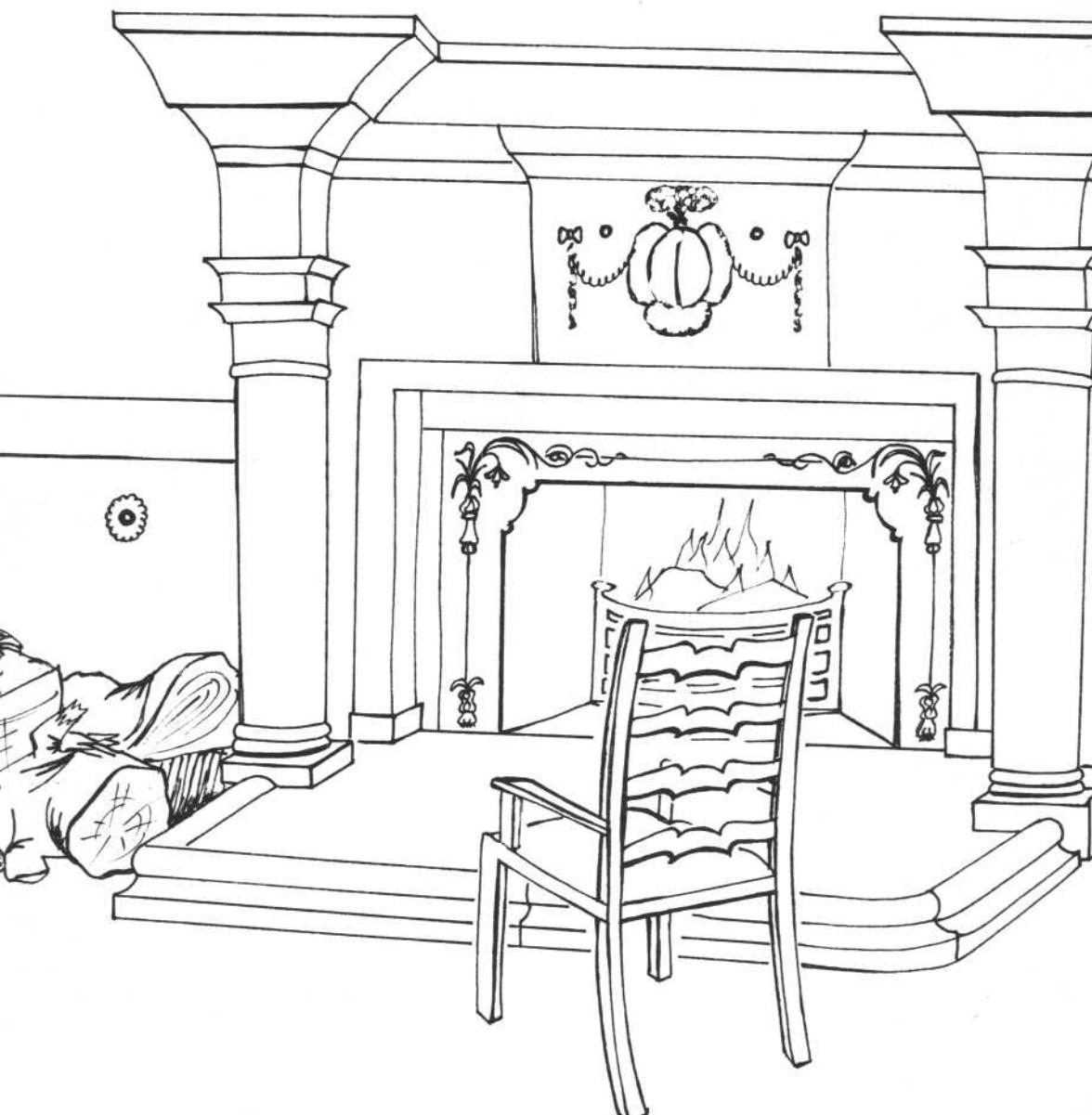


STOVER



STOVER SCHOOL  
MAGAZINE  
1986



## **Stover's 1986 Gymnastics Team**

*(left to right)–Helen Shillabeer, Emma Fordham, Katrina Jones, Katherine Wills, Annabel Kay, Charlotte Scourfield, Samantha McDowell, Bryony Horncastle, Karen Evans, Bryony Horne, Selina Hague, Charlotte Greaves, Sarah Rogers.*

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# School Offices

Head Girl: Jill Goaman  
Deputy Head Girl: Charlotte Vere

## Prefects

Laura Allison  
Helen Downing  
Tara Lawrence  
Karin Schulze  
Josephine Southall  
Kathryn Watson  
Belinda Burgess  
Sally Churchward  
Gail Fello  
Wendy Insole  
Kim Mills  
Lola Ntamila  
Iona Stevenson  
Charlotte Trinick  
Katherine Winsor

## Elizabeth House

House Captain: Laura Allison  
Vice House Captain: Karin Schulze  
Games Captain: Charlotte Vere

## Mary House

House Captain: Kathryn Watson  
Games Captain: Amanda Whitbread

## Victoria House

House Captain: Tara Lawrence  
Vice House Captain: Helen Downing  
Games Captain: Kim Maddever

## Bronzes

Lara Booth  
Henrietta Darell-Brown  
Claire Endacott  
Tiffany Evans  
Georgina Pope  
Elizabeth Sobanjo  
Tara Bastin  
Sarah Foster  
Nicola Gibbins

# Headmistress' Foreword

Although it becomes increasingly difficult to single out from the myriad activities the ones which have given me greatest pleasure, I feel that I cannot let this year go by without congratulating our senior girls and their teachers on their examination successes; this year the Honours Board showed the largest number of girls obtaining places at University since the school's foundation. However, Stover also continues to produce other girls whose names do not appear on the Honours Boards but who have distinguished themselves by gaining places in the ever widening range of Higher Education courses. It was therefore I believe particularly appropriate that Miss Emma Nicholson presented the prizes at our annual Speech Day. Miss Nicholson is currently best known for her political activities but her original training was as a musician and she then distinguished herself as a computer consultant and a highly effective professional fund raiser for charity — a better role model for the many facets of life open to to-day's young woman would be hard to find.

I was also personally delighted to have as our soloist at the first Phyllis Dence Memorial Concert, a young woman pianist, Mary Wu, to provide inspiration to our young musicians.

To complete the "all-round" atmosphere of the school it was good to see the first all-female team ever to reach the national finals of a competition testing physical and mental agility, coming from Stover.

I hope you'll enjoy the contributions to the magazine and will gain the different flavours of life in the school which have made this another busy and successful year.

Mrs. W. Lunel

# Examination Results 1985/86

Key: Art - At; Biology - By; Chemistry - Ch; Communications - Cm; Economics - Ec; English Language - El; English Literature - Et; Fashion and Fabrics - Fa; Food and Nutrition - Fo; French - Fr; Geography - Gy; German - Gm; History - Hy; Latin - La; Mathematics - Ma; Music - Mu; Physics - Ph; Religious Studies - Rs; Additional Mathematics - AddMa; Chinese - Ci; Persian - Pe; Afrikaans - Af; Turkish - Tu; A/O General Paper - Gp. \*Indicates grade A.

## Advanced Level

Laura Allison — By, Ch.  
Helen Downing — Et\*, Fr, Hy.  
Jill Goaman — Et, Hy.  
Tara Lawrence — Et, Fr, Hy.  
Kim Maddever — Et, Hy.  
Marie-Lisa McCulloch — By, Gm.  
Geraldine Orton — Fr, Gy, Ma.  
Karin Schulze — Et.  
Josephine Southall — Et, Fr, La, Hy.  
Charlotte Vere — By\*, Ch\*, Ma.  
Kathryn Watson — By\*, Ch, Ma, Ph.  
Amanda Whitbread — Et, Fr.

## Ordinary Level Grades A, B, C and C.S.E. Grade 1 5th Year

Tara Bastin — By, Ch, El\*, Et, Fo, Fr, Gy, Ma, Ph.  
Michelle Bigg — At, Et, Fa.  
Lara Booth — By, El, Et, Fr\*, Gy, Hy, Ma.  
Penny Brenner — At, El, Fr, Ma.  
Ornaree Chularatana — At, By, Et, Fo, Hy, Ma.  
Tara Clifford — At, By, El, Fo, Ma.  
Hermione Copp — At, Et, Fo.  
Henrietta Darell-Brown — At, El, Et, Fo\*, Fr, Gy, Hy\*, La, Ma\*.  
Angela Dawes — At, By, El, Fa\*, Fr, Gy, Hy, Ma.  
Claire Endacott — By, El, Et, Fo, Fr, Gm, Ma.  
Tiffany Evans — At\*, By, Ch, El\*, Et, Fr, Gm, Gy, Ma\*, Ph.  
Charlotte Farrell — At, Et.  
Sarah Foster — At, El, Et, Fo, Fr, Gy, Gm.  
Nicola Gibbins — Fa.  
Lisa Hughes — At\*, By, El, Et, Gy, Gm, Hy, Ma.  
Alice Ireland — El.  
Pat Kamonnawin — At, By, Ch, Fo, Ma\*, Ph.  
Sarah Kendall — El, Et\*, Fo Hy.  
Clare Medland — El, Hy, Gy.  
Angela Moore — At, By, Hy, El.  
Caroline Ntim — By, El, Fo, Fr, Gm, Hy, Ma.  
Gaynor Offer-Hoar — At\*, Et, Fo, Hy, Ma.  
Emma Peter-Hoblyn — By, El, Et, Fa, Fo, Gy, Hy\*, Ma.  
Melonie Pring — At, El.  
Tracey Shaw — El, Et.  
Elizabeth Sobanjo — By, Ch, El, Et, Fo, Fr, Gm, Ma, Ph.  
Priscilla Summers — Fa.  
Verity Walker — At\*, By, Et, Gy, Hy.  
Elaine Yeung — At, Ch, Ma\*, Ci\*.

## 4th Year

Dawn Harris — Fr.  
Fiona Law — Ma\*.  
Nora Lo — Ma\*.  
Alexandra Mak — Ma\*, Ci.

## 3rd Year

Hazel Cheung — Ma.

## 6th Form

Laura Allison — AddMa, Gp.  
Aysen Bulbuloglu — Pe\*.  
Belinda Burgess — At.  
Clare Chamberlain — Ch.  
Sally Churchward — Ec\*, AddMa.  
Helen Downing — Gp.  
Rachel Gibbs — Cm.  
Jill Goaman — Gp.

Tara Lawrence — Gp.  
Marie-Lisa McCulloch — AddMa, Gp.  
Kim Maddever — Gp.  
Kim Mills — Ec, BY.  
Lola Ntamila — AddMa.  
Geraldine Orton — Gp.  
Joanne Robertson — El, Af.  
Rachel Sandford — Cm\*.  
Karin Schulze — Gp.  
Charlotte Smith — Fa.  
Iona Stevenson — At\*, Cm\*.  
Charlotte Trinick — Ec, El, Fo.  
Charlotte Vere — Gp\*.  
Hulya Yuceler — Pe\*.

## A.E.B. Certificate of Arithmetic

\*indicates a merit  
Tara Bastin\*  
Michelle Bigg  
Penelope Brenner\*  
Tara Clifford\*  
Charlotte Farrell  
Sarah Foster  
Nicola Gibbins  
Lisa Hughes  
Clare Medland\*  
Angela Moore  
Gaynor Offer-Hoar  
Tracey Shaw  
Wendy Smith\*  
Priscilla Summers\*  
Verity Walker\*

## A.E.B. Certificate of Life Skills

Belinda Burgess  
Clare Chamberlain  
Elizabeth Chan  
Sally Churchward  
Sarah Conway  
Samantha Dawe  
Gail Ffello  
Rachel Gibbs  
Wendy Insole  
Kim Mills  
Lola Ntamila  
Joanne Robertson  
Rachel Sandford  
Iona Stevenson  
Charlotte Trinick  
Katherine Winsor  
Hulya Yuceler  
Jill Goaman  
Marie-Lisa McCulloch  
Karin Schulze

## A.E.B. Certificate of Basic English

Elizabeth Chan  
Sarah Conway\*  
Samantha Dawe\*  
Rachel Gibbs\*  
Joanne Robertson\*  
Rachel Sandford\*  
Charlotte Trinick\*

# Paignton Festival 1986

## VERSE

### 13 years

Paula Wills — Distinction  
Elizabeth Richards — Merit

### 14/15 years

Catriona Lane — Distinction  
Sarah Guggenheim — Merit  
Selina Hague — Merit

### 16 years+

Charlotte Vere — Honours  
(Verse Speaking Cup)

## HUMOROUS VERSE

### 12/13 years

Nicola Pillar — Merit  
Elizabeth Richards — Merit  
Lisa Smart — Merit  
Claire Trippier — Merit

### 14/15 years

Catriona Lane — Distinction  
Vicky Wright — Distinction  
Sarah Guggenheim — Merit  
Victoria Hope — Merit  
Charlotte Johnson-King — Merit  
Julie Look — Merit

## LYRIC

### 12/13 years

Elizabeth Richards — Merit  
Paula Wills — Merit

## PROSE SPEAKING

### 13/14 years

Selina Hague — Distinction  
(The Dart Cup)

### 15/16 years

Julie Look — Merit

## PROSE READING

### 14/15 years

Julie Look — Merit  
Nicolette Milligan — Merit

### 16 years

Charlotte Vere — Honours

## SIGHT READING

### 12/16 years

Pamla Wills — Merit

### 16 years+

Kim Mills — Distinction  
Charlotte Vere — Distinction

## BIBLE READING

### 12/15 years

Elizabeth Richards — Merit  
Paula Wills — Merit

### 15 years+

Julie Look — Merit  
Charlotte Vere — Merit

## SOLO MIME

### 12/16 years

Selina Hague — Merit  
Victoria Hope — Merit  
Elizabeth Richards — Merit  
Victoria Wright — Merit

## SOLO DRAMA (not Shakespeare)

### 12/15 years

Sarah Guggenheim — Merit  
Catriona Lane — Merit

# Lambda

## SPEECH — Verse and Prose

### Grade V

Selina Hague — Pass

### Grade VI

Fiona McKinnon — Pass  
Claire Trippier — Pass

### Grade VII

Nicola Pillar — Pass  
Paula Wills — Pass  
Lisa Tope — Distinction  
Victoria Wright — Distinction

### Bronze

Wendy Smith — Pass  
Tara Clifford — Pass

## ACTING

### Mime — Grade 1

Gemma Caunter — Honours

### Grade II

Selina Hague — Distinction  
Fiona McKinnon — Pass  
Claire Trippier — Pass

### Grade III

Paula Wills — Pass

### Grade IV

Tamzin Way — Honours

### Grade V

Victoria Hope — Pass

## READING

### Grade II

Katrina Pedlar — Distinction

### Grade II — (spoken English)

Caroline Bailey — Pass

**English Speaking****Senior Grade II**

Catriona Lane — Distinction  
 Emma Bridge — Credit  
 Lisa Smart — Credit  
 Nicolette Milligan — V.G. Pass  
 Joanna Helme — V.G. Pass  
 Helen Jeffery — Good Pass  
 Lucinda Reed — Good Pass

**Senior Grade III**

Victoria Hope — Distinction  
 Tamzin Way — Distinction

**English as an Acquired Language****Intermediate Grade III**

Aysen Bulbuloglu — Credit  
 Ornaree Chularatana — Credit  
 Pat Kammonawia — Credit  
 Hulya Yuceler — Credit  
 Elizabeth Chan — V.G. Pass  
 Hazel Cheung — V.G. Pass

## Pitman Typing Examination Results

1985/86

**Elementary**

Aysen Bulbuloglu  
 Elizabeth Chan  
 Fiona Charlesworth  
 Sarah Conway  
 Samantha Dawe  
 Gail Fello  
 Rachel Gibbs  
 Wendy Insole  
 Rachel Sandford  
 Charlotte Trinick  
 Hulya Yuceler

**Intermediate**

Laura Allison  
 Aysen Bulbuloglu  
 Fiona Charlesworth  
 Sally Churchward — First Class  
 Sarah Conway  
 Gail Fello  
 Rachel Gibbs  
 Wendy Insole — First Class  
 Rachel Sandford — First Class  
 Karin Schulze — First Class  
 Charlotte Trinick — First Class  
 Magdalen Woolcombe — First Class  
 Hulya Yuceler

**Advanced**

Charlotte Vere — First Class

**Shorthand**

Wendy Insole — 50 wpm  
 Charlotte Trinick — 50 wpm

**Associated Board of the Royal Schools of Music examination results:**

Louise Cumbley — Flute Grade 3.  
 Karen Evans — Flute Grade 4.  
 Jane Long — Violin Grade 3 and Grade 4 with Merit, Piano Grade 5, Theory Grades 4 and 5.  
 Justina Cutting — Piano Grade 4 with Merit, Theory Grades 2 and 3.  
 Lisa Bairstow — Piano Grade 3, Theory Grade 5, Singing Grade 2 with Merit.  
 Lucie Brewis — Piano Grade 1.  
 Emma Bruce — Piano Grade 5.  
 Kerry Chapman — Flute Grade 4.  
 Keri Cleave — Piano Grade 4, Theory Grade 5.  
 Lavinia Crenier-Price — Piano Grade 2, Theory Grade 2.  
 Emma Fordham — Piano Grade 3.  
 Tracey Fowler — Piano Grade 1, Theory Grade 1.  
 Katie Griffin — ' Cello Grade 1.  
 Sarah Hearsey — Piano Grade 3 with Merit.  
 Kathryn Lang — Flute Grade 5  
 Rebecca Miller — Singing Grade 2.  
 Christine O'Keefe — Singing Grade 2 with Merit.  
 Elizabeth Richards — Theory Grade 1.  
 Charlotte Wade — Violin Grade 2.  
 Elizabeth White — Violin Grade 1 Theory Grade 1,  
 Kate Willcocks — Piano Grade 2 Theory Grade 2.  
 Louise Winchester — Theory Grade 1  
 Ornaree Chularatana — Piano Grade 3.  
 Tiffany Evans — Bassoon Grade 4.  
 Lisa Hughes — Theory Grades 1 and 2.  
 Pat Kammonawia — Piano Grade 3.  
 Gaynor Offer-Hoar — Theory Grade 3.  
 Elaine Yeung — Theory Grade 6 with distinction.  
 Rachel Gibbs — Theory Grade 2, Flute Grade 5, Recorder Grade 5.  
 Charlotte Vere — Clarinet Grade 6.

# Prizewinners

## Form and Improvement Prizes

Form IM Form Prize — Louise Cumbley. Improvement Prize — Georgina Hague.  
 Form IR Form Prize — Charlotte Greaves. Improvement Prize — Binta Singhateh.  
 Form IJ Form Prize — Caroline Taylor. Improvement Prize — Rebecca Rice.  
 Form IY Form Prize — Karen Evans. Improvement Prize — Lucie Brewis.  
 Form IIIB Form Prize — Jane Long. Improvement Prize — Nicola Sewell.  
 Form IIIE Form Prize — Joanna Horncastle. Improvement Prize — Lucy Pratt.  
 Form IVT Form Prize — Justina Cutting. Improvement Prize — Penelope Colston.  
 Form IVD Form Prize — Victoria Hope. Improvement Prize — Sarah Guggenheim.

