for their holidays. These people are generally lucky enough to live near the sea, or in the country; or there are some people who long to get away for a holiday but their parents have jobs which do not allow them to get away in that certain part of the year.

I, myself, think that holidays can be perfectly awful. I remember once as a small child, going for a holiday in Jersey; it rained the whole time (except when I went to bed, when the sun occasionally condescended to shine, just before it set).

The whole family had bad colds and were thoroughly bad-tempered, and consequently we hailed our home-town with joy, when we arrived.

Some people delight in being on crowded railway stations, and actually enjoy drinking tea out of great, thick, cracked railway cups, and eating stale indigestible and sickly buns.

But there are many ways of taking one's holiday, and many ways of travelling, either by boat, car, train, or by aeroplane.

Although I am sure that most people enjoy their holidays, most of them are glad to come back.

WENDY UPHAM. Lr. IV.



OLD GIRLS' SECTION

OLD GIRLS' ASSOCIATION

Staff Members

- Mrs. KEY, J.P., 9, The Close, Salisbury.
 Mrs. COLEMAN (Miss COLDRIDGE), 22, Newstead Road, Southbourne, Bournemouth.
 Mrs. CHILDS, The Lodge, Clapham, Beds.
 Miss DONNE, The Grove, South Zeal, Okehampton.
 Mrs. EVANS (Miss GRIFFITHS), 2, Gelly Deg, Ffairfach, Llandilo, Carmarthen.
 Mrs. HAWKEY (Miss WADLAND), Briar Cottage, Wantage, Berks.
 Mrs. HEWETSON (Miss POTTER), 6, High Road, Woodford Green, Essex.
 Miss IGGLEDEN, St. Patricks, Babbacombe, Torquay.
 Mrs. MILNES (Miss WATERMAN), 41, The Greenway, Totteridge, Herts.
 Mrs. PARTINGTON (Miss LEWIS), 35, Mayfield Road, Moseley, Birmingham, 13.
 Miss PEAPLE, 129, Morrison Street, Swindon.
 Mrs. BULLOCKE (Miss RADFORD), 5, Osborne Villas, Stoke, Devonport.
 Miss RICKUS, 278, Bury Street West, London, N.9.
 Mrs. ALEC SMITH (Miss COMYN), 10, Kirkton Close, Shotley Gate, Nr. Ipswich, Suffolk.
 Mrs. TREHERNE (Miss CHECKLEY), 21, Hartfield Road, Eastbourne.

Mrs. THORNHILL (Miss RUSSELL-SMITH), 108, Parkside Drive,
Watford, Herts.

Mrs. WIMBUSH (Miss KLEMPNER), 6, Hillcroft Crescent, Ealing, W.5.
Miss GIVEN, Sangers, Whitchurch, Tavistock.

Old Girls

ALLEN-PRICE, M., Edgehill, Okehampton.

ASHBY, J., Brook Farm, Frant, Tunbridge Wells.

AULT, M. (Mrs. YOUNG), Brundred, Prestbury, Cheshire.

BATTERHAM, R. (Mrs. CAINE), c/o Keyberry House, Newton Abbot.

BAKER-BEALL, B., Beerhaven, Long Hill, Beer, Seaton, Devon.

BAWDON, J., Riley, Hennock, Bovey Tracey.

BARKER, V. J., 31, New Street, Salisbury.

BARKER, S. (Mrs. WARREN), c/o 11b, Devon Square, Newton Abbot.

BELLAMY, P., 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.

*BRISCOE, S., 322, Pearl Street, Burlington, Vermont, U.S.A.

BREWER, P. (Mrs. SHARP), 98, Torquay Road, Newton Abbot.

BREWER, W., Plumley, Bovey Tracey.

BICKFORD, A., Swiss Farm, Eyford, Nr. Bourton on the Water, Gos.

BOWSTEAD, C., 27, Wilton Road, Edinburgh, 9.

BOWSTEAD, P., 27, Wilton Road, Edinburgh, 9.

BUTLIN, J., Windyridge, Hartsbourne Avenue, Bushey Heath, Herts.

CAMPBELL, R., 19, Rowantree Road, Milber, Newton Abbot.

CARR, E. (Mrs. BEVINGTON), St. James' Rectory, Poole.

CHAPMAN, S., Tregenna Hill, St. Ives.

CHAMBERS, S., Trefusis, Yealmpton, S. Devon.

CLAUSEN, M. (Mrs. SIEVERS), c/o 46, Marlborough Place, London,
N.W.8.

COMPTON, G., Y.W.C.A. Hostel, Lockyer Street, Plymouth.

CREWS, J., 46, Edgbaston Park Road, Birmingham, 15.

CROSSMAN, S., Hawson Court Cottage, Holne, Buckfastleigh.

COVE CLARK, E., 45, Torbay Road, Paignton.

DAVIES, J., 63, Fore Street, Bovey Tracey.

DEMETRIADIS, M., 39, Clifton Court, London, N.W.8.

DODGE, J., Bittons Farm, Ipplepen, Newton Abbot.

DOVE, S., Wormhill Farm, North Bovey, Newton Abbot.

EDWARDS, V., Brock Park, Chagford.

