

STOVER SCHOOL

MAGAZINE 1994 - 95



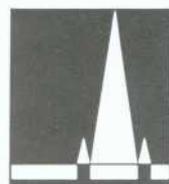
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STOVER

From the Study Window

As the contents of this edition of the school magazine show the 1994-1995 academic year at Stover has been a successful and busy one. On Speech Day this year I read extracts from the new Girls School Association brochure on the merits of single-sex education & I hope the message was clear to the 500 plus people who joined us on that day that Stover is an excellent example of girls' education at its best.

One of the greatest strengths of the smaller but well resourced school is the opportunity to take part in a wide range of activities in an environment where everyone has the same chance to succeed. It has been a tremendous year in terms of participation from the V.E. Day celebrations to the sun-filled and enjoyable Sports Day in June and all the many activities in between. Certificates and medals have been awarded in swimming, life saving, acting, singing, first aid, music, athletics and many others, all adding to the individual experiences and achievements of many of our pupils.

The life of any school can be very busy but it is important to stand back at times to think for a short time about the people who work in a school - many of whom devote the best part of their lives to education. Mrs Lunel retired early in the year after many successful years at Stover as Headmistress taking the school forward during the 1980's and establishing a sound academic tradition in the school. To her, gifts and good wishes were presented in April. Sadly, in the same month the school lost a trusted servant in John Farley and to his memory a tree & garden seat were dedicated on the terraces. But all institutions change, especially, so it seems, these days, and we must look forward to the world of tomorrow as well as recalling the world of yesterday.

Out of the study window I see parents arriving daily, trying to park on the curved road (just missing those large blocks of stone!!), girls chatting and exchanging stories (some very loudly!) and watch the games on the hockey & sports pitches. All of this is symptomatic of a busy school with a happy & committed population. The 1995 academic results were some of the best at Stover for many years. The 91% pass rate at A level was complimented by an 88% pass rate at GCSE with Stover being placed 283rd in the UK for grade A's at GCSE - a fine tribute to the hard work of the girls but also the commitment of the staff to getting results. Although not a selective school in terms of ability Stover consistently gains results far beyond those normally expected of a mixed ability school. We look forward with confidence and equal commitment to retaining these standards but also to retaining the balanced and positive atmosphere that is very much at the heart of education at Stover.

Please look at what is contained in this year's edition of the school magazine with care - it contains evidence of a great deal of effort - and on your behalf I thank Mrs Stevens & Mr Priddes who, along with many others, have worked to produce this record of the 1994 - 1995 academic year at Stover.

P E Bujak
Headmaster



STOVER SCHOOL 1994 - 1995

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Head Girl:	Catriona Kemeny
Deputy Head Girl:	Helen Shrimpton
House Captains Elizabeth:	Nicola Pegg
Victoria:	Emily Atkinson
Mary:	Sarah Storrs

Prefects:

Sarah Storrs, Maggie Wong, Nicola Pegg, Laura Eldridge, Petra Lucacik, Victoria Boulton, Emma Taylor, Emily Atkinson

SCHOOL AWARDS 1994 - 1995

Form and Progress Prizes

7T	Form Prize	Felicity Harding
	Progress Prize	Karen Ball
8C	Form Prize	Fiona Linton
	Progress prize	Claire Blackmore
9E	Form Prize	Elizabeth Anning
	Progress Prize	Natalie Strongman
10J	Form Prize	Sarah Whatman
	Progress Prize	Laura Breach
10Y	Form Prize	Lindsey White
	Progress prize	Imogen Gundry
Year 11	Form Prizes	Elizabeth Anderson
		Caroline Graham
		Ruth Hammond
		Charlotte Whittaker
		Demelza Williams
	Progress Prize	Ayesha Markland

Music Awards

Bairstow Cup for the pupil with the highest Associated Board Result: Fiona Linton

Redstone Cup for Junior Instrumental Progress: Katherine Storrs

Wendy Insole Cup for Singing: Caroline Grant

Patricia Cardale Cup for Instrumental Achievement: Anna Storrs

Progress Prize in English:

Eunice Fan

Sports Awards

Junior Sports Girl:

Lucy Mills

Partridge Cup (Senior Sports Girl):

Tanya Strongman

Jameson Cup (Support for School Games):

Sarah Hunt

Prize for Outdoor Pursuits:

Clare Cooper

Sixth Form Awards

Miss Smith's Prize for History:

Emily Atkinson

The Prize for English:

Laura Eldridge

The Prize for Science and the Prize for Statistics:

Petra Lucacik

The Prize for Mathematics:

Momoko Nishimura

The Prize for Information Technology:

Emma Taylor

Sarah Bruce Cup (Service to School Music):

Rachel Evans

Drama Plate (Service to School Drama):

Laura Eldridge

Connell Sandhurst Cup (Service to School):

Emily Atkinson

Harvey Cup (Service to School Games):

Sophie Dunkerley

Head Girl's Prize:

Catriona Kemeny

NIT Test Prize:

Fiona Linton

Head Girl's Report 1995

Catriona Kemeny

My first reaction when I was told that I was to be the next Head Girl was one of excitement. However it wasn't long before I realised the responsibilities that would be placed on me. It suddenly seemed quite a daunting prospect. Having said this, everybody is on your side and wants you not only to do well but to enjoy your year as Head Girl.