Junior Sports Girl

Charlotte Scourfield

Jameson Cup

Karin Schulze

Partridge Cup (Sports girl of the Year)

*(Presented in the Summer Term)*

Sarah Conway

## School Awards

Connell Sandhurst Cup

Kathryn Watson

Head Girl's Prize for the Year 1985-86

Jill Goaman

## The following pupils from the Upper VIth have accepted places for courses of Further Education commencing Autumn 1986 and '87:

L. Allison

Leicester Polytechnic (Knitwear Technology)

H. Downing

Sussex University (Int. Relations/French) '87

J. Goaman

Cambridge College of Arts & Technology (HND Business Studies) '87

T. Lawrence

University of East Anglia (French/English) '87

G. Orton

Swansea University (Geography)

J. Southall

Lampeter University (Philosophy)

C. Vere

University College, London (Engineering)

K. Watson

University of Wales, Cardiff (Medicine)

M. L. McCulloch

Dorset Institute of Higher Education (HND Business Studies & Tourism)

A. Whitbread

Humberside (B.Ed.) '87

# Phyllis Dence

# Memorial Concert

On a pleasant June evening a capacity audience attended the inaugural Phyllis Dence Memorial Concert.

The South West Mozart Players under the direction of the County Music Adviser Antony Le Fleming gave polished performances of music ranging from Boyce to a charmingly arranged tribute to Gershwin. The orchestra was joined by Mary Wu for Mozart's Piano Concerto K414 and after Elgar's "Serenade for Strings" the evening ended with the well-known and thoroughly enjoyed Capriol Suite of Peter Warlock.

The second Memorial Concert will take place on Saturday July 4th and will be given by the clarinetist Emma Johnson who was the BBC Young Musician of the Year in 1984.

# House Reports

## Queen Elizabeth

After losing the cup for the first time in several years in the summer term, Queen Elizabeth returned to its almost traditional victory this autumn.

Success on the sports field has been minimal (we did win the Inter-House Badminton Competition!) but this has been counter-balanced by two enthusiastic sports captains, Charlotte Vere and Katrina Jones. Physical ability may not be our strong point, although I have hopes for this summer's tennis team with the arrival of two County players in the first year. As a House it would seem our ability is academic, congratulations for an overall impressive set of Examinations marks from the 1st to 11th year.

Our weekly House assembly has been a continual source of culture, education and fun, with themes ranging from the poetry of the First World War to Jonathan Livingston Seagull and Neil Diamond.

Thanks to Miss Young and all those in the House who contribute each week — those who have not yet done so, get thinking for next term!

Kim Mills

## Queen Mary

Summer 1986 and, under the guidance of Amanda Whitbread and Katie Watson, Mary's success rate continued to rise. The end of the Easter term had seen us win both the General Knowledge Competition and gain 1st place in the Drama Competition. With special performances by the Sixth Form, of course, performing a pseudo-Victorian rural Melodrama and the 11th and 12th forms stunning us with their interpretation of Oscar Wilde's "The Importance of Being Ernest" — our enthusiasm was spurred on to reach even greater heights.

The number of people, especially Junior's gaining AAA athletic awards was stunningly high and matched with zealous performances in the swimming gala and rounders competition. Musicians who participated in the charity concert, and the usual grade and exam marks pushed us towards the final triumph of winning the House Cup — an amazing treat for all Mary leavers

Unfortunately Charlotte Trinick, Fyonah Hastings and I have not quite reached such pinnacles yet, after marginally losing the House Cup in the Autumn Term. However, we did win both Junior and Senior Netball Competitions and were runners up in the Badminton. Again there were an excellent number of BAGA awards, with special congratulations.

However, we are already in the Easter Term with half the school year over and our new members have yet to indulge in the delights of this year's Drama Competition — any ideas, please? Everyone is already eagerly planning sequences for the Gym Competition; hopefully our new mat bought with money raised from the bazaar will have arrived. I hope there will not be too many accidents in the Lacrosse tournament — I think we've got a few secret weapons (i.e. good players) to use here! For those of us who are slightly less energetic, the intellectual (!) General Knowledge Quiz also lies ahead. All in all, a busy term with the hope of victory.

Good luck to everyone and remember to both work and play hard. Also thanks to our excellent Staff Captain, Miss Pappin for all her help and guidance (or should I say perseverance?)

Sally Churchward

## Victoria

Victoria has upheld the tradition of not winning the House Cup, but winning on the Sports field, including the Tennis tournament, Swimming and dominating the Athletic's field.

September 1986 saw the retirement of Victoria's Head of House, Mr Taylor, who inspired us all for many years with his unfathomable enthusiasm. Miss Elizabeth Evans has taken over this coveted position.

Members of Victoria have been involved in a wide range of activities, the emphasis being upon character development rather than academic achievement, although I will at this point show concern for some girls who seem to have "over-developed" their character.

The Juniors have all achieved gymnastic awards which reflects the standard of the school team. Acrobatics have also become popular and the juniors have further achieved awards in this field.

Some senior girls have been involved in other sporting activities, such as the "Get Out of that Competition", Netball, Lacrosse, Gymnastics and Modern Dance. Other members of the fifth year have participated in the Public Speaking Competition, Drama and Elocution Performances of "Black-eyed Susan" in the Summer Term, and "Carrots" in the Autumn Term saw a large "Victorian" participation — and not only by those who take Drama and Public Speaking as an extra activity.

The House has continued to enjoy a full complement of prefects and bronzes, so we hope to go on to a still more successful future.

Belinda Burgess

## 'What to do Next?'

This year there has been a wide selection of after-school activities in progress. All boarders are involved in these, as well as many day-girls. The following list gives an indication of the choice available — spoilt for choice?!

- Badminton — both Junior and Senior Clubs
- Car Maintenance and Driving — for fifth and sixth forms
- Cookery Club — for those Juniors who do not have cookery lessons
- Debating Society — for the Senior School
- Drama Club — this year specifically for the Senior School
- Duke of Edinburgh Award Scheme — open to all
- Gymnastics — both Junior and Senior Clubs
- Keep Fit — specifically for the sixth form
- Lacrosse Club — Practice session for the School teams
- Needlework and Craft — open to all
- Netball — practice and match sessions for the School teams
- Outdoor Pursuits — open to all who enjoy the regions of Dartmoor
- Pottery Club — open to Juniors and Seniors
- Swimming Club — open to all at Torquay Pool
- Table Tennis — open to all
- Circuit Training and Athletics
- Cricket — for 5th and 6th Forms



# rama

## “Black Ey’d Susan”



### Cast

William	Charlotte Vere
Susan	Magdalen Woollcombe
Doggrass	Kim Maddever
Gnatbrain	Jill Goaman
Dolly	Karen Schulze
Captain Crosstree	Tara Lawrence
Hatchet	Clare Chamberlain
Raker	Amanda Whitbread
Jacob Twig	Helen Downing
Admiral	Iona Stevenson
Blue Peter	Charlotte Trinick
Seaweed	Sally Churchward
Quid	Katy Watson
Ploughshare	Belinda Burgess
Lieutenant Pike	Fyonah Hastings
Lieutenant	Susan Andrea
Sailor	Marie-Lisa McCulloch
Sailors' girlfriends	Geraldine Orton
	Laura Allison, Sarah-Jayne Maxwell
Smugglers	Lisa Bairstow, Fiona Case,
	Sarah Hearsey, Charlotte Johnson-
	King, Katie Jones, Heloise Masters,
	Susie Parker, Emily Robins



"First performed in 1829 and rarely performed since". However when the Stover Drama enthusiasts faced the annual dilemma of choosing a play for the end of year production "Black E'yd Susan" was once again unearthed and tentatively presented to us by Mrs Jorgensen. "As You Like It" and "The Ticket of Leave Man" had been other possibilities, both unanimously rejected after a few rehearsals, so it was to everyone's relief when the Upper VI finally gave their seal of approval and casting of characters and rehearsals could begin.

"Black E'yd Susan" is a nautical melodrama with a gripping tale of "virtue beset by avarice and lust" and of "heroism challenged by evil and corruption". Casting of the characters fortunately presented few difficulties as the majority of the characters could have been specifically manufactured for certain individuals! Magdalen Woolcombe adopted with ease the heart-rendering role of poor, beautiful Black E'yd Susan and Charlotte Vere seemed equally well qualified to be her heroic husband returning from the sea in the "nick of time" to save her from the evil clutches of Doggrass performed all too convincingly by Kim Maddever.

Being a melodrama we, as the actors were aiming to "bring a lump to the throat, tears to the eyes and laughter to the lips" of the audience — on retrospect all emotions felt by ourselves during our somewhat entertaining rehearsals. The preparation of the sword fight is particularly memorable — supposedly a scene at the height of tension and drama as Lt. Pike and his smugglers are confronted, however it refused to progress



beyond confusion and chaos. Fortunately as always everything materialised all too realistically on "the night" as barrels rolled into the audience and swords broke in half leaving jagged edges to be probed menacingly close to the opposing pirate.

Tara Lawrence's performance as a drunken Captain Crosstree must also be commended for its apparent authenticity, many parents enquiring exactly how she managed to master the act to such a fine degree!

The music, without which a melodrama would be incomplete, provided some amusing moments. No matter how convincing the act, it is impossible to completely capture the essence of evil when entering a scene to the music of "Oh what a beautiful morning", as Hatchet and Raker soon discovered! These are just a few of the more memorable moments from behind the scenes, are soon forgotten by onlookers but are forever ingrained on the memories of the cast.

Thanks, as always, to everyone involved in the production.

Iona Stevenson

# Carrots

The audience went silent as the show began,  
 As the opening song the choir sang.  
 The orphans walked on all forlorn,  
 Dressed in clothing tattered and torn.  
 As dawn broke,  
 The children awoke.  
 Planning the day in their mind,  
 Sharing everything they do find.  
 Then Doctor Barnardo strolled on at a pace,  
 And Carrots stole his precious case.  
 The Doctor thought that school was the only solution,  
 The boys thought school was just pollution.  
 And at last Barnardo's dreams came true,  
 But for Carrots, his days were very few.

Patricia Hunt



To sketch the basic outline of "Carrots" briefly — it's a musical about a cheeky, red headed orphan whose death convinces Dr. Barnardo that a home must be set up for the orphans who live in the back streets of London. "Carrots" provided lively entertainment with the excellent contrast between the high jinks of the orphans and the sad death of Carrots. The songs and dance added to the interest of the storyline to make a very enjoyable musical.



# The French Trip

by members of the 2nd and 3rd years

The wet morning did not dampen our spirits as we set off by coach for the ferry last April. Our hotel called "Hotel Ar Redermor", Brignogon, Brittany. We visited a flower festival and when a group of us tried out our French accent by asking where the toilet was we were handed some double glazing brochures! We visited Concarneau, (a large fishing village) and Quimper.

L'île de Baty was a small island off the coast. We all hired bikes to tour round the island. There was no danger of crazy French drivers because there were no cars, only tractors and seaweed. We went to a French Hypermarket on the last day to stock up for the rough journey back.

Thanks to Miss Evans, Mrs Morgan and Mrs Ruddick.

Kate Willcocks & Gemma Caunter IIID



*Whole in One!*

*Mrs Morgan and Miss Evans getting their teeth into some French culture*

# French Cuisine Trip

(Autumn 1986)



## Day 1

We left school in the middle of the night, bleary-eyed and full of excitement. Our first stop was along the motorway, where we met the other school in our party from Stowbridge, near Birmingham.

We then travelled on to Folkestone where we caught the ferry to Boulogne. We went to our hotel where we were met by Maurice, our courier for the holiday. We then experienced our first first taste of French cuisine . . . and it didn't agree with a few of us! After the meal we went to explore the town and "Les garçons de la ville", with whom we practiced our French.

## Day 2

After the filling breakfast of rolls and hot chocolate, we had our first lesson on wine and cheese from the Chef Michelle. A few people were tested at the end of the lesson on what they were taught, each receiving a chef's hat . . . including "moi-même!"

In the afternoon we travelled to the goat farm, where we saw different types of goats and how goat cheese is made.

The farmer's five year old son insisted on kicking the goats and throwing straw at anything that moved, including us!

In the evening we went to the leisure centre, where we had the chance of showing off our skills in the ice rink or the swimming pool . . . In my case not very successfully!

## Day 3

Today we had a lesson on beef bourginion and moules marinez, which we had for our lunch. After this delicious meal we went to Étaples (Fish market) where a few of us learnt the tricky art of filleting fish. After the journey back to the hotel we prepared ourselves for the disco in the evening, where with a mixture of French and English music we danced the night away!

## Day 4

The final lesson was about bread and how to make a croissant. The chef then gave us a surprise and told us we had to toss pancakes, which most of us found very embarrassing!

Then we went to a seaside resort called Toquet. In the evening we went to the leisure centre, where some met their French friends and conversed yet again — we were becoming quite fluent by this time!



## Day 5

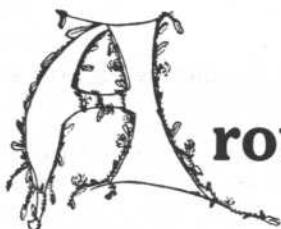
Today we went to the bakers and saw how bread was made. The baker gave us all a chocolate croissant and a French stick, which we devoured at lunch time with cheese and crisps. We then bought our last minute shopping at Boulogne, and went back to the hotel, where we said our goodbyes.

We had our presentation followed by the disco. We had trouble getting our French friends in, but as the saying goes, it was "alright on the night".

## Day 6

With an early breakfast and packed cases we left the hotel and said goodbye to France. Later on we had another tearful goodbye with our new friends from Birmingham. We then travelled back to school and to bed, exhausted after a great cuisine trip!!

Stacey Rogers & Karen Mortimer



## round the World . . .”

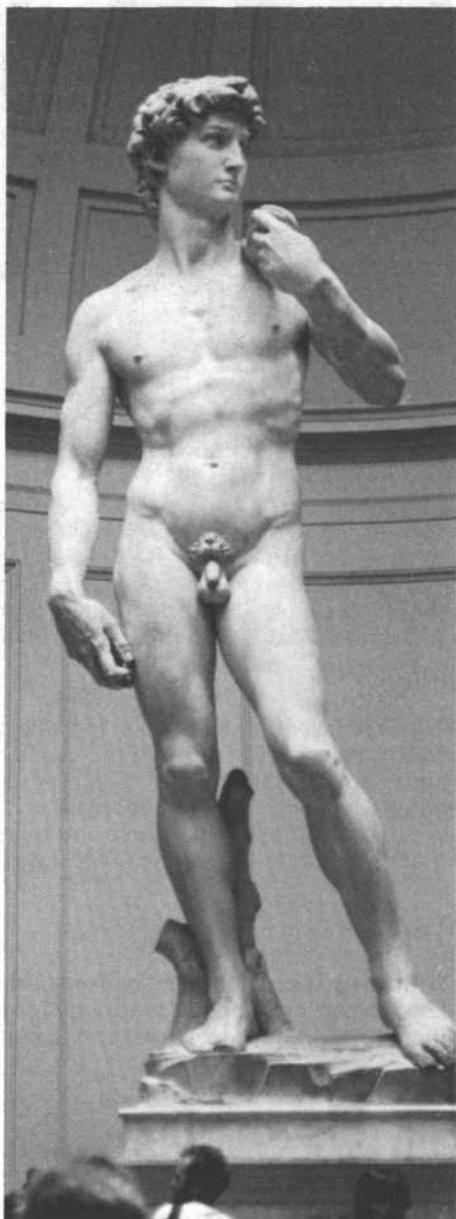
— every time the holidays arrive, those of us left behind in England's cold and grey climate envy those girls who jet away to the warm, sunny corners of the globe. Here is a small selection of the destinations of some of our sixth formers . . .

### Sunny Italy

“Good food and wine, history and fun and a delightful climate” is the description of Italy found in the travel brochures. What they fail to mention is the overwhelming generosity and hospitality found among the Italians everywhere you go. The Italians are immensely proud of their country and take every opportunity to share it with you. Living over there for only 6 months our family experienced a meal being paid for by a complete stranger, invitations to join parties and countless free drinks, not to mention a free trip on a gondola in Venice to see the sights!

The Italians take their food and drink extremely seriously as is illustrated by countless restaurants and cafés, always full and centres of activity, they will often start lunch at 12.00 and still be found sitting there at 3.00 as they savour each course and sit watching life go by. A large number of the restaurants are run by one family and it is here that you really experience Italian life. They will insist upon you trying the traditional dishes of pasta, pizarro and their vast assortment of ice cream, followed by a capuccino and occasionally a small glass of Amaretto or Amaro — highly acclaimed Italian liqueurs!

Time in Italy is of little importance, although everything, other than the restaurants, will always close down punctually at 1.00 for the Siesta and life stands still to the extent that the greeting “Good afternoon” (“Buon pomeriggio”), although existing in the dictionaries, has become obsolete. However, although they will sit on their chairs outside their houses or in the Piazzas for hours on end, once on the roads the Italians are maniacs — one way streets have lost any meaning and despite more than 3 police-forces law and order is almost non-existent.



Michelangelo's David, Florence



*The familiar 'Leaning Tower', Pisa*

Italy is, among other things renowned for its cheap leather and silk, both of which can be found in the countless markets. Anyone with the energy to get up at 5am Sunday morning and visit Portica Portese market in Rome will find stolen goods, in particular antiques, on sale at giveaway prices. However it has been known for people to find themselves buying back their own possessions stolen as they peruse the stalls! The Italians are notorious and skilled petty thieves so it is essential not to leave anything to chance as we discovered to our cost — even leaving a cushion on the back seat of a car implies that there is something of value underneath.

However, although people might complain about the thieving, it is understandable when the poverty of past and present is taken into consideration. To counteract this is the fact that children are safe to wander in the streets with no worries of abduction or rape. The Italians dote on their young, and at 12.00 at night you will find "bambinos" of all ages running riot in restaurants and piazzas while their parents drink and play cards. Italy is of course world famous for its historical sights and you cannot possibly stay in the country without visiting the sights of Pisa, Pompeii, Rome, Venice and Florence, to name but a few, and the artistic work of Michaelangelo is a must, in particular the Sistine Chapel and his statue of David.

Wherever you go and whatever you see you are guaranteed to find an atmosphere of happiness, enjoyment and vivacity that no other nation appears to have mastered to such a fine degree.

Iona Stevenson



## hailand

"A beautiful and exotic country" I would say, situated in the middle of all the other Far Eastern Countries. The shape of it usually reminds me of an axe. Its named for, and is famous for the beautiful and glistening golden temples and Bhudda.

Did you know that Thailand means "the land of freedom"? Many years ago it was known as Siam. Its name was changed to Thailand just before the Second World War, because Siam means slavery, which didn't sound attractive.

Thailand is a tropical country, meaning many different cultures, customs and climates. Have you ever heard of these examples of fruit, mangosteen, durian or monkey-banana? Bangkok is the capital of Thailand, though Thai people do not call their capital that, they call it "Krungtep etc." Its full name is amazing — even I can not remember it all.