ERREDGE, S., Byways, Pinhoe, Nr. Exeter.

EVANS, A., 29, Newton Road, Torre, Torquay.

EVANS, R., 29, Newton Road, Torre, Torquay.

- FARMER, B., 7, Decoy Road, Newton Abbot.
 FIELDING, J., 11, Woodland Park, Paignton.
 FINLINSON, S., 58, Lemon Street, Truro.
 FOALE, G., Winsley, Paris Road, Paignton.
 FURSDON, A., Mondello, Highweek, Newton Abbot.
 GAUDION, A., c/o Pallegama Group, Warakapola, Ceylon.
 GERARD, J., The West Wing, St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London, E.C.1.
 GILES, S., Newnham Barton, Umberleigh, N. Devon.
 GOODLIFFE, A., Hazelford, Mt. Nebo, Taunton.
 GRIERSON, P., 6, The Beach, Walmer, Kent.
 GUMMER, A., Little Gunshot, Wisborough Green, Sussex.
 HANCOCK, E., Treskelly, Trelyon, St. Ives.
 HARDING, D., Dial Green House, Lurgashall, Petworth, Sussex.
 HARVEY, M. (Mrs. COSBY), Crebar, Yealmpton.
 HATFIELD, P., Lambourne Bungalow, Penhallow, Truro.
 HAWKE, B., 33, Parkhurst Road, Torquay.
 HELLENS, J., Buckland, Crapstone, Yelverton, S. Devon.
 *HENDERSON, M., c/o Ashridge College, Berkhamsted, Herts.
 HENDERSON, S., Indio House, Bovey Tracey.
 HENDY, S., Beech Dene, Rundle Road, Newton Abbot.
 HEXTER, G., Stonelands, Rundle Road, Newton Abbot.
 HIMELEY, A., Melbourne House, 7, Heathville Road, Gloucester.
 HIBBERT, K., The Woodlands, Werneth Road, Hyde, Cheshire.
 HOLMAN, S., Heversham, Bridgetown, Totnes.
 HOOPER, M., Maiden Castle, Dorchester.
 HOWELL, J., Lukesland, Ivybridge, S. Devon.
 HOWELL, R., Lukesland, Ivybridge, S. Devon.
 HUGHES, A., Nurses Home (Set 120), U.C.H. Huntley Street, London, W.C.1.
 HUMPHRY, J. (Mrs. WICKENS), 54, Lulworth Avenue, Pinner, Middlesex.
 HUMPHRY, P., c/o St. Richard's Hospital, Chichester.
 HUTCHINGS, G., 29, Devon Square, Newton Abbot.
 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. Collumpton, Devon.
 JOHNS, H., 1, Fernpark Close, Exeter.
 JOHNSTONE, K., Dodington House, Breamore, Hants.
 JOHNSTONE, M., Dodington House, Breamore, Hants.

- JOHNSTONE, P., Dodington House, Breamore, Hants.
DE KADT, M., c/o Perivale Maternity Hospital, Western Avenue,
Greenford, Middlesex.
LA TOUCHE, R., 24, Keyberry Park, Newton Abbot.
KITSON, J., Starparke, Lustleigh.
LESLEY, S., Windyridge, Audley Avenue, Torquay.
LUNN, C., The Grange, Sandford Orleigh, Newton Abbot.
MARKWICK, V., Filchin, Crownhill, Plymouth.
MEADOWS, J., 5, Mead Road, Torquay.
MINNS, M. (Mrs. CASWELL), St. Thomas' Lodge, The Rath, Milford
Haven, Pems.
MONRO, A., Honeysuckle Cottage, Whitchurch, Oxon.
MOSS, J., Fishwick, Bishopsteignton.
*NEVE, R., St. Stephen's Rectory, Woodside, Cinderford, Glos.
NIGHTINGALE, J., 99, Old Park Ridings, Grange Park, London, N.21.
PARNABY, R., Hanover Lodge, 150, Park Road, London, N.W.8.
PERING, M., Merita, Southey Crescent, Kingskerswell.
PAINTER, E., 22, Albany Road, Falmouth.
PHILPOTT, MARY VAUGHAN (Mrs. M. D. POWELL), c/o Box 392,
Kitale, Kenya.
PLEASE, P., c/o Osborne Hotel, 2, Craven Hill, London W.2.
*POWELL-DAVIES, C., 44, Hoop Lane, Golders Green, London,
N.W.11.
PRETTY, A. (Mrs. R. BAXTER), 135a, Ashley Gardens, London, S.W.1.
PRIDHAM, U., Westridge, Oakfield Avenue, Plympton, Plymouth.
PRUEN, M., Waye Farm, Ashburton.
PRUEN, R., Waye Farm, Ashburton.
PRYNN, J. (Mrs. D. L. LACE), Littleholme, Seymour Road, Plymouth
ROBERTS, K., Manor Farm, Coffinswell.
*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. (Mrs. TALBOT-BUTT), 123, High Street, Honiton.
SANDERCOCK, J., Bowda, North Hill, Launceston.
SCOTT, M. (Mrs. HAMILTON), 12, Aytoun Street, Shiel Hill, Dunedin,
N.Z.
SCOTT, J., 8, More's Walk, Cheyney, Chelsea, S.W.3.
SEAGRIM, P., The Priory, Ipplepen, Newton Abbot.
SHADDICK, P., Burn View Hotel, Bude.
SHAPLEY, D., Grassway, Wheatridge Lane, Torquay.
SHAPTER, W., 22, Pembroke Road, Kensington W.8.
SHARPE, M. (Mrs. Reichwald), 2, Redlands, Blundells Road, Tiverton
SLADEN, E. (Mrs. DICKSON), 22, Southwood Gardens, Hinchley
Wood, Surrey.

