

STOVER SCHOOL MAGAZINE



DECEMBER, 1961

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★ ★ ★

Head Girl: MARY ANNE KING

Games Captain: LYNNE WHITE

Prefects:

MARY ANNE KING, LYNNE WHITE, SANDRA WOOLNER, STEPHANIE PARKINSON,
ANNE BULPIN, HAZEL MARKHAM, CHRISTINE WEBB, PENELOPE ROBERTSON,
MARION CALDER, TERESA BARNES, MARY JEWSON, GERALDINE HACKNEY,
CAROLINE ORGAN

STOVER SCHOOL MAGAZINE 1961

STOVER SCHOOL,

NEWTON ABBOT.

November, 1961.

MY DEAR GIRLS AND OLD GIRLS,

Last January, only a few months after retiring from the Board of Governors, the Ven. J. L. Cobham passed away. In my last letter I mentioned his retirement and said how we should miss him at Governors' meetings. Throughout his life he thought and prayed constantly for Stover, and we received from him a little letter in his own hand-writing only a few days before he died, thanking us for the Christmas card signed by all the girls. We know the school owes much to his prayers and thoughtfulness, and we are deeply grateful for his long friendship. Our sympathy goes out to Miss Cobham, whose mother only survived her husband by a few months.

We were deeply grieved by the tragic death of Juliet Caroline Warren, who was killed with her husband just as they were setting off on their honeymoon in September. The blow to the parents of both young people was a terrible one, and we feel for them greatly in their sorrow.

We have had to say farewell to Canon O. M. Jones, who has been the School Chaplain since 1959. He has been a wonderful pastor to us and has made our Sundays very happy, giving us active parts to play in church life. Canon and Mrs. Jones have become some of our dearest friends, and we are happy that they are going no further away than Lustleigh. We hope to see them very frequently. In the meantime, until a successor has been found, Canon Jones is carrying on with morning services and is preparing our candidates for Confirmation.

We were very sorry that, after all, the Old Girls' Association did not find it possible to arrange a reunion in London this year. It becomes harder each year to find a date that suits even a reasonable number, when all lead such busy lives. It looks as though we shall have to depend chiefly on regional reunions, with an occasional one at the school announced well in advance, to keep in touch with each other. We should like to invite old girls to a reunion at Stover on July 21st next year, but this has not yet been discussed by the committee of the Association. Because this letter is my principal means of communicating with many of them, I am sure they will not mind my mentioning it here. We are, of course, very pleased when old girls pay us informal visits, and when we receive letters keeping us up to date with their news.

I find, by looking through my recent magazine letters, that I have got into the habit of saying "girls and old girls," and then addressing myself exclusively to the latter. This, of course, is because there are many opportunities of talking to present pupils, but my thoughts are very much with you all during the Christmas season, and I would like you to know how much I appreciate the many Christmas cards and greetings I receive. It is impossible to acknowledge them all individually, but I can wish you all in this letter every joy this Christmas-tide, and a peaceful and Happy New Year.

Yours affectionately,

PHYLLIS E. DENCE.

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

1960

- Sep. 20. Autumn term began.
 " 24. Film: "The Young Mr. Pitt."
- Oct. 20. Recital: Trio, Miss Frazier, Mrs. Haigh Marshall, Mr. Eden.
 " 22. Film: "Pillow Talk."
 " 24. Lecture (Donald Grant): "The Presidential Elections."
- Nov. 1. Lecture (Edward Holloway, of the Economic Research Council).
 " 4. Half term.
 " 8. Half term ends.
 " 12. Film: "The Conspiracy of Hearts."
 " 13. Lecture: S.P.G. film on Tristan da Cunha (Rev. G. H. Strickland).
 " 20. Confirmation by the Lord Bishop of Exeter at Teigngrace Church.
 " 24. Lecture (Mr. Goss): "Radiography as a career."
 " 26. Film: "The Living Desert."
 " 30. Recital: Frederick Grinke (violin).
- Dec. 3. Film: "The Royal Ballet."
 " 17. Christmas party. Film: "Rockets Galore."
 " 18. Carol Service, Teigngrace.
 " 20. Autumn term ended.

1961

- Jan. 18. Spring term began.
 " 21. Film: "The N.W. Frontier."
- Feb. 2. Recital: Florence Hooton ('cello).
 " 4. Film: "Operation Petticoat."
 " 5. Recital: Bishopsteignton Music Club.
 " 18. Film: "Madame Curie."
- Mar. 1/2 Stover Entrance Scholarship examination.
 " 2. Recital: Maddocks Mills Duo (Violin, oboe, piano).
 " 4. Film: "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers."
 " 18. Film: "Friendly Persuasion."
 " 19. Choir joins with R.N.C. choir.
 " 25. Film.
 " 28. Spring term ended.
- April 26. Summer term began.
 " 27. Film and Talk on the W.R.A.C. (Major Godolphin).
 " 28. VIth. Form Conference: Churston G.S.
 " 29. Film: "The Yearling."
- May 2 and 4. French and German Oral exams. G.C.E.
 " 12. Lecture (Mr. Prins): "The Use and Beauty of Modern Art."
 " 15. Talk to VIth. Form (Mr. Kenneth Brill, Children's Officer).
- June 9. Speech Day and Sports Day, followed by half term.
 " 13. Half term ended.
 " 14. "A" Level G.C.E. examinations began.
 " 15. Talk to VIth Forms (Miss Yelland, Area Children's Officer).
 " 26. "O" Level G.C.E. examinations began.
- July 14. G.C.E. examinations ended.
 " 21. Dress rehearsal, "Pride and Prejudice."
 " 22. Swimming Sports.
 " 24. First performance "Pride and Prejudice."
 " 25. Barbecue lunch, sale of work, mannequin parade, and performance of "Pride and Prejudice."
 " 26. Summer term ended.

GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF EDUCATION

(Advanced Level, June, 1961)

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

Geraldine J. Hackney:	Art (Advanced Level)
Mary Anne King:	English (Advanced Level)
	History (Advanced Level)
Susan B. Marshall Harvey:	French (Advanced Level) and Scholarship Level
	German (Advanced Level) and Scholarship Level (with Distinction in German)
A. Lynne White:	History (Advanced Level)
Alexandra H. Woolner:	English (Advanced Level)
	French (Advanced Level)
	Music (Advanced Level) and Scholarship Level

ENTRANCE TO UNIVERSITY AND TRAINING COLLEGES

Susan Marshall Harvey has entered the Royal Holloway College, London University, where she is reading German.

Georgina Brown entered Roehampton Froebel Training College.

Elizabeth Hope entered Dartford College of Physical Education.

Helen Stewart entered the Maria Grey Training College.

Elisabeth Coltman entered the Atholl Crescent College of Domestic Subjects.

Alexandra Woolner entered the Royal Academy of Music.

Anita Hurtley, Yvonne Grainger, Juliet Cooper, Jennifer Piggott, and Penelope Robertson all begin their training this autumn in various London hospitals, and Margaret Bruce is already at the Middlesex Hospital.

Margaret Donnelly is at Exeter University, where she is studying for a Social Science degree.

Marion Crawford is now at McGill University, having taken up her Rotary Scholarship there in October.

OLD GIRLS' SUCCESSES

Penelope J. Key passed her L.R.C.P. and M.R.C.S. examinations in February, 1961, and her final M.B., B.S., in June. She now has a post as a house surgeon at Greenbank Hospital, Plymouth.

Helen Leggate and Jennifer Himely passed their examinations in July, and are now State Registered Nurses, as well as passing their final examinations at St. Thomas's Hospital.

GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF EDUCATION

(Ordinary Level, July, 1961)

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

E. (English Language); E.L. (English Literature); H. (History); G. (Geography); L. (Latin); F. (French); M. (Mathematics); B. (Biology); P.w.C. (Physics with Chemistry); C. (Chemistry); Cky. (Cookery); N. (Needlework and Dressmaking); A. (Art); P. (Physics); Sp. (Spanish).	
Susan E. Bloomfield:	E. E.L. M. P. C. B. N. (7 subjects)
Joanna Brendon:	E. E.L. H. L. F. B. A. 7 "
Susan B. Cliffe:	E. E.L. H. L. F. 5 "
Prudence V. S. Dixon:	E. E.L. G. B. P.w.C. N. 6 "
H. Damaris Easterbrook	E. E.L. H. L. F. M. B. 7 "
Diana M. Kauntze:	E. E.L. G. M. B. P.w.C. 6 "
Roslyn E. Morgan:	E. E.L. G. L. M. C. B. 7 "
Nora Matossian:	E. E.L. H. L. F. 5 "
Lesley A. Raynes:	E. 1 "
Gillian B. Ridgway:	E. E.L. H. G. L. 5 "
Archara Satja:	E. E.L. H. G. L. B. A. 7 "

Carolyn Scott-Forbes:	E. E.L. H.	3	"
Lynette G. Sinclair:	E.L. H. M. B. A.	5	"
Susan T. Smith:	E. E.L. H. B. A.	5	"
Stella M. Strange:	E. E.L. H. G. L. F. M.	7	"
Veronica M. B. Swain	E.L.	1	"
Alison R. Wheeler:	E.L. H. L. F. B.	5	"

The following girls took supplementary subjects:

Teresa Barnes:	F. Cky.
M. Anne Bulpin:	Cky.
Geraldine Hackney:	F. Cky.
Anita F. Hurtley:	Cky.
Penelope Robertson:	Cky.
Phylida Sturdy:	G. Cky.
Valerie Townson:	Sp.
Jane K. Waterman:	P.

The following girls took one subject in the Lower Vth. form:

Pascale D. M. L. A. Bédé:	F. M. (2)
Anne I. Cootes:	Sp.
Jennifer E. Neale:	E.
Susan M. Stevens:	E.

ASSOCIATED BOARD THE ROYAL SCHOOLS OF MUSIC

November, 1960

Christine Exley:	Pass Grade 4, Theory of Music
C. Ann Brown:	„ Grade 4 (Flute)
Diana Webb:	„ Grade 4 (Piano)
Mary Anne King:	„ Grade 5 (Singing) with Distinction
A. Lynne White:	„ Grade 5 (Singing)
Veronica M. B. Swain:	„ Grade 6 (Piano)
Stephanie Parkinson:	„ Grade 8 (Elocution) with Honours

(Stephanie gained the highest marks in this examination in the British Isles, and was awarded a special prize).

July, 1961

Linda J. Dunsford:	Pass Grade 4 (Elocution)
Maralyn T. Hildred:	„ Grade 6 (Elocution)
Sally M. Brown:	„ Grade 4 (Elocution) with Merit
Alexandra H. Woolner:	„ Grade 8 (Oboe) with Merit
Gillian A. Fowler:	„ Grade 3 (Piano)

THE ROYAL OVERSEAS LEAGUE ESSAY COMPETITION

July, 1961

Junior Division.—Highly commended: Joanna Sinclair, Hilary F. N. Smith. Commended: Linda Dunsford, Pascale Bédé, Alexandra Emmett, Rosalind Grainger, Jennifer Neale, Sarah Waterman, Diana Webb, Margaret Young.

THE ROYAL LIFE SAVING SOCIETY

July, 1961

Elementary: A. Blight, C. Bradford, E. Brannam, N. Carter, M. Davey, C. Duder, V. Elliston, J. Griffith, A. Haegele, J. Hodge, A. Jellicoe, H. Langton, C. Murrell, W. Parkinson, B. Price, J. Sinclair.

Unigrip: C. Bradford, E. Brannam, N. Carter, M. Davey, C. Duder, V. Elliston, J. Griffith, S. Gray, V. Grainger, A. Haegele, J. Hodge, H. Langton, C. Lockhart, D. Livingstone-Bussell, D. Meakin, J. Montgomery, C. Murrell, J. Noel, J. Parkinson, B. Price, J. Shepherd, J. Sinclair, W. Upham, D. Webb.

Intermediate: E. Brannam, B. Briggs, C. Duder, S. Emmett, V. Grainger, S. Gray, C. Lockhart, D. Livingstone-Bussell, D. Meakin, J. Montgomery, M. Mitchell, J. Noel, W. Upham, S. Waterman, D. Webb.