This past year has produced many changes. Perhaps the most obvious and noticeable change was the appointment of the school's first Head Master. Like the rest of the school I was surprised when Mrs Lunel announced that she would be retiring at the end of the spring term. It was going to be very different for me having a new Head as I had known Mrs Lunel since I came to Stover in the first year. To use a cliché, the new Head was going to have a lot to live up to!

Meanwhile life at Stover continued. Our success at rugby continued to grow with the enthusiastic help of Miss Lodwig. At last we failed lacrosse players had found something we were actually good at! The drama and music departments continued to produce excellent performances, for example, the final performances for GCSE and A level. The Music Department laid on an excellent leaving concert for Mrs Lunel which was attended by a great many parents, pupils, staff, governors and friends. It was very sad to think of Mrs Lunel leaving after all she has done for Stover, but of course it was going to be interesting to see what the new Head was going to be like.

Mr Bujak proved to have a great many ideas for changes. Trying to get an appointment to see him was well nigh im-

possible! At this point in the school year, along with the other prefects in the upper Sixth, I had very little time to contribute as we were of course all heavily involved in exams.

However, the two most noticeable events of the term that I was involved in were Sports Day and the School Ball. The athletics seemed to be enjoyed by every-



body and house enthusiasm was a major contributory factor to the day's enjoyment. The other major event for the fifth and sixth years was the annual school ball. It was slightly different from past years in that this year it was a masked ball. This meant that everybody clutched masks until dinner time where upon all masks were left on the tables for the rest of the evening. Everybody looked really great. The only shame was that the ball had to end at one am.

The end of term and of the school year was now approaching. A great many changes have taken place over the last year and especially the last term. I have learnt a great deal from my year as Head Girl: hopefully tact and diplomacy among other things! Stover has given me a great deal and during the last year I felt I had a chance to give something back to the school. It will certainly seem strange to leave after seven years but I am looking forward to university and a career in the RAF. The highlights of my time at Stover have been many but perhaps the most exciting has been winning RAF sponsorship to see me through university. Undoubtedly my time at Stover was vital to my success in winning the bursary. I was given so many opportunities at school, all of which contributed importantly to my personal development. Being Head Girl has also undoubtedly had an impact on my life. I am sure I will find uses for all my school experiences in my future life.

There is now nothing more to say other than a thank you to the school and to wish everyone the very best of luck for the future!

Catriona will study for a joint honours degree at Royal Holloway College, University of London, in Biology and Geology. Competition for the RAF awards was fierce, with over 800 applicants from all over the UK and Catriona gained one of only six awards. On completion of her degree, Catriona will attend initial officer training at RAF Cranwell in Lincolnshire and will then train and serve as RAF Fighter Controller for the remainder of her six year short service commission. Ed.

Duke of Edinburgh's Award: Expedition Training

On our training camp some of us came a little over-prepared-not mentioning any names but Lydia had a two litre bottle of water and enough food to feed the whole of England.

It was such a beautiful day that all of us were trying to get a tan. The training camp was fun but hard work.

Then came the 'real thing'. We had to think of a project to do that wouldn't take up the whole time. We decided to work on sea defences and the pebble sizes on beaches. This also meant that every time we came to a beach we could have a rest, which was good news for Jo who wanted a rest every five minutes to change her clothes. I don't think she stayed in one outfit for more than half an hour.

When we arrived at our camp we were three hours early which we couldn't understand. We waited for Miss Lodwig and the assessor but went ahead when they hadn't come. We went down to the beach to pick up rubbish as our payment for staying at the campsite. You'd be surprised what you could find down there-we found a trainer. When we were setting up camp we would just ask Clare as she knew all the answers. Hence the name Campercraft Clare. We found out that the reason we were so early wasn't that we walking at a supersonic speed but that

there had been some wrong calculations on the route card.

We went to bed early as we were so tired but none of us got a good night's sleep because of the torrential rain. I think we were also paranoid our tents would blow away. It was so bright in the morning that the sun woke us up.