- STUBBS, J. (Mrs. BUTLER), Crawley Rectory, Sussex.
 STEWART, E., Liddington Manor, Liddington, Nr. Swindon.
 STREET, A., St. Helens, Vine Road, Torre, Torquay.
 STURGES, J., All Saints Mission House, Enscombe, Warwicks.
 STURGES, M., All Saints Mission House, Enscombe, Warwicks.
 THORPE, A., Mulroy House, Mulroy Road, Sutton Coldfield.
 THORPE, B., Mulroy House, Mulroy Road, Sutton Coldfield.
 TETT, E., St. Martins, Headon Gardens, Countess Wear, Exeter.
 *TIPPET, J., Vine Cottage, Shipton Gorge, Bridport, Dorset.
 TOWNEND, L., Outalong, Haytor, Newton Abbot.
 TREMEER, M., Dalwood Lodge, 125, Torquay Road, Paignton.
 TROMAN, C., Chadwick Court, Oldwich Lane, Chadwick End,
 Nr. Knowle, Warwicks.
 *TYRER, R., 3, Lockerbie Court, E. St. Kilda, S. 2. Victoria,
 Australia.
 VARLEY, C., Hewton House, Bere Alston, Devon.
 WATERHOUSE, J., White Chimneys, Mersea Island, Essex.
 WEBSTER, A., 7, Southborough Road, Surbiton, Surrey.
 *WESTLAKE, K., Harford, Merafield Road, Plympton, Plymouth.
 WHITAKER, D. (Mrs. WHITE), 30, Bishopston Lane, Ripon, Yorks.
 WILLIAMS, I., 7, Priory Avenue, Kingskerswell.
 WILD, A., Longmynd, Salcombe.
 WILES, A., Streatham House, Newquay.
 WILLING, J. (Mrs. NANKIVELL), Ogwell Green, Newton Abbot.
 WALFORD, P., Flat No. 6, Officers' Quarters, Kneller Hall, Twicken-
 ham, Middlesex.
 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.
 WRIGHT, E., Southcourt, Middle Lincombe Road, Torquay.

*Denotes Life Subscription (Five Guineas)

(Subscriptions, 5/-, run from July each year, and include a copy of the Magazine). Will all those members who have not yet paid their 1954/55 subscriptions please send them to the Secretary, Stover School?

Will members please note that if subscriptions lapse for as long as two years, we are discontinuing sending Magazines. Last year, 1953, 38 Magazines were sent out to members whose subscriptions were in arrears, which made considerable inroads on the Old Girls' funds, as that particular issue cost 3/6 per copy.

OLD GIRLS' NEWS

JENNIFER ASHBY and JILL BUTLIN are enjoying their work at the Middlesex Hospital. They spent a holiday together at San Sebastian in August.

MARGARET ALLEN PRICE has begun her nursing training at the Queen Elizabeth Hospital, Birmingham, and met ANN THORPE there when she went for a week's preliminary course there in summer.

JEAN BLAIR has a new post as secretary to a Harley Street specialist who is physician to Prince Charles and Princess Anne, so is hoping to see them occasionally if they visit his consulting rooms. She and GILLIAN ISAAC are having dry ski lessons in preparation for their holiday in Austria at Christmas. SHEENA finishes her secretarial training in December.

Mrs. BEVINGTON's husband is now Rector of Poole. Her two children are thriving.

CELIA and PAMELA BOWSTEAD are enjoying living in Edinburgh. Pamela has begun her nursing training at the Western General Hospital.

ANTHEA BICKFORD had a short course at the Gloucester Domestic Science Training College in June as part of her training, and met ANNE HIMELY there. She is still at Hartpury, but is working to gain entrance to the University of Wales, at Aberystwyth.

SHEILA BRISCOE, having left Oxford with the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, is now an instructor at the University of Vermont, in the Department of Pharmacology, and is very much enjoying it.

MARGERY BEARE took her Art Teachers' Certificate at London University this year, and met MARY STEELE PERKINS who was taking a Teachers' training course there at the same time.

BARBARA BAKER BEALL left her post at the Socony Vacuum Oil Co., in Lagos, in July and is now working in London.

MIRABEL CLAUSEN (now Mrs. Sievers) has joined her husband who is stationed with the Mediterranean Fleet in Malta.

MARY MINNS (now Mrs. Caswall) writes that she has settled down happily and is kept very busy entertaining friends. She wants us to keep the Chapel Fund open so that Old Girls can continue to send small donations towards expenses.

ANN BOOKER (now Mrs. Carr) has a house in Falmouth and is enjoying cooking and gardening. She is doing occasional locum work for doctors on holiday, and is playing hockey and sailing.