Bronze Medallion: S. Brown, A. Cuming, L. Dunsford, C. Exley,

D. Hewett, M. Hildred, A. Milnes, A. Pitman, P. Pellew, S. Stevens, J. Williams.

Bronze Cross: A. Cootes, D. Easterbrook, P. Robertson, S. Warren.
Scholar Instructor: A. Brown, A. Cootes, D. Easterbrook, P. Sturdy, S. Warren.

Award of Merit: D. Kauntze, P. Robertson, A. Wheeler.

VALETE

Christmas, 1960: S. Gold, K. Grove-Hills, Y. Grainger, S. Hadley, E. Hope, J. Mackinnon, A. Stevenson.

Easter, 1961: P. Bradford.

Summer, 1961- S. Armstrong, T. Barnes, P. Bédé, J. Brendon, A. Brown, A. Bulpin, J. Carey, D. Easterbrook, G. Hackney, A. Hurtley, M. A. King, E. Kingston, D. Kosin, J. Pascoe, G. Ridgway, J. Parkinson, A. Roberts, P. Robertson, C. Scott-Forbes, S. Smith, S. Strange, P. Sturdy, C. Symes, L. White, S. Woolner.

SALVETE

Autumn, 1960: M. Arkle, P. Bédé, M. Davey, V. Elliston, S. Gold, M. Griffiths, J. Hodge, A. Haegle, A. Jellicoe, P. Johnson, H. Langton, R. Langton, E. Mackey, N. Matossian, S. Miller, W. Parkinson, B. Price, J. Sinclair, I. Vahedi, H. Walker, S. Waterman.

Spring, 1961: E. Brannam, H. Smith, R. Thomas, C. Murrell.

Summer, 1961: A. Blight, C. Duder, G. Harrison, C. Lockhart, S. Wells-Brown.

GIFTS TO THE SCHOOL

We should like to express our gratitude for the following:

A new Honours Board (the first one is now full), given by Joanna Brendon.

A garden seat, from Anne Bulpin.

Five guineas towards books for the Library, from Stella Strange.

A wireless set for the sick rooms, given by Teresa Barnes, Ann Brown, Anita Hurtley, Jennifer Pascoe, Pene Robertson, Phylida Sturdy, and Valerie Townson.

A mathematics book for the Library, given by Damaris Easterbrook.

Some long-playing records for the Music Library, from Mary Anne King.

A height measuring ruler, from Yvonne Grainger.

TENNIS COURT FUND

There is still a balance of £10 18s. 4d. standing to the deposit account, as well as £50 in premium bonds (if only E.R.N.I.E. would remember one of our numbers !)

FRIENDS OF STOVER SCHOOL ASSOCIATION

A brief meeting of the Friends of Stover School Association was held on July 25th, and Mr. Hildred reported that there were still 51 Friends covenanting for subscriptions, which were bringing in the increased amount with the income tax rebate added. The Association could count on an income of £170 which came in from July to October each year, and of this the Association should reckon to keep only a balance of £25 for eventualities.

It was suggested that part of this income should be spent on a pavilion to be erected in the Games field, but the plans of a pavilion which were circulated were not approved finally. It was hoped that more height could be provided to give ample headroom. Further suggestions were asked for, before approving in principle that a pavilion should be provided.

The Friends were thanked for their generous support, and the treasurer, Mr. Hildred, and the chairman, Mr. Thornton, were thanked for their unflagging help during the past year. Both agreed to continue in office for a further year, as did the members of the committee.

Any new members wishing to belong to the Association are asked to send their subscriptions (minimum 10s. 6d.) to Mr. S. Hildred, at Dahinda, Anderton, Millbrook, Plymouth.

SPEECH AND SPORTS DAY, 1961

It seemed at first as though Sports Day would be a failure as, during the service in the marquee, the rain began to pour down and parents had to rush from their cars to their seats. The service was conducted by Canon Hall, our Chairman of Governors, and the senior singing class sang a Te Deum by Dr. Henry Ley.

After a short break, in which parents were reunited with their daughters, everyone returned to the marquee for prize-giving. The prizes were presented by the Dean of Exeter, the Very Reverend Marcus Knight, who stressed in his speech the importance of choosing the right career. He told us of Dame Edith Evans, who had said that she could only be satisfied with a career which gave her the feeling that she could never see the end of it. He also told some very amusing stories which were much appreciated by all members of the audience.

Lunch followed the prize-giving, and afterwards there was time to wander round the various exhibitions in the Domestic Science room, the laboratory, and the museum before the sports began. By this time the rain had fortunately stopped, and we had a very pleasant afternoon. The school marched on to the field in Houses, keeping in order as well as they could!

Several events had been held before Sports Day to save time, so the winners of these events gave demonstrations. The most popular race was the sack race, in which a great number of people competed; unfortunately, however, the sacks were very dusty, and the race could hardly be seen through the haze that surrounded it! When the events were over the prizes were presented in the portico by Mrs. King, fulfilling her official duty as mother of the Head Girl. The Senior Challenge Cup was won by Susan Smith, the Intermediate by Anne Cootes, and the Junior by Mary Arkle.

After tea everyone went home for a few days of well-earned rest.

JULIA MALLOWS, V.I.

GAMES REPORT

Lacrosse Teams

	1st XII.	2nd XII.
G.K.	P. Robertson	V. Swain
P.	L. Raynes	J. Mallows
C.P.	C. Scott-Forbes	D. Easterbrook
3rd M.	T. Barnes	J. Neale
R.D.W.	M. A. King	A. Milnes
L.D.W.	S. Smith	S. Stevens
C.	M. Griffiths	S. Mannell
R.A.W.	A. Wheeler	A. Satja
L.A.W.	A. Brown	S. Brown
3rd H.	A. Cootes	M. Jewson
2nd H.	*L. White (capt.)	C. Webb (capt.)
1st H.	J. Pascoe	P. Pellew

(Indicates colours)

Colours were awarded during the season to: T. Barnes, A. Brown, J. Pascoe, L. Raynes.

FIXTURES

Owing to bad weather there were no matches during the Autumn term.
Spring Term

1st XII. v. Oxton House School	Won 6—3
v. Exeter Ladies	Won 14—3
at West of England Rally (Westonbirt)		

Fourth in section of five schools

at Stover Rally:		
v. Exeter Ladies (final)	Won 2—1
v. Oxton House School	Won 11—0

Netball Teams

1st VII.	Under 15	Under 14
G.K. T. Barnes	J. Neale	A. Pitman

D.	J. Mackinnon/ A. Wheeler	C. Exley/ D. Easterbrook	H. Fairweather
C.D.	A. Brown	D. Hewett	S. Emmett
*C.	E. Hope/J. Pascoe	M. Griffiths (capt.)	G. Fowler
*C.A.	L. White (capt.)	A. Milnes	S. Armstrong
A.	A. Cootes	S. Brown	C. Matheson
*G.S.	S. Smith	S. Warren	S. Gray

Colours were awarded during the season to: T. Barnes, A. Cootes, and J. Pascoe.

FIXTURES

Autumn term

	1st VII. v. Marist Convent	Lost	16—24
	Under 15 v. Marist Convent	Lost	2—20
1st VII. v. Shute	Won	47—7
	Under 15 v. Shute	Won	33—17
	Under 14 v. Shute	Won	11—0

Spring term

	1st VII. v. Shute	Won	15—10
	Under 15 v. Shute	Lost	16—17
	Under 14 v. Shute	Won	17—12
	Under 13 v. Shute	Lost	1—10

House Matches

Spring term: Senior lacrosse—Queen Elizabeth
 Senior netball—Queen Mary
 Under 15 netball—Queen Elizabeth

Tennis Teams

1st VI.: S. Smith, C. Webb M. A. King, L. White (capt.) T. Barnes, A. Brown	2nd VI.: D. Easterbrook, M. Jewson (capt.) A. Cootes, P. Pellew M. Calder/P. Robertson/ C. Scott-Forbes
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Under 15: S. Brown (capt.), D. Webb
 L. Dunsford, D. Hewett
 G. Harrison, H. J. Jones

Also played: J. Croft, S. Emmett, A. Roberts.
 Colours were awarded to the first six this season.

FIXTURES

1st VI. v. Notre Dame Convent	Won	58—22
2nd VI. v. Shute	Won	59—32
U. 15 v. Shute	Won	57—26
2nd VI. v. Stokelake	Won	40—21
1st VI. v. Endsleigh	Won	6—3 sets
1st VI. v. Mount St. Mary Convent	Won	6—0 sets
1st VI. v. Assumption Convent	Lost	4—5 sets
1st VI. v. Ingsdon	Won	51—31
U. 15 VI. v. Ingsdon	Lost	39—45
1st VI. v. Oxton House	Won	56—26
U. 15 VI. v. Oxton House	Lost	39—46

Senior Singles Cup: S. Smith.

Senior Doubles Cup: A. Cootes and S. Warren.

Junior Singles Cup: D. Webb.

HOUSE MATCHES

Senior: Queen Mary. Under 15: Queen Elizabeth.

Athletics colours were awarded to: A. Cootes, S. Mannell, S. Smith, and J. Waterman.

ATHLETIC SPORTS (JUNE 9th, 1961)

Long Jump

Seniors (Record 15' 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ ").—1, S. Smith, 15' 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ "; 2, E. Irvine, 13'; 3, M. Jewson, 12' 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ ".

Intermediate.—1, A. Cootes, 14' 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ " (new record); 2, S. Mannell, 14' 7"; 3, S. Stevens, 13' 4".

Junior (Record 13' 11").—1, M. Arkle, 12' 8"; equal 2, B. Price and W. Parkinson, 12' 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ ".

Hop, Step and Jump

Senior (Record 30' 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ ").—1, S. Smith, 30' 4"; 2, E. Irvine, 28' 2"; 3, S. Bloomfield, 27' 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ ".

Intermediate (Record 30' 5").—1, A. Cootes, 30' 2"; 2, H. Fairweather, 27' 2"; 3, S. Stevens, 26' 11".

Junior.—1, M. Arkle, 25' 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ " (new record); 2, S. Gray, 24' 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ "; 3, A. Haegele, 24' 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ ".

High Jump

Senior (Record 4' 8").—1, S. Smith, 4' 6"; 2, J. Waterman, 4' 5"; 3, A. Wheeler, 4' 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ ".

Intermediate (Record 4' 7").—1, A. Cootes, 4' 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ "; 2, M. Hunt, 4' 3"; 3, V. Grainger, 4' 2".

Junior.—1, B. Price, 4' 8" (new record); 2, S. Gray, 4' 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ "; equal 3, S. Emmett and M. Arkle, 4' 2".

Throwing

Senior.—1, S. Miller, 138' 6" (new record); 2, A. Brown, 110' 7"; 3, D. Easterbrook, 103' 11".

Intermediate.—1, M. Griffiths, 124' 3" (new record); 2, A. Cootes, 112' 6"; 3, G. Harrison, 103' 11".

Junior.—1, S. Emmett, 119' (new record); 2, G. Fowler, 106'; 3, C. Lockhart, 86' 5".

HOUSE REPORTS

Queen Elizabeth

Queen Elizabeth House has had quite a successful year on the whole. Starting with good G.C.E. marks in the Autumn Term, we won the House Cup and managed to retain it in the Spring Term as well. Unfortunately, we lost it in the Summer Term, coming a very poor third.

With regard to sport, the House was unlucky in the Autumn Term, but won the Games Cup in the Spring Term, partly owing to the efforts of our Junior Netball team; however, the Cup was lost again in the Summer Term, but we did succeed in winning the Swimming Cup. Also in the Summer Term we succeeded in winning the Sale of Work competition by a narrow margin.

I would like to take this opportunity of thanking Miss Bailey and Miss Butland for their unfailing support in the House, and express our regret that Miss Butland left us at the end of the Summer Term.

MARION CALDER, House Captain.

Queen Victoria

Queen Victoria cannot, unfortunately, boast of a very successful year. We were not always last, but we were never first! In fact, we held second position in almost everything throughout the year.

It was decided at the beginning of the school year to abandon the Junior Houses—Prince Charles and Princess Anne—and amalgamate them into the Senior Houses. Apart from the obvious increase in marks—both good and bad—each House can now provide an Under-15 as well as a first team for House matches. Queen Elizabeth won the House Cup in the Autumn and Spring terms, when we held second place, but in the Summer term Queen Mary jumped the queue and rushed off with the House and Games Cups, Queen Elizabeth also winning the Games Cup in the Spring.