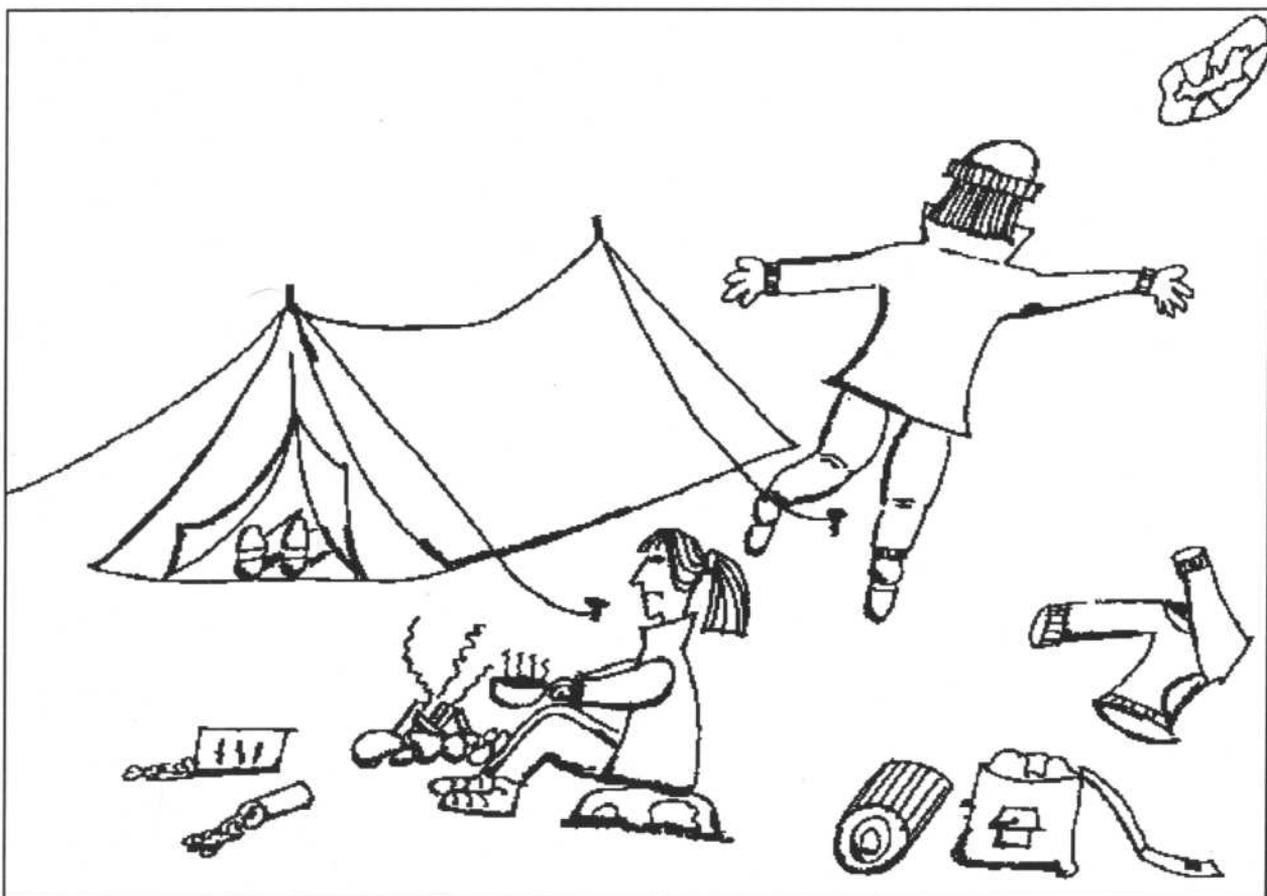
Sarah got up and got out of the tent and said, "Oh what a beautiful morning". We all burst out laughing and decided to call her Sarah 'smoothy' Whatman!

On the Saturday there were loads of steps. So what, I hear you say, but Lydia had a strop over steps so whenever we came to some steps we had to prepare her so she could prepare us for her strop.

When we got to the church we were meant to finish at we waited....and waited.

When Miss Lodwig and the assessor came to the church they said that they had been waiting where we were meant to have walked past. Oh well, we got back to the school in the end. When we got back to school we relaxed knowing that one part of our Duke of Edinburgh was now complete.

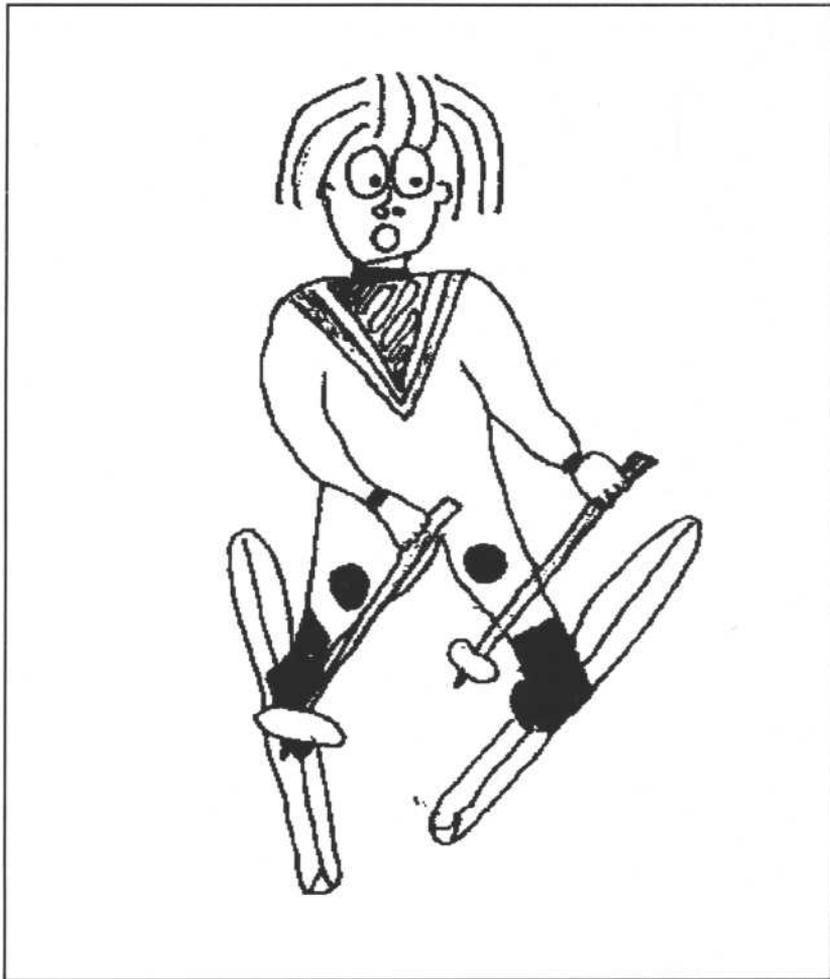
Hannah Carew-Gibbs, Year 10



Devon Schools Ski Championships

Nearly one hundred people took part in this event including some who ski for England and many who compete regularly in slalom events. All the Stover girls skied extremely well. For some of the team it was their first time on a dry ski slope and for all of the team it was their first time for entering a ski slalom competition. In spite of this fifty per cent of the team won. Louise Astbury came third in her age group with an average time of 18.36 seconds. In the senior class we won the first three places:

- First: Tina Taylor
(17.34 seconds)
- Second: Sarah-Jane Archdale
(18.24 seconds)
- Third: Sarah Hunt
(18.40 seconds)



Louise Astbury gives her personal account:

This term Stover girls were lucky enough to have the opportunity to enter a Ski Slalom Competition held at the dry-ski slopes in Torquay. I was one of them.

I have skied since I was seven years old with my family, mainly in France.

On the day of the competition I felt very wary because I had never skied on a dry-ski slope before. I did not have a single butterfly in my stomach but, instead a huge flopping bat! It was not the actual competition that worried me but the stories that my Dad had told me of badly torn fingers and thumbs trapped in the "100 brush" style construction!

After collecting my skis and poles, I forced my feet into the tightly fitting boots and made my way onto the slope. Facing down the slope I glanced at some other skiers whizzing down in front of me so I was very glad of the two hour practice time. I tipped the points of my skis over the edge and gave myself a small push-off. My skis seemed to cling to the bristly

surface and I needed to really push on my skis to turn. As I reached the top again after being pulled onto the small drag lift I noticed a fanatical father frantically polishing his son's skis, dipping his cloth into a very large tin of WAX! On my fifth trip up the drag lift and about half an hour later this same fanatical father was still frantically polishing his son's skis!

The competition started with the very young skiers all in racing positions looking very brave, some coming down the slopes with their bottoms almost touching the ground. Some of their times were amazing. It must be the WAX I thought to myself!

The Stover girls all got through the first round but we felt our times could be improved on. WAX was called for! Mrs Cramner came to the rescue and with great enthusiasm waxed our skis ready for the next round.

This seemed to do the trick and we

finished with four of us in winning places.

The day was great fun watching tiny children, some under five, tearing down the course at great speed and admiring members of the English ski team also skiing at great speed and with real style.

At the end of the day I did not trap any of my fingers or thumbs but I did have a few tumbles that were not as painful as expected!

I very much hope I will have the chance to enter again next year.

Louise Astbury, Year 9

Ski Trip 1995

Sarah-Jane Archdale and Sarah Hunt 11D

On February 17 this year the school ski trip stayed in St Gervais, a fairly small resort near Megève. The party involved nine Year Eleven girls assisted by Mrs Cramner and Miss Evans. We accompanied two other schools from various areas of England, which led to a rather large detour before arriving at Dover.

Our chalet was well-placed with views of Mont Blanc and was situated next to the piste, which meant that we were door-step skiing - literally! Mentioning no names, a few members skied through the chalet door and into the lobby! Accidentally of course, nothing to do with laziness.

The snow conditions were particu-

larly good at the beginning of the holiday and the skiing was great fun. There was a varied choice of piste - many of which were challenging to say the least. Alex Bibby especially found the chairlifts difficult and preferred descending to ascending at one stage! These moments added extra entertainment for the group. For example, Sarah Hunt attempted a black run without both skis attached properly - resulting in a humiliating attempt to monoski, wiping out a few people in the process!

Although St Gervais was relatively small, we found things to occupy ourselves with. There was swimming, ice-skating, ten-pin bowling, shopping and

tobogganing. Sarah-Jane and I preferred the less energetic activity of trying out the local crêpes. We discovered a good pub one evening and due to its location, referred to it as the "Back of Beyond". It was a sociable place and on some nights we listened to some bands; even Mrs Cramner and Miss Evans were persuaded to try a "font de mer" cocktail.

Generally it was a brilliant holiday in all aspects, was enjoyed by everyone and, as a bonus, we all returned home in one piece.



Year Ten Activity Weekend

Katie Vine, Year 10

The minibus is packed, we've got the food, equipment and now all Miss Lodwig has to do is count us, not a hard task you might think. Well, not for someone who got their Maths O level it wouldn't be! After three tries of 1,2,3,4,5,...Oh dear, 1, 2, 3 etc. she just gave up and if anybody wasn't there it would mean an extra packed lunch for herself.

We arrived at the barn after a very noisy mini-bus journey and met Mik, one of our canoeing and climbing instructors. The barn was a great improvement on the accommodation we had last year and so far the weather was too. Miss Lodwig's little plan to tire everyone out with a game of rounders failed dismally although it was quite fun. Hardly anyone hit the ball, including Miss Lodwig and the question arose: "Where's the Games teacher? I'm sure there was one around somewhere a minute ago! Well, I suppose you don't have to be able to play it to teach it, do you?"

Not much sleep was had Friday night and it was a bleary-eyed Year 10 that re-packed the mini-bus. We had been split into two groups, the Loon(ie)s and the Lemmings (cheers Miss Lodwig!) One group was canoeing in the morning while the other caved, then we swapped over after lunch.

Canoeing is when we met the unfortunate instructor, Clayton; he had a bit of a rough time and I think his job wasn't being made any easier by certain members in our group. He was later sighted on the edge of the motorway. Amy, don't you think you pushed it a little too far?