GILLIAN COMPTON now has a post as private secretary to the manager of a store in Plymouth, and lives at the Y.W.C.A. Hostel. She very much enjoyed her holiday abroad this year.

ELIZABETH COVE CLARK has completed her course of secretarial training and is following it up with a course in hotel reception. She spent a holiday in Austria in the summer.

ROSEMARY BATTERHAM (now Mrs. Caine) is at present in this country and she and her husband are living in a caravan near where he is stationed. She brought her small son to see us the other day.

SALLY DOVE spent three months in Spain early in the summer, and brought her friend back to England on her return.

ANN PARTRIDGE (now Mrs. Drake) is hoping to get a post in a Y.W.C.A. Library in the Canal Zone so that she can join her husband there. She has been working in Germany for two years.

JUNE DAVIES is teaching at Shute School, Axminster.

SUSAN ERREDGE has been accepted for training at the Middlesex Hospital and is hoping to fill in the time by taking a post in Switzerland looking after children. ELIZABETH TETT is also accepted for training there, and is at present in Switzerland (Lausanne).

PAMELA GRIERSON has a secretarial post in London. She has recently become engaged and she and her fiancee are looking for somewhere to live in London where they will remain for some time.

SALLY GILES passed her final examinations at Harcombe House with a first class certificate, and is now at Mrs. Hoster's Secretarial College and is sharing digs with two friends.

ANN GAUDION is much enjoying her visit to her parents in Ceylon, and will be returning in January to begin a Domestic Science course at Bexhill.

MARJORIE HENDERSON is enjoying her course at Ashridge, and is shortly looking for a post in London. She will probably be visiting her parents who are in Canada for the time being.

PAMELA HUMPHRY is now at St. Richard's Hospital in Chichester. JOSETTE (now Mrs. Wickens) is very happy in her new life.

ROSALIE HOWELL spent three months this summer in Canada on a visit to relations and enjoyed it very much indeed.

ANN JEFFREE (Mrs. Sergiades) has returned to South Africa with her small daughter. Later her husband will be taking a course at Makgill University.

HILARY JOHNS has begun her training at the Engineering College of London University and has occasionally seen ROSEMARY PARNABY who is at Bedford College. They are both enjoying their work very much.

KATHARINE and ANN JOHNSTONE had a very enjoyable holiday in Germany during the summer when they stayed at Bad Oyenhausen with relations.

NAOMI JONES is a Lance Corporal in the W.R.A.C. and is a driving instructor at a training centre.

MARIANNE DE KADT is now a State Registered Nurse and is doing her training in Midwifery at the Perivale Maternity Hospital in Middlesex.

MARY LLOYD (now Mrs. M. G. Dallos) is living in Paris.

SHEILA LESLEY obtained entrance to the Bergman Osterberg P.T. College and has begun her training there.

ANN MONRO is still very much enjoying her course at Reading University. She is specialising in sculpture, and will have to hold an exhibition of her work before obtaining her degree. She spent a holiday near Salzburg in January, and visited Holland in the Spring with a group of Art students.

PATRICIA SEAGRIM, who is also at Reading University, is very much enjoying her time there.

VALERIE MARKWICK is taking a Domestic Science course at Plymouth Technical College.

EVADNE PAINTER is enjoying her course at the Diocesan Training College and occasionally meets other Stover girls who are in Salisbury. JUDITH FIELDING has a post at Leaden Hall School which she is finding very interesting.

MARGARET PRUEN passed her final examinations at Harcombe House, with distinction, and RUTH passed hers at the Chiltern Nursery Training School. She hopes to visit Malta in January.

MAVIS PERING is in her final year at Anstey Physical Training College. She passed her Physiology and Mechanics finals, and gained a first class pass in Anatomy. She will be taking a Public Speaking course this term and has to speak to the rest of the students.

CORINA RUSHTON graduated from Birmingham University in July.

MAUREEN SHARPE (Mrs. Reichwald) has moved to Tiverton, as her husband is a Master at Blundells' School. The twins are growing fast.

MAYWIN STURGES has a post as assistant to a doctor in Wolverhampton. As she has a house of her own she hopes her parents will be able to share this with her. JUDITH has a new post at the Royal National Orthopaedic Hospital in London.

MARY SHEWELL is a first-year nurse at the Westminster Hospital in London.

MARGARET SCOTT (Mrs. Hamilton) is enjoying life in Dunedin. Their baby daughter is growing fast. She enjoys helping her husband with his geological work and has been with him on his expeditions to unexplored parts of the bush.

JENNIFER TIPPET is still working hard at her Ballet training. She has passed her Intermediate examinations and also her Advanced Greek and Elementary National. At a National Competition organised by the Sunshine Homes competition she gained a Gold medal, a silver medal and a bronze medal for her dancing.

ROSALIND TYRER has passed her Intermediate examination in seven subjects. She sent us several picture papers during the Queen's visit to Melbourne.

Miss URICH has spent some time in the U.S.A. on a visit, and is now in Canada and has a post in Montreal.

CLAUDIA VARLEY has a post with the Amalgamated Press in London.

DEIRDRE WHITAKER has been ill during the past year, but a holiday in Devon at Thurlestone cheered both her husband and herself.