Thailand is also famous for its sandy beaches, the best being along the coast in Pattaya. Hotels now flourish and are loved by all kinds of tourists. Prawns, lobsters, crabs and different kinds of seafood are surprisingly cheap. I'm afraid to tell you that jellyfish are also popular in restaurants. After eating all these seafoods you can finish the meal off by drinking coconut milk from the tree.

Apart from the warm golden beaches, Thailand also has other entertaining places such as Chiangmai, a city in the north. Its famous for the production of silk, silver and ivory goods. But its cold there in the winter — so bring your jumpers to keep yourself warm. I will also mention Phuket. This is a small island on the west coast which is very famous for its pearl production.

You can enjoy everywhere you go in Thailand — the cost of living is low and things are cheap, but the kindness and gentleness are great in value.

Did you know that one of the kings of Thailand had 32 wives? I do not know exactly how many children there were. If I had to summarise Thailand in one sentence, I would describe it as "the land of smiles".

Ornaree Chularatana





*Typical rural Ghanaian's home*

## Ghana

Ghana, in West Africa, used to be called Gold Coast because of its main export, gold. Nowadays though its most prominent export is cocoa, cultivated on large plantations in the south of the country. Accra, the capital, is the country's major port, situated on the south coast, dealing with the bulk of imports and exports.

The country's climate differs greatly between the north and south. The latter is almost a tropical climate; rainforests, fertile lands, undulating countryside and an abundance of tropical fruits such as the banana, plantain, pineapple, coconut, pawpaw, grapefruit, orange and the date. As you travel up the country, (along practically non-existent, pot-holed "roads") the landscape becomes flatter, less humid and positively barren. Most people in the north are subsistent farmers, using primitive tools on small plots of land. Farming chores are shared amongst the whole family from the eldest to the youngest; planting, weeding and harvesting crops such as sorgam, yams, maize, groundnuts and millet. One of the main problems in the north is its dryness which means that under normal conditions, only one harvest can be gathered, after the rainy season of July-August-September. To help farmers in this situation, several irrigation companies have been established using a man-made dam to help yield a natural 'wet season' crop and a second 'dry season' crop, which so far has proven successful.

The people as a whole are generally friendly towards foreigners but do not let them interfere in their customs or lifestyle. Each family (parents, sons, daughters, aunts, nieces, brothers-in-law etc.) tend to all live in the same compound, bulding on extensions when sons and daughters etc. . . get married. Each compound has a head who is usually the eldest and therefore regarded as the wisest. All matters have to be acknowledged by him before they can be carried out. Marriage partners are chosen from other villages to cement friendships and links between families. It is the compound head, not the son's father, who decides when and who the young man will marry (although in practice they consult him). Cows are used for bridewealth but cannot be sold. Cows obtained from a daughter's marriage will be used to negotiate another son's marriage.

Many other such customs exist and are heeded. They have been handed down from generation to generation, a process that will probably be continued for years to come.

## America . . . for a Day

What's it like to live in the "good ol' U.S.A.?" Well, I lived in Seattle, Washington State for 16 of my 17 years, and here is a typical day in my life in the Spring of '86.

The alarm rang at 6.35. Yawning I climbed out of bed and staggered down the hall to the bathroom, showered, contact lenses in, make-up on I stand before my closet thinking what on earth am I going to wear? I give up momentarily and turn on the radio C89 FM my favourite station. While Depeche Mode drone on I glance at the clock and see it's 7.22! Panic! I grab a pink sweater and trousers and try desperately to find matching socks. I grab a health food bar and make a dash for the driveway. Oh Wait! where did I leave my books?

It's 8.05, I've arrived at Holy Names Academy, a four year high school, where everyone is a day pupil (like most schools in America). Its taken a half hour to get there via majorly congested motorway. I go to my locker and organise books etc., for first class, 3rd year Theology. A quick meet-up with friends before the last bell rings at 8.15 for classes to start. Forty minutes each, I have three classes and a 10-minute break before lunch. I take European History and English Literature. Its a gorgeous day and we sit out on the front lawn of HNA for our 43 minute lunch — yoghurt and a few wheat thins (tiny, wholemeal biscuits) and a diet coke. You can buy hot lunch but I always bring my own.

The rest of the afternoon is brilliant — Pottery and Art and Design. School is out at 2.40. Shouting a quick goodbye to all I head homeward where I have 20 mins to lie down before walking to work at 3.50. I work at the Sno-king Youth Club, three days a week and every other Saturday. The Club organises sports and games for primary through secondary age groups. I just work in the office though. Today John (my boss) has told me to telephone 105 kids to tell them the time of their next baseball practice.

Then I type out a couple of schedules of games times, ditto copy 50 and address and post them off. Answer several queries on our two phone lines and finally I'm off by 8.30! I get paid every month — \$4.00 an hour (£2.00) plus I enjoy the job — it's a challenge.

A friend meets me at 9.00 (after a quick change) and we go into Seattle (I live in a suburb). After collecting several other "buds" the first stop is The Pacific Dessert Company. A totally fab. café serving only puddings and sweets and the second best coffee in town. (The Dillantante has the best). I have "Chocolate Decadence" ice-cream. Y-U-M-M-Y! At around 10.00 we all head for Skoochies, our "fab. nightclub" there is a major queue and it costs six "bucks" to get in. But, Skoochies does have the funkyst music and the best DJ in Seattle. I finally arrive back home with achy feet around 2.00ish, to fall into bed . . . forgetting of course, to switch off the alarm . . .

Catherine Mason

## Hong Kong

H — Hurried: always moving, never sleeping  
 O — Open hearted  
 N — Noisome: pollution and squalor  
 G — Giant: third largest world business centre

K — Kingdon: land and commerce and industry  
 O — Ordinary: unpretentious  
 N — Nautical: world's largest natural harbour  
 G — Growing: million inhabitants

HONG KONG — land of giving . . . and taking.



Tiffany Evans

## Papua New Guinea

Papua New Guinea is an island north of Australia just below the equator. It is the second largest island in the world after Greenland. The island is densely covered in Tropical Rain Forest, where Fauna flourishes, ranging from trees, pit pit grass and orchids of which many varieties are unidentified to this day. Animal and insect life is active throughout, including Butterflies, Beetles, Tree Kangeroos, Cuscus.

Papua New Guinea gained independence from Britain through the United Nations, in 1975. It had been governed from Australia. It was the Australian kaips, men who patrolled areas of the country maintaining law and order, who took population censuses, discovering new tribes in some cases and who were responsible for organising the building of roads. At the beginning of the century the island was split into three parts: German New Guinea, British New Guinea and Papua. The Germans exerted their colonial influence on the East Coast, mainly in the form of plantations. Evidence of German habitation such as plantation houses, and some of the language is evident in 'pidgin' English and which remains today!

During the Second World War the Japanese occupied much of the country; fighting occurred between Japanese and ANZAC troops, mainly in the area from Port Moresby the capital to Rabaul across the Stanley mountain range. After the war the country became united as Papua New Guinea. The northern tip of the island however is Indonesian territory known as Irian Faya.

Today, Papua New Guinea is divided into twenty-one provinces, but over seven hundred tribes exist with roughly the same number of languages! Therefore 'pidgin' English is the most common language used for communication.

"Prince Charles aui nauba wan pikinini bilong Missis Kwin!"





*Aspects of life in Papua New Guinea*

Many tribes especially those of the Highlands only came into contact with 'white' men thirty years ago when explorers penetrated the rain forest in search of Gold. Coastal areas however had been in contact with European influence in the nineteenth century. The sale of Bird of Paradise plumes flourished at this time; the export of these artifacts is now illegal. It is believed that there are still tribes which have not been 'discovered' today. Cannibalism is now illegal, although there is still a nomadic form of tribe which occasionally has a craving for human flesh!

Papua New Guinea has no major industry, and its economy is based on the export of Coffee, Tea, Cocoa and Copra. Foreign aid loans are still provided, Australian aid being heavily relied upon.

Law and order is unfortunately a big problem on this 'land of plenty' especially in the Highlands. The transition from former traditions and culture to the 'modern' way of life into which many have been thrown unaware is difficult. Expatriats have imposed their culture in the past and therefore it is necessary for them to remain as they have become the backbone of the country's economy. Therefore adaption is essential but traditional culture should not be lost as it has been in many Third World countries.

Papua New Guinea, however is progressing slowly and unfortunately self-generated prosperity is not apparent. Various government Department's such as the National Parks Board are gradually disintegrating, previous expatriat exploitation may be partly to blame but the nature of the people seems unable to cope with the changing position of the country in relation to the rest of the world. Widespread corruption exists throughout i.e. The brother of the Prime Minister Pious Wingti, has just been arrested for misappropriating government funds. He has escaped from prison after previous arrests. Papua New Guinea does however possess potential to become a prosperous country, as natural resources are in abundance, whether this potential is used is yet to be seen.

## Central Pacific Paradise

Kiribati, an independent nation since 1979, consists mainly of the Gilbert Islands, a group of 16 low coral islands and atolls in the Central Pacific. They are rarely more than 6 metres above sea level, most of the Gilberts are atolls — oval, rectangular or triangular shaped lagoons enclosed by reefs.

Kiribati is amongst the most isolated territories in the Commonwealth, each separate island is cut off from the headquarters of Tarawa which is itself divided geographically into 3. The isolation tends to emphasise the lack of social amenities and expatriates tend to find it very difficult adjusting to the limitations of life on an atoll.

The islanders in Kiribati live for the present and do not necessarily worry about the future, each day is taken as it unfolds and there is always tomorrow if things aren't done today. They are the most gracious and patient people and when visitors arrive on an island, everything is dropped in order to attend to the new guests.

The climate is pleasant, if lacking in variety, the maximum mean temperature in Tarawa is 88°F and minimum is 79.9°F. There is a constant wind which keeps the island cool. The islands may be idyllic for the sun, sea and sand, however, very little else goes on.

There are 3 main settlements known as Tarawa, where there is one hotel which provides entertainment in the form of a dance once a week, a bar-b-que and occasional cinema shows. A few hard tennis courts and soccer fields are scattered around the islands too. After all their drawbacks however, the islands are a most relaxing paradise.

Rachel Sandford

*Pacific Island Paradise*



## Kenya — The Bare Facts

"Kenya is the holidaymakers paradise — with its magnificent climate and enormous geographical differences. Kenya can offer it all, from the languid white beaches of Mombassa and the East Coast, to the heady bracing highland climate of Nairobi or the thrill of a safari in some of the world's best game parks." Naturally though, to get there costs.

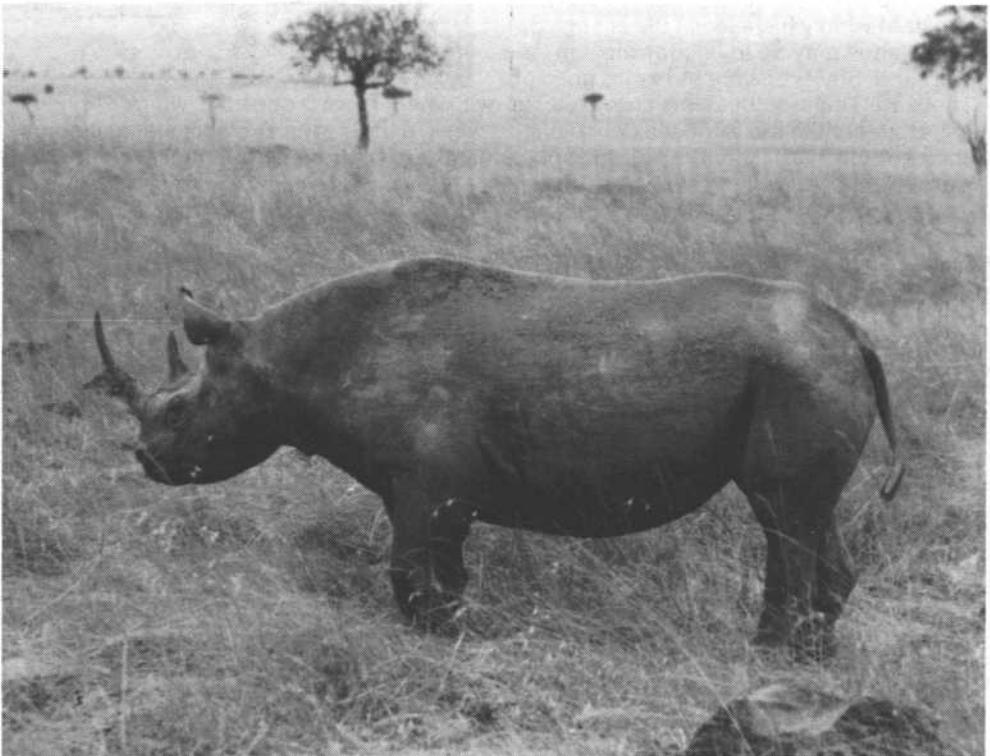
Kenya is the most popular resort in East Africa and this can be seen, as every other person is a tourist, waiting to buy everything from buildings to the shoes on your feet. The wonderful game park is inundated with the inevitable Americans, cameras "buos" all draped around their necks, whilst in full safari gear; trekking boots, long socks, bermuda shorts and jackets and a hard hat, completing the 'Noddy Image'.

Hawaii and the Caribbean are no competition for Kenya's white sandy beaches. Traditional sun sea and sand — unfortunately lacking in ice cream vans! This all sets the scene for us sun worshippers — except no one tells of the wind, and instead of a tan —one ends up with a coat of sand — not very becoming and detuiately uncomfortable. A good tip for coastal holidays — learn German, don't forget the old phrase book. The coast is literally run by the Germans — very well too, but the language can cause slight problems.

Upright people like us stiff upper lip British however, tend to prefer city life, shopping and night clubbing — both detuiately different. Where ever you go, Africa will tempt and excite although at a price — but luckily, most credit cards are accepted.

Wendy Insole

*Masai Mara Game Reserve*



# A Midsummer Night's Dream — Wordsearch

## WORDS

Oberon  
Theseus  
Hermia  
Pyramus  
Helena

Demetrius  
Egeus  
Bottom  
Lysander  
Cupid

Snug  
Thisbe  
Titania  
Flute  
Puck

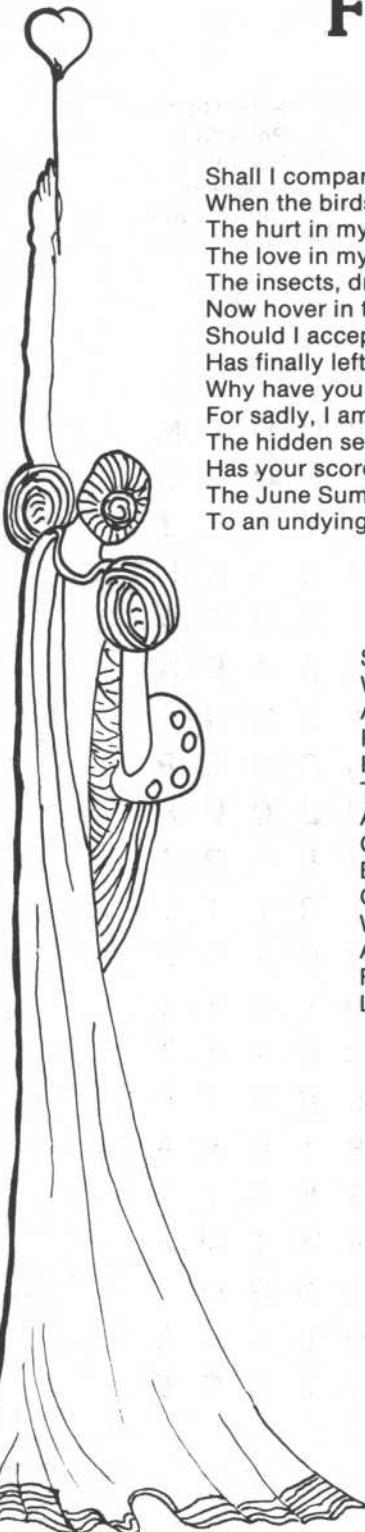
Peter Quince  
Philostrate  
Starveling  
Hippolyta  
Ninus' Tomb

### **Bonus Word:**

Snout

S B O T T O A P Y R H A S N O U T M  
I N L O T V E H B I D E S C H O S U  
M F U M H H E I R S R E R G Y P T Z  
W A N G I I E L I T N Z A M N A G H  
T N L Y S A N D E R H H C I I B B A  
D E M E B D E M E T R I P N R A D W  
P S O B E R O N S A N I A I D M R E  
E Y X A S H I P P H G T M N O O C P  
T B R E P E T T T X I R C U B O U H  
E Y U A E E B H T T S P E S E N P I  
R F S H M A T E F P C U P T R L I L  
Q L S X K U R S P N U U A O O I D O  
U U R L Y S S E I I Q U I M L G E S  
I T U S Y P I U D N I U T B O Y E T  
N K X B C S L S A X H C I E R H T R  
C M L O Z I A D D E M E T R I U S A  
E H E T O K E G E U S E L S K T I T  
F L U T E N Q U I N C N T E W I M E  
T I O O Y X S T A R V E L I N G O T  
E P L M C I L C G H Z K O O L A S L  
E G E U U S T U P U C K O V Z N G E

# For St. Valentine's Day



Shall I compare you to a Summer's Day,  
When the birds sing out in a shining throng,  
The hurt in my heart is pushed away,  
The love in my heart for you remains strong,  
The insects, drowsy from the sleepy heat,  
Now hover in the silent air and drone,  
Should I accept that this painful defeat  
Has finally left me stranded alone?  
Why have you become so cruel and cold?  
For sadly, I am left alone to guess,  
The hidden secrets in your heart, untold  
Has your score of nothing for me grown less?  
The June Summer's day could never compare  
To an undying love that we could share.

Nicola Pillar



Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?  
When at last young love's buds begin to bloom,  
And creatures are born in the month of May,  
If I do our love will surely come to doom,  
It will be nothing but a fairy tale  
That dispersed like a seed from a flower,  
A memory last in loves romantic vale,  
Once lost, we're left desolate, without power  
But I shall compare you to summers days  
One filled with laughter, hapiness and love.  
We'll try to push all of these thoughts away  
And be as happy as a pair of doves,  
Flying forever without any cares  
Lost in a world that is full of dares.

Anna Cameron

Shall I compare you to a summer's day?  
Shall I contrast you to a winter's night?  
Your eyes are cold but sparkle with delight.  
Your heart is warm like the weather of May,  
But tricks me as if it's a game you play.  
Is it love that I see in your eyes bright?  
No it is but the coldness of the night.  
Though I dream your heart will travel my way,  
I must think of other things to peruse,  
For example money to buy a gift,  
Work provides money to pay for my love.  
Not spending my day dreaming about you.

I know now I must take the evening shift  
To pay for that delight which is called love.

Caroline Johnson



Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?  
 Your eyes dazzle like the brilliant sky.  
 Gentle breezes blow and the sun beams play  
 With your hair, gold as the sun in heav'n high.  
 No red rose is as sparkling as your smiles;  
 No young girls complexion more smooth and pure.  
 For you a man would walk a thousand miles  
 Girl, for my woes, you are my only cure  
 Yet, your eyes are fixed in a foreign glare.  
 You have revealed to me a heart of snow  
 I know it has no warmth or love to share.  
 Girl, in my opinion, you stop too low  
 If only sun could melt your frosted heart  
 Or Cupid pierce it with a poisoned dart.