I would like, as always, to thank Miss Down, our House Mistress, for all her help and support, and also to wish the House every success in the future.

LYNNE WHITE, House Captain.

Queen Mary

Queen Mary House has, unfortunately, had a rather unsuccessful year, and there are few victories to report. However, after a poor start to the year, the members of the House all worked hard in the Summer term to gain splendid results on Sports Day, and also regained the coveted House Cup at the end of the term.

I should like, on behalf of the whole House, to thank Mrs. Marshall and Miss Woolcock for being such encouraging House Mistresses, and it is with great regret that we say goodbye to Miss Woolcock, but we welcome Mrs. Haegle who takes her place.

SANDRA WOOLNER, House Captain.

THE CHOIR

The choir started the year by practising Haydn's "Creation," which we sang at the Dartmouth Royal Naval College with the Britannia Choral Society. This was recorded and we were able to obtain a copy of the recording to give to Miss Dence. At the end of the term the school held its annual Carol Service at Teigngrace, and on the last evening we sang carols to Miss K. Goodwin, who so kindly sends the choir a box of chocolates in the Christmas term.

In the Spring term we had a visit from Mr. Lionel Dakers, organist of Exeter Cathedral, who came to hear our singing, as we are affiliated to the Royal School of Church Music. He invited us to sing Evensong at the Cathedral one day when the choir boys would be away. Nearer the end of term we sang Bach's "God's Time is Best" in the chapel of the Royal Naval College.

In the Summer term we sang Evensong at Exeter on the Tuesday of Half Term, and chose as our anthem Schubert's "The Lord is my Shepherd." We now have the honour of being the first girls' choir ever to sing in the Cathedral. As a reward for all our extra practices, Miss Dence very kindly gave us two large tins of toffees! On Speech Day we sang "Hear us, O hear us, Lord," set to music by Mr. Cecil Cope, and the senior school sang a Festival setting of the Te Deum by Dr. Henry Ley.

Once again, I would like to thank Miss Dence, on behalf of all members of the choir, for all she has done for us.

CHRISTINE WEBB, VI.

SIXTH FORM CONFERENCES

Members of the Sixth Form last year attended three conferences at schools nearby, and our thanks are due to all those who organized them.

The subject of the first was "The Press," in its various aspects, though we had to concentrate particularly on the history of the Press. We were shown a film on the making and compiling of a newspaper, and heard a talk by a representative of the 'Daily Express.' The discussion groups were not, I am afraid, very productive, though there was some controversy as to the amount of freedom that should be allowed to the Press over news concerning individual persons.

At the next conference, however, discussion was far more animated, perhaps owing to the stimulating influence of Canon Patey, of Coventry Cathedral. He gave two lectures on the day's subject, which concerned youth, Christianity, and relevant problems and succeeded in being highly informative, interesting, and amusing.

The third conference covered the subject of racialism. Perhaps the most interesting part of this was a talk on the roots of racial prejudice by a Ghanaian university lecturer. It was, I think, generally agreed during discussion that prejudice was founded on several misconceptions fostered and exploited at various times, and that consideration and understanding were needed to solve racial problems.

STEPHANIE PARKINSON, VI.

SCIENCE VI. ACTIVITIES

Our first outing this year was a visit to the University of Exeter, on its Open Day. This was extremely interesting, and encouraged us to greater efforts! Later we attended the Christmas lecture for Sixth Forms, also at Exeter University, which was given by Dr. Pollard, of Bristol University, his subject being "Chromotography." A few days later we were shown over the pathology laboratory at Torbay Hospital. We saw many stomach-turning specimens, including some gall-stones, one of which looked suspiciously like a glass marble.

In the following term we spent an afternoon at Exeter Gasworks, which is one of the most modern in the country. We were interested to learn that the gasworks generate electricity into the Grid. The Botany class attended a series of lectures at Torquay Technical College on "Fossil Evidences for Evolution." We later collected a selection of fossils from Barton quarries; these are now to be seen in the Museum. We also visited the Botanical Nurseries at Abbey Park, Torquay.

In the Summer term, an afternoon spent on Preston beach with Miss Woolcock resulted in a varied collection of marine creatures, which survived till the end of term. We rounded off the year with a visit to the I.C.I. Paints and Effluents Research Depot at Brixham. All this must surely show that the Science VI. do rather more than produce the unpleasant odours which, from time to time, are noticeable in the Clock House region; I hope that aspiring scientists in the rest of the School are encouraged! Lastly, our thanks are due to Mrs. Haegele and Miss Woolcock, whom we were very sorry to lose at the end of last term. We wish her the best of success in her new school.

CAROLINE ORGAN, VI.

THE MUSEUM

The Museum, although only started in the Summer term, has already outgrown the space provided. Unfortunately, none of us knows very much about museums, but with the assistance and the expert knowledge of the donors, we are learning gradually how to classify the various articles, and were able to produce an exhibition for Speech Day.

We now possess a selection of fossils of varying ages; a large collection of extremely beautiful shells; some interesting teeth from shark, hyena, and man; three very interesting coins; a puffer fish; some coral, and two coral fans which have an intricate design; a selection of Roman pottery and several other objects of interest.

I would like to thank all those who have given or lent articles to the Museum; we shall be grateful for further gifts or loans.

JANE WATERMAN, Curator.

FILMS

During the past year we have had many interesting films. The first was "Young Mr. Pitt," and this was followed by "Pillow Talk," which starred Doris Day and Rock Hudson. We also had a film of the Royal Ballet and, after that, the Christmas party film, which was "Rockets Galore," starring Jeanie Carson and Donald Sinden. Some other films were "Marie Curie," the story of her work on radium, and "The Yearling," with Gregory Peck and Dorothy McGuire as the parents of a little boy who had a deer as his pet. We have had a very interesting film on Tristan da Cunha, which told us about the island and the life of the people who lived there. This film was followed by "The Living Desert," a story about the happiness and terrors of the many animals who live in those surroundings.

Three very good films were "Conspiracy of Hearts," starring Ronald Lewis and Sylvia Sims; "North West Frontier," with Kenneth More; and "Friendly Persuasion," with Dorothy McGuire. Another film which was much appreciated was a comedy called "Operation Petticoat," which was the story of a submarine and the people on board, two of these people being played by Cary Grant and Tony Curist. This year we were also lucky enough to have a musical comedy, "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers."

Our thanks are due to Miss Gaukroger and Mr. Guntrip for giving their time in this way for our enjoyment.

ALISON MILNES, Lr. V.

SCOTTISH DANCING

Early in June twenty of us from various forms started to learn the steps of three Scottish dances. We were taught by Colonel Gregory, from Denbury Camp, who was also teaching a team from the Junior Leaders' Regiment. We were learning the dances so that we could dance together as a team in the coming tattoo at Taunton. Between Colonel Gregory's visits we practised, being so enthusiastic that we had a strenuous practice every morning before breakfast! After practising like this for a week or two, we were joined by the dancers from Denbury; then a little later came the day of the dress rehearsal at Stover. The Denbury boys arrived with their band, which was to accompany us. I am sure the school games pitch has never before experienced, and never will again, a team of Scottish dancers in full dress marching to the airs of the drums and bagpipes!

On June 27th we left the school in the afternoon in two Dormobile vans, to be driven to Taunton for a rehearsal of the whole tattoo. We were taken to the army barracks, where we were given a room to change in, then we walked a short distance to Vivary Park and assembled, with our partners, ready to go on. We were dressed in white pleated skirts, white blouses, with sashes of Stewart tartan over our right shoulders, and black ballet shoes. The boys wore kilts of the Grant tartan, white shirts and red ties. It was a peculiar and rather alarming thought that the next time we danced, all the now-empty seats around would most probably be full.

The following day dawned bright and sunny, much to everybody's relief. We set off at twelve o'clock for Taunton, where we ate a delicious picnic lunch at the barracks before preparing for the performance. During the show we managed to get quite a good view of the events by peeping through holes in the artificial wall. Besides our event there was also a drill display, a bridge-building display, a mock battle, massed military bands, and several others. Then came our turn to go on; we were rather nervous at the prospect of dancing before so many people, but then the gates swung open, the band struck up a Scottish air, and we found ourselves marching into the arena. With the sun beating down on us we danced first of all "Begone Dull Care," then "Prince Charles of Edinburgh" and, finally, "Gregory's Frolic." For the finale we returned to the arena with the other performers, standing to attention while the salute was taken, and while the Junior Leaders' choir sang "Abide with me." Trumpeters from the 1st Battalion of the Somerset and Cornwall Light Infantry played the "Last Post" and "Lights Out," and the tattoo ended with the choir singing "Land of Hope and Glory."

Between performances we were taken to the Women's Mess for a meal; we drank our tea from one-pint sized army cups. I am sure we were not very popular when one girl asked for a spoon to stir her tea. The flustered man who was serving us disappeared into the kitchen and reappeared about five minutes later to say that, although he had looked for a tea-spoon all over the building, there was not one to be found! We then walked a short distance to another building which was used for educational purposes. Here there were desks, and we all settled down to work for two hours—exams. were due the following week.

The evening performance started at 9 p.m. The night was warm, but it was very dark by the time we marched on, to be confronted by the blinding glare of the spotlights. The finale at night was far more impressive, with the voices of the choir and the bugles sounding through the still night air.

On the last day the whole school came to the tattoo. Before the performance we went round the Military Exhibition. When the last performance was over, we were all very sorry, as everyone had enjoyed it so much, and afterwards we wholeheartedly agreed that our early morning practices had been worth the effort.

And now I would like to thank Miss Dence, Mrs. Langton, Colonel Gregory, and everyone else who made it possible for us to dance in this tattoo. We shall never forget Colonel Gregory's enthusiasm and inspiring teaching, and the pleasure we all had at Taunton.

CHARITIES

The Charity Committee's most important work this year was the adoption of a refugee family in Austria. The Oxford Committee for Famine Relief put us in touch with a family named Wendel, with eight children, living in a camp at Linz. Parcels of clothes and presents were sent to them for Christmas, and shoes were dispatched for the children in the Summer term.

Donations have also been sent to a fund for relief work in the Congo, and toys to another refugee camp in Austria. Our usual charities were supported, donations being sent to Dr. Barnardo's Homes, the Missions to Seamen, the Friends of Exeter Cathedral, and Teigngrace Church. It was decided that our subscription to the S.P.G. hospital in Ovamboland should be doubled, so two cheques for £10 were sent, one in February, the other in July. An extra cheque was also sent to the Missions to Seamen after a collection had been taken.

As usual we made a number of dresses which were sent to the S.P.G., and babies' layettes were made in response to a request from the W.V.S., who were making a collection for women in refugee camps in the Near East.

The income received by the Charity Committee from the end of July, 1960, to July, 1961, totalled £187 2s. 9d. Of this sum £21 13s. 7d. was brought forward from the previous year, £128 9s. was raised by the Sale of Work and Garden Party on July 26th, and the remainder was the proceeds of various collections, entertainments, and some gifts. The total expenditure for the year was £100 10s. 9d., leaving a balance of £86 12s.

MARION CALDER.

MANNEQUIN PARADE

The Mannequin Parade staged on the last day of the Summer term was an innovation which we hope our parents and friends found entertaining. One father at least was heard to comment appreciatively on the modest cost of some of the items. The garments displayed by the girls who had made them ranged from evening and day dresses to suits, coats, beach wear, and house coats, and the models did their best to achieve a professional manner. Our thanks are due to Miss Evans, who has inspired both the making of these garments and the show itself, and we hope to make it an annual event.

MARALYN HILDRED, Lr. V.

" FIRE ! "

Fire, fire
Whistle, whistle,
Lights on,
Hair bristles,
Grab shoes,
Find specs,
Twine rugs.
Round necks.
Pull others out,
Shove on boots,
To their drowsy
Little foots.
Down stairs
Pulling hair
To get out curlers
Put in there.
In the hall,
Names read,
Twelve missing,
Ten dead.
Cinders falling,
In a hurry,
Hair burning,
Not to worry.
Three run lame,

One runs dead
Forgot to leave
Her blazing bed.
Four more scamper
Shoes slopping
Hair singeing,
Clothes dropping.
At last the happy
Day is over
And no one's burnt
Or blazed in Stover.