KATHRYN WESTLAKE has a post as a receptionist to a dentist in Plymouth.

ANN WEBSTER is at Surbiton Hospital. She had a holiday in Rome this year.

PAT WALFORD has a post as a Librarian and is working hard for her Librarian examinations.

ENGAGEMENTS

- M. JUNE IRVING to JOHN DAVID THORNBORROW, 11.12.53
 PAMELA SHADDICK to Capt. DOUGLAS MORTON, R.E.M.E., 26.12.53.
 ROSANNE BELLAMY to ROGER KIRKPATRICK, 15.2.54.
 PAMELA PLEACE to Dr. ROY COSTAIN, 1.1.54.
 MARY RUTH HOOPER to EDWARD SMITH, 17.5.54.
 PAMELA GRIERSON to RICHARD VERNON, 29.10.54.
 JENNIFER ASHBY to Dr. R. N. GALLOWAY, 2.12.54.

WEDDINGS

- MIRABEL CLAUSEN to Surg.-Lt. (D) J. D. SIEVERS, R.N., 24.10.53.
 MARY E. MINNS to Rev. A. S. CASWELL, 1.1.54.
 JUDITH MARY RYLE to PETER TALBOT-BUTT, 27.2.54.
 DIANA JOSETTE HUMPHRY to R. WICKENS, 13.3.54.
 ANGELA L. BRADLEY to DONALD BRADLEY, 3.4.54.

BIRTHS

- BARBARA WEBSTER (*nee* Windeatt), a second son (MARTIN GUY),
8.11.53.
- ANN BAXTER (*nee* Pretty), a son (STEPHEN), 25.2.54.
- ANN SERGIADES (*nee* Jeffree), a daughter (ISABELLE JANE), 5.3.54.
- ANN LIDSTONE (*nee* Rogers), a son (RICHARD), 15.3.54.
- MARGARET HAMILTON (*nee* Scott), a daughter (PHILIPPA JOAN
HOLMES), 3.54.
- ROSEMARY CAINE (*nee* Batterham), a son (MICHAEL STEPHEN),
30.8.54.
- PATRICIA SHARP (*nee* Brewer), a daughter (REBECCA ANN), 16.9.54.
- SARAH VARLEY (*nee* Duthie), a daughter (JULIA), 20.7.54.
- EVANGELINE DICKSON (*nee* Sladen), a son (ANDREW FREDERICK),
16.10.54.
- DEIRDRE WHITE (*nee* Whitaker), a son (JONATHAN), 11.11.54.
- JOSEPHINE BUTLER (*nee* Stubbs), a fourth son (SEBASTIAN
BENEDICT), 7.6.54.



MY DEAR MISS DENCE,

Thank you very much indeed for the invitation to Old Girls' Day. Nothing would give me greater pleasure than to come to Stover again this year and renew old acquaintances, but, unfortunately, I am so busy at the moment that I'm afraid I can't manage to get the time off. We have just come back from a very wonderful holiday in Switzerland, but alas, holidays always seem to make for a large amount of work on one's return.

It seems to be a long time since I wrote to you, but I don't think anything very much has happened to us lately—except, perhaps, our Swiss holiday.

I have a Swiss godfather who invited us all to go and stay with him this year. This came as a wonderful surprise to us, as we hadn't heard very much from him for many years, and it was so nice to stay with his family, actually in a Swiss home. It was my first trip abroad, and I was very thrilled. My father gave me my fares as my twenty-first birthday present—in advance—so it is a very nice present to remember.

My godfather lives in the country not far outside Bern, which is a most beautiful city, and apart from that, a good centre from which to visit the other towns in German Switzerland. We liked Bern so very much that we spent a good deal of our time there—we were there during the Bern *Hospes* Cookery Exhibition, and so, of course, we paid a visit to that. It really was an exhibition quite past all belief, and one could easily have spent days looking at all the different departments. There was not only the cookery exhibition, but also wonderful modern domestic machinery, things that certainly haven't found their way to Britain yet, all sorts of home furnishings and beautiful dining-room set-outs, from a humble Swiss cottage showing hams smoking in the fireplace to quite the other extreme—a room set out for a diplomats' dinner at the Bellevue, Bern. A chair-lift had been installed to run from the centre of the city out to the exhibition, and this was one of the main attractions, as from the chair-lift you could get a very good bird's-eye view of Bern.

We were very impressed by the Swiss railways, which are electric and very fast. They always run exactly to time, and are so clean that it certainly is no hardship to travel in them—in fact, 'bus services in Switzerland are practically unknown.

We spent a day in Zurich, which, of course, is the commercial capital and very busy, but nevertheless, like most Swiss cities, it seems so spacious. From Bern we also spent a day in Luzern, but liked this least of all we saw, as Cooks and other travel agencies seem to have made this their Swiss H.Q., and consequently it is rather "trippy." However, all round about Luzern is really lovely. We crossed the Lake and went up on the mountain railway to Burgenstock, and from there the view was quite heavenly. In fact, during our first ten days we visited most of the bigger towns in the northern parts, except for Neuernburg, which we only passed through. Afterwards we decided quite definitely that we much preferred this part. These people are so marvellously clean and tidy and industrious. They will cultivate the smallest pieces of ground with a very good variety of things, and there's never a weed to be seen, and they are to be seen working in the fields—mostly women—from six in the morning until the light goes at night. They certainly deserve the very high standard of living that they have achieved for themselves.