After canoeing we piled back into the mini-bus to go to Buckfastleigh where the cave was waiting for us. This is the bit that I wasn't looking forward to not even after meeting the two instructors who had the pleasurable job of taking us down there. We had quite a long wait outside the cave and the longer we waited the more the butterflies jumped around in my stomach.

Meanwhile Paul, one of the lucky people who were in charge of us just sat there muttering: "Too much man, they're just too much".

When down a cave you start thinking about your weaknesses: mine are small cramped places like caves, especially the one I was in right then; and Ellie's weaknesses....Well she's going to try and learn her left from her right for next time, aren't you, Ellie?

Everybody emerged from the cave with different expressions on their faces, some dazed, some smiling and some shaking uncontrollably, who later described in a rather wistful waybut don't worry

Hannah, I shan't take it to heart.

What do you think you would like to do after you have been down a cave? Have a shower would be a pretty good guess and no, Mr Priddes, the river isn't good enough! The two groups, one wet from canoeing, the other looking as if they had just spent a week in Jamaica, were then told that they had to cook their own dinner on a fire.

That was not the bombshell though, oh no...

"Where's the barn, Miss Lodwig? Can we put our bags there now?"

"Sorry girls, it's been double booked."



Year Seven Activities Weekend

Victoria Dupre

"Not very good, Miss Lodwig, try again."

"Well, you see girls there isn't really a barn at all. You'll have to sleep outside."

"Very funny, Miss Lodwig! Come on..." Realisation dawns; that is what those cheeky grins have been about between Miss Lodwig and Mr Priddes.

The next hour was spent trying to construct a shelter for six people out of two pieces of plastic sheeting and some string. What fun!

It turned out all right although our roof blew off three times. Before we retired to bed we sat around the campfire and sang our collection of campfire songs consisting of one made up by the Ten Tors team and Under the Bridge by the Red Hot Chilli Peppers.

There were a few people covered in red spots in the morning. Clare has obviously very tasty skin if you are an ant.

After breakfast made by the Lemmings and washed up by the Loons we dismantled our shelters and for the last time re-packed the mini-bus.

This time we were going to Chudleigh to go climbing and abseiling.

The climbing was very hard with only a few hand and foot holds but a few people made it to the top including spider-woman, Catherine O'Dwyer. The abseiling was great fun although very scary at first. We arrived back at school in two groups. One that was ready for home comforts coming first and those inseparable from the outdoors or just plain stuck coming second.

Everybody thoroughly enjoyed the weekend and we are very grateful to Mr Priddes and Miss Lodwig for taking us; not forgetting Richard, Mr Priddes' son who gained much new vocabulary over the weekend that he can use when next stuck down a cave or drowning in the river.

It was a grey, rainy Saturday morning and with miserable faces the class climbed into the old, cramped school mini-bus. Miss Evans, our French teacher, looked on the bright side of everything. "Don't worry, girls, we can still have fun in the rain!" she said cheerily and the bus started with a grunt.

On the journey to the motorway we stopped to wait for Miss Young, Mrs. Kearney, her children, her husband and the five dogs. They all whizzed past us so we jumped back into the bus and raced after them. The bus' engine grew louder and louder as Miss Evans tried to catch up with Miss Young, Mrs Kearney, her husband, her children and the five dogs. Finally we caught up with them, and the gentle lulling of the bus, the warmth and my best friend Esther's "Take That" tape made me drift off to sleep.

There was a shudder as we stopped and I woke up to see the grey sky and rain splattering against the window. Miss Evans sprang from her seat and opened the side of the bus.

"Time for lunch. We're here, girls!" she cried excitedly as she pranced about like a devilish dwarf on the pavement. There was a mad rush for the food and Miss Evans was nearly flattened.

After we had had our soggy sandwiches in a soaking wet bus shelter we met up with Miss Young, Mrs. Kearney, her husband, her children and the five dogs. I looked out over the sea with the sculptured cliffs and hidden caves. "So this is Treyarnon Bay," I thought to myself. The sea seemed to be attacking the shore as though a war was taking place. The rain stung my face as I watched and I turned away quickly.

When everyone had had too much food we went into the Youth Hostel where we were to spend the night. The musty smell wafted out at us as we opened the door. It was very neat with games on the table. The kitchen smell of sausages and teabags came next, then how homely it was. We rushed upstairs to claim bunkbeds, and as I was climbing the ladder to the top bunk I didn't notice a strange woman in her mid-twenties come in.

"Excuse me, that's MY bed!" she exclaimed angrily. I jumped and nearly fell off the ladder. So I claimed another bed above my best friend Esther.

After we had sorted out bags and belongings we decided to go on the ferry, "The Rock". Domino, Daisy, Tasha, Robbie and Haggis, the five dogs, came too. The ferry glided across the sea like a swan. The sea spray sparkled on everyone's faces as we looked over the side of the ferry. We explored Padstow, one of the towns, and bought presents for the family.

In the evening we had a barbecue on Treyarnon beach and made a dam to hold back the sea. This didn't stop me from being nearly drowned by a huge wave and the gulls overhead screeched with laughter. We finished off the day with ghost stories before returning to the Youth Hostel.

It was fun cooking breakfast next morning and it wasn't quite as bad as my mother's cooking although I had picked up her burnt toast technique. After breakfast we tidied up our rooms and sorted out wetsuits. It was the first time I had been in a wetsuit and I felt stiff. I had to fasten it like a nappy and I walked down to the sea like a robot!