JOANNA SINCLAIR, L. IV.

(Contributed by the Poetry Club)

EDITOR'S NOTE.—We welcome this contribution from the Poetry Club, whose mysterious goings-on we once—quite involuntarily—interrupted. We hope that the Muse will continue to flourish at Stover, and that this publication will be favoured with more of her offerings.

"BETSY" VISITS IRELAND

Shortly after hurricanes had caused so much devastation to the State of Texas, in the U.S.A., Ireland received the aftermath of one of the hurricanes which had been wandering round over the Atlantic; Ireland was, in fact, hit by the fringe of hurricane "Betsy."

The tremendous gale sprung up suddenly, completely without warning, on 16th September, and caused a considerable amount of damage. The day had begun as a rather dull, windy one—nothing unusual for Ireland—when, about the middle of the morning, the gale arose. Branches began falling from the trees on to lawns, scattering things all over the place as they fell, making the garden look rather like a miniature jungle.

On that day a flying display was scheduled at the R.A.F. station at Aldergrove in commemoration of the Battle of Britain. We decided to go to see the exhibitions which were to be on show, although it was obvious that planes would be unable to take off. At one point we came across a vast fallen tree straight across our path; turning back we discovered that another tree had fallen, straight across the road on which we had so recently travelled. During our journey I wondered several times whether or not we were going to take off ourselves, as the car seemed to be airborne—also the pressure was very great and we all seemed to be suffering from "popping" ears.

Arriving home we found the garden in a state of devastation, with branches all over the place and most of the plants flattened. We were not, however, hit as badly as places like Londonderry and the western coastal areas. Holiday makers, especially campers, suffered particularly, many tents and caravans being blown over, or blown right away; some caravans were actually blown into the sea and over cliffs. In Inniskillen a felling competition was taking place when the hurricane arrived. The competitors finished the competition but the pine trees continued it, unearthing their roots and falling down like nine-pins, an astonishing sight, as we saw later in a television film.

In Londonderry about twenty people who were on their way to visit one of the local hospitals were suddenly lifted off their feet by a tremendous gust of wind and blown over, thus ending up in hospital themselves, being treated for shock and minor injuries. In Dublin a large, solid brick wall was blown over, killing two people outright. Planes were grounded, electricity failed, and various supplies were cut off. I do not envy anyone who had to cross the Irish Sea that night, as I believe it was particularly rough!

The hurricane, in fact, although it lasted only about thirty hours, was a frightening and dangerous experience. Fifteen people were killed or died from injuries, and many were injured by falling trees, including a small boy whose lung was punctured in such an incident. I hope sincerely that we do not suffer a hurricane in Ireland again, and I also wondered what the full force of hurricanes as America receives them must be like.

ALISON WHEELER.

NONSENSE ?

Pink zebras climbing trees,
 Orange birds with blue-green knees,
 Green houses up on cliffs,
 Polka-dot monkeys having tiffs,
 Black street lamps giving light,
 Bright red daisies grey with blight,
 Purple dresses on white dogs,
 Yellow trees sprouting green logs.

BEVERLEY B. BRIGGS, Lr. IV.

A CYPRIOT WEDDING

The two girls had been sent off to invite the villagers, and the women were busily rolling out the dough and making bread. All this was done with the aid of a detailed description of Maricou's dowry, given by her proud mother. She was telling the other women how many pillow cases her daughter had, and how beautifully she had embroidered them. When the story of the trousseau was finished, it was the dowry, the beautiful house which Maricou's father had built for her. Mrs. Antigone, the bride's mother, told them it was built in a modern style, with tiled floors and electricity and, of course, blue shutters, and the women marvelled at this.

The story behind this was typical. Andrea, the bridegroom, had seen Maricou when she had come to the spring to fill her earthenware jug with water. He had been looking after his sheep, sitting under the pine trees while he played his pipe, and the sun made the cool water sparkle like a thousand diamonds. They had fallen in love, and Andrea decided that he would go to Maricou's father, Gosti, and ask for Maricou's hand in marriage. He did this and Andrea's father went over to discuss the pecuniary side of the matter, such as the house and the sum of money Maricou would be given. They discussed this as they sat in the cobble-stoned yard while the chickens squawked and the donkey stood eating straw. After they had finished the strong wine, they went off to the coffee-house.

Sunday came and the two girls took a large, U-shaped basket full of bread to each house in the village, where they invited the inmates, and gave them a large loaf, sprinkling the person who had opened the door with rose-water from a silver container. The ovens, which were made of mud, were full of trays heaped with potatoes and large joints of meat. Each tray had herbs in it to give flavour. Chicken were being roasted, pots of rice called "pelafi" were being cooked; there was a large fire of charcoal where the "souvlakia," or kebab, was cooking. Women were shouting in shrill voices to each other, as they worked, while the men took care of the souvlakia. Relations poured in, bringing live chickens and even goats for the feast. In this way, villagers helped to reduce the expense of the wedding by bringing useful gifts, which would save the bride's father buying extra provisions.

It was midday; the guests were arriving, the women went up to help dress Maricou, and the men went off to help Andrea. Maricou sat on a chair dressed in her wedding-gown. She was beautiful in an unusual way. She had dark, flashing eyes, long dark hair, a prominent nose and beautiful teeth. Her face was small and heart-shaped; when she walked she had a beautiful carriage, her head was high and proud, and she walked with native grace. She sat now serene but slightly nervous. Her hair was combed and piled up on top of her head in plaits. Then her mother brought out her head-dress, which would later hang above her bed in a glass case. The village girls, dressed in striped skirts, which came down to their ankles, white blouses and embroidered waistcoats, all had black head-scarves and were dancing and singing. Their skirts swayed as they danced the graceful rhythmical steps and sang in high, pure voices. Some were sad songs with melancholy tunes which made Maricou feel sad and sorrowful as she thought of the life she was leaving; others gay and lively, which made her think of Andrea and their love for each other.

Meanwhile Andrea had shaved, and was wearing a new "Vraka" (baggy trousers), with a sash around his waist and a scarf round his neck. This was accompanied by men dancing and stamping, and as they did the intricate steps the message came that Maricou was ready.

They all trooped out to the hall where Maricou sat, looking a trifle pale, surrounded by chattering women. The men came and Andrea sat at the other end of the room. It was time to sew the mattress. The girls brought out a large cloth and sheep's wool was piled on to this. Then the women started to sew; they sewed up the edges and put on another cover. On this they sewed crosses made of red tape in the corners.

While the women sewed, three men played two violins and a ukulele and two men started to dance. They held a handkerchief shoulder-high between them, each man holding his other arm at his waist. They danced bent forward, stamping their long, black boots and weaving their steps in time to the music as though they were hypnotized.

The women had finished the mattress, and now a baby was brought, and they rolled him over the mattress as a symbol of fertility. This over, one of the men took the mattress, doubled it, and heaved the whole thing on his shoulder and started dancing with it. After some more dancing the whole procession, headed by the bride and 'groom, and followed by all the inhabitants of the village, went to church, where the Greek Orthodox priest met them. He was wearing a flowing black cassock, and his long hair was fastened at the back of his head in a round bun.

They all went into the little church, which smelt strongly of incense; the bride and 'groom went up to a small table where another priest stood. There was no visible altar, but one wall had ikons of saints painted on it, in the stiff Byzantine style. The people went up to these and they made the sign of the cross; they put their thumbs, index fingers and third fingers together and touched their foreheads, chests, right shoulders and left shoulders, and kissed the ikon. After they had kissed all the ikons the ceremony started. The bride and 'groom stood in front of the priests, who started chanting. On either side of the bride and 'groom were about twenty women, on Maricou's left, and twenty men on Andrea's right; these were the "goumbaros" and "goumeras," who correspond to the best man and bridesmaids in England. The priest took two wreaths made of wax flowers and rolls of ribbon and, after blessing them, he put one on Maricou's head and one on Andrea's. The ribbons were unrolled and the goumbaros and goumeras began signing their names on the ribbons. Two rings were brought and the priest blessed the couples and put the rings on; then the goumeras and goumbaros went up in couples, wished them a happy life and changed over the rings. After this the couple and the priest walked around the table with a Bible on it, while people threw confetti over them. They then took Holy Communion and the service was over; the parents kissed them and blessed them, and then everyone went back to Mrs. Antigone's house for the reception and wedding feast.

There were long tables heaped with food; meat, salads, rice—all sorts of dishes. The feast lasted for three nights. And the whole village danced and ate and drank for three days and three nights.

NORA MATOSSIAN, Lr. V.I.

 ? ? ?

Not a soul walked on the path. All was silent and the night was so dark that the air seemed almost thick. The trees called to each other in eerie voices, while the owl hooted and the wolves rustled in the undergrowth. Through the red pine trunks that rose tall and gaunt above the tangled thicket, a man appeared. He held his gun nervously, looked furtively from left to right. He picked his way among the dry leaves and broken branches, and at last reached a small, lonely hut in a clearing.

Some ten minutes later, if anybody had been there, he could have observed a large, grey wolf trot eagerly round the hut, turn tail and disappear into the distance. There was no sign of life anywhere now. The silence would have been oppressive had there been anybody to feel it.

Mrs. Dumas had been into the forest to look for her husband, who was out late collecting specimens for his research. Not finding him, she assumed he had returned to the nearest village for a drink, and to pick up his drugs from the store. Getting back into the jeep, for she had looked into the hut to make sure her husband was not there, Mrs. Dumas drove off up the overgrown track. At first she thought it was the night that made her feel lonely, but when she examined the feeling more closely, she found it to be fear—an icy-cold fear whose long fingers stretched out to her through the warm air. For some inexplicable reason she felt a human presence with her in the car.

Being practically-minded, she stopped and looked in the back of the jeep. Not a sign of anything human. As she drove on she became more and more terrified. Fear clung around her neck, fingers twisting in her hair. Every branch hindered her progress; the night closed in upon her. At last she reached the small house where they were staying, leapt from the jeep and ran up the path. Impulse made her turn, but no human form was visible, only the grotesque shadows of the trees moving, making queer, dark shapes against the bushes. The dead leaves crackled. Every pale star disappeared.

Mrs. Dumas rushed to her room. Something brushed against her. The door slammed shut; something pressed hard against it. She sensed something near her, and screamed piercingly. A grey shadow slipped through the open window. Her screams died away as fear loosened its grip, and Mrs. Dumas sank to the ground, dead. Thereafter silence. Emptiness.

The next day a man, tall and sallow, was walking by the river deep in thought. He was alone. The trees cast their reflections into the water amongst the cool rushes. The man stared down into the depths of the river, and there, reflected by his own reflection, was the twisted, ugly face of a wolf, its hair damp, its teeth sharp and pointed. An ever-growing ripple disturbed the smooth water of the dull river. The breeze dropped. The rushes closed quietly over something which quietly sank to the mud on the bottomless depths.

STEPHANIE PARKINSON, VI.

RETURN TO THAILAND

Thailand is a small country, and her population is not very large, but her ancient customs and traditions are so well established that one can recognize her people wherever they are. We have been ruled by a monarchy for hundreds of years and, in spite of the despotism, the people have loved and cherished their rulers. Even today, when the King no longer governs the country, the people still respect him, as they have always done in the past; perhaps not so much the younger people but the older generation have not changed. The new constitution has recognized this, and the Government has been careful to carry out its plans without interfering with the people's loyalties.

In spite of modern buildings, highways, fountains, cinemas and many other things, Thailand has not changed very much during the past few years. This is, of course, my personal opinion, and many might disagree with me. We have been influenced by Western countries, and we are following the new way of life without giving enough consideration to it. We are conscious of our slow progress and afraid that we might be behind other countries, and hence we try to push ourselves too far. It is astonishing that many ancient customs and traditions have not been lost through this process of Westernization, but have instead been preserved and encouraged to continue. If any visitors want to see the unsophisticated life of the local people against the

natural background of Thailand, they must go to Chiengmai.