For our second ten days, we moved down to Vevey, in the French part, so we could see something of that district. We stayed in an hotel right on Lake Geneva, and during that part of our holiday there was a heat-wave, and the temperature on most days was up in the eighties and nineties. We liked the country here better, but not the people and their ways. We spent most of our

time on steamers, going up and down the Lake of Geneva visiting all the little villages dotted about the edge of the lake. Fortunately, the busy season hadn't really begun, so there were not too many people about. We visited the Chateau de Chillon, which is just as good as it looks in all the pictures, and we went to Geneva and saw all the diplomats' villas dotted along the lakeside in most beautiful surroundings. Geneva at that time was full of delegates, and trade was fairly thriving. Everywhere we went we had our meals out of doors, in little cafes on the street with lovely big umbrellas, or on terraces. We loved doing this—it seemed so un-English.

While we were staying in Vevey we went one day to Caux-sur-Montreux, to the H.Q. of Moral Rearmament. Have you heard of these people? I expect so, although I hadn't before I met a friend who is interested in the movement. It certainly is the most wonderful organization I have ever come across. They believe that by altering one's self and, in fact, living the Christian way of life, the whole world can be adjusted so that countries can live in peace together. It is really quite hopeless trying to describe in a short letter all that they do, but if ever you are in Switzerland I know that you would be very interested to see for yourself. The M.R.A. have taken over what was a *huge* luxury hotel, right on top of a mountain—hence its name, "Mountain House." There is a skeleton staff there all the year round, but every summer international conferences are held. Up to 1,500 people can be accommodated so you can imagine the size of the place. While we were there, there were only about 500 at the conference, which certainly was most interesting. The whole concern is self-supporting—even has its own laundry—and everybody helps at anything that happens to be in his line, and it is good to watch all the different nationalities working so well together, for instance, in the kitchen. The results, too, are good, and the whole place gives the impression of a huge, very well-run hotel, but, of course, all the work is voluntarily done.

Now I think that is quite enough of Switzerland! England seems so dull by comparison.

I am still doing the same work as before, that is, colouring old maps and prints. I expect by now you may have seen some of them about in the shops, as we have pretty well covered Britain now. Mine have a little grey label on the back, with my name. I'm hoping next year to extend my business a little, and perhaps employ one or two girls to help me, as things have reached such a pitch that I cannot really cope by myself. It is all great fun and so nice to work "under" myself! I work in a very funny little room up in the attic at home.

I still hear quite often from my old school friends—at least some of them! Jean Partington wrote to me the other day and sent a snap of Rosalind, now 16 months old. She and her husband have been hoping for a long time to be posted abroad, but unfortunately they have been sent to Catterick, about which they are *not* pleased.

I sometimes see Gill Compton down in Newquay, as she has relations there, as I have. She has just started a new secretarial job in Plymouth which she likes, and is at present staying with friends at St. Budeaux.

I expect you heard that 'Ginia Edwards, Pansy Varley, and a cousin of mine and I spent a caravan holiday together in Cornwall last September. We had a very good time. I haven't seen 'Ginia since then, but think she is doing very well at the art school. If she comes to Old Girls' Day, please do give her my love, also to any others I know. The last time I heard from Claudia (Pansy) Varley she was working in Bournemouth. Jean Blair is another regular correspondent of mine, and I get lovely, long, newsy letters from Jennifer Ashby, usually rather illegible, though—written on night duty by the light of a night-light, I should think!

Ann Sergiades (Jeffree) has been at home for a while in Camborne. She has called her baby Jane. Yesterday she flew out again to join her husband, and next year they plan to go to Canada.

I could go on for ages yet, but I know I must stop as I am sure you have better things to do than to read all this. I hope it at least makes up in some measure for my absence at O.G.'s, about which I am very sorry.

I do hope that you and Miss Lidgate are in very good health, and I send you both my love and very best wishes.

SALLY FINLINSON.

November 1st, 1954.

DEAR EVERYONE,

I am writing this letter from the city of Burlington, in Vermont, U.S.A. Vermont is one of the New England States and has some of the loveliest countryside I've ever seen. There are said to be more cows than people in Vermont. That gives you some idea of the rural nature of the State, which is rather like parts of Scotland. The hills are thickly wooded and in the fall they are a blaze of colour. In addition to the browns and yellows which are so characteristic of an English autumn, there is a hectic red in the foliage which contrasts vividly with the yellows and

evergreens. When I was at Stover there was a little maple tree down near the grottoes—I expect it is still there, and those of you who have noticed its startling autumn colour will be able to imagine the scene here, where whole hillsides are covered with these maples.