Jane Long

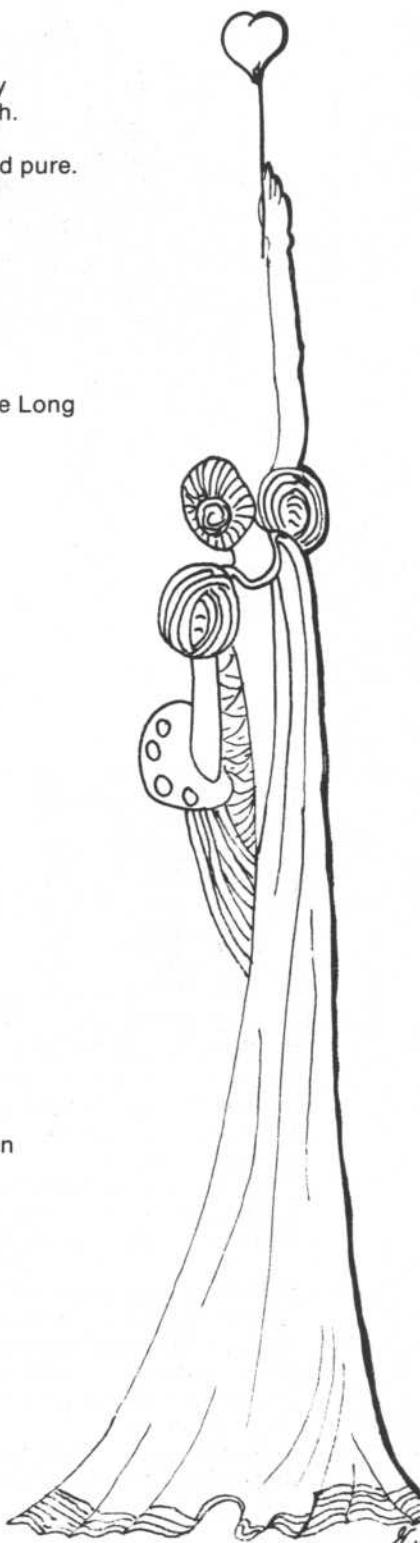


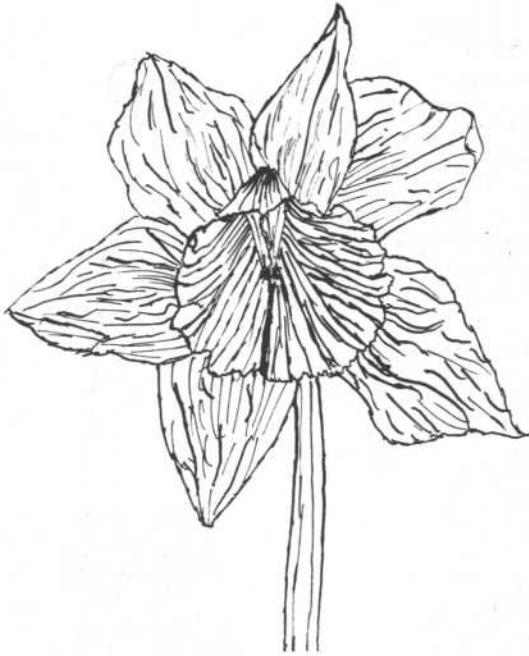
Shall I compare you to summer's day?  
 A beautiful light shines forth from your eyes  
 Your long hair is as gold as fresh cut hay  
 And your skin as pale as the new moon rise.  
 The nightingale sings as your serenade  
 And the sun makes for you a golden path.  
 You are the finest that nature has made,  
 And your smile makes way for a fairy's laugh  
 But fairies can be mischievous and bad,  
 And that which nature makes she can destroy.  
 You are the only love I ever had  
 Though you have used me as you would a toy  
 But now as they lay you deep in the ground  
 I thank you for being the love I found.

Paula Wills

Shall I compare you to a summer's day?  
 Eyes so bright, cast-wicked spells like the sun  
 She controls, no body stands in her way  
 Her lifestyle, her smile will always need fun  
 If only she were mine, perhaps in time,  
 I wouldn't have to wait by her garden gate  
 She's worth a million, haven't a dime  
 To buy that smile, so I can only wait.  
 I know my love for her will never fade  
 It would be best to take a different track  
 If I had time say a year, a decade  
 But how I know that there is no way back  
 She'll never discover my greatest fears  
 And I'll never witness her saddest tears.

Andrea Flude

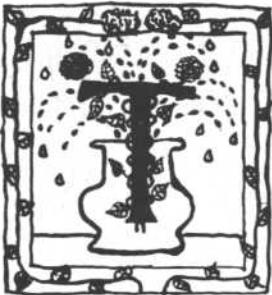




## “The Battle of Life”

Life is the everlasting seed,  
 Pushing its head through the soil.  
 Its weak existence faces the sun  
 Will it live or die?  
 It lies open to fate  
 Will it all end soon?  
 Or will that steady thump of life  
 Continue to fill its tiny body.  
 Through the first stage and on  
 Growing, spreading, living!  
 How tall will it grow?  
 To reach the ultimate height.  
 But no it is not to be  
 The end of life is nigh.  
 No longer will it fight  
 The never ending battle for existence.  
 The thread of life is cut  
 And so the great tree  
 Falls!

Emily Robins



## rip to Cheddar

We arrived at Cheddar at about 11.45 am. We saw very tall steep slopes rising far above our heads. None of us even thought that we were to climb one of them. Yep it's true WE had to climb one!

So our journey began. Up the gully we went. When about half way up we came to a big boulder. I tried to get over but remembering how far up we had come, my courage failed me. Realising that a few more people were scared Miss Sprogis set up some ropes to nearly the top.

When we reached the top we saw cows! I was wondering how on earth they got there. But I found out quite easily on the way back down. We went a different way back down. It was a nice easy slope so that anything could come up or down without need of ropes.

Back at the bus we all filled our cheeks with food. We swapped sandwiches etc. After all this we went caving. We received our overalls and helmets and lights. When we were fully equipped with everything needed we set off for the cave. The following is a list of the rooms we entered. Far Rift, Boulder Chamber, Sand Cavern.

These were not the only rooms in the whole of the cave except some we were not allowed to enter.

When we came out of the cave we thanked our instructor and went back to the bus. We finished off the scraps from lunch and went back to school.

Emma Wyness 1st Year

# The 'Malcolm Miller'

*Last year Kim Mills described her experiences on this exciting voyage. This year Charlotte Trinick shares her experiences on board.*

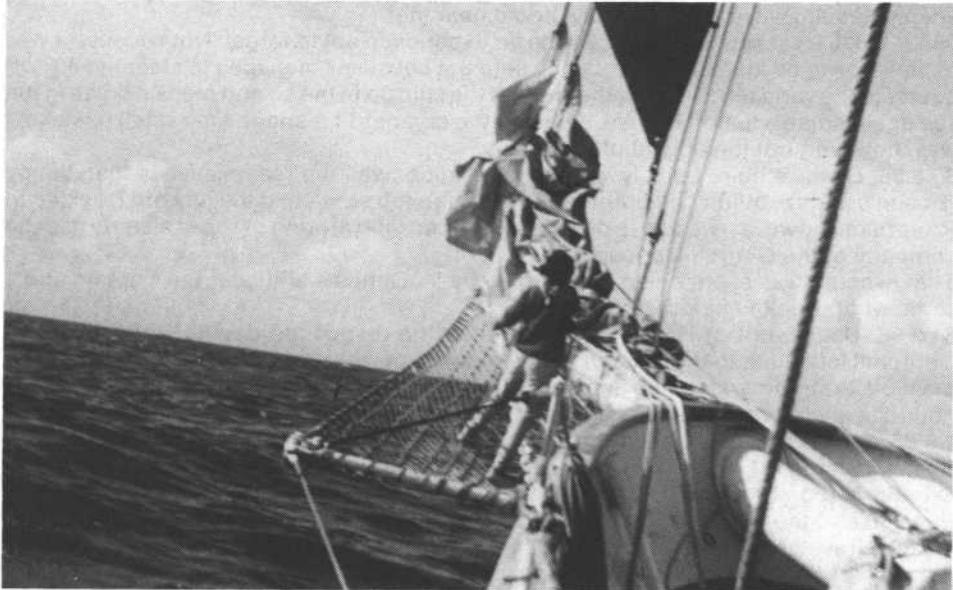
August 24 — September 6 1986

Total Distance — 921 miles

Ports of call — Grimsby, Rotterdam, Zeebrugge (Brugge), London (Tower Bridge)

Maximum Wind — Force 11

*Stowing a sail on the Bow Sprit*



24.8.86: After arriving in Grimsby on the Sunday afternoon, the crew, 39 trainees in all were given a 'Crash Course' on how to sail the ship. It wasn't quite as simple as one would expect, ropes were everywhere, yet with a bit of practise it all became 'second nature'.

25.8.86: The first full day and we were ready to set sail. After 'Happy Hour', not what some people imagined to be a rest period but a mass clean, scrub and general spring clean of the ship ready for the 'white glove' inspection, we helmed out of Grimsby and into the North Sea. Once out there, force 8 gales engulfed us and the leeward rail soon became a familiar territory to many people! The day was spent tacking and gibbing before it was decided that we should return to Grimsby and sail out again tomorrow. We eventually finished docking at 2100hrs. Hurricane Charley had well and truly arrived and was here to stay. So were we!!

26.8.86: Happy Hour and then shore leave. A force 9 gale was preventing us from sailing and so Grimsby would have to entertain us for the day. Nothing much was consumed in Grimsby only the public telephone seemed to be having a good profit! In the evening we 'sailed' over the Humber Bridge to join the boys crew of the Winston Churchill who were in Hull. We were able to boast to them that we had at least been to sea even if it was only for a day!

Back on board I had the 0300—0400 watch.

27.8.86: 'The day Ruth fell out of her Hammock'. Again force 9 gales were preventing us from sailing and it was the turn of Cleethorpes to entertain us. However, before that we had plenty of time to practise manouvres, climb the yards and learn some rules on how to navigate.

Watch from 2300—0000hrs.

28.8.86: 'The Grand Day'. We were finally able to leave Grimsby even if a force 7 was blowing. However, we braved all elements and set sail. Just before coming off watch the Tops'1s and Mains'1s needed setting. This needed three suicidal people to climb the upper yard and let out the sheets. I was one of them. There was no danger falling. Apart from the safety harness, that piece of rope was what they called a safety harness!! you were hanging on for dear life anyway. Despite a force 8 gale blowing in my face it was incredible.

29.8.86: Watch 0400—0800hrs. Getting up was the worst. Once up it was trying to stay upright that became the problem, trying to dress in a force 11 wasn't easy, you tended to topple over once too often. Once firmly dressed I took my position on watch as starboard lookout, nothing much to see except one other ship about 5 miles away and then empty darkness. Being on lookout was the only time that you were able to sing to keep yourself awake. I'm glad none could hear me!

0600—0800 I was on helm and it will be an experience not to forget! Not because it was experience to be able to steer a sailing ship but because I managed to steer her 40° off course!! The wind tended to lift the stern of the ship up in the air and plonk it down in the sea again some what off course. Chasing the compass I managed my small mistake! I was, however, not the only idiot around.

30.8.86: Bosun's help. Luckily we had little to do, well the real excuse is that Jimmy (Bosun's mate) couldn't be bothered to give us a job so we had the day off! Docking in Rotterdam, however, we had to do most of the carrying around of ropes also we had the company of the Churchill once again.

That evening was spent being entertained by McDonalds and later the Captain and a some what drunk First Officer!

31.8.86: Usual start of Happy Hour and then the rest of the day in Rotterdam. The Churchill left much to the relief of many people, you wouldn't think so the way we sent them off, ie strimmers, cheers and even tears from some of us. We left shortly afterwards not quite such a rousy send off yet at least we did 'man the yards!'

1.9.86: Watch 0400—0800. On lookout again and then for the last hour messenger. Before coming off watch we set the outer and inner jibs which involved taking to the Bow Sprit. (For the un-natural that's the pole on the pointed end of the ship!!) Despite the force 10 and the lashing rain it was fantastic.

2.9.86: Grave yard watch, 0000—0400hrs. Helmed for the first hour and no this time I didn't steer off course! Then on lookout.

Coming into Zeebrugge and finally up the canal to Brugge I also helmed. Instead of the usual half an hour in the locks we were two and a half, the mechanics had failed, the gates had to be operated by hand!

After Happy Hour, we were allowed to go ashore. Brugge was lovely and there was chocolate everywhere. In the evening we found what seemed the local nightspot and had a whole lobster for £2.30!!

3.9.86: On Galley Rat duty, basically I had to work along with two others in the galley doing all the nice duties, ie washing the burnt, dirty pans, peeling potatoes and attempting to carry platefuls of dinner up and down ladders in a force 9 gale!

We left Brugge that afternoon and docked in Zeebrugge for the night. The gale was preventing us to venture out, this time as well the lock gates were working that saved some muscle!

We had the company of a Hoegh Ugland (Car carrier and the whole night and much of early morning was spent on board their ship consuming Beck Bier, and for the older ones whisky and rum!!)

4.9.86: Galley rat once again this was the force 9 gales that annoyed me. Once off I had a couple hours sleep, well doze before going on watch again 1200—1600. We set the outer jibs again as well as the mizzen (the sail on the back end), and the main and fore. We then had to 'reef' them, i.e. tie down part of the sail to decrease its area. It was bad enough trying to do it properly whilst in dock let alone out in lashing rain and a force 9! We anchored just off Southend at 1900hrs. The last evening was spent singing and acting out small sketches among them being the Fore Watch (my watch) Fashion Show. Those really trendy oilies and the size 11/12 wellies we were suppose to wear. The

ripped oiles, they were supposed to keep you dry, and those complicated harnesses which were supposed to save your life.

The last watch 0000—0400.

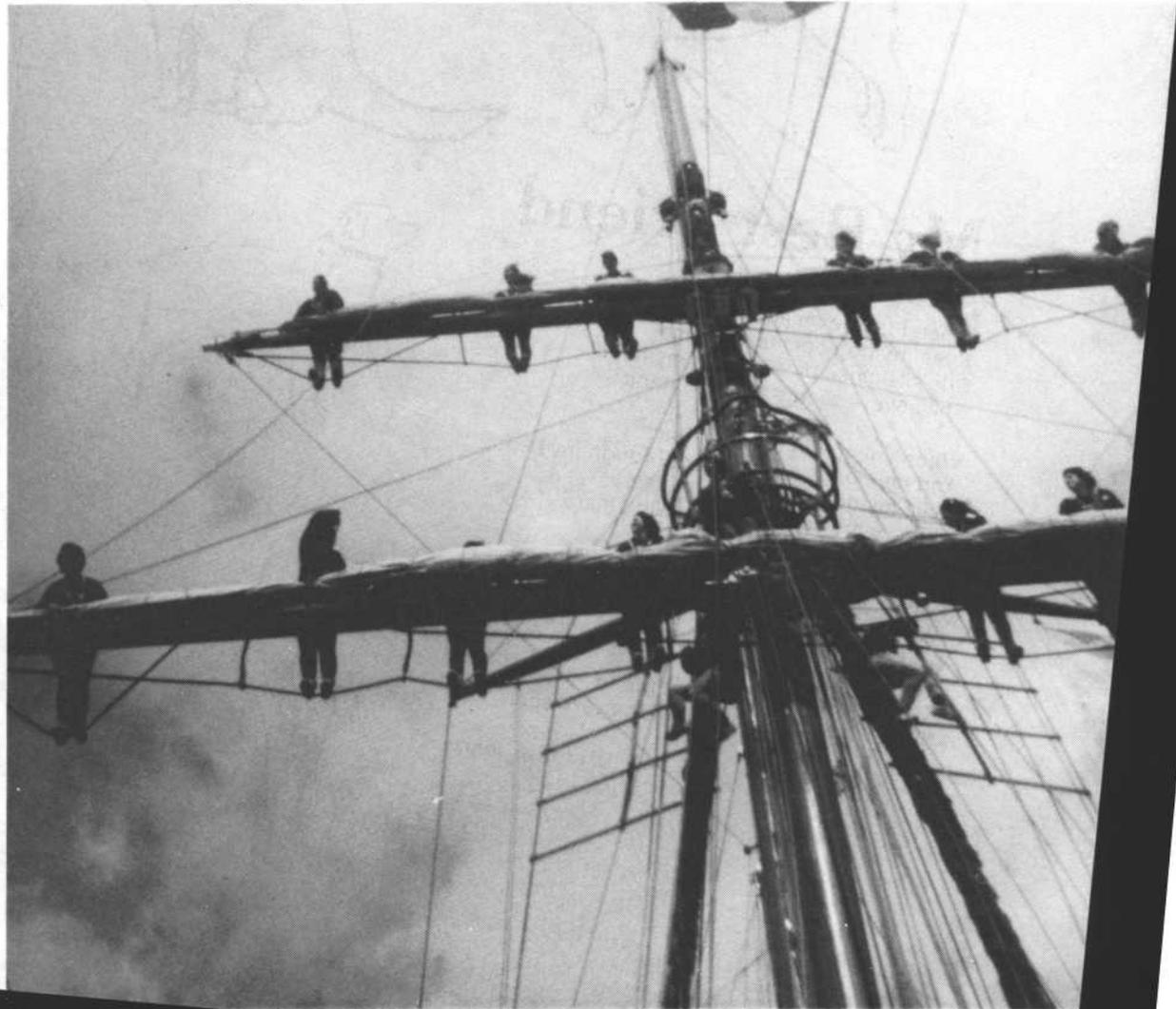
5.9.86: The biggest Happy Hour of all started as soon as breakfast was over. We slowly headed for the Thames and finally Tower Bridge. By about 1400 we began to recognise familiar land marks such as the Thames Barrier, Greenwich and then Tower Bridge was seen. Everyone had been appointed a set place to be in as we went under Tower Bridge, I was to stand on the upper yard.

As we went through Tower Bridge we felt like film stars. All the crowds were cheering horns were blowing, strimmers flying we even had television filming us it was absolutely incredible. After docking next to H.M.S. Belfast we bought on supplies for the next voyage then took to the streets of London well the pub on Tower Bridge in fact and drank to our hearts content.

6.9.86: 0500 we rose. Again another Happy Hour, breakfast, final packing and then signing off. It was like the end of term when we all left, tears, promises that we would all write and despite the awful bits of the voyage, ie getting up at ungodly hours of the morning in force 10 gales everyone was sad to leave. It was an absolutely incredible two weeks, exhilarating tiring but terrific fun I recommend it to anyone and to prove it was brilliant I'm going again.