In Chiengmai the people are friendly and kind, and will always assist strangers. The reason why the people are unaffected by the rapid changes of Bangkok is their position. Chiengmai lies four hundred miles north of Bangkok. It is built along a range of mountains, and is roughly one thousand seven hundred feet above sea level. It is also the second largest city of Thailand. Trains travel daily from Bangkok to Chiengmai, and on the journey nothing can be seen except the dark green leaves of teak forming interminable shadows. Now and again the rustling noise of a brook might be heard before a waterfall suddenly appears. Sometimes wild orchids are seen growing along the mossy hill slopes; there are so many types of beautiful orchids that it would be impossible to describe them all.

Because of its high altitude, Chiengmai has a milder climate than Bangkok, and a hospital for leprosy was built there. The city is also famous for the making of Thai silk, paper umbrellas, cups and bowls with their own distinctive characteristics. Most people know what Thai silk is; the quality has unfortunately declined in recent years, partly because there has been a great demand for the silk, and it has lost a little of its true beauty. The weaving of silk is an old custom which has been handed down from generation to generation. Every weaver produces his own technique, and when mass production is required it is natural that something should be lost. Chiengmai is very unspoiled, compared with Bangkok, and I hope that when changes take place, as it is inevitable that they must, the people will understand the direction in which they are travelling.

This is the impression of one who has been away from her native country for four years.

ARCHARA SATJA, Lr. VI.

THE GHOST TRAINS

The night was dark,
The day past,
All was peaceful and quiet;
All but the sound of the clink and the clank
As the ghosts set out for their race.

Through the fields the ghosts sweep,
Trailing behind their chains;
Clanging and clicking with speed,
Grinding and squeaking with breathless rhythm,
Enjoying the race down to the place
Where wait the rest of their friends.

Gaining speed the ghosts sweep by,
Puffing and grunting with strain,
Going uphill without complaint,
And soon the plains are in sight.
Along the plains with a single aim
Sweep the great black ghosts,
Squeaking with joy,
Stopping now and again for breath.

Suddenly, out of the dark
Loom great bright eyes;
The ghosts stop dead,
But it's only lights,
Sweep on with the fun and games.

Into the house of the ghosts
 Sweep the great black shadows,
 Then onward they go, gathering speed
 Till the next stop,
 Then they stop without warning,
 Links all askew,
 Wondering—what to do.

SANDRA EMMETT, Up. IV.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER FROM MR. KING

Savoy Hotel,
 Ootacamund,
 India.

October 29th, 1961.

My tour, though strenuous, is most interesting. I am now at Madras, staying at the Connemara Hotel. I fly to Bangalore on 3rd November to examine there, and one day at Mysore, and then to Bombay, where I stay at the Taj Mahal Hotel. I am flying back to London, leaving Colombo on 22nd December at 9.15 p.m., arriving London 10.10 a.m. next morning. Of course, there is five and a half hours difference in time, so actually the time taken is sixteen and a half hours—still quite wonderful for over 6,000 miles.

Although it seems a long time to be away from home, my visits to various schools and centres seem to flash past so quickly. Some of the hill stations are beautiful and the climate like an English one because of the altitude. Kodai-kanal (7,500 feet), Yercand (6,000 feet), and Lovedale the Nilgiris (Blue Mountains) (7,500 feet).

Here in Madras it is very hot and, to feel comfortable, it is necessary to have an air-conditioned room. The poverty in India is simply appalling. A large proportion of the population sleep on the roads, pavements, or in railway stations. I arrived one night at Salem and found it difficult to find my way through the sleeping bodies! They have no standards of hygiene, and seem to be content to be lazy and with a bowl full of rice.

I shall look forward to seeing you all after Christmas.

THE FLY ON THE WALL

Although there are quite a few of these people left, they are steadily reducing in size.

The buttercup survives the Winter by closing up and dying. The forget-me-not survives by dying and going underground.

The Tudors were gay and colourful, except for the Quakers, who were quiet people.

He had a fat stomach with severe eyes, and spectacles with knobbly legs.
 The midnight sun is due to the indignation of the earth's axis.

Mrs. Wilson was a dear old sole.

Crystals hatch into butterflies.

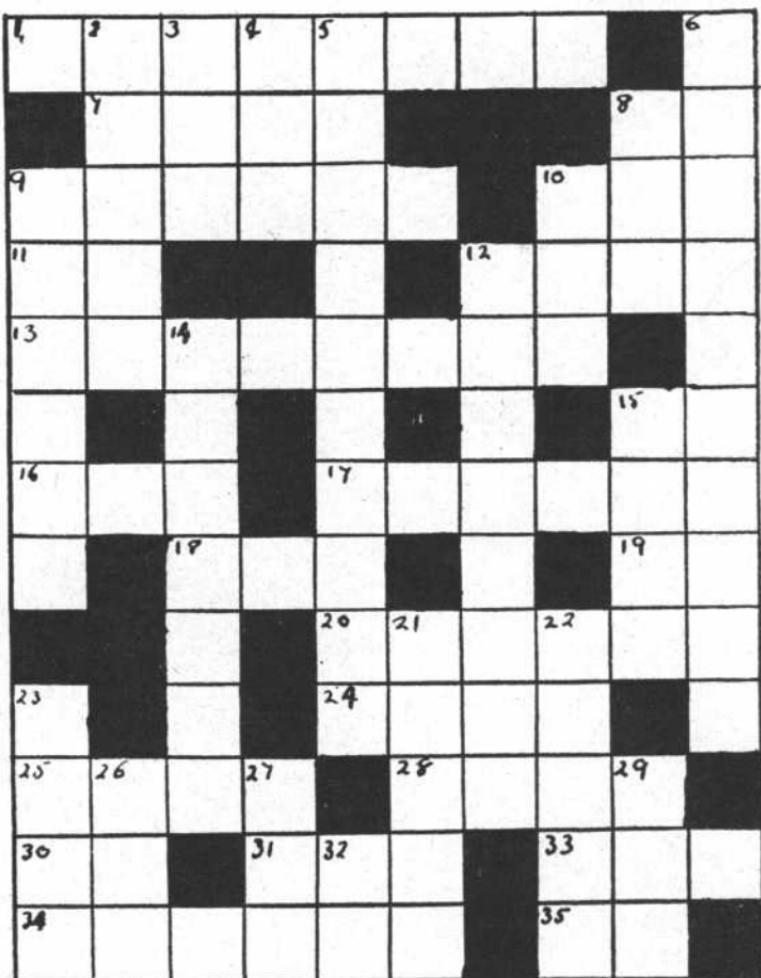
Joan of Arc was burnt on a steak.

We have our Speech Day service in a Marquis.

The dog watched him dress, and put on his mackintosh.

CROSSWORD

COMPILED BY LOWER V.



ACROSS

1. American equivalent of rounders.
7. Could this be a belt ?
8. If in France ?
9. Ice cream with fruit.
10. Common as a prefix for Scottish clans.
11. Stork and crow have internal similarities.
12. The fruit of a beech and oak have something in common with a sailing vessel.
13. Buddhism or Hinduism.
15. There is a man in the moon, isn't there ?
16. The ear of time or similar.
17. Share, more than proportion.
18. Little Edward.
19. Thank you.
20. What the solver uses on a wrong answer.
24. This is not quite normal.
25. Corn is similar to animals in this respect.
28. Hindu maid or nurse.
30. First class.
31. A member of the horse family —not the brightest.
33. Call for help.
34. It is not a soft wrong that makes fear.
35. Her counterpart.

DOWN

2. An _____ sky all star bestrewn.
3. Your heir.
4. Is this the finish of the clergyman's salary ?
5. Do bears grow here ?
6. Dr. Johnson compiled one.
8. Airways of Scandinavia.
9. Is this plant the colour of a horse ?
10. An island ?
12. Place for the departed.
14. The earl is confused about material.
15. Never quaver when confronted with a crotchet.
21. Stover Saturday lunch.
22. Common on M.I.
23. Disturb a flea.
26. One can't avoid this.
27. This gas will droop (anagram).
29. Common in garden; proper in Plymouth.
32. Not the beginning of the end, rather the quiet finish of the end.

Old Girls' Association

COMMITTEE

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R. Evans	M. Crawford
D. Seex	M. Bruce
M. A. King	

Staff Members of Association

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Miss Iggleston, St. Patrick's, Babbacombe, Torquay, Devon.

Mrs. Milnes (Miss Waterman), 41, The Greenway, Totteridge, Herts.

Mrs. Partington (Miss Lewis), 10, Lambsdown Terrace, Perham Down, Andover

Old Girls

- *Alken, J., Lees Nook, Constantine Bay, Padstow, Cornwall.
- Bacon, G., Ashwell, Bovey Tracey, S. Devon.
- *Barnes, T., The Grange, Shrewton, Nr. Salisbury.
- Barker, J., Cliffsides Hotel, Newton Ferrers, S. Devon.
- *Beney, S. H., Herondale, Firs Estate, Kenilworth Road, Coventry.
- Bickley, A., Heathlands, Longcross, Nr. Chertsey, Surrey.
- Blair, H., Wood Close, Broomfield Ride, Oxshott, Surrey.
- *Bowstead, P. (Mrs. Gulland), 19, St. Leonard's Bank, Edinburgh, 8.
- *Briscoe, S. (Mrs. Kaplow), 11405, Carn Court, Rock Creek Palisades, Kensington, Maryland, U.S.A.
- *Brown, G., Western House, Chudleigh, Newton Abbot, S. Devon.
- Bruce, M., Pullabrooke House, Bovey Tracey, S. Devon.
- *Bulpin, A., Casa, Rundle Road, Newton Abbot.
- Butlin, J. (Mrs. Plaxton), 33, Hadlow Road, Tonbridge, Kent.
- Butcher, E., The Manor House, East Ogwell, Newton Abbot.
- *Braithwaite, J., Sutherland House, Avenue Road, Lymington, Hants.
- Brendon, J., Hartley Lodge, Brandreth Road, Plymouth.
- Campbell, R. (Mrs. Cornford), 2, Colonnade House, South Row, Blackheath, London, S.E.3.
- Carr, E. (Mrs. Bevington), St. Leonard's Rectory, Matford Lane, Exeter.
- Cartwright, M., Links Hotel, St. Marychurch, Torquay.
- Chaplin, E., 12, St. Mary's Road, Wimbledon, S.W.19.
- Cornish-Bowden, A., Appin, 1, Riddings Road, Hale, Cheshire.
- Coltman, E., 29, Teignmouth Road, Torquay, S. Devon.
- *Crawford, M., The Hollow, Oak Park Avenue, Shiphay, Torquay.
- Crook, H. (Mrs. Reed), Ipta, Winsu Avenue, Paignton.
- *Davies, J. (Mrs. Jarvis), 75, Indian Grove, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.
- Dixon, C., Woodhouse, Higher Brimley, Bovey Tracey, S. Devon.
- Dorval, D., The Court House, Poyntington, Sherborne, Dorset.
- Drake, W., Birch, Bere Alston, Devon.
- Duckett, B., Kenwyn, Haldon Avenue, Teignmouth.
- Dunsford, S., 19, Bampton Street, Tiverton, S. Devon.
- *Easterbrook, V. (Mrs. Barr), c/o 4, Clendon Rise, Paignton.
- *Easterbrook, D., 4, Clendon Rise, Paignton.
- Evans, A., Treforis, 51, Mead Road, Torquay, S. Devon.
- Evans, R., Treforis, 51, Mead Road, Torquay, S. Devon.