Burlington itself is a middle-sized town on the shore of Lake Champlain. It gives an impression of brightness and airiness. The houses, some of brick and some of painted wood, are all clean-looking and each one has an individual style. The streets are lined with tall trees and there is a general feeling of space. All this I know does not sound like the America of the films. I did have a thrilling glimpse of the New York skyline as the *Queen Mary* docked, and am longing to see more of the crazy colourful life of the city. The pace of life here is much slower. There are no skyscrapers in Burlington, no Hollywood luxuriousness, and no wild-western cowboys. But there are literally thousands of enormous cars, with an occasional British car in between looking like a toy. There are also vast "super-markets" where one can do one's complete household shopping from help-yourself counters, and buy exotic fruits at fantastically cheap prices or meat at equally fantastic high prices. My apartment has a refrigerator, a shower-bath and constant central heating. The latter I'm told is *very* necessary in the long, snowy winter. We are further north here than parts of Canada, and it gets extremely cold in winter. All the houses have double windows to conserve the heat.

I have a job for one year as Instructor in Pharmacology in the Medical College of the University of Vermont, and am enjoying the teaching very much. I also hope to do some research work whilst I am here. The University is considered very old, as the foundation-stone was laid by Lafayette. I just keep very quiet about Cambridge and Oxford, in case the Americans are sensitive about their relative "newness." I have met some most charming people, and everyone is busy introducing me to everyone else, so I'm sure that my stay here will not only be an invaluable experience but also an enjoyable holiday.

With very best wishes,

SHIELA BRISCOE.

A MOTOR TRIP TO VENICE

My father and I had long planned to go to Austria and Italy and this year our dream came true.

We made our way to Ferryfield Aerodrome early one Thursday morning in July and took the 9-0 a.m. air-ferry across to Le Touquet. So short is the journey that no sooner had we undone our safety belts than it was time to do them up again as we were

coming in to land. As the planes only hold three cars and their occupants, the customs are cleared in no time and we were soon speeding out of Le Touquet on the main road across France to the Vosges Mountains. We spent the first night at a small place called Epinal just across the Vosges. The next day we were eager to get on so made an early start for Basle and on to the Rhine Falls at Schaffhausen. The falls are over forty feet high at this particular point and the volume of water passing over them is so large that the spray towers high into the air causing beautiful rainbows when the light catches it at certain times of the day.

Our next objective was Iglis, a small mountain village high above Innsbruck. During our three day's stay there we spent a considerable time looking round Innsbruck and were fascinated by the older parts of the town. There is a roof of gold over a balcony built by the Emperor Maximilian I. (1459—1519) for his wife, and in the Hofkirche (Court Church) around the tomb of Maximilian there are 28 statues worked in bronze. It certainly was interesting to see among them one of King Arthur of England, the legendary ideal of chivalry. This statue was executed by Durer and Vischer.

Leaving Austria we went over the Brenner Pass to the Dolomites and stayed in a village right in the heart of the mountains called St. Martino di Castrozza. We found the Dolomites quite different from anything we had seen before, with their jagged peaks towering high above the tiny village. The road to the village over the Rolle Pass contained a score or more of quite terrifying hair-pin bends. So sharp are they that the buses going over the Rolle Pass have to take two turns at each hair-pin bend!

As Venice was our destination, we travelled on through the plains of Italy reaching Venice late in the afternoon. Leaving the car in the Municipal garage, which incidentally has 12 floors and holds about 1,000 cars on each floor, we made our way down to the canal to catch a motor bus to the Lido where we stayed. Of course we spent our time in Venice looking at the wonders. The Doge's Palace and St. Mark's were exquisite. We were very amused to find that there are traffic lights on the canals for the gondolas and motor boats! We came to the conclusion that Venice surpasses all expectations and one could spend many days there, but unfortunately our time was running short so we left for the Italian Lakes. On our way we passed through Verona which is indeed a town with a history. There is a very wonderful Roman Amphitheatre in good preservation and that particular evening the opera Aida was being performed. Now we travelled on the main Milan Auto-strade reaching the city in the afternoon and spending quite a time looking round the famous Cathedral. Next we saw parts of Lake Como, Locarno and Maggiore, where we

stayed for a few days. It was then time to start on our homeward journey across the St. Gotthard and Furka Passes, nearly 8,000 feet high, spending quite a considerable time at the Rhone Glacier. We were indeed surprised to learn that this enormous flow of ice moves at the rate of 40 kilometres a year. Our route lay via Lake Geneva and we spent two days at Blonay recalling other happy holidays spent there. On our way back to Le Touquet we visited Fontainebleau and Versailles, which of course are full of historical interest. At Versailles a film company were shooting scenes from the life of Napoleon and seeing actors dressed in the clothes of that period strolling in the grounds made the great Versailles of the past come to life again.

Our last night in France was spent at Beauvais, a town which was wantonly destroyed by the Germans in the last war but which has now been rebuilt into a modern and charming town. Thus our time was up and we made our way back to Le Touquet and home after having a wonderful holiday with perfect weather and certainly plenty to remember.

GILLIAN COMPTON.

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF GREECE

I wish, in all good faith, that I had been called upon to contribute an article on almost any other part of the world rather than Greece, which is my country, and where I recently stayed for seven and a half months. On Timbuctoo, for instance, on Zanzibar, on Tibet, on the Outer Hebrides, none of which are remotely familiar, I could write charmingly if not convincingly, untrammelled by knowledge, uninhibited by associations, utterly unconcerned with the ultimate impression created on readers of the magazine (what are a few misconceptions about Timbuctoo!); a little masterpiece compounded of fantasy, frolic, wisdom, wit, and a sprinkling of facts from the encyclopaedia would flow freely from my pen, and I could happily dispatch the typescript to Stover, confident that, when it was printed, no one would ever trouble to read beyond the opening paragraph!