Miss Evans showed me how to use a boogie board and I soon got the hang of it and was riding the waves in no time. Although my wetsuit was a bit funny it was very thick and warm. After four hours of boogie boarding I came out to eat some barbecued spare ribs.

Miss Evans was right: we did have a good weekend, even though it rained on the first day. In fact the second day was beautiful and I even got sunburnt. We returned to school feeling worn out but happy.

Day Dreaming: The Physics Lesson

Alice Hodges, Year 11

Why in this lesson do I always get bored? I find myself looking at the clock watching the seconds tick by. My eyes move to the window on the left. Is it raining? Why do some trees grow so high and others are so small? Life and evolution are funny things. Growing up, feeling small. What is the meaning of life?

I think it's eleven. I do not know why, I just know that's the answer.

"Now I'm going to talk about gravity. Gravity is the centripetal force". Without gravity we could fly, we would never be tied down. We would be able to see all our friends whenever we wanted. Then I would not have any trouble getting to Wiltshire this week-end. British Rail! They annoy me. Why do they have to have so many different trains that go past places but do not stop where you want to go, especially Pewsey!

If I stare hard enough at the ruler on my desk, will it be levitated? It's blue and only goes up to 8.9 cm. because I broke it. My ruler has so many pen marks on it from Maths and frustration. I'll ask Santa for a new one for Christmas.

Back to reality with a bang. People writing notes, I have to catch up. Whose work can I read? The person next to me has been in a dream. She looks at me. We both know the other's been away with the fairies. We smile. We know it's the high-light of this lesson, being away with the fairies and goblins. The girl in front of us turns around. Oh dear, she's been away too.

"If we have a 500kg car travelling at 20 kilometres how much brake force is needed to stop it?"

What kind of car will I have? I want something unusual and unique but not too flashy. I want a convertible but if it started to rain while I was driving along I'd get wet. No, I'll have a red, blue and green car, even if I have to spray it myself. I don't know what make, but it will have a sun-roof, a radio, a windscreen and four wheels, everything a car needs. Maybe I

shouldn't have a car. It's not good for the environment, but by 2000 there may be a solar or electric car, who knows?

But petrol will go up and it could be easier to travel by bike. Bike rides are fun but near my house they are tiring. I might go for one tonight but then again it will probably be too dark and I have no lights.

"Newton's first law says that objects remain moving or stationary with a constant velocity unless acted on with an outside force, like friction."

Without friction we could never stay in one place, we would never have to do work because we would never stay in one place for more than a second. Eventually we would fall into the sea and the human race would die because we'd only have a few minutes to evolve into something that could breathe under the sea.

"Newton's third law says that forces occur in pairs: every force has an equal and opposite reaction force."

When Newton discovered gravity didn't an apple fall on his head? I wonder if there was a worm inside. Did it feel the bump? Do worms have feelings, I mean emotional ones? They could be reincarnated people. Do they remember their past lives? I wonder if I'll be reincarnated. I'd probably end up as a slug or a snail. Could we be reincarnated as plants? If we can, I want to be a tree! A chestnut or an oak because they live for a very long time and see lots of changes.

How old will I be when I die?

It could be next week. Who will come to my funeral? I might get murdered and the police might never catch who did it. In that case I'll come back and haunt people. I'd make a good ghost, scaring and annoying people, it would be fun and what happens when it ends? If I don't become a ghost where will I go? I might see Newton, if I do I think I'll kill him for making our lives so confusing.

"Pressure is measured in Pascals. To work out your pressure on the floor we have to know our weight in Newtons and

the area of the object that is exerting the pressure on the floor. We must, in this case, draw around our feet and work out their area."

I don't like my feet, they're too big. Is it possible to have plastic surgery on your feet? I suppose the surgeon would cut the foot open and chip away the bone. Ugh, it makes me sick thinking of it. Oh, but being conscious while it's being done! I wouldn't be able to survive the sound of bones being scraped, it's like the sound of someone dragging their fingernails down the black-board. It makes me cringe just thinking of it.

Is that the bell? No, just my imagination. I look at the clock on the dirty cream wall above the whiteboard, it's 3:30 and 20 seconds to go, 10, 9, 8...30 minutes.

There's a poster in this room that I hate. It's supposed to show the comparative size of the Earth to the sun, All it is is a big circle of yellow paper with a little black dot in it. Next to the dot it says Earth. I always want to pull it down and rip it up. How would the teacher react if I did that right now? If I get up from this uncomfortable blue, plastic chair, pushed past my neighbour and tear it off the wall. Then rip it into tiny pieces and throw them across the room. I've always wanted to do something mad like that. Or even jump up in assembly and yell at all the teachers to leave us alone and give us a break. Maybe stand up in Parliament and demand a stop to this compulsory lesson. I'd probably be bundled off to a mental hospital, or thrown into jail.

I turn my wrist over to see the white second hand tick, more slowly than usual, round the blue face of my watch. For a minute I become mesmerised by the never-ending jerky movement but then I focus on the red hands. It takes a moment to sink in but then I realise that it's four o'clock, the end of another tiring day-dreaming session. I'll just have to wait until next week to carry on the episodes of life, death and the sun poster.



Courtney Pine with some enthusiastic fans.