- *Fielding, J. (Mrs. MacRae), 11, Marlborough Court, Westerham, Kent.
 Ford, M., Rosemary Lodge, Wellsway, Bath.
 Forward, J., 8, Salters Acres, Harestock, Winchester, Hants.
 Frew, J., Templeton, Priory Lane, London, S.W.15.
 Frew, M., c/o Mrs. Browning, 28, Warboro Road, Torquay, S. Devon.
 *Gerard (Mrs. Dean), Beaufort Lodge, Dartmouth.
 Goodwin, J., Beggars Bush, South Brent, Devon.
 Gould, J., Nutcombe, Lustleigh.
 Grainger, Y., Sandfield, Bridgetown, Totnes.
 Greenhough, J., Whitestones, Tor Close, Broadsands, Paignton, S. Devon.
 Gummer, A., Franshams, Bushey Heath, Herts.
 *Harding, D. (Mrs. Read), Chyngton, Horsell Park, Woking.
 *Henderson, M., Bl, Clovelly Court, May Road, Hong Kong.
 Himely, J. (Mrs. Godwin Austen), 15, Topsham Road, Exeter.
 Howell, J., Lukesland, Ivybridge, S. Devon.
 Howell, M., 35, Bolton Gardens, London, S.W.5.
 *Hughes, J., Amberley, Ridge Park, Bramhall, Cheshire.
 *Hughes, A., Amberley, Ridge Park, Bramhall, Cheshire.
 *Hurtley, A., The Chase, St. Marychurch Road, Torquay.
 *Jeffree, A. (Mrs. Sergiades), c/o Mrs. A. R. Jeffree, The Spinney, Pendarves Road, Camborne, Cornwall.
 *Johnson, S., The Priory, Hinton St. George, Somerset.
 Kennard, J., Pendennis, Keyberry Park, Newton Abbot, S. Devon.
 *Key, P. (DR.), Lis Escop, Truro, Cornwall.
 *King, M. A., 20, Pathfield, Dartmouth.
 *McIntyre, B. (Mrs. Langton), c/o Stover School, Newton Abbot.
 Mackinnon, J., Strathaird, Maiden Bradley, Warminster, Wilts.
 Marshall-Harvey, S., Carloggas, Stenalees, St. Austell, Cornwall.
 Marston, R., 23, St. Andrew's Road, Paignton, S. Devon.
 McMurtrie, P., Higher Acres, Dawlish, S. Devon.
 Morris, E., 13, Forde Park, Newton Abbot.
 *Neve, R., The Rectory, Sandown, Isle of Wight.
 Nightingale, J., 99, Old Park Ridings, Grange Park, London, N.21.
 *Norwood, P., Dimora, Greenover Road, Brixham, S. Devon.
 Parkin, P., Candar House, High Bickington, Umberleigh, N. Devon.
 *Pering, M. (Mrs. Nicholls), Knockrobin, St. George's Lane, Hurstpierpoint, Sussex.
 Philpott, M. (Mrs. Powell), Uganda Shell Co., Box 82, Kampala, Uganda, East Africa.
 Piggott, J., San Remo, Coombe Road, Teignmouth.
 *Powell-Davies, c/o Sisters' Mess, Box 30026, Nairobi, Kenya.
 *Pratt, S., 17, Collingham Gardens, London, S.W.5.
 *Pretty, A. (Mrs. Baxter), Quakers, Brasted Chart, Nr. Westerham, Kent.
 Pruen, M., Ashmead, Lower Down, Bovey Tracey, S. Devon.
 Prynn, J. (Mrs. Lace), Fernleigh, Fernleigh Road, Plymouth.
 Ratcliff, J., 34, Mead Road, Torquay, S. Devon.
 *Ridgway, G., Longfield, Longford Cross, Kingsteignton.
 *Roberts, E., c/o The Poplars, Blackmore, Nr. Ingatstone, Essex.
 *Robertson, P., Primley Mount, 17, Primley Park, Paignton.
 *Rodwell, M. (Mrs. Cooper), 10, Merton Hall Gardens, Wimbledon, S.W.20.
 *Scott, M. (Mrs. Hamilton), 12, Aytoun Street, Sheil Hill, Dunedin, New Zealand.
 *Scott-Forbes, C., Higher Duryard House, Pennsylvania, Exeter.
 *Seagrim, P. (Mrs. Cressall), 27a, Eldon Square, Reading, Berks.
 Seex, J., Stammerham Farm, Rusper, Nr. Horsham, Sussex.
 Seex, D., Stammerham Farm, Rusper, Nr. Horsham, Sussex.
 Shaddick, P. (Mrs. Morton), c/o Burn View Hotel, Bude, Cornwall.
 Sharpe, M. (Mrs. Reichwald), Francis House, Blundell's School, Tiverton.
 Stephens, A., 23, Shorton Road, Paignton.
 Stewart, H., Downside House, Southward Lane, Aldbourne, Nr. Marlborough, Wilts.

- *Strange, S., 21, Oxlea Road, Torquay.
 - *Sturges, M. (Dr.), 14, Manor Road, Salisbury, Wilts.
 - *Sturges, J., St. Jude's Vicarage, South Shields, Co. Durham.
 - *Tett, E. (Mrs. Freeman), 204, Ewell Road, Surbiton, Surrey.
 - Thornton, P., Hillcrest, Seymour Road, Plymouth.
 - Thorpe, B. (Mrs. Mitchell), 14, Pentre Banadl, Killoy, Swansea.
 - *Thong-Yai, N., 648, Soi Suk Chai, Paknam Road, Bangkok, Thailand.
 - *Tippett, J., 24, Montagu Square, London, W.1.
 - Townson, V., Kent's Bank, Marine Drive, Torquay.
 - *Tyrer, R., 45, Hampden Road, Armadale, Victoria, Australia.
 - Watts, R., Clouds End Cottage, Englands Lane, Queen's Camel, Somerset.
 - Webber, J., 100, Bitton Park Road, Teignmouth.
 - *Westlake, K. (Mrs. Tatman), c/o Howard Humphrey and Sons, c/o P.O. Box 3, Derna, Libya.
 - Whitaker, D. (Mrs. White), 36, Sandy Lane, Shrivenham, Nr. Swindon, Wilts.
 - *White, L., Clifanna, Sampford Peverell, Tiverton, Devon.
 - Williams, I., 7, Priory Avenue, Kingskerswell, S. Devon.
 - *Willing, S., Tornewton, Torbryan, Newton Abbot.
 - *Willing, V., Tornewton, Torbryan, Newton Abbot.
 - *Windeatt, B. (Mrs. Webster), La Carita, St. Andrews Road, Feist Tower, Jersey.
 - Woolner, F., Bradley Manor, Newton Abbot, S. Devon.
 - Wright, E. (Mrs. Mudge), 18, Cecil Avenue, Paignton.
- *Denotes Life Member.

ENGAGEMENTS

- H. Valerie Smith, to Christopher David, Easter, 1961.
- Janet Meadows, to the Rev. G. L. Lynch-Watson, May, 1961.
- Rosemary H. Parnaby, to Ian McFie, August, 1961.
- M. Louise Parkinson, to Kader Asmal, August, 1961.
- Jennifer Lovegrove, to Nigel C. Humphreys, November, 1961.

MARRIAGES

- Martha A. Varley, to Ian Turinas, Feb. 14th, 1961.
- Elizabeth Stewart, to Michael Dibsdall, April 8th, 1961.
- Heather Crook, to Timothy Reed, April 22nd, 1961.
- Gillian Digges La Touche, to C. P. Macdonald, Aug. 12th, 1961.
- Jennifer Jane Himely, to Dr. R. B. Godwin-Austen, Aug. 12th, 1961.
- Cecila Bowstead, to Miklos Eerz, Aug. 1961.

BIRTHS

- Patricia Cressall (nee Seagrim), twin boys, Jan., 1961.
- Jennifer Galloway (nee Ashby), a daughter (Judith), March, 1961.
- Virginia Donne (nee Edwards), a second daughter (Rosamond Katherine), March 24th.
- Vivien Barr (nee Easterbrook), a daughter (Tania Catherine), March 13th.
- Bunty Scott (nee Jenner), a daughter (Caroline), May, 1961.
- Ann Williamson (nee Thorpe), a second son (Andrew Mark), May 5th, 1960.
- Pamela Gulland (nee Bowstead), a daughter (Louisa Mary), June 17th, 1961.
- Kit Freeman (nee Tett), a daughter (Victoria Mary), July 10th, 1961.
- Elizabeth Morch (nee Cove-Clark), a daughter (Joanna Elizabeth), Oct. 7th.

DEATHS

- Juliet Caroline Warren, married to Brian Harris, Sept. 16th, 1961. Both died the same afternoon in a tragic road accident.

STAFF: BIRTH

- Mrs. Drummond Hart (nee Edwards), a daughter (Katherine Elizabeth), Nov. 10th, 1961.

OLD GIRLS' NEWS

Mary Vaughan-Philpott (Mrs. Powell) and her husband have been moved several times owing to the political situation in the country, and have seen a good deal of the recent famine and flood conditions. Her daughter (Anne, aged six) is going to school in Kampala.

Mary Hooper (Mrs. Smith) is still in Musselburgh. Her older daughter (Diana, aged five) is now going to school, and her second daughter, Vivienne, has reached the walking stage. Her husband is engaged on research among seals, and has to spend much of his time in the Orkneys.

June Howell and Rosalie (Mrs. Harvie) visited the school in September. Rosalie and her small son and daughter were on a visit to her parents.

Ann Baxter and her husband and four children stayed at the Clock House in August. Stephen is seven, Caroline five, Lucy two, and Jonathan one year old. They are now living near Sevenoaks, and are glad to be out of London for the children's sakes.

Diana Oakley lives in Durban, and works in the Standard Bank of S. Africa. She loves Durban, which is a beautiful city, and has one of the best climates in the Union.

Valerie Smith is engaged to a music student (a flautist), but does not expect to be married for a while yet. Later they hope to go to New Zealand.

Jacqueline Greenhough is now teaching at the Godolphin School, Salisbury. She played lacrosse for the East of England during the whole of her last season at Nonington P.E. College.

Cherry Isaac has been doing temporary secretarial work for a while so that she can have "leave" when she wishes. Gillian (Mrs. Westlake) has two children now, both boys, one three years old and the other a year. They live at Elstree.

Wyn Drake is spending a few months in the U.S.A. visiting her mother.

Jean Mackinnon lives in Bristol, where she is taking a secretarial course at the College of Commerce.

Angela Stubbs has finished her course at St. Godric's College, and took a temporary post until she returned to S. Rhodesia in November.

Penelope Robertson is spending six months in Canada, visiting her father and as many of her other relatives as she can. She plans to go to Florida and New York before returning on the "Queen Mary" in December. She then goes to London to begin her nursing training.

Joanna Brendon is spending a year in France, and writes enthusiastically of her experiences in Paris.

Ann Bulpin is at a finishing school in Lausanne, where she is studying French, Spanish and German.

Margaret Howell is spending a short time in London after finishing her secretarial course, and later will be going to the U.S.A. for a visit.

Ann Brown is spending a year at Marlow Place finishing school, before going to a Physical Education College.

Ann Waterman is in her final year at the Middlesex Hospital, and begins her first post in January at the Royal Free Hospital as a physiotherapist.

Drina and Jackie Seex spent three months in Guatemala during the summer.

Teresa Barnes spent a fortnight in France during the summer. She is hoping to enter a Physical Education College next year.

During her research year at Exeter University, Marion Crawford gave a talk to the Vth form on her work. She is now at McGill University, having taken up her Rotary Scholarship there.

Elizabeth (Pinkie) Johnstone was playing the juvenile lead in a play called "Irene" at Oxford when Sally Johnson went to see it earlier in the autumn. Sally went backstage to talk to her after the show.

Gillian Whittock (nee Payne) paid a call at the school during October. She is living near London now.

Stella Strange and Gillian Ridgway are at a secretarial college and finishing school near London.

After spending six months in Ulm, and then some weeks in Paris, Susan Marshall Harvey returned to Stover to take her G.C.E. examination in German.

She is now at the Royal Holloway College, London University, where she is reading German.

Mrs. Hunt (nee Hellier) sent a gift to the Sale of Work at the end of term, in aid of school charities.

Kathleen Stewart has a post as secretary to the Senior Tutor at Jesus College, Oxford. Elizabeth was married in April, and she and her husband have a flat overlooking Barnes Common. Helen has begun her training at the Maria Grey Teachers Training College in London.

Jean Illingworth (nee Jackson) is now in Germany with her husband, who is an ear, nose and throat surgeon. She hopes to be able to do part-time nursing there.

She gives us news of a number of her year: Susan Erredge is now married to a Royal Marine. Her name is Quetchett, and they live in Portsmouth. Before Jean left England she had Elizabeth Pleace and Susan Stapleton to stay with her. Susan has a job with an advertising firm. Jean also met Mollie Matson and Felicity Irvine, both at the Middlesex Hospital, and much enjoying their work there. Miss Marriott, the matron, is just back from a visit to Australia.

Angela Gummer wrote to us from South Africa, where she worked with the "Readers Digest" for a time. She had Sally Giles to stay with her for a time. She tells us that Christine had a daughter (Wendy Ann) in August, 1960.