Charlotte Trinick

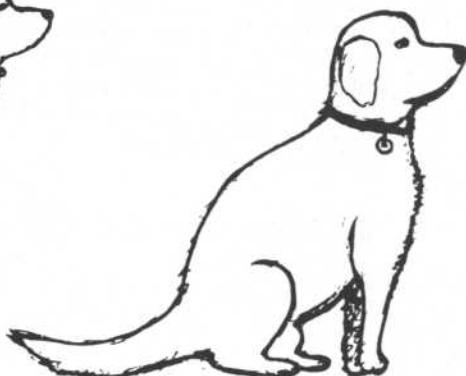
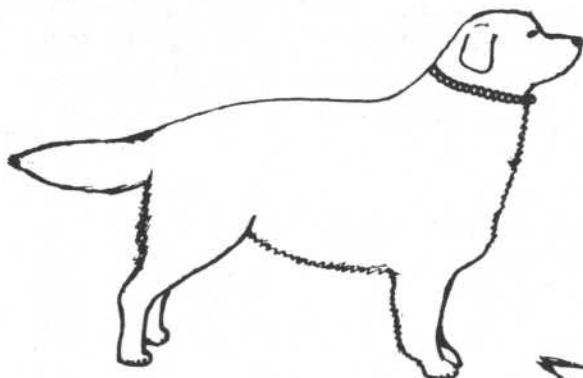
*Manning the yards out of Rotterdam, I am on the lower yard far left*



**K**

elvina Chan — In my class, some of us are not English, for example, my friend and I are Chinese and others are from Thailand. It is very difficult, the life here, compared with the life in our country.

We have to speak English all the time. (It is hard!!)  
 We have to eat English food everyday. (It is boring!!)  
 We have to watch English T.V. (It is all right!!)  
 We can not see our parents. (It is not fair!!)



## My Best Friend

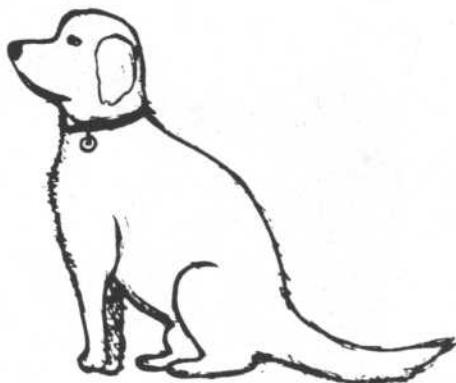
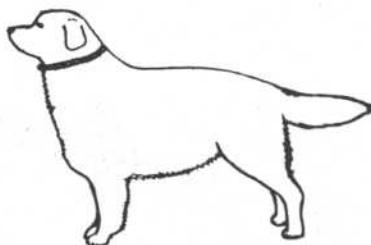
When I fall down and hurt my knee,  
 Kylie my dog comes up to me,  
 She sits close by and licks my hand,  
 She always seems to understand.

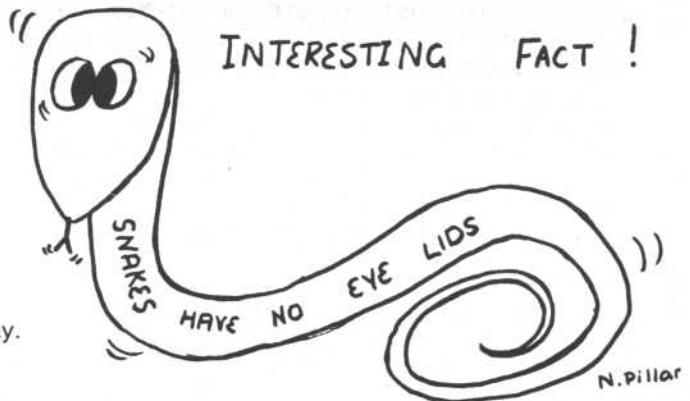
When I'm crying upon my bed  
 And memories are running through my head,  
 Kylie my dog can sense my fears  
 And see my continuous flowing tears.

When I take my dog for a walk  
 I often wonder if she can talk,  
 She pricks her ears at the singing birds,  
 And she always understands my words.

Kylie my dog is like a best friend  
 She'll always be with me to the very end.

Louise John





## School

We work and work,  
 Little time for play.  
 Exams, Exams life seems to say.  
 At four we cease,  
 Pleasure in store.  
 Activities and more,  
 Life is certainly no bore.

Zoë Harvey

# Tycoon — A Business Game

Sally, Bill, Lara, Georgina and Gaynor combined and formed the company HAGEN. Invited to the Great Hall, Exeter University, Autumn 1986 by Taunton Cider our main aim was to feign entrepreneurial status and sell — apple juice! Compared to the remainder of the 40 other companies our success could be regarded as minimal. Unfortunately our skills did not excel in trying to balance a linked budget over production, improving the quality of our stock, buying new capital and advertising "Unfortunately your factory is no longer viable and it has been forced into liquidation". Bankruptcy occurred at the end of the second round and we amassed debts exceeding £10,000 (the rest of the 0's were left off for convenience sake) and interest was added to this.

In the successive rounds we began again, but our initial debts proved too onerous to allow any further substantial progress. At the end of the afternoon we left feeling somewhat disgruntled at our failure but had enjoyed the day and learned much from the experience.

Perhaps if Stover are invited again this year we may have better luck.

Sally Churchward

## Stockpiler

The introduction of Economics as an A level subject has this year stirred interest in the financial world among the VI form 'O' and 'A' level groups. All are currently involved in a competition known as "Stockpiler".

Carried out over several months the object of the game is to make as much financial capital as possible by buying and selling shares. It is a Nationwide competition and a regular check is kept on stocks and shares by a central board. Each school begins with £50,000 which it invests in stocks and shares to make up its portfolio. These are bought and sold in accordance with their performance on one decision day each month, the value of the stocks being taken from that day's Financial Times.

Although not right at the top of the list to schools competing, we are managing to make and not lose money. As well as the competitive spirit regular reading of the Financial Times has done much to supplement our economic knowledge.

Kim Mills

# Young Enterprise

## Business or Pleasure?

In October 1986 a handful of VI form Stover girls and Westland pupils embarked on the Young Enterprise Scheme to form a company called KLIX. We (Stover) immediately took over the Board, filling all but two of the managerial seats. It took us three weeks to get the company on its feet but it proved an easier task than anticipated.

We took the problems of last years company to heart and realised we needed an equal share in the business with Westlands. Although both products are printed they involve totally different mediums; T-Shirts and Stationery.

Westlands School possesses an unused 1930's printing press which seemed too good an opportunity to pass off. However, the age of the machine has caused several problems — Tesco's don't stock spare parts! Once the problems were solved though, the production of personalised stationery, business cards and tickets took off.

The brains of the outfit, here at Stover, are in charge of printing T-Shirts. We started off with three designs, feet walking up and down, hands strategically placed and convict arrows. This term we have branched out into lettering and any other design, within reason. We are considering the production of GWR clocks but as no fixed markets have been found this is still in the pipeline. With nigh on £200 in our bank account we are near to retirement.

L. Booth — Personnel Manager  
G. Pope — Financial Director

P.S. Anybody for T-Shirts

Please contact KLIX (You'll find us in the Board Room)

# Geography 'Holiday'

June 1986

The hottest weekend of the year we spent in S. Wales — Mr. Davies and Miss Sprogis having to control six unruly sixth formers, surviving on a rich diet of cooked breakfasts, make-shift packed lunches and enormous cooked suppers — thanks to the Bursar for the steak money and compliments to the chefettes Wendy and Kim.

Friday's journey up saw us surveying various physical phenomena along the route, and a stop-off at Cwmbrian to survey the facilities and layout of a typical new town.

Under the guise of discovering information on limestone landscapes and drainage systems, the next day was spent at Porth-yr-Ogof, underground caving for the majority was an enjoyable experience despite the subsequent abundance of bruises, aches and pains, in places you never even knew existed within the human body! Fear of encountering a rumoured cave-snake was heightened by Mr Davies' scheming, a large stick can have a very deceiving appearance when being pushed towards you from the darkness behind and accompanying cries of 'Hurry up Sal — he's coming for you' spurred me on across a ledge leaning towards a 50ft drop downward.

On Sunday — after leaving Bill and Kate at Cardiff Station to return for a maths O-level — the rest of us (poor creatures) were dragged off to the seaside in the baking sun — of course it was for a purpose — to survey the wave-cut platform — the ice cream van was however the most satisfying sight for us all!

Finally Monday, the day for return, dawned, driving down to Cardiff through the formidable sights of Merthyr Tydfil and the surrounding glaciated landscape we were not anxious to continue our homewards course. A final few hours were spent in the Central Business District of Cardiff surveying and doing questionnaires — receiving somewhat startling comments and being told to go away in no uncertain terms. to the pleasure of these people and our commiserations we began the homeward haul soon after lunch.

Sally Churchward

# The Guinea Pigs Picnic

*to the tune of Teddy Bears Picnic*

If you go down to the cellars today  
 You're in for a big surprise  
 If you go down to the cellars today  
 You'd better go in disguise  
 For furry animals of every size  
 Live down in there in every guise  
 Of Hamster, Gerbil, Mouse and Guinea Pi - - - -g.

If you go down to the cellars today  
 You're in for a big surprise  
 If you go down to the cellars today  
 You'd better go in disguise  
 For they are multiplying so fast  
 That soon we will have all seen the last  
 Of anybody changing in the cell - - - -ars.

If you go down to the cellars today  
 You're in for a big surprise  
 If you go down to the cellars today  
 You'd better go in disguise  
 For now the summer's coming about  
 The animals will soon stampede out  
 And all take over Stover's habit - - - -at.



Paula Wills

## “I would like to propose the motion ...”

Yes, Debating Society had begun for yet another year. The New library is packed full of attentive enthusiasts seniors every Tuesday lunch-time. We discuss, debate, argue, a range of subjects from “Does the weather affect the British character?” to “Does love make the world go round?” Both Mrs. Jongensen and Mrs. Paige give their Tuesday lunch-times to supervise and prevent World War Three from breaking out. Two teams were selected from our fifth and sixth forms to represent our school at the South Devon Public Speaking Competition. Although we did not win, we were still represented by two very competent teams whose subjects were ‘The Chinese way to a healthy life’ (Tiffany Evans, Sarah Foster and Elizabeth Sobanjo) and ‘Is the media moulding me?’ (Tanzin Way, Justina Cutting and Caroline Roberts). Again our thanks to all for providing enjoyment and the stimulation of a good argument.

Catriona Lane

# Trottstown Morgansville, Texas



Today was December 15th, the day when we tried to transform Jubilee Hall into 'down-town' Texas. It took months of thinking we were organising everything but really doing nothing but arguing. The best decisions were made on the day.

First we hunted out matron to raid the blanket cupboard for our miniature 'camps'. Numerous artists smuggled over (with difficulty) their creations ranging from a glaring totem pole to a chicken feather!

Record by record was 'turfed' out of various attics to be played on the night from good old country and western to the latest pop, Ghostbusters(!?)

By this time Jubilee Hall looked . . . . . a mess! Mrs Morgan busied herself with preparing a saloon bar. Trust Mrs Morgan! Meanwhile Mrs Trott back-flicked up to Trago Mills (whoops, an advertisement!!) to buy hundreds of carrots for one of the games. If you're wondering where these got to, we never even used them!

The costumes, we invaded the costume cupboard and came up with . . . . . absolutely nothing! So we spent weeks fishing out bygone ball dresses and little brothers' cowboy sets. Lipsticks that had never been used swung into action and designer stubble appeared out of nowhere. (We never knew there were so many George Michaels in this school).

Anita and her bandits created good old 'bangers and mash' and Anita's husband made 'a melt in the mouth' wagon cake which was demolished in minutes (shows how good it was!)

The end result . . . . .

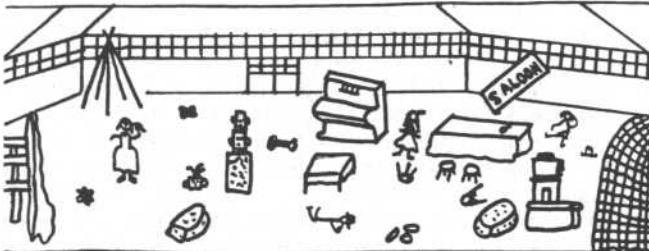
Well we'll leave that up to you!

Nicola Pillar, Selina Hague, Anna Cameron

## The Christmas Party



Before



After

Kate Halliday and Caroline Johnson



# MUSIC

"What, wilt thou hear some music . . . let us have the tongs and the bones . . ."

I think that Shakespeare aptly describes some of the sounds emanating from the far corner of Clockhouse!

The first form will probably assure you that they are "Walking in the Air", the second form that they are "Closing their Eyes" the third that they "Are the World" while the fourth year music group may be caught smuggling in lengths of hose-pipe, empty milk bottles and trays of gravel — all in the name of creativity. By way of explanation, with composition becoming the entire course-work of G.C.S.E. music, changes in the department have been and continue to be radical — but increasingly exciting. We are now the proud owners of three electronic keyboards and a highly complicated synthesizer and these in conjunction with the assorted paraphernalia are adding a different dimension to music at Stover.

Our more traditional activities however continue to expand and I am pleased to report that among the 100 or so girls learning instruments we now have five brass players, three saxophonists and a viola player. In addition to our Wind Ensemble, String Group and Recorder Consort we now have a Junior Band and a Brass Group and although these obviously contain inexperienced recruits as time goes on these will I am sure flourish.

We continue to take an active part in the musical life of the County. Girls from the Madrigal Group regularly sing with the Devon Youth Choir and Tiffany Evans plays the bassoon in the Devon Symphonic Wind Band and the South Devon Wind Band (with whom she will be touring Germany later this year).

On a more local level seven girls each week attend the South Devon Music Centre where they gain experience of playing in large ensembles.

Staff-wise, we were sad to say goodbye to Mrs Shelagh Batten, our violin teacher, at the end of the summer term but were pleased at her appointment to the County Music Staff. In her place we were delighted to welcome Miss A. Del Mar to teach violin, viola and Alexander technique. July also saw the departure of Mr Paul Hill who taught guitar and his place has been taken by Mr C. Spencer.

Our End-of-Year concert was well supported by parents and friends and girls across the school took part in a wide range of musical activities. We were fortunate to have the use of the Dartington harpsichord and this provided some authentic colour to our Baroque items, notably Wendy Insole's rendering of Dido's Lament from Purcell's "Dido and Aeneas" and "As when the dove laments her love" from "Aurora and Galatia" by Handel and Rachel Gibb's performance of a Handel flute sonata.

My flute was also able to have its annual airing when our peripatetic staff combined to play part of a Mozart Divertimento. I trust that my flute pupils 'do as I say and not as I do' as far as practising goes!

The end of the Christmas term saw our Festival of Nine Lessons and Carols at St. Mary's Church, Abbotsbury. It is always good to see that huge church full and even better to see among the congregation some of our 'old girls' return to "have a good sing"



# Physics Lecture

## Wave Motion and Vibration

Thursday 29th January 1987  
at Royal Naval Engineering College

Thursday 29th January was the day for a Physics Lecture. We arrived in Plymouth at 12.30. Catching a bus for the first time to an uncertain direction was not easy so we decided to take a taxi instead. We arrived at the college about one o'clock and as soon as we stepped into the college, we embarrassed ourselves. We couldn't find the building for the lecture. We felt so stupid when a man told us that it was right in front of us. As we had found the place we had to wait for one hour and half before the lecture was started. While we were waiting Elizabeth had to entertain herself by singing and dancing along the corridor. Of course, she had to be sure, nobody was watching. Eventually it was 2.30, we were the first two students to choose seats, then we heard other students come in, most of them were boys as it was a Physics Lecture.

The lecture began with an explanation of vibrations, their production and the most effective way which they can be stopped. Experimental results of vibrations in buildings and, because we were at the Naval College, the effect of vibrations in ships were explained. One of the related topics which was interesting was resonance. How many times have you suddenly become aware of a loud noise coming from a refrigerator, glasses shatter, when musical notes are played, even a bridge was destroyed in America by a mild breeze. These and many other aspects of waves and vibrations were explained in detail.

So with a wider knowledge of waves and vibrations we came back to school. Mr Mercer was bombarded with questions and he was happy to oblige. Pat Kammonawia

# Science Trip to London

Visit to the Natural History and Science Museums

Science for Industry Lecture and Exhibition at University of London

The day started extremely early for us as we caught the 7.20 am train to London Paddington. Having arrived we made our way immediately to the Natural History Museum which is one of the most beautiful buildings in London. Our party split up to enable us to wander around our own choice of exhibition. There was a large human body exhibition which was extremely well presented, depicting the growth of man from birth to old age. The museum deserved more of our time but we had too little and we made our way through an adjoining corridor to the Science Museum.

Or greatest point of interest here was in the Wellcome exhibition of the history of medicine. The exhibits reached far back into the past with accounts of the practice of medicine from Neolithic times. Again, it was time to move on and we made our way to the University of London.

The exhibition covered a wide variety of subjects involved with Science for Industry. There were displays showing articles about new agricultural and farming techniques, new wonder drugs, recently discovered disease bacteria and a great deal about technology and the use of computers in the science of today. Representatives were on hand to explain the facts and the emphasis was generally on breakthroughs in pharmaceuticals for man and his environment.

The lecture was a condensed version of the exhibition with a greater emphasis on new medicines. The lecturer showed slides and brought a volunteer to test a new drug. New techniques were discussed in the treatment of man and animals. Past results in drug treatment were compared with present, and the success in the treatment of disease was shown to have improved greatly in the past 40 years.

Tremendous work is being carried out as a result of collaboration between industry, universities and hospitals. Much of the recent research and results have been achieved in schools of the University of London.

T. Evans and E. Harvey

# The Art Trip to London

I can't remember what time we got up, it was just too early! We were at Newton Abbot Station in time to catch the 7.20 am train to London. While travelling we gave out the 'rations' and everyone ate their breakfast and made up their lunch. We arrived at London at about a quarter past ten. British Rail had actually excelled itself for us and we arrived in London two minutes ahead of schedule!

First of all we went to an exhibition of a private collection of Picasso's sketch books at the Royal Academy. Unfortunately because of the way they were displayed and the number of people there it was very difficult to see it all properly. We spent about an hour there, and after that we split up and trekked around London to find a place to have lunch. After lunch we made our way over to the Hayward Gallery where a Rodin Exhibition was being shown. To get there we had travelled by tube to Waterloo Station and crossed the Thames via a combined rail and pedestrian bridge. Before going in we waited for the rest of the group to rejoin us. Next to the bridge was a busker with a saxophone. Sue Andrea and Beatrice Feytit (a temporary French visitor) promptly linked arms and danced about in front of the musician! As the two were dancing the others joined us and it was not long before we were inside the Gallery looking at the fascinating Rodin Sculptures. The media shown were bronze, stone and white marble. His sculptures were not the only thing there, it also displayed his preparatory sketches and drawings of some of his pieces.

Upstairs to Rodin was an exhibition by the 'Boyle Family' of fibre glass sculptures. We hadn't planned to see it, but most of us went and had a look. The fibre glass was moulded into shapes of pavements, muddy tracks, mosaic floors and littered ground. The only thing to tell you that it wasn't real was the fact that it was all hanging on walls! After nearly two hours there we rushed through Trafalgar Square to the National Art Gallery, and promptly got utterly lost in the maze of galleries. Unfortunately I was really lost and gave myself a tour of art through the ages before I managed to re-orientate myself! My favourite period of time was the Impressionist Age and it was those paintings I searched for as postcards in the Gallery Shop.