Sitting on the edges of our seats we waited for the sax supremo Courtney Pine to enter Jubilee Hall and start the tenth annual Phyllis Dence memorial concert.

The whole band except for Courtney started to play. We were all wandering when the star player was going to come in. Then the unique sound of the sax echoed around the hall. At that point there was a huge cheer as Courtney made his grand entrance. As we could all hear from the moment Courtney started to play he was a pure genius on the sax! Courtney's music is by no means traditional but has a class of its own

Glancing across the stage I saw a range of instruments, from the double bass to the turntables, in fact I never expected to hear the turntables in Jubilee Hall! Even with this variety of different instruments the pieces sounded very good. At the beginning of the performance we all waited in anticipation not really knowing what to expect, but by the end most people were wriggling in their

THE PHYLLIS DENCE MEMORIAL CONCERT SAX-CELLENT!

seats ready to get up and dance.

Courtney was excellent on stage, not only a gifted and trained musician but an entertainer as well. I thought Courtney Pine was 'absolutely fabulous' and I would come and see him again if he was invited back to Stover!

Louise Astbury, Year 9

On the 20th of May, 1995 we went to see Courtney Pine. When I was told about it I was not sure what to expect. I could hear it up in the dorm and they were just warming up.

We sat down not knowing what it would be like. They started and I knew this would be a great evening. We all got in to it, some were tapping their feet, some clapping and even dancing. You could tell everyone was enjoying it just by the looks on their faces. He was amazing on the saxophone and we were all standing on our chairs and clapping at the end. When he ran into the crowd he ran down my row and it was really loud.

Over all it was a brilliant performance. Everyone liked it and I'm sure we want them back next year.

Jane Howard, Year 8

TEN TORS TRAINING

Ten Tors Training started in November 1994. Every Friday evening several determined people went along to the Expedition Training Club. At these meetings route planning and safety procedures were discussed and we also learnt about campcraft. These campcraft skills included first aid, pitching tents and cooking meals.

During the end of the Autumn Term, we went on a number of day walks. As the weather was very variable some of the walks were very enjoyable but others could have been better! On one particular walk we ended up trying to rescue a cow that was in labour. Eventually the farmer's wife turned up and sent us away without even thanking us. We don't know whether the cow is alive today. Other eventful walks included one in pouring rain and mist. We were walking up a track that was more like a river. We ended up getting lost around Dunna Goat Tor and eventually came off the moor near Brat Tor, feeling very wet and cold.

Weekend camps started after the exams in January. The equipment we took with us included tents, sleeping bags, cookers and most important of all **food!!!!!!** This all has to be carried in a rucksack, which ends up being between two and three stone in weight. The most important pieces of equipment of all are the map and compass, which by the end of the training everyone had learnt to use (I think....).

Our first camp went very well, with an enjoyable but windy night spent at Holming Beam. After waking up at 6.00 am, eating a disgusting breakfast of Ready Brek, and taking down the tents, we set off and walked another ten miles. Fortunately the weather stayed okay for most of the camps and we only became "presently unsure of our whereabouts" once! The second camp went much the same as the first and we camped again at the ever windy Holming Beam. The third camp was slightly different and we camped at Stephen's Grave. Fortunately,



no spirits came to haunt us during the night and it was a very peaceful night.

The fourth camp was all right but there was bad visibility. Our route took us down the east side of the moor, through Postbridge and then to Beardown Tor. At Beardown Tor (or halfway up it!) a helicopter landed near us. It was an air ambulance and I think it thought Lucy was a casualty because she was sitting down. They were looking for Beardown Tor where someone had fallen off the tor and broken an ankle. We directed them to the right place and they picked the casualty up.

From Beardown we were to walk past Holming Beam to Great Mis Tor. This took us a very long time and we only managed to do about ten kilometres in 4 hours. Mrs Cranmer was not impressed! We then walked down the track from Great Mis Tor to Merrivale Car Park where we camped. We woke up bright and early on Sunday morning and walked to Roos Tor, followed by Lynch Tor, Green Tor and Kitty Tor. Unfortunately Lucy had to drop out with an injured leg between Lynch and Green. We completed the walk back to Okehampton without her. By this time everyone except me was dying for the toilet, and I was left behind as they dashed for the minibus.

Our last training walk took place the weekend before Ten Tors. This was the North South day walk, where we had to walk (obviously) from the North of the moor to the South of the moor. We started very early on Saturday morning at Willsworthy firing ranges and walked from there to Lynch, followed by Great Mis, Leedon, Black, Cramber and Hartor Tors. From Hartor Tors we walked to Red Lake where most people swam. (Red Lake is a disused quarry that has filled with water). From Red Lake, after a rest of about half an hour, we walked the rest of the way down to Bittaford along the Two Moors Way. After the very last corner we finally reached the minibus at about seven o'clock.

All the training paid off when on Sunday 14th May we finished the 35 mile route and received our medals. The A Team came in at 12.10 and the B team at 1.10 - very early times in Stover's Ten Tors history.

A Team :

Clare Cooper (Leader), Sarah Whatman, Alice Baumer, Anna Storrs, Hannah Carew-Gibbs, Lucy Crisp.

B Team

Amy Moncaster (Leader)

TEN TORS WEEKEND 1995

At last we had made it. Four of us from this year's team were having our second attempt and nothing was going to stop us. This year we were one year older, wiser and bolder. There was also a sense of revenge against the moor: last year it got the better of us, this time round we wouldn't be beaten.