Josephine Alken, Jennifer Piggott, and Jennifer Goodwin came to the Carol Service at Teigngrace Church last December.

Yvonne Grainger is visiting friends in Northern Rhodesia and having a wonderful time. Later this year she will be returning to begin her nursing training in London, at St. Mary's Hospital.

Jenny Himely (now Mrs. Godwin-Austen) and Louise (Mrs. Rees-Webbe) visited us in August, Louise bringing her little daughter to see us. Jenny and her husband will be living in Exeter.

Pamela Gulland (nee Bowstead) and her husband, who does glass-engraving in his spare time, now have a house in Edinburgh overlooking Queen's Park. Celia became engaged some months ago to a Hungarian teacher who came over during the revolution. They were married in August.

Judith Sturges is acting as "lady of the vicarage" to her brother, who has a living in South Shields. In spite of it being very hard work she is enjoying the experience.

Claudia MacConick (nee Varley) now has three daughters, the last one born in January.

Anthea Bickford is working at the Applied Nutrition Rowett Research Institute at Bucksburn, Aberdeen.

Ursula Pridham is with the Cunard Steamship Company, and looks after the shop on the "Queen Mary," a job which she is very happy doing.

Mary Anne King is going to the Middlesex Hospital early next year to take a Physiotherapy course.

Anne Bickley is at Mrs. Hoster's secretarial college. Her home is now in Chertsey, Surrey, as her family have returned from Malaya.

Lynne White is taking a course at the London College of Secretaries.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS FROM PATRICIA PARKIN AND HILARY CLARK

Patricia Parkin has been teaching at Wallop Primary School for three years now, where she has been very happy, but now she is thinking of moving to another to enlarge her experience. She says she loves teaching, and never has a dull moment with a class of 32 infants, and in the summer there are as many as 40. She spent part of the summer holidays touring in North Wales, and in the Easter holidays she had a job as one of the Census Enumerators. This was exhausting, but very interesting, calling on all the different types of people—most of whom were very pleasant and helpful, though a few were rather reluctant to impart all the required information. Others still wanted to tell all their family history! She is learning to ride, and enjoys it very much in

spite of some falls ! She has also learned to drive, and has passed her driving test.

Hilary Clark is in her third year at the Maria Grey Training College (where Helen Stewart has just begun her training), and she feels that more Stover girls should go there, as it is a very up-to-date one. Last summer she took practical Science lessons with a class of very lively eleven-year-olds. Her chief study is Art, and she is doing a lot of painting in oils.

Their final year is fuller than ever, and they are having a fascinating course of lectures on psychology as well as health and the philosophy behind Education. They are also preparing for their final examinations in the summer as the whole of the Spring term they are out on their final teaching practice. She is looking forward to the time when she starts teaching, and hopes to get a post in London for at least a year, gaining experience before going further afield and, if possible, abroad.

The one thing she misses at College is the Carol Service; the Christmas term does not seem complete without it.

CHARLES DICKENS: THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD

Most people at Stover will undoubtedly have read at least one of Charles Dickens' novels this year, either as part of their English syllabus or just for their own pleasure. The books of this remarkable writer still enjoy a ready sale today, nearly after a century after his death; but none of his works have aroused such controversy or speculation as his last novel, "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," which he left half-finished at his death in 1870.

Those who have read the story will certainly need no reminding of it. No one would dispute either that the villainous John Jaspar plotted the death of his nephew or that the two questions posed by the novel are: (1) What happened to Edwin Drood?; and (2) Who is Datchery? But on every other conclusion those who have pondered this problem disagree. The fate of Edwin is still disputed by those who seek to solve the mystery, and they are equally at variance regarding the identity of Dick Datchery.

A careful examination of the external evidence, which consists of statements of persons close to Dickens at the time of his death, brings one to the conclusion that it is unsatisfactory and cannot be relied on. There is no written evidence to support these statements, which are based for the most part on hearsay. The real solution to the mystery lies in the novel itself, but it is incredible to what lengths over-anxious students have gone in order to find it. One was only content with going to India to plough through voluminous literature on thugs and stranglers. And another surveyed every square foot of Rochester (Cloisterham in the story), while another consulted a medium!

Dickens would no doubt be amused and puzzled at these and other attempts to solve the mystery, which has, unfortunately, been too often treated as a detective story, but the would-be detectives have invented the most fantastic problems for themselves. The book is, in fact, exactly what one would have expected from Dickens, an account of the conflict between good and evil. John Jaspar is clearly seen to the reader (though not to all the characters) to be the source of evil which oppresses all his victims, Neville and Helena Landless, Edwin Drood, and Rosa Bud. It is typical of Dickens that the villain always fails, even when he appears to have succeeded. "Nicholas Nickleby" and "Our Mutual Friend" (John Harmon is probably Edwin Drood's predecessor) are good examples. For Jaspar to fail in his schemes and be finally exposed would be very typical of Dickens; but were Jaspar to succeed would mean that Dickens had reversed his moral code, so to speak, much of the novel would be rendered meaningless, and most of the drama eliminated. For Edwin to perish would be as absurd as if Magwitch were to disappear after the opening stages of "Great Expectations," never to return and never to influence any of the other characters. We are told more of Edwin than we are of Magwitch in the opening chapters, and Edwin's relationship with all the other characters, especially his uncle and Rosa, are made very clear. He is as carefully studied as Jaspar, his thoughts, hopes and plans carefully revealed, not to mention his uncertain romance with Rosa, which is described in detail. It is clearly nonsense to imagine that Dickens would describe so carefully a character who was

to be blotted out, and who would thus have no influence over anyone else or play anything but a minor part in the story. No, Edwin is important. He is the centre of the story, the pivot around which the plot revolves. Certainly Dickens would be displaying the most deplorable taste if Edwin were to die unnecessarily just after we are told that all during his conversation with Rosa "the vanity and caprice of youth sustain that handsome figure of Miss Landless in the background of his mind." When he finally parted from Rosa "he did already entertain some wandering speculations whether it might ever come to pass that he would know more of Miss Landless." It is also as well to remember that in none of Dickens' novels is murder committed for the sake of murder. Life was precious and death meaningful to Dickens.

We are left, then, with the only reasonable conclusion—that Jaspar's ghastly scheme failed. However, he clearly thinks he has succeeded as a result of the opium he smokes, which causes strange visions and dreams and makes him incapable, quite often, of separating illusion from reality in his mind. Having possession of Edwin's watch and tie-pin, he would be most likely to panic on discovering that his nephew was missing and throw them into the river in order to conceal a crime he believes he has committed. As he tells the opium woman, he has done the deed "hundreds of times . . . so often and through such expanses of time that when it was really done it seemed not worth the doing, it was done so soon." What seems significant is Mr. Grewgious' visit to Jaspar after the disappearance of Edwin, in order to tell him about the separation of the young couple. The source of this information appears to be **Edwin**, not Rosa:

"One of this young couple, and that one your nephew . . . forebore to tell you the secret . . . and left it to be disclosed by me, when I should come to speak to you and he would be gone. I speak to you, and he is gone."

It is probable that Edwin left the gatehouse on Christmas Eve and, after parting from Neville, met Mr. Grewgious, whom he had been waiting to see before his departure for Egypt; the conversation he has had earlier with the woman "holds to him" (Chap. XIV.). Perhaps he communicated his suspicions to the lawyer and, having no reason to remain in England as his wedding will not take place, he departs, leaving Grewgious the rather uncomfortable task of informing Jaspar of the broken romance. Grewgious obviously knows more than he is prepared to tell anyone. Always suspicious of Jaspar, he tells him his news without mentioning to anyone that he has seen Edwin. Jaspar's violent reaction to the information doubtless decided him to keep his news to himself, in order to observe Jaspar, and possibly prove that he was guilty of attempted murder. Everyone else assumes that Edwin is dead, but the only evidence they have are the watch and tie-pin. It is almost amusing to note the tremendous case that the stupid gossips of Cloisterham build up against the unfortunate Neville. Only Dickens could have described it so delightfully (Chap. XVI.). It is almost certain that Jaspar intended suspicion to fall on Neville. He provoked violent quarrels between him and Edwin and exaggerated Neville's part in them, violent though they were.

This brings us to the problem of Datchery. It is widely accepted that he is one of the other characters in disguise and nearly all of them have been suggested at one time or another as candidate for the position—Mr. Grewgious, Bazzard, Neville Landless, Tartar, Edwin himself, and Helena Landless. The case for Helena is based on the fact that in Ceylon she used to disguise herself as a boy, and her passionate devotion to her brother. Neville is more convincing; he is not seen by Rosa or the company in London at Helena's own suggestion, she could have been concealing his absence from them. He has the strongest motive—to clear his name—and his need for a disguise is obvious. It is difficult to imagine either Bazzard or Grewgious carrying off the part. Tartar was in London at the wrong time. Edwin himself is perhaps the most convincing, at any rate one can imagine him playing the part of the bland Datchery better than any of the others. Possibly he shadowed his uncle at Grewgious' suggestion. In this case the lapse of six months between the disappearance of Edwin and the appearance of Datchery in Cloisterham assumes a new significance.

One can only assume the fate of the other characters. Jaspar's exposure

is certain. It has been said that Helena married Crisparkle, and that, under the tuition of that good man, Neville became the steadfast, responsible person that his sister had always been. It is probable that Rosa married Tartar, or was reunited with Edwin (as in the plot first suggested by Dickens). Knowing Dickens' happy knack of making the conclusion of his tales right for everyone, it was quite possibly so.

Whatever conclusion the readers may come to over the mystery, they will find that this most interesting and exciting of Dickens' novels remains as vivid and realistic today as it was almost a century ago. Certainly the ancient town of Rochester will always be associated with the fiery Landlesses, the young ladies of Miss Twinkleton's establishment, the rather comical figures of Mr. Grewgious and the Mayor, the wild, fiendish John Jasper and his nephew, Edwin Drood.

ANONYMOUS.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER FROM CHRISTINE POWELL-DAVIES

6th March, 1961.

It seems impossible to believe that I have been here a year and done so much. After completing my Midwifery training and taking a private case (Jean Metcalfe and Cliff Michelmore's baby), I returned to the Westminster as Staff Midwife. Then, in April last year, I came out here, under a two-year contract to the European hospital.

Things are never what you imagine they will be, and Nairobi is certainly no exception! The atmosphere and set-up is as cosmopolitan as its population. Certain areas are very much European, with quite smart, though small, shops. Then there are the industrial areas, swarming with Africans and Asians; with the small "Dukas" mainly very dirty, but one gets used to that aspect!

There is an African market, where it is fun to bargain; and meat, flowers and fruit can be obtained cheaply. Nearly everywhere one comes across curio shops, some vastly expensive and others very reasonable. Despite the anxiety over Kenya's future, many firms are branching out, and there are a lot of large buildings, giving Nairobi a very modern outlook. The layout of the town has been well planned, and the wide, six-lane main roads are lined with beautiful, brightly-coloured flowers, mainly bougainvillaeas and jacaranda.

The weather, of course, is wonderful after England; though not nearly as sunny as I had expected. We have been having a severe drought recently but very soon the rains will be here and then the heavens open. Still, it is nice to be able to plan a picnic or day trip and be pretty sure of the weather.

One big disadvantage out here is that it gets dark about 7 p.m. every night. After that no girl goes out unescorted, except by car. However, after several months of feeling very dependent on other people, I now have a dear old rattle-trap car, which I wouldn't be without for anything.

It was lovely to meet up with Mary Powell again. She and her husband were in Nairobi for a time but, unfortunately, Shell moved them up to Kitale after Christmas. Ann, her little girl, is growing up fast. I hear often from Barbara Bretherton (Baker-Beall), who is thoroughly enjoying married life, and her small daughter, Julia.

Since coming to Kenya I have travelled quite a bit. Twice we've been down to the coast, which is approximately 400 miles, for my few days off after night duty. This was well worth the long journey, as it is simply wonderful there. Blue seas and sky, white sands, palm trees, tropical nights, etc.—just as painted by novelists. While there I had my first experience of goggling. We rowed out to sea for about half an hour and then donned goggles, flippers, and schnorkels. Cautiously climbing over the side in mid-ocean, I swam away from the boat. Once I had mastered the art of breathing without drowning it was simply wonderful! We spent an hour in the water, watching the fish swimming below us, the beautiful coral and rocks; altogether a fascinating experience.