It was dark when we left the National Art Gallery and we then made our way back to Paddington Station. We arrived just on time, only to find that our train had been delayed for half-an-hour or more. We thought all our troubles were over when the journey finally got underway. Not so, we found ourselves stopping at Exeter and being forced to change from our warm, cosy train to a cold draughty local train. This train was also slow and seemed to stop at every possible opportunity. We finally arrived back at school thankful to be able to drop into bed. What a day!

Lisa Hughes



## “Now Get Out of That”

Sprinting downstairs pulling on our clothes, we had 5 minutes left to get to the minibus at the end of the road. Just on time we jumped in, relieved, we'd made it! After travelling for about 10 minutes, Rachel suddenly said she'd left the compass behind. I can still remember the sense of panic we all felt. I felt my stomach turn over and over. We all did manage to stay pretty calm though, and began to search through our things for it. Without a compass we would be lost. At last the first of our traumas was over, it was found.

We were all then dumped in a layby with our breakfast and told to set off at 9.30. After we had eaten inerts tasting sausages we set off! We found our first task eventually and spent the whole hour we assigned to do it in unsuccessfully. We had to cross a stream, without getting wet, using ropes and pulleys. We failed to complete it, so with our spirits dampened we walked on. We had no extra clues, Charlotte was the only one who walked away with something, a bleeding lip from where the pulley had hit her in the mouth!

We only had a few hours left in this certain zone, we didn't really know where we were but we trudged on. Our spirits were pretty high considering our situation. We searched for a cave and eventually we found it, just as another team found it. We tried to use our female charm and suggest that ladies should go first! It didn't work and bad luck fell upon us again. We had to wait for them to finish the 70ft absail into the cave. We ate our lunch and then completed our absail, collected our clue and decided where to go next. It was boiling hot and we were all exhausted, though we managed to keep each other going. We were already out of time in our zone but we had to get the next clue. So we took a chance and we marched onwards to the church we had to go to. On returning Scon, Rachel and Charlotte all decided to wind me up. They pretended to take a canoe which was moored on the side of the lake. I didn't want to believe they'd do it but they all sounded so convincing I nearly did end up believing them! Fortunately we didn't take the canoe and trudged on.

We then had to make a raft, a lot of rope was used and lots of knots were tied but it floated! We managed to get across the lake without falling in and the assessor did say it was one of the best rafts made yet! We then cooled ourselves off by taking a fully earned dip in the lake. Then we started off again. Disaster struck again, yet again the compass was mislaid. I had left it behind at the lake. So I ran (yes I did run) back to the lake again and tried to find it. It wasn't there and it never did turn up. So now we had to find our way without a compass.

Our next task proved to be one of the most tedious tasks that we had that weekend. We had to retrieve a coracle (a small very unstable boat!) from the other side of a pool which we at the side of. This may sound easy but all we had was a black plastic bag, a water container and a thin piece of rope. We were also told that the water was extremely corrosive and we couldn't enter it ourselves.

After what seemed an age of throwing the container containing enough water to weight it and the continuous tangling of the rope we managed to get the container in the boat and pull it near us. Then Scon made the first intrepid journey across the pool using a piece of wood as an oar. Things seemed to be going smooth until the boat tipped up and she fell in! We had to start all over again. Finally all of us and our rucksacks were over the pool and we gained another clue and were on our way again.

We met a minibus on the way back which was looking for us. We were taken back to pitch our tents and to have supper. Fortunately we didn't have the embarrassment of being the last back. We also made sure our credibility wasn't totally lost by making the bus drop us off a short distance from the site and we walked in!

I was allocated the job of trying to prepare some sort of meal from the packet of dehydrated food we had. I just ended up pouring everything in together and boiling it up and hoping for the best. Everyone made rude comments and it took a while to clean the pan off afterwards but some of it was eaten! Miss Sprogis made, what had seemed to us, her only communicative contact with us. We asked her a load of questions but she was sworn to secrecy and couldn't help us any more than telling us that we could do it and as usual to “go for it”. This is not to say that these words of wisdom from Miss Sprogis did not help us (creep creep).

The night came and for some of us it was bedtime! We all now know what its like to be eaten alive. The mosquitoes were really bad. It felt like your eyes were being eaten away. Finally we fell asleep.

In the morning every team was keeping itself very much to itself.

"Did you find many clues yesterday?" one team asked us.

"No, not really" we lied, we called this team tactics; not letting the opposing team know what we knew. We then upped and left in what we thought was the right direction, Lake Windemere.

Here we had to catch a ferry. On the ferry we decided to get out all our clues, in secrecy and work out what we needed to do next. We split up and walked around the boat discreetly trying to ask people questions. Scon and Rachel sprung upon a man reading a newspaper. They asked him if he knew anything. To their surprise he revealed from under his paper a brown envelope, (another of the famous brown envelopes which we had spent all weekend picking up!).

They found Charlotte and I, and we dashed into the ladies, (quite convenient really because being the only girls team we could be assured of privacy). We were really excited and we went back on to the deck. We tried to stay calm and pretended we didn't know anything. We got off the boat and were met by a minibus and were taken back to Amside and the hostel.

Here we were told including as usual! Now we had to work everything out. It was still boiling and we were almost giving up due to tiredness and frustration. We set off again, not quite sure where we were going, Rachel got really hot and so decided to take off her tracksuit and walk around in her knickers! We just told her to get on and do it so we could start off again! We walked for what seemed like ages. Every so often someone

would start to give up but each time we all dragged each other on. At last we came across the cave we were looking for. Charlotte quickly went in and we told her the number which we had worked out was the number on the test task that we needed.

She got to the test tasks only to find that the number we wanted wasn't there. Five minutes earlier a team had arrived and taken that test task. We were dis-heartened we just took the nearest number to the one we had originally wanted.

We couldn't believe that after all the miles we had walked we had been beaten by about 5 minutes. But pleased with what we had achieved we returned back to the hostel!



*Members of the 1986 'Now Get Out of That' team in action - Emma Winter, Charlotte Johnson-King, Rachel Gibbs, and Katherine Wills*

# Une pizzeria française en Italie

Les propriétaires étaient français! Ils étaient très gentils et avaient deux enfants âgés de cinq et de trois ans. Le restaurant était assez grand et nous commandions nos pizzas en arrivant. Il y avait un four dans un coin du restaurant où ils faisaient cuire les pizzas devant nous.

Dix minutes après avoir commandé, nous voyions les pizzas arriver. Elles avaient un goût délicieux. L'ambiance était bonne et on s'amusait bien. Nos estomacs étaient pleins et nous étions satisfaites en rentrant à l'hôtel.

Vive les pizzas français en Italie!

Kathryn Lang

## Alliance Franco-Anglaise

les troisièmes

Nous avons décidé de faire progresser cette Alliance en écrivant à de jeunes Français de notre âge-

Nous avons douze correspondants, quatre filles et huit garçons! Âgés de quinze ans et de seize ans.

Ils habitent aux quatre coins de la France: Bretagne, Paris, Charente, Var, Puy de Dôme, Orne Drôme.

Ils sont plus ou moins courageux pour écrire certaines d'entre nous ont reçu une lettre seulement, d'autres huit!

Le sont les filles qui écrivent le plus souvent!

Nous avons bien sûr beaucoup de choses en commun: par exemple, les passe temps, plusieurs s'intéressent à la Philatélie et aux animaux, l'équitation et la danse, la photo et la musique. Les garçons aiment le foot, le tennis et le cyclisme.

Deux garçons aiment aller au cinéma et un autre a un petit penchant pour la boisson!

# SKI-TRIP



We tramped out into a wet French evening after a 12 hour journey. It was 9.00 pm. After we'd seen our rooms we had our first French meal. Put it like this I've had a lot better! We were introduced to some of the ski instructors. Yes, blonde brown and blue eyed! Of course!

Once we had collected our ski boots and skis we were shattered, so everyone including Mrs Trott hit the sack, with breakfast being served at 7.55 am and we were to be outside the hotel before nine.

My first day skiing was a disaster. I kept falling over, stopping became a great problem, and getting up even worse. By the afternoon I didn't want to go back up the piste and make a complete idiot of myself in front of the little 4 year olds zooming down at 50 mph. Something wrong somewhere!

The second day most of my group mastered the snow plough, so now instead of falling over to stop, I did the snow plough. It snowed quite a bit over-night, therefore the next day we went powder snow skiing, which is great! When you turn all the snow from behind kicks up. In the afternoon when the group from school went off skiing we ended up in another resort and to get back to Serre Chevalier we had to go on a drag lift with a difference! It had mogels half way round. I could feel my skis getting wider and wider, you see the knack of a drag lift is to keep your skis parallel.

I still don't know why people call skiing a holiday. I came home for a well earned rest!!!

Andrea Flude

# Wimbledon

At last the day came! We were off to Wimbledon for the day, 4 fourth years, 4 fifth years and 2 sixth years. As we drove through London at about 9.00 am we saw that the temperature was already 70F. It was going to be a hot day! We parked the hired minibus easily in a huge field and walked to the gates equipped with packed lunches, cameras and most important autograph books. As soon as we were into Wimbledon we started queueing for the Centre Court. We joined one queue for a while and then went into a smaller queue on the other side. It was a long wait but nobody minded that. It was the quarter-finals that day and the first match was Henri Leconte for France against Pat Cash for Australia. Suddenly the doors opened and everyone charged as fast as they could to the front. Luckily we managed to get right to the front so we had a great view. We had to wait for about two hours for it to start so we ate our lunches. It was now getting very hot and we were all glad for our drink. At last it started. The cheers were incredible. The crowd were all loudly supporting and encouraging. The match was really close and it was very exciting. Eventually after four sets Henri Leconte won. It was then not long before Boris Becker came on, it was quite a short game in comparison with the previous one. Becker won fairly easily. At the time more and more people were being squashed into one area and we were slowly but surely being pushed out of our places, so we left the centre court feeling very hot and squashed. After we had bought a drink we tried to get in and watch the Ivan Lendl match but this was a very popular match and so we only saw glimpses. By about 5.30—6.00 pm everything was beginning to calm down, so we went and watched some junior doubles on the smaller courts. Some of them were as young as fourteen and fifteen but they were all very good. Just before we left we visited the souvenir shops and bought some items that would remind us of the day. At 8.00 pm we arrived back at the minibus, all of us exhausted and ready to sleep all the way home. Good job Mrs Morgan stayed awake as she was driving! It had been a day to remember.

Anna Jones 4T

## The Climb

Got to find another foothold  
 Stretch fingers to the left  
 Nothing  
 Stretch fingers to the right  
 Found one  
 Got up another level.

Made it to the Top  
 I'm ready to flop  
 Still got to climb back down again  
 Slack the rope belayer  
 The rope loosens and I begin the descent  
 Miss Sprogis! HELP!



L. Jarvis

# SPORT

## Games Report 1985/86

Due to the Teachers dispute which fortunately did not affect Stover directly, few matches against other schools were played. Lacrosse in any case is played by few in our vicinity and it is therefore necessary to travel long distances for competition, but Lacrosse is a Stover tradition which it is essential to uphold.

The high point of the winter season was the lacrosse match against Cheltenham High, Philadelphia who beat us just! The exciting game showed many people the skill and speed involved in this sport and has inspired many to improve their skill in this field, and hopefully Stover will rise from the apparent 'lull' in success. The popularity of the game appears to have risen in the opinion polls.

The First Team has been lucky in being able to attend two tournaments in addition to the annual London Tournament held at Merton. The standard at this event is very high, teams from all over England attending. This tournament is the climax to our season and the one to which our training is directed. We have played our nearest rivals Sherbourne but unfortunately were unable to beat them, although the Under 15 result looks promising.

Netball had not been played as much as usual. The teachers dispute affecting local school teams, but the games played were enjoyable and as seen from the results, successful in many cases. The Under 13 team especially showing potential. The 1st VII continue to be a successful force. Torquay Grammer continues to be a constant competitor.

The 'ever popular' cross country running has shown that Stover possesses some good runners with a mass of energy and stamina able to withstand the horrors of the clay pits and exhilarating 'Torture Field'. Unfortunately Stover was unable to carry their ability to inter schools competition as this event was cancelled.

Gymnastics throughout the school has been popular which seems to be reflected in the successful results of competition and Acrobatic awards is impressive. The inter House Gymnastics Competition continues to reveal new talent and is an event enjoyed by all. Unfortunately, a number of the report sheets are missing — consequently the Sports Report is incomplete.



Some coaching mid-way through a hard match at St. Swithin's, Winchester



Relaxing after the Sherborne Match, Autumn 1986

## Sports Girl of the Year

Junior — C. Scourfield

Senior — S. Conway

### Lacrosse

#### 1st XII

C. Llewelyn	G
K. Schulze	P
B. Burgess	CP
C. Vere	3M
L. Ntamila	LD
S. Conway	RD
K. Maddever (Capt)	C
A. Whitbread	LA
A. Ireland	RA
J. Goaman	3H
T. Lawrence	2H
H. Copp	1H

#### U/15 XII

H. Masters/C. Mortimer	G
S. Mallock	P
C. Scourfield	CP
E. Winter	3M
E. Kendall	LD
L. Cremer-Price	RD
E. Fordham	C
K. Jones	LA
C. Johnson-King	RA
H. Masters	3H
C. Winter	2H
L. Bairstow	1H
F. Case	
S. Hearsey	

#### Tournament at Westonbirt

##### 1st XII

v. Westonbirt	DREW 1—1
v. St. Bart's	LOST 1—0
v. St. George's	LOST 2—0
v. Cheltenham Ladies	
	LOST 3—0

#### U/15 XII

v. St. George's	DREW 0—0
v. Westonbirt	LOST 3—0
v. Atherley	DREW 1—1
v. Royal School	LOST 2—1

#### Tournament at

#### Queen Anne's Caversham

##### 1st XII

v. Southsea	LOST 2—1
v. Sherborne	LOST 9—2
v. Downe House	LOST 11—2
v. Salisbury Ladies	
	DREW 2—2
v. Sherborn	LOST 20—0
v. University of Exeter	
	LOST 14—3
v. Philadelphia High	
	LOST 9—8

#### U/15 XII

v. Atherley	LOST 6—0
v. St. Bart's	LOST 3—1
v. St. Swithins	LOST 4—0
v. Queen Anne's	LOST 7—0
v. Sherborne	LOST 7—4

#### London Tournament

##### 1st XII

v. Morton Hall	LOST 8—0
v. St. Helens & St. Catherines	
	LOST 3—0
v. St. Maurs	DREW 1—1
v. Portsmouth High	
	LOST 4—2
v. Queen Anne's	LOST 7—1
v. Wyckam Abbey	
	LOST 5—0
v. Atherley	LOST 6—1
v. Bolton	LOST 2—1

#### Inter House Competition

##### Winners

Jnr. Queen Mary
Snr. Queen Victoria

#### Netball

##### U/16

TB. Clifford	GK
C. Ntim	GD
A. Moore	WD
S. Kendall	C
A. Ireland	WA
P. Brenner	GA
M. Pring	GS

##### U/15

S. Mallock	GK
A. Aderimi	GD
C. Scourfield	WD
E. Fordham	C
C. Johnson-King	WA
H. Masters	GA
R. Miller	GS

##### U/14

C. Johnson	GK
A. Cameron	GD
E. Kendall	WD
K. Halliday	C
S. Hague	WA
J. Vere	GA
A. Watson	GS

##### U/13

L. Brewis	GK
C. Taylor	GD
K. Evans	WD
K. Wills	C
S. McDowell	WA
L. John	GA
H. Burman/S. Yeomans	GS

#### U/12 green

V. Trinick	GK
H. Moon	GD
C. Wade	WD
E. Duckworth	C
F. Clarke	WA
B. Horne	GA
K. Jackson/C. Greaves	GS

#### U/12 yellow

N. Gray	GK
S. MacEachern	GD
H. Pike	WD
R. Coward	C
G. Hague	WA
E. Wyness	GA
S. Morgan/M. Tucker	GS

U/16 v. Trinity LOST 21—1

U/15 v. Torquay Grammer  
DREW 10—10

u/18 v. Torquay Grammer  
WON 22—2

U/14 v. Trinity LOST 25—5

U/13 v. Trinity WON 7—5

U/13 v. Torquay Grammer  
WON 9—3

U/13 v. Trinity WON 8—4

U/12 green v. Trinity  
WON 12—8

U/12 yellow v. Trinity  
LOST 8—6

#### Inter House Competition

##### Winners

Jnr. Queen Mary
Snr. Queen Victoria

#### Rounders

##### 1st Years

E. Wyness	B
S. Sinclair	BS
C. Shaw	1st P
H. Pike	2nd P
C. Greaves	3rd P
N. Gray	4th P
B. Singateh	1st D
E. Wing	2nd D
F. Clarke	3rd D

##### 2nd Years

K. Evans	B
L. John	BS
H. Burman	1st P
S. Yeomans	2nd P
E. Bruce	3rd P
K. Wills	4th P
C. Snell	1st D
S. Bailey	2nd D
T. Fowler	3rd D

**Tennis****1st couple**

F. Hasting/T. Lawrence

**2nd couple**

K. Maddever/J. Goaman

**3rd couple**

R. Miller/C. Scourfield

**Senior Singles Champion**

C. Scourfield

**Senior Doubles Champions**

C. Scourfield/R. Miller

**Junior Singles Champion**

V. Wright

**Junior Doubles Champions**

V. Wright/A. Watson

**Swimming Sports****Winners**

Jnr Jump (from board)

C. Greaves

Snr. N. Sewell

3 Lengths C. Johnson-King

**Butterfly**

Jnr. K. Evans

Inter V. Wright

Snr. T. Lawrence

**Back Crawl**

Jn. C. Tripper

Inter K. Stewart

Snr. L. Booth

**Breast Stroke**

Jnr. J. Lean

Inter A. Seccombe

Snr. disqualifications

**Front Crawl**

Jnr. K. Wills

Inter C. Johnson-King

Snr. P. Brenner

**Plunge**

Jnr. L. John

Inter L. Bairstow

Snr. E. Winter

**Individual Medley**

Jnr. V. Wright

Inter V. Wright

Snr. T. Lawrence

**Dive**

Jnr. S. McKinnon

Inter V. Wright

Snr. T. Shaw

**Relay 4x2**

Jnr. Queen Mary

Snr. Queen Victoria

**Relay 4x1 Medley**

Jnr. Queen Mary

Inter Queen Victoria

Snr. Queen Victoria

**Relay 4x1 Freestyle**

Jnr. Queen Mary

Inter Queen Victoria

Snr. Queen Victoria

**RESULT**

1st Queen Victoria 84pts

2nd Queen Mary 82 pts

3rd Queen Elizabeth 59 pts

**INDIVIDUAL CHAMPIONS**

Junior K. Evans

Inter V. Wright

Senior T. Lawrence

**Royal Life Saving Society****Awards****Bronze Medallion**

Tiffany Evans

Karen Mortimer

Victoria Wright

Sarah Kendall

**Cross Country Champions**

1st Year Emma Duckworth

2nd/3rd Years Kyla Scougall

4th/5th Years

Hermione Copp

6th Form Sarah Conway

**Inter House****Overall Champions**

Queen Mary

**Devon Schools Gymnastics**

Due to the teachers action there were no county competitions. The only competition outside the school was an invitational at North Devon Leisure Centre, Barnstaple, on March 8th 1986.