But Greece. . . . One is at a loss to know where to begin, how to set about it. The combined genius of Byron and Baedeker could scarcely do justice to the subject in a thousand or two thousand words—and I have already wasted two hundred!

Should I start, for instance, with the grey November morning when we disembarked at Piraeus in weather all too reminiscent of England's wet winter months (wettest winter months might be more to the point), proceed through descriptions of a sunlit, a

twilit, a moonlit Acropolis to an account of Athens caught in the enchantment of the cold Christmas bells? So poor, so primitive, so poignant a Christmas, shorn of the splendid superfluities of stuffed turkey, pantomimes, and glittering shop windows, and reduced to a few bare essentials—snow on Hymettus, sleet over the Aereopagus; street stalls selling twopenny brooches and trashy tin toys and on the doorsteps of the houses mendicant gypsy mothers clutching their babies, pleading for alms in the name of another child, born destitute in the stable at Bethlehem. Poverty even among the carol singers; the small boys with sallow skins and cropped heads beating out on tinkling metal triangles the tune of "Saint Basil is coming, he is coming from Caesaria." (Is there a dearth of carols, too, that they sing always the same tune from house to house and from shop to shop, or is it merely a trick intended to provoke an immediate and remunerative dismissal and enable them to cover their ground more quickly?)

But perhaps I should be writing about Easter rather than Christmas, for the latter in Greece is by far the greater festival. It is heralded by weeks of elaborate preparations: the spring-cleaning and whitewashing of houses, the baking of cakes, the dyeing of eggs (red hard-boiled eggs are an indispensable feature of the Greek paschal celebrations), and preceded, in the case of all devout Orthodox Christians, by a week—if not a Lent-time—of strict fasting and steady church attendance. It bursts forth at last—literally bursts forth—acclaimed with fireworks, boomerangs, bells, trumpet blasts, into extraordinarily vigorous demonstrations of joy and merry-making. In the villages and on the islands, lambs are roasted whole on the spit beneath the open sky, wine flows freely, there is singing and dancing, the words "Christ is risen" are passed on from one to the other as a joyous greeting.

But am I not side-tracking, circumventing the real obstacle, which is to write about Greece, and not about a single season or festival? I should have begun perhaps with the essential truths: the light, the sky, the stones, the soil. . . . And the place names—Mycenae, Marathon, Delphi, Olympia, Epidaurus, for they too are essential. Are they not carillon peals to the ear, candles in the blood? But, miraculously, they are real places too, destinations reached for the most part at the end of exhausting 'bus journeys (just *how* exhausting no one who has been spared the experience of Greek 'buses is likely to appreciate). Journeys through villages incredibly primitive, skirting coastlines uncannily beautiful, past miles of silver-blue olive groves or lemon orchards, where in the spring time you are surprised by the acid-sweet smell of the blossom as you pass—to arrive at last. . . . But does one ever really arrive? One gets out, of course; one is shep-

herded hither and thither by the guide; one picnics, laughs, chatters, wanders around the ruins (or, in the case of Marathon, up to the mound supposedly built of the bones of the Greeks who fell in battle) for as long as daylight or the 'bus schedule will allow—but, in a sense, one is still travelling, moving towards another Mycenae, another Olympia, more real than the visible, tangible reality of stones and pine trees and mutilated statues. Behind the broken shrines, the fallen temples, where Agammemnon's palace lies low or the marble tiers of stadiums and theatres rise skywards; history and myth, like two silent, ghostly children still play at hide-and-seek among the ruins.

But other things—innumerable other things—cry out for mention. The islands, where the bareness of the landscape harmonizes so wonderfully with the primitive conditions of life; where a meal of fried fish or octopus, new bread and wine served from a tin mug becomes the perfect and inevitable counterpart of unsteady, unpainted wooden tables; rough, whitewashed walls and of a dark blue, sun-saturated, somnolent sea. The islands, where the fisherman's son may be called Ulysses, and the gardener's daughter Nausicaa; where Seraphim the cab-driver, shockingly belying his name, will sit by the hour sipping *ouzo* (a white alcoholic drink of extreme potency and popularity), or playing endless games of backgammon beneath the benevolent shade of a cafe awning. The islands—the paths in summer choked with dust, in winter deep in mud; the cacti fiercely standing guard below the crumbling garden walls; the day-long indolence of sea and sky; a golden youth at sunset drawing water from a well—a youth with a profile that makes you catch your breath and takes you back two thousand five hundred years to the profiles on coins and vases.

There is so much more to be said, so many more impressions I might record, but if I go on much longer the school magazine may be in danger of running into as many volumes as the *Decline and Fall*!! And Greece, in any case, is so much more than the sum of all her parts. But perhaps I am partial, perhaps I am too deeply involved. Now had I been allowed to experiment with Timbuctoo, it would have been quite another matter!

M. DEMETRIADIS.

"Advertiser,"
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