A few months ago some friends and I made up a party to go to Treetops. This is another "must" in Kenya and well worth it. The house itself is built on stilts and full of surprises, with branches growing through your tiny bedroom! We were very lucky as, despite being in the rainy season, the sun came out for our photographs. We saw about 70 elephants, 100 buffaloes, two rhinoceros, wart-hog, bush-buck, and water-buck. It was amazing to be able to see them so close.

Mountains are a great fascination here, and I have been lucky enough to see the Aberdares, Kenya, and Kilimanjaro. Several friends have tried to persuade me to climb the latter, but I have desisted, so far! I would like to go up Kenya as far as one can, by Land-Rover, and then walk to see the weird and wonderful vegetation there.

My latest excitement has been a two-week safari in Uganda for my holiday. Two other Sisters and myself covered approximately 2,400 miles in a D.U.K.W. If you could see the state of the roads you would appreciate the achievement! Uganda is tremendously varied, and so are the natives. Europeans are few, as they are not allowed to farm there. The northern part was very hot and dry, and I have never seen so many unattended fires; we had to drive through several. The most lovely part is the south-west, where all is green, and there are ranges of hills and many lakes. We even managed a day trip into Ruanda, getting right to Kisenyi, on Lake Kivu! It is lovely there, so like the French Riviera. It was impossible to believe that the Congolese had been shelling the beaches only five days beforehand.

We spent two nights at both Murchison and Queen Elizabeth Parks. The former was fantastically hot, and large areas destroyed by fire; but the launch trip up the Nile was superb, and I have some excellent slides of the falls. We saw literally hundreds of buffalo, elephant, crocodiles and hippopotami during our stay, though we were disappointed to miss the tree-climbing lion.

All good things come to an end, and it is back to work, which is somewhat dull, I am afraid. We are also getting rapidly more short-staffed, so have to do a lot more night duty. The hospital is modern and in a nice part of the town, fairly high, so it is cool. We are lucky enough to have a small (very cold) swimming pool and two tennis courts.

I am taking part in a lot of singing: (a) the Nairobi Music Society, which is rehearsing for the "Messiah" at Easter; and (b) a group called the Elizabethan Singers, who have a high standard and sing madrigals unaccompanied. There are only nine of us in it; and (c) another informal madrigal group. As you can see, life is pretty busy, and in my spare moments I try to play tennis and am learning Scottish dancing.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER FROM GERALDINE MABIN

July, 1961.

It is now four years since I left Stover, and quite a lot has happened to me since then. I have been at the Rachel McMillan College for two years, and have one more year to do before finding a post somewhere. I shall probably try to find a post in London for the first two years. I have really enjoyed myself here, and shall be very sorry when next year comes although, of course, I shall be glad to be fully independent.

As you probably know, we have a children's home in Kent, at Wrotham, where we spend a term in our second year. I spent the Easter term there, and found it most interesting. Deprived children go there, and remain there for various lengths of time, until they are seven years old. Being deprived of a good home life, they are naturally difficult and hard to manage. Five of these children are probably more trying than a class of thirty-five children, and that

is quite a feat. I am working down at Wrotham for a fortnight until July 30th, this vacation before coming home.

I have not seen many ex-Stover girls recently, which seems surprising, as London appears to be the place where most of us find ourselves. I see quite a lot of Jackie Greenough in the vacations, and went down to her college the other weekend. Every September I have looked out for any familiar faces from Stover that might have come to this college, but so far I have not seen anyone. If anybody is interested in teaching children under eleven years old, I am sure they'd do very well in coming here. I have found Wrotham a most useful experience in getting to know and understand children's behaviour. I believe our College is the only one which has this opportunity available. Of course, the district leaves much to be desired. Deptford couldn't be more of a contrast to Devon! However, we have London on our doorstep and the Kent countryside behind us.

I am studying English as my special subject here. I shall have a busy year next year as we have our final teaching practice in the January term, and final theory papers in June. I am the representative for the University of London Institute of Education Students' Association, which involves going to conferences and generally trying to get better conditions in colleges—our own in particular. I am also president of the Conservative Society, which was rather a surprise, as I have very little knowledge of politics at the moment, so I shall have a lot of reading to do!

MONTREAL

The city of Montreal is an island situated at the cross-roads of the navigation routes linking the head of the Great Lakes inside the North American Continent to the Atlantic Ocean. Here, in a few centuries, the tiny settlement of Ville-Marie, founded in 1641 by Paul Chomedey de Maisonneuve, has grown into the "booming" metropolis of the country.

There are more French-speaking people today in Montreal than in any other city of the world except Paris. About two-thirds of the city's 1,400,000 inhabitants trace back their ancestry to the settlers of New France; some twenty per cent are of British origin, the balance is made up of numerous other nationalities.

Montreal is generally considered to be the largest city in Canada, although Greater Toronto, including many suburbs, sometimes claims to be larger. Greater Montreal in October, 1961, has a population of over two million. The city occupies fifty square miles of territory, or 32,000 acres. It is thirteen miles in length along the St. Lawrence River, and stretches up to nine miles across the island to Des Prairies River.

Montreal has the distinction of being the only great city in North America built around a wooded mountain. Jacques Cartier, discoverer of Canada, climbed the mountain in 1535 and named it "Mont Royal," a designation which has been retained through four centuries of history and changes. The Indians called their village Hochelaga, and this name is still used for streets and parks. The mountain rises 763 feet above sea level, and it is the residue of a lofty volcanic peak of the prehistoric geological period. It is now a natural forest of great beauty.

A large cross was erected in 1924. It commemorates the Christian gesture of Maisonneuve, founder of Montreal, who set up a wooden cross on the summit of the mountain on Christmas Day in 1642. It is a monument of steel a hundred feet high, and thirty feet wide at its cross-arm section. Illuminated at night by 240 bulbs, the cross can be seen from a distance of fifty miles. The visitor obtains a comprehensive view of the northern and eastern sections of the city from the lookout at the foot of the cross.

Montreal is the most active sports centre in Canada. No matter what time of the year one may happen to visit the city, there is always a varied programme of sporting entertainment awaiting. Hockey in winter, soccer, baseball and racing in summer, football in the fall, are among the many attractions for crowds of enthusiastic spectators. There is also ski-ing, curling, tennis, golf, yachting, swimming, and other equally enjoyable sports. Unfortunately, lacrosse, which was once Canada's national game, is played only by a few students in some of the small colleges.

Because of its cosmopolitan character, its bi-lingual culture, and the enriching cultures of many European and Asiatic groups, Montreal is an important tourist centre. It has its "Soho," its "Mayfair," its parks, stately homes, and so on. There are numerous night clubs, famous restaurants and cinemas, but relatively few theatres. There are, however, at least a dozen professional theatre groups which put on plays in French or English. Visiting groups from London, New York, and Paris perform plays and musical comedies already made famous in those cities. A new Place d' Arts is being built, and here operas and a wide range of live theatrical performances will be offered to eager audiences.

Perhaps, if you visit Montreal, you will stand at the corner of Peel Street and St. Catherine Street and watch the crowds go by. They say if you wait about fifteen minutes, no matter if you come from Devon or Timbuktoo, you are bound to see someone you know. There's only one way to test this saying: visit Montreal and see for yourself.

PENELOPE ROBERTSON.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER FROM ANNE BULPIN

Lausanne, Switzerland.

October, 1961.

I am enjoying my course here, but find it very different from Stover, after being there with you for so long, but I am very happy. We all study an intensive French course, and any other languages that we wish. I am doing Spanish and German, so my time is well filled. We also study French art and literature. French is spoken at meals and, of course, all lessons are taught in French, so we have plenty of practice.

There are girls here from all parts of the world. Fortunately, there are only three English girls, although nearly everyone speaks it. Spanish is also fairly common, since we have girls from Peru, Colombia, Costa Rica, Mexico, and a Portuguese girl. All the different nationalities makes it very interesting. There is one Siamese girl from Bangkok, who thinks she knows Chongkolnee's sister. It is amazing how small the world is.

I share a very nice room with a Peruvian, an American, and a Canadian; all very nice girls. We have a lot of fun together.

Last week we were taken to see "La Tosca," done by an excellent Italian company. It was most enjoyable. We have also been to a Greek ballet, which was interesting, but not as good. Next week we are going to a concert.

The weather here is wonderful. We have had rain only three or four times in the five weeks I have been here. It is still really warm, quite unlike the autumns I am used to.

After Christmas we spend three months in the mountains ski-ing, as well as having our lessons. Next month I believe we are having skating lessons. It should all be a wonderful experience for me.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER FROM MARION CRAWFORD

I am sharing a flat in a huge new eleven-storied apartment building with three other English girls, all of whom are teachers who came to Montreal on the same boat with me but whom I met after my arrival. (One of them knew Naddathong Thong-yai, as she trained at Ambleside).

We have made some good friends in a charming Canadian couple, who had us to stay for Thanksgiving weekend, and took us for two wonderful drives to see the autumn colours. We went over 300 miles in one day, through the Adirondack mountains in New York State. It was beautiful country, and the trees had turned unbelievable colours—yellow, orange, and reds that were simply glowing. It was very good weather; hot sun and blue skies, which made a lovely contrast. We all took heaps of colour-slides, but nothing can reproduce the colour.

Montreal is a very exciting place. It is about sixty-five per cent French-speaking, and all signs, etc., are printed in both languages. Apart from French and English, there are a great many Jews, Italians, Hungarians, Poles, and Germans. Thus there are dozens of restaurants and queer little shops catering for the different nationalities. There are great extremes in that there are many people who are very wealthy (I have a friend who is selling gold bath plugs!), and many people who are very poor. The main trouble seems to be that the climate is so severe in winter that building labourers, etc., are laid off. We have heard terrible things about the winter, and are desperately trying to find linings for our overcoats to keep out the wind. Last year, apparently, there was an ice-storm—freezing rain which broke all the electricity cables, etc.

The roads here are all either at right-angles or parallel to each other. Thus distance is measured in number of blocks, east or west, etc., so the core of the city, more or less, consists of three streets parallel to each other. The southernmost one, nearest to the river, is Dorchester Street, which is full of big hotels and office blocks, with two new skyscrapers of 42 storeys going up, which will be the highest buildings in the Commonwealth. Then St. Catherine Street, which is the shopping centre, with two or three large stores, not as nice as our London shops, and heaps of cinemas, restaurants, and other little shops. And then Sherbrooke Street, which is a lovely street, lined with trees and parks, churches, museums, little boutique shops, and the University. So Montreal is full of contrasts.

I find the University is quite different from English Universities. McGill has 7,000 undergraduates. The "campus" is rather attractive, but the buildings are nearly all Victorian and dark in the extreme. The emphasis is on Sociology in all our method and very little on theory, which is the reverse of Exeter. The people in my group come from many different Universities in different countries, and it is very interesting to see the different ideas, but they take up such a lot of time that I, for one, have not yet been able to get down to my research. I am going to do a comparative study on working mothers. I have done a few interviews as a pilot study, and found the people very friendly and co-operative, so I think I shall enjoy it as much as I did in Exeter. It is quite extraordinary to me how many married women come back to the University to take degrees of one sort or another. As one of them said, she would either be playing bridge or taking a course, so she may as well be taking a course!

Life is much more free here, and the standard of living is so much higher that ordinary people can do more things than they do in England. So many people that we have met go abroad for two months every summer and seem to think nothing of it. Ski-ing, apparently, is very popular in the winter, and there is heaps to choose from in the world of entertainment, although very little in the way of live theatre or good music.

One day we went on a 'bus tour to see the St. Lawrence Seaway and an Indian village. The Seaway is a marvellous piece of engineering. They raised a bridge fifteen feet with the traffic still going over it ! The Indian village was really very amusing. It was very commercialized, with souvenir stalls and a big notice saying "Bingo Tonight." Chief Poking Fire and his clan did a pow-wow for us, which was rather fun, but there were very few pure-bred Indians around. They apparently work on steel construction, as they are good at heights, and earn enough money to buy huge American cars ! They live on ground given them by the Government about two hundred years ago, and pay no taxes, etc., but get no vote.