Stover entered two teams U14 and O14 and two U12 individuals.

<b>U12</b>	<i>Floor</i>	<i>Vault</i>	<i>Total</i>
Bryony Horncastle	7.45	7.55	15.00
Bryony Horn	7.60	7.50	15.10

<b>O15</b>	<i>Floor</i>	<i>Vault</i>	<i>Total</i>
Katie Jones	6.60	7.65	14.25
Charlotte Scourfield	7.00	7.20	14.20
Emma Fordham	6.35	6.90	13.25
Selina Hague	7.20	6.25	13.45
Annabel Kay	5.90	6.00	11.90
Charlotte Greaves	6.30	6.70	13.00

<b>U14</b>	<i>Floor</i>	<i>Vault</i>	<i>Total</i>
Karen Evans	7.15	5.75	12.90
Katie Wills	7.10	6.80	13.90
Helen Shillabeer	6.40	6.00	12.40
Samantha McDowell	6.05	5.95	12.00
Fay Clarke	5.00	5.90	10.90
Sarah Rogers	6.80	—	6.80

## Inter House Gymnastics Competition 1986

The competition took place in the School Jubilee Hall on Thursday 20th March, from 10am to 1pm. Our judges were Miss Jillian Robb and student from the College of St. Mark and St. John who completed a successful second teaching practice at Stover, with Miss Susan Meak a fellow student.

### Junior Individual

- 1st S. Hague — Mary
- 2nd C. Greaves — Elizabeth
- 3rd S. MacDowell — Victoria

### Junior Doubles

- 1st K. Brown & K. Scougall — Mary
- 2nd S. Rogers & L. John — Elizabeth
- 3rd H. Shillabeer & A. Walker — Victoria

### Junior Groups

- 1st Elizabeth and Mary
- 3rd Victoria

### Rhythmic Gymnastics

- 1st J. Helme & N. Milligan — Elizabeth
- 2nd C. Shaw & J. Lean — Mary
- 3rd L. Tope — Victoria

### Junior Vault

- 1st V. Wright — Victoria
- 2nd A. Kay — Victoria
- 3rd E. Wing — Elizabeth

### Senior Individual

- 1st K. Jones — Elizabeth
- E. Fordham — Mary
- 3rd C. Scourfield — Victoria

### Senior Doubles

- 1st K. Stewart & R. Miller — Mary
- 2nd N. Gibbins & G. Offer-Hoar — Victoria
- 3rd L. Bairstow & L. Hughes — Elizabeth

### Senior Groups

- 1st Victoria
- 2nd Elizabeth and Mary

### Rhythmic Gymnastics

- 1st K. Schulze & L. Ntamila — Elizabeth
- 2nd S. Hearsey — Victoria
- 3rd H. Masters — Mary

### Senior Vault

- 1st T. Shaw — Mary
- C. Johnson-King — Victoria
- 2nd J. Hands — Mary
- 3rd K. Cleave — Victoria

### Junior Results

- 1st Mary — 24 points
- Elizabeth — 24 points
- 3rd Victoria — 14 points



*In action for Queen Elizabeth House, 1986*

*- Louise John and Sarah Rogers*

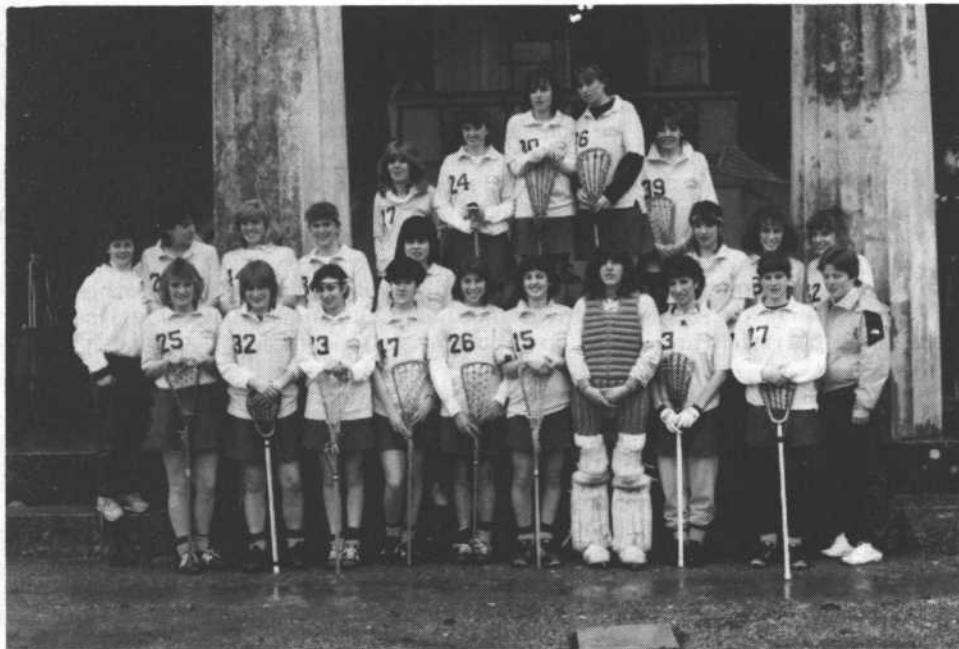
### Senior Results

- 1st Mary — 24 points
- 2nd Victoria — 22 points
- 3rd Elizabeth — 20 points

### Final Results

- 1st Mary — 48 points
- 2nd Elizabeth — 44 points
- 3rd Victoria — 36 points

# Philadelphia, Here we come!



*Visiting team from Cheltenham High School, Philadelphia, March 1986*

After showing hospitality to our American visitors from Philadelphia it was time to go into battle with them on the Lacrosse field. We had watched them train during the days before the match. They looked so professional and fit! We all sat in the cellars having a team talk with Mrs Morgan. The air was filled with nerves, we all wanted to win so much but we were all aware of the strength of our opposing team.

Orange socks pulled up, games kit clean and ironed we all made our way outside. Before the match we had a photo call. The press had come to record this unique event and we all stood shivering in the rain while people shunted into various positions. the photos over, it was time for ACTION!

There were only 13 of us, 12 that were needed to complete the team plus 1 reserve. The Americans had about twice as many placers as us but we didn't let this fact deter us. The Americans had eye shields, gum shields the lot. We being the strong, fierceless British faced the opposition unprotected! After a warm up the game started. The air was filled with cheers from the school supporting us. The Americans were playing lacrosse in an American football style. Nearly everytime the whistle blew they'd swap people in and out in order to have a strong team throughout the game.

Half time came and we were 7—0 down. We were in despair but still very determined to prove something. After a quick team talk we pulled the team together and things started to happen. Our attacking players scored goal after goal and we began to fight hard to keep the American attackers from reaching our goal.

The score at last became equal, 8—8, we couldn't believe it, we were getting somewhere. The crowd roared and their support pushed us on. Then the final goal came which determined the result. Just before the whistle for full time was blown a ball hit the back of the net — the Americans had won!

The rain still poured but this did not depict our mood. We were all really pleased at the way we had played. We had proved to ourselves and everyone else that we could do it!

Emma Winter

# Staff-Room News

This year has seen some sad farewells, particularly the departure of Mr Leslie Taylor, who taught Chemistry, Physics and Mathematics at Stover for twelve years. Les Taylor's dedication to the school was unstinting — he gave his own uniquely enthusiastic support to the annual bazaar, the Horse Show, his leadership of Queen Victoria House, the Athletics Club and many other aspects of school life. His urbane wit is sadly missed in the staff-room, and we all wish him well in his premature retirement. We welcome as the new head of Science Mrs Susan Bradley, who has joined us from Blackheath High School for Girls.

Dr. Lough also left us last summer. Many will remember him with affection for his teaching of senior school Religious Knowledge. He will continue to carry out his duties as vicar of Hennock parish church for the time being. Our nursing sister, Joy Hyslop has also retired, but is still living in Newton Abbot and is a frequent visitor — her position has now been taken by Mrs Julia Beastall.

Mrs Josephine Hunt has given up the post of part-time teacher of mathematics in order to devote more time to her family and their apple-farm, and our new mathematics teacher is Mrs Jane Billing. Miss Susan Andrea has now returned to her native Australia: her lively sense of humour and willingness to help and to enter into the spirit of the school even led her to don breeches and waistcoat in our recent swashbuckling production of "Black-Eyed Susan". Her position as "general factotum" to the resident staff has been taken by a fellow Antipodean, Miss Francis Coupland, whose golden sun-tan soon disappeared under our frozen January skies!



*Mr Taylor bids farewell to some of the staff*

# School Leavers and Entrants

## LEAVERS—JULY 1986

Laura Allison  
Tara Bastin  
Michelle Bigg  
Penny Brenner  
Aysen Bulbuloglu  
Clare Chamberlain  
Elizabeth Chan  
Sarah Conway  
Hermione Copp  
Catherine Coverdale  
Angela Dawes  
Samantha Dawe  
Helen Downing  
Rachel Gibbs  
Nicola Gibbins  
Jill Goaman  
Alice Ireland  
Ayako Izumi  
Joanne Kerr  
Shenna Kerr  
Tara Lawrence  
Cerys Hughes  
Mari Lisa McCulloch  
Clare Medland  
Geraldine Orton  
Emma Peter-Hoblyn  
Melonie Pring  
Joanne Robertson  
Karin Schultze  
Tracey Shaw  
Shila Sibajene  
Charlotte Smith  
Josephine Southall  
Priscilla Summers  
Charlotte Vere  
Kathryn Watson

Amanda Whitbread  
Kimm Maddever  
Magdalen Woolcombe  
Elaine Yeung  
Hulya Yuceler

## DECEMBER 1986

Beatrice Feytit  
Sarah Foster  
Jennifer Hands  
Elizabeth Bailey

## ENTRANTS— SEPTEMBER 1986

Polly Jackson  
Nicola Laws  
Alison Rich  
Yuwanee  
Atsawaitthiwatthana  
Suki Cheung  
Pippa Ker  
Jennifer Mayoh  
Jodie Ng  
Samantha Rawson  
Catherine Byne  
Emma Harvey  
Catherine Mason  
Katherine Summers  
Beatrice Feytit  
Nicola Fox  
Jennifer Mason  
Catherine Ravenscroft  
Yuwaporn  
Atsawaitthiwatthana  
Salma Hamza  
Binta Hassan  
Isabell Mgobozi

Racheal Chapman  
Karen Peters  
Pollyanna Bent  
Alexandra Clyne  
Louise D'Aguiar  
Alexandra Donkin  
Tamsin Foulkes  
Helen Gill  
Hayley Newbury  
Debbie Newbury  
Lucy Rickett  
Erica Sturdy  
Kate Tope  
Victoria Willmott  
Abby willmott  
Monica Dowdell  
Leigh Dunkels  
Zoe Farmer  
Helena Garland-Selley  
Kathryn Harvey  
Sophie Herring  
Rachel Hill  
Patricia Hunt  
Elizabeth Letori  
Jane Longrigg  
Marina Martinez  
Lucy Meharg  
Victoria Paul  
Lucy Ryan  
Katharine Smith  
Kathryn Stone  
Jemma Todd  
Jane Abbott  
Catherine Paxton  
Katharine Walker  
Sarah Gannon  
Keturah Prior  
Michelle Tucker

# Stover Old Girls' Association

## Committee Members

### Chairman:

Mrs E. Langton (McIntyre)

### Vice-Chairman:

Mrs K. Howard (Rowe)

### Secretary:

Miss M. Pappin

### Treasurer:

Mrs J. Boyne (Kennard)

### Committee:

Miss R. Evans

Mrs Scott (B. Jenner)

Mrs Read (A. Gummer)

Mrs Lean (S. Gray)

Miss A. Morley-Smith

### School Representative:

Iona Stevenson

## Future Dates:

Saturday 27th June 1987 Summer Ball

Saturday 4th July 1987 : S.O.G.A. AGM & Reunion Memorial Concert

## Dear Old Girls,

Another busy year has passed and it is time once more to put pen to paper and try to sum up the important pieces of news.

Perhaps one of the main events of interest to Old Girls was the Memorial Concert held last June. The South West Mozart Players, directed by Antony le Fleming played a variety of pieces and the evening was enjoyed by all who came. Some confusion had occurred as to how the Concert was to be funded. It was organised as a result of a £1000 legacy from Miss Dence which had been left especially to further the School's musical life. It was intended that any profit made would be used to finance the next Concert but unfortunately a loss was made last year. However we are persevering and have a similar event planned for this year, on July 4th when Emma Johnson, Young Musician of the Year 1984, will be providing the music. We hope that more people will be able to come this year so that the Concert can become a self-perpetuating event. All friends and relatives are welcome so please spread the word!

The other fund connected with Miss Dence was set up by the S.O.G.A. and consists of contributions from members. This spring we were able to hand over a cheque for £360 to help pay for the provision of glass doors on the Library shelves. The whole room has been redecorated and a new system of cataloguing and lending is to be organised. I am sure it will be a great bonus to the School's resources and be appreciated by many generations to come, so many thanks to all those who contributed so generously. It seems appropriate that a plaque should be installed in the Library in memory of both Miss Dence and Miss Lidgate — Miss Lidgate's Memorial Fund helped to pay for the lighting system. We hope that this will be done before the A.G.M. in July.

Once again many Old Girls have attended the various events held throughout the year and we hope that the fact that you are now receiving a termly calendar of events will enable you to come to even more in the future. We are always happy to see you; it must mean that, despite those age-old grumbles about school that all schoolchildren make at some time or other, you do have a soft spot for Stover!

With best wishes

Melian Pappin  
Hon. Secretary S.O.G.A.

## ENGAGEMENTS

Amanda Pearce to Michael Harris, June 21st 1986

Bryony Major to Andrew Dalrymple, March 1987

## MARRIAGES

Anna Smyth to SAC Martin Bonness, January 1987

## BIRTHS

To Anne Martin, a son, Ashlee, April 1986

## DEATHS

It is with very great sadness that I have to report the death of Ela-Marita Halloran and Hilary Tipton (Gurney) in the Spring and Summer of 1986. Our thoughts have been with their families.

## OLD GIRLS' NEWS

I would like to take this opportunity of apologising to **Patricia Cardale** and her family for referring to her as Pat in last year's edition of the magazine; I am very sorry for the upset that this caused to all concerned.

**Anthea Morley-Smith** writes from London where she is thoroughly enjoying her job with the National Trust. She includes news of several of her contemporaries. **Kate Tremlett** is working for the Foreign Office, along with **Helen Grover**, while **Sarah Hatton** is in her first year at Warwick University reading French and History. **Jackie Watson** is sitting her Law finals in Guildford. **Vanda Woolcock** is halfway through her course at the Froebel College. **Claire Whitbread** lives in the same hostel as Anthea — they are hoping to move into a flat soon. Claire works for a firm of Quantity Surveyors in Victoria while her sister, **Amanda**, is working as an au pair in the South of France. Claire keeps in touch with **Sandra Bowyer** who is keeping a course in Tourism in Bournemouth.

**Julia Weston** is in her second year at Kent University. She is reading French and English but spent her first year studying a variety of subjects, including Magic!

**Jill Hughes (Rogers)** has spent much of her time abroad recently. Last year she and her husband spent four weeks in Beijing running a programme for Chinese managers, followed by three weeks in Sao Paolo. She heard from **Pat Norwood** who is running her own business as well as bringing up two sons, Tom and Miles.

**Miss Hill** wrote to say that she has been studying Russian prior to visiting the country last autumn.

**Amanda Pearce** wrote with news of her engagement. She is at Saltash College of Further Education taking a B/Tech., National Diploma in Business Studies, as well as following various 'O' and 'A' Level courses in related subjects.

**Fiona Hajee** and **Bridget Peirson** have completed an Arts Foundation course in Plymouth. Fiona is now following an Honours Degree course in Graphic Design at Norwich School of Art, while Bridget is at North Staffordshire Polytechnic following a similar course in Design.

Also in Plymouth is **Lynn Evans** who has just finished a course in Hotel and Catering Management; her sister **Jane** has been working as a hotel receptionist in Salcombe.

**Nina West** hopes to be working in a London hospital having finished her Nursery Nursing course at Chiltern College. During the summer she was nanny to a Jewish family in Reading and spent the majority of the time travelling around Europe with them.

**Belinda Moyle** has been having a very busy time. While living in Plymouth she had a variety of jobs ranging from working for Calor Gas to the Microbiology unit at Derriford Hospital. She spent much of her free time windsurfing. Last autumn she decided against emigrating to Canada, just a week before the flight, and instead moved to London where she worked for a while in Harrods before moving to Boots as a Buyer's assistant. At present she is working for Sir Nevil Stock at Asbestos International Association. A lack of windsurfing facilities has meant taking up a new free-time activity and she has now become involved in politics, being on the committee of the 'Colehill' ward in the Fulham Constituency, so she will no doubt be kept busy in the coming months. She still sees several old school friends, being godmother to **Jane Everard's** (Etherington) second son, Thomas. **Bridgitte (Pelle)** and Steve Wyre are still living in Hook, and **Corrine Schnetzer** came over to visit England last summer with her husband Roland and son Kevin.

**Liz Kyle** has completed her post-graduate studies in Scotland and is now working as a Research Assistant to an M.P. in Westminster.

**Tessa Shillabeer** and **Valerie Mearns** are still both enjoying life in the Police Force. Both have recently moved to Plymouth and are living in Police quarters next door to each other! Tessa's sister, **Jennie**, has been spending several months in Zimbabwe with her eldest sister, Cheryl, and her family. Jennie finished her Art/Photography courses at Torquay last summer. During her stay she attended the funeral of **Alex Bell's** father who was tragically killed in a flying accident. Alex's brother was badly injured in the accident so Alex has interrupted her studies in Birmingham to return home for an indefinite period. I am sure that all Old Girls would like to join in sending our condolences to Alex and her family and our best wishes to her brother for a speedy recovery.

**Miss Smith** is keeping busy in her retirement and her studies have been rewarded; she will be licensed as a Reader by the Bishop of

Plymouth in April. She is also Lay Chairman of the Moreton Deanery Synod and is involved with young people and education in her role as 'Lay Link Officer'.

**Sharon Carne** is still working at Plymouth College in the Headmaster's Office. She wrote recently with news of several other Old Girls. **Fiona Niven** has recently been granted an Australian Passport and is probably on her way there now! **Vicki Armstrong** is in Brighton doing an HND course in Interior Design. **Pamela Tuckett (Crann)** will have taken her Accountancy finals last December and **Serena Barlow** is doing a Secretarial course in Southampton having done several jobs involving catering.

**Anna Presswell** is in Kent studying Osteopathy; she hopes to take up Lacrosse again.

**Janet Oakland (Stone)** now has two children and is living in Bristol. After leaving Stover she gained qualifications in Administration and Secretarial work at Torquay and went on to work at the Royal Western Counties Hospital. Three years later she took a year's sabbatical and hitch-hiked around Europe ending up in the South of France where she worked for several months before returning home. On her return she joined a Building Society as a mortgage and investments clerk and travelled the country with their Exhibition team. It was while working for the Society that she met her husband Christopher who is now a Branch Manager in Bristol.

**Fay Tribble** moved back to the West Country last autumn, after taking up a temporary position as House Matron at St. Audries School in Somerset. She is trying to get back into music full-time or, if that fails, hopes to become a children's travel representative overseas for Thompson or Horizon. She has heard from several other Old Girls recently.

**Emma Chapman** is still working in Plymouth.

**Sue Cummings** has recently returned from Australia where she had been working as a cook — she is a qualified Cordon Bleu chef.

**Nicola Bailey** is doing a third year at Exeter Technical College having gained her 'A' Levels; she is hoping to follow a Drama course.

**Julie Fairbrother (Major)** has been working at Clifton High School in the nursery department. She sees **Penny Atkins** and **Jackie Forder** quite frequently; they both work in London.

**Susie Thom (Fleming)** qualified as an S.R.N. in 1984 and has now finished further specialised training in Paediatrics. Her sister, **Alison**, is nearing the end of her Teachers Training course.

**Sarah Trinick** is still enjoying life in the Royal Navy. She has been based up in Scotland for over a year and has passed her exams to become a Leading Wren — The next stage for advancement comes in about 3 years time. She has been to Norway twice, the second

time for a fortnight of downhill and cross-country skiing.

We must congratulate **Jo Hurley**, rather belatedly I fear, for becoming Devon County Ladies' Golf Champion last summer.

**Sian Lloyd-Edwards** recently completed a year as Lady Mayoress of Cardiff — probably the youngest ever in Britain. She was called in by her uncle when he was elected Lord Mayor and needed a lady to play hostess in the magnificent Mansion House. She had plenty of hard work to do — visiting old people's homes, opening offices, hosting charity coffee mornings plus, of course, entertaining Royalty. She met several members of the Royal Family and regards their visits as the highlights of the year. After a break at her parents home in Stoke Fleming she will be moving to Geneva to become a bilingual secretary at the United Nations.

**Kate Howard (Rowe)** has maintained contact with many of her contemporaries. **Carolyn Reilly (Matheson)** still works as a coffee broker, although she had a baby last August.

**Jean Bentley (Watson)** is living in Sudan with her husband; her two daughters are at boarding school in England. **Corrine Joy** is living in Guernsey, while **Marilyn Aucutt** is teaching in Oxford. **Sue Smith (Evans)** visited Kate last summer.

**Veronica Pugh** is back nursing in Cornwall.

**Janet Byrde (Rouse)** is living in Dorset and had a baby daughter last year.

**Barbara Wilkins (Vine)** and **Kim Claridge** have been tracking down old school friends and have been remarkably successful despite the fact that many of them have gone abroad. We hope to have details of their search soon and hope that this will inspire other Old Girls to have a try — it seems to be great fun and very rewarding.

**Paula Farthing** wrote from R.A.F. Chivenor in North Devon where she is based. She has been there for 8 months and is loving every minute of it. Apart from work, she is involved in several sports teams, clubs and committees. She is in the Station Hockey team so gets to travel all over the country; she recently went to the Isle of Man on a tour. She will be at Chivenor for several more months before doing a promotional course to become a Drill Instructor; however, she may decide to apply for a commission in the R.A.F. so we wish her well with her future plans.

## Operation Raleigh

A few years ago we included an article in the magazine, written by an Old Girl, **Sarah Gambier**. It told of her adventures while taking part in Operation Drake. This year we include another such piece from **Penny Dickens** who took part in the second expedition, Operation Raleigh.

## An Experience of a Lifetime

At the beginning of 1984, a television programme inspired me to apply for a place on an expedition which circumnavigates the globe over a period of four years, taking young people to places and adventures which they may never have imagined possible. I was chosen to participate in an Operation Raleigh Selection Weekend in July 1984 after an interview. In Bideford, North Devon, I underwent a series of gruelling tests, both mentally and physically demanding, to see if I was suitable to take part.

It was then a long wait until I discovered I had a place on phase 4B which involved three months in Southern Chile. I was undergoing training at the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst when I received the news.

I was then both surprised and delighted to receive the letter from the Ministry of Defence which agreed to my taking part and after nine months in a supernumerary post as Platoon Commander at 10 Company WRAC, Aldershot, the long awaited dream came true. Whilst in Aldershot, I had had to raise £1400 in sponsorship in order to ensure my participation on Operation Raleigh and the response to my letters to companies, friends and relatives was overwhelming — the WRAC Headquarters making up the last £100. I held coffee mornings at home, cycled seventy miles from Eastbourne to London and worked with the local press to raise this sum.

On New Year's Day, the travelling began from the Operation Raleigh headquarters in London to a village called Chile Chico in southern Chile. It took nine days to reach our destination having spent twenty three hours on an aeroplane, twenty eight hours on a train and thirty six hours on a cattle ferry which provides Chile Chico with its only contact with the rest of the country, visiting just once a week. Transport in the village consisted of horses ridden by locals dressed in ponchos, cowboy boots and sombrero's. The dusty dirt track roads were hardly surprising in a part of the country with a microclimate providing three hundred sunny days a year.

One hundred and eighty members of Operation Raleigh took part on this phase but were divided into groups working in six different project sites. In Chile Chico, twenty two venturers and four members of staff, including Americans, Canadians, Japanese, Chileans and New Zealanders, with rucksacks on their backs were welcomed by the local people, who adopted us like children.

From 9 January, we settled in a hospedje or guest house which was unfurnished, uncarpeted but sheltered and began our first project. This involved building sheep and cattle corrals just outside the village with logs and wire. With enthusiasm, we worked through the heat of the day while the rest of the village

had afternoon siesta and finished the work within five days. Gratitude was shown to us in the form of invitations to local shacks for mate, a bitter tasting green tea, which is extremely popular in Chile and tastes foul! Chile Chico's one truck then took us high up into the mountains to a nature park called Lago Jeinimenni. The group was now extremely isolated and our only communication with Operation Raleigh Headquarters was by a military radio of which I was in charge. Evening and morning situation reports were sent by the venturers in turn under my instruction which proved amusing! Supplies reached us every two or three weeks including medical supplies, dehydrated rations and the post. Letters took less than a week to get from UK to Raleigh's Headquarters 400 miles away, although our mail was taking three weeks to reach home. It was encouraging to know we were missing freezing conditions in England! One evening, we found the frequency for the World Service and sitting by the lake in the middle of nowhere, the Brits amongst us huddled around the radio to listen to the chimes of Big Ben many miles away.

With home so far away for most of us, we had to make a new temporary home by the large turquoise lake with snow capped mountains towering above it. Two man tents were erected in a circle around a large camp fire sheltered by a clump of trees, alive with parrots and woodpeckers. Washing facilities were limited but we had an immense bath provided by nature in the form of the lake fed by glaciers! My three sets of clothes were washed in the same way and frequently whilst I was still in them! We rarely looked clean. I undoubtedly was the wettest, and muddiest at all times displaying this knack from the first occasion we arrived in Jeinimenni. We came across a log truck stuck at the river crossing and in I dived up to my waist followed by the rest of the group until a chain was formed to float the load to the bank and push the truck out of the current. This enthusiasm for water was my trademark from then on.

Our projects at Lago Jeinimenni included the building of a log cabin for the Forestry Commission workers; planing slates, nailing down floorboards and hours of sawing; as well as repairing the trail around the lake which was rutted and unfinished. We worked for long hours but in these surroundings every second of labour was a great pleasure. The silence was broken only by the cries of birds, the lake was still and the tranquility an experience in itself. The evenings were filled with singing around the camp fire, stories and tales of home and discussions on varying cultures. The sun was our clock and the days ended when the sun went down behind the mountains. In those days at Jeinimenni, the people became a tightly knit group working and living together. We were all very different

from one another in ages, nationalities, occupations and backgrounds but this never affected the unity of the group. Each took a turn in running the team as patrol leader.

Dee, our nurse, was called upon very little considering our surroundings and work, but stitches were required on two occasions when a fishing hook became lodged in Simon's calf and Luke axed his leg. Health generally could not have been better although I would not recommend dehydrated rations to anyone! These were also in short supply and therefore supplemented by fish from the lake and hares that we snared in the lower mountains behind the camp. Whole lambs barbecued over the fire were a treat when we could get them and when supplies were late arriving we ate fried maggots, dug out of rotting logs in desperation, which were really quite palatable!

Whilst at Lago Jeinimenni, a small group was selected to make a trip to the glacier nearby nestling in the mountain range set back beyond the lake. The walk included conquering dense forest, hacking away the vegetation with machetes to form a path and wading chest high across fast flowing rivers. After eleven hours walking we made camp in a clearing in the trees by the river's edge. As part of a survival course, we slept out in the open on beds of leaves in the thick puma country. We had a shift throughout the night to build up the fire and scare away any unwanted visitors. I was on watch between midnight and 0100 hours and spent that hour trying to puzzle out what I would do if a puma **did** turn up! It started to rain as I returned to my sleeping bag and at 0430 hours, I realised there was not a square inch of me still dry. By 0600 hours, we were all awake huddling around the fire and wringing out sleeping bags. Rucksacks weighed at least twice as much as before and the trip was aborted. This, I remember, as the point of lowest morale during the three month expedition. However we returned to camp to find post and hot doughnuts of "soapipias" waiting for us.

Those who had remained at camp had begun on the construction of a footbridge over the river which feeds the lake and were also designing a pier to assist us in collecting water. When the footbridge was complete a week later, we packed up the camp at Lago Jeinimenni and returned to Chile Chico for their 58th Anniversary town festival. Led by our only Japanese venturer, Akira Suzuki, we began a 68kms march towards town covering desert lands, mountains and barren plains. This challenge soon became more demanding than anyone had expected and by 1700 hours on day one, we had lost half the group with various injuries, mainly consisting of blisters. Only eleven of us set up camp that night; the others had been taken to town on the Chile Chico truck.

The following day, we found various problems including lack of water, little food and Ed, the Canadian, could hardly walk at all. Gritted teeth took us into the town that night after twelve hours walking and full rucksacks were happily thrown from tired backs.

The festival built up an excellent relationship between the locals and Operation Raleigh when we competed in anything from singing competitions to basketball matches, as well as the more obscure game — "catching the greased pig"! News of a visit from General Pinochet spurred the local people into repainting the town which we assisted with for several days, rewarded by an invitation to the President's speech and banquet. It was a great occasion for the small, isolated village but as we all sat in anticipation in the gymnasium, the news reached us that he was no longer arriving. The banquet went ahead as planned but the disappointment and shock of the town people was very evident.

With the major community projects completed, our group moved on to do adventure training and caught a ferry to Puerto Murta. In this tiny community, smaller than Chile Chico, we enquired about hiring horses for a trek from Murta to Chile Chico — 300kms away. This was achieved after two days, in which we made a trip to the wild bamboo forests. The Army provided a guide and took five lads and myself on a 4km walk through the forests to the lake. The going was extremely difficult but the prize at the end made it all worth it. I was the first British woman ever to set eyes on the lake which had only recently been discovered during the construction of a track through the dense bamboo.

Also whilst in Puerto Murta we visited some hot springs which was the closest we ever got to a bath! The afternoon and early evening were whiled away lying in the sulphur smelling pools of naturally warm water.

The horse trek was however the most memorable part of the entire expedition with twenty six people, of which two could previously ride, setting out on fairly wild Chilean animals. We had no saddles or bridles for the first two days and had to improvise with rugs and rope. The scenery throughout these ten days of riding was breathtaking and despite the soreness that many people went through, there were numerous occasions to laugh. Within the first four days, everyone had fallen off but without injury. Melinda, an American student, put her saddle on backwards and Fiona, a saleswoman was led purposefully for several yards by a horse she was supposed to be leading! There were moments for concern though when we found our guide leading us up into the mountains and across scree slopes. Paths were non-existent at this stage and we led the horses across whilst watching the rocks plunge into the lake over 100 feet below us. On the final night we camped at a

small farm in Fachinal and I fell asleep to the sound of the St. Valentine's Volcano roaring, over fifteen days ride away.

After a couple of days resting aching limbs and numb bottoms, the Operation Raleigh group worked in the Chile Chico medical centre, cleaning the ambulance, painting the surgery and washing windows. However, because of the language barrier, there was little we could do in the medical field. In Chile the language spoken is castellano. This is very similar to Spanish and most of us learnt enough to get by, although it never proved a great problem as we were assisted by our three Chilean venturers who all spoke fluent English.

Before setting off to a different project site, six venturers and two members of staff returned to Lago Jeinnimenni to do more survival, help finish the log cabin and do some exploring in and around the area. The time was our own as nothing had been arranged for us. I fished a good deal, walked up the mountains behind the camp and did some riding to collect supplies. We had plenty of time to experiment with varieties of food including types of birds, puff balls and nuts. Soon the camp, from so little comfort, became more and more luxurious. Ed made an excellent sauna using a tent flysheet, branches and turf to create a water tight dome. Inside a pit had been hollowed out and with all inside, the rocks from the fire were dropped in, the zip fastened and water poured over the top. What a way to relax!

Our last night in Jeinnimenni was spent sleeping in the Conaf hut we had helped build. This followed a last minute effort to complete the wooden roof, which we managed. On the journey back to Chile Chico, we stopped and walked up into the mountains in search of the Cave of Hands. The cave walls are decorated with ancient rock paintings of hands and several scientific groups from around the world have visited to make studies. We failed to see this unique sight due to limited time, no guide and no path to the caves. In other words, we failed to discover them altogether and did not have time to

search more thoroughly.

Finally, we made a trip from Chile Chico to the San Rafael glacier; a glacier which according to scientists defies nature as it is too far north. Two small fishing boats took the group on a five day voyage to the large lake, made magnificent by the presence of numerous icebergs floating out from the glacier. The surrounding land is rain forests and void of snow and ice with the exception of the glacier pouring down a deep valley towards the lake. It stands 250 feet high in a rugged sheet of blue ice which rumbles loudly as a warning that yet another iceberg will soon crash from it into the water below. The sight was spectacular and viewed firstly from an observation post high above and then from the boat which picked it's way past the icebergs to the front of the glacier. We were dropped off to stand on the icebergs at one point. One day was spent taking in this unique landscape, where another Operation Raleigh group had been based for the three months. Then the boats headed back, stopping on the way to collect sea urchins from a hermit who lived with his dog in the rain forests near the lake. The journey home gave us all a chance to meet up with the other venturers from different project sites again and exchange news. There was much to tell. Two days in Santiago were needed to attempt to bring us back to civilisation after the train and ferry journey when I slept in a cattle truck to avoid the overcrowding on the upper decks. Santiago airport saw tearful farewells, as the British venturers said goodbye to friends who remained behind to return to lives they had left for the expedition. Heathrow however saw astonished parents greeting long haired, rugged and tanned sons and daughters clad in ponchos and sombreros they had returned with.

Operation Raleigh had provided me with an experience of a lifetime, one I will never forget and hope to repeat some day. Many thanks to all those who made it possible for me to take part.

Penny Dickens



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- S. Price—33 White Rose Lane, Woking, Surrey.
- \*M. Pring—75 Shorton Road, Paignton, Devon.
- R. Reichwald (Poile)—34 High Path Road, Mellow, Guildford, Surrey.
- N. Robb—4 York Road, RAF Eyton, Huntington, Cambs.
- L. Roberts (Treece)—57A Ashurst Road, Friern Barnet, London N12 9AU.
- S. Roberts—Vikings, 22 Seymour Road, Newton Abbot, Devon.
- A. Roughley (Stone)—c/o Redcliffe Lodge Hotel, Marine Drive, Paignton, Devon.
- K. Rowe (Howard)
- E. Rowland—Assateague, 6 Evergreen Close, Exmouth, Devon.
- T. Russell-Welch—Skindles Farm, Harbertonford, Totnes, Devon.
- T. St. John—Christophers, East Budleigh, Budleigh Salterton, Devon.
- L. Sanders—Linghaven, Haytor Road, Bovey Tracey, Devon.
- \*K. Schulze—7 Boundary Close, Kingskerswell, Newton Abbot, Devon.
- M. Sharpe (Reichwald)—Whitnagge Chart, Uplowman, Tiverton, Devon.
- \*T. Shaw—Timbertops, Whisslewell, Bovey Tracey, Devon.
- M. Sheridan-Patterson (Edwards)—Thornes House, Milverton, Taunton, Somerset.
- S. Skinnard—12 Restormel Terrace, North Road East, Plymouth, Devon.
- Miss C. A. Smith—Forest Lodge, Lowerdown, Bovey Tracey, Devon.
- C. Smith—Chalfont, Kingskerswell Road, Barton Cross, Torquay.
- E. Smith—Pool Farm, Ilington Road, Liverton, Newton Abbot, Devon.
- \*W. Smith—Chalfont, Kingskerswell Road, Barton Cross, Torquay.
- A. Smyth (Bonness)
- \*J. Southall—Witsend, 47 Broadley Drive, Livermead, Torquay.
- C. Sproull—91 Knowles Hill Road, Newton Abbot, Devon.
- J. Stone (Oakland)—7 Haskins Court, Warmley, Bristol, Avon.
- Pat Summers—13 Queens Gate, Stoke, Plymouth.
- \*Priscilla Summers—13 Queens Gate, Stoke, Plymouth.
- C. Tandy—19 Ropers Lane, Wareham, Dorset.
- S. Taylor—The Mill, Christow, Exeter, Devon.
- C. Tilley—Cartlands, Ashburton, Devon.
- J. Tomkins—The Old Toll House, Bovey Tracey, Devon.
- M. Tosh—54 Stuart Road, Pennycomequick, Plymouth, Devon.
- F. Tribble—48 Foxholes Hill, Exmouth, Devon.
- S. Trinick—Bona Ventura, East Prawle, Kingsbridge, Devon.
- J. Tuckett
- C. Tully—16 Berens Road, London NW10.
- \*C. Vere—5 Beckman Close, Halstead, Sevenoaks, Kent.
- B. Vine (Wilkins)—Rose Cottage, Preston, Kings-teignton, Newton Abbot.
- A. Wakeham—North End Farm, Denbury, Newton Abbot, Devon.
- \*V. Walker—Tor Hayes, Cliff Road, Sidmouth, Devon.
- \*K. Watson—Michaelmas Cottage, Clitters, Callington, Cornwall.
- M. Wellum—Oak End, Wildwoods Lane, Westwards, Paignton, Devon.
- J. Weston
- N. West—122 Fore Street, Saltash, Cornwall.
- E. Westbury-Clarke—Appatado de Correos 21, Villajoysa, Alicante, Spain.
- \*A. Whitbread—The Old Vicarage, Bickington, Newton Abbot, Devon.
- C. Whitbread—The Old Vicarage, Bickington, Newton Abbot, Devon.
- L. White (Browning)—Elm Tree Farm, Thallatrow, Bristol, Avon.
- A. Wild (Lunn)—Poplar Cottage, Fore Street, Bovey Tracey, Devon.
- V. Willing (Wakeham)—Torne House, Rattery, South Brent, Devon.
- V. Woolcock—Watcombe, Oak Tree, Lane, Whitchurch, Tavistock, Devon.
- \*M. Woolcombe—Hemerdon House, Plympton, Plymouth, Devon.
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