We set off from Okehampton at 7.10 am, some of us in quite an emotional state but mostly in high spirits. The atmosphere of the whole event is amazing but you have to be there to believe it. No words can express what I, and I'm sure many other young people, were feeling at the send-off that morning. It was a very positive, confident team who walked into the wilderness that morning, which explains the achievement with which we returned to school.

The trek to the first tor was relatively simple as we must have been following about a hundred people! The sun was shining and a cold wind was blowing, perfect walking conditions which kept everyone buzzing. We were well on target, we reached all our tors on time or early so we knew we would reach our seventh tor that evening. We camped at Great Mis Tor which is everyone's worst tor - if you have ever walked up it you will know why! We were lucky enough to meet the other Stover team at the camp. We arrived to see Amy Moncaster hurtling towards us waving her arms in the air and screaming - what a lovely sight! We all enjoyed a very tasty, sticky 'Pasta Choice' followed by lumpy, sloppy 'Hot Crunch Pudding'. It makes your mouth water, doesn't it? In Miss Lodwig's case, yes, as she was our pet gannet; it didn't matter what the food looked like or smelt like, she would eat it!

We somehow managed to wake ourselves up at 4.00 AM!! so that we could be walking by six. We arrived at the eighth tor by 7.07, one minute before we were due in - talk about good route planning! None of us could believe we were actually on our way home. By this time we knew we had done it and we knew we would prove Mrs Cranmer wrong by arriving at Okehampton

before 12.30. How wrong could she be? We were at our last tor at 11.00 am with a simple trek back to the camp. We knew we could do it easily, so after having our photo taken with the Army blokes (!) at the last tor we began to burn rubber. I don't think any of us have ever walked so fast in our lives and I'm sure we never will again. We had Boy Scout teams behind us and in front of us and we left them all for dust.

We hit the major track going into the camp and began to spot familiar faces. I am very surprised Miss Lodwig didn't dislocate

her jawbone because I have never seen such a huge smile in my whole life! We could hear cameras snapping everywhere and people continually calling, "Well done!" The proudest moments of our lives seemed to end very quickly and we would very



Ten Tors A Team leader Clare Cooper with B Team leader, Amy Moncaster

much liked to have walked through the finish just one more time!

We collected our medals and certificates and then it suddenly hit me - all that we had been through: the training, all the fun and enjoyment we had got out of it and we had also achieved our final goal. We had proved everyone wrong, set a brilliant time for the school and put ourselves in every newspaper in Devon. All of that shows what a positive attitude and brilliant team spirit can do.

"Teamwork is the ability to work together toward a common vision. The ability to direct individual accomplishment towards organisational objectives. It is the fuel which allows common people to achieve uncommon results."

Together with teamwork, effort, a good attitude and a great sense of humour anything can be achieved. Good luck to next year's teams, we hope we have set you a good target and that you enjoy Ten Tors as much as we have done. Just remember, "attitude is a little thing that makes a big difference"!

Clare Cooper, Year 10

VE DAY AT STOVER: A Miscellany of impressions from the juniors

This is my first VE day, because in America it is ignored. When I was at Stover I thought it was neat, the way we had different games, marching and tea after. I learnt about Hitler, the war and Nazis. I thought it was neat that American soldiers were based here at Stover. I found out about how the children in the places that were being bombed were evacuated, known as evacuees. They were tagged and picked to go and live with people I learnt how the Americans crossed the river and fought Germany.

I hardly knew anything about VE day before it came this year, because I can't remember celebrating it before. It was really enjoyable, the best bit for me was the games. It was really funny watching the people competing like the relay. Cross The River when the plank kept snapping, and Make a Square were the best. I also liked it because my house won overall, but the wind was blowing in our faces and it was really cold! In the end I had to go and get my fleece.

At Stover School on VE day it was great fun. The games were more than fun. The game I liked the best was when the people had to make a square out of a rope (blindfolded). I took part in the relay race when four people took part. At one end one person got dressed in an army suit with boots and all. It was fascinating, they clonked along in those size 12 boots and the hat covered their faces.

The only thing that spoilt that day was the cold wind and the dark black clouds. The flags waved in that cold wind and so did the red, white and blue bunting.

Before the games started we had the marching. I still can not think how silly I must have looked when I was marching.



We celebrate VE day because we remember about the Second World War, about the fight between England, France and Germany. So we remember the people who died and remember about the English people fighting.

So the school decided to do some marching and some physical games like having a dummy and you must make a stretcher for it and you go over a wall and you must not drop this dummy. It must still be on the stretcher and you must get

over the wall.

On VE Day we celebrated the joy and relief that England let out in 1945. Here at Stover, we had bags of fun with games and marching. Lots of people came in period costume from military uniforms to nurses' and wives' costumes. Food was specially prepared by our kitchen staff and we had jam scones, sandwiches, crisps, fruit and drink. After we played the games and had tea the Juniors sang songs from the 1940s.



The effort of the girls, who put on a fabulous day, was rewarded by the delight of the audience. The atmosphere was amazing. Flags were hung from each end of the building. They looked impressive and the bunting surrounding the terraces looked very gay.

On VE day I was excited because of the games, but I knew that some people would have mixed feelings involved in the war. Some have lost friends and relations. I did try to imagine what it might have been like but I just couldn't.

We started the celebrations with the marching. In all the rehearsals the marching had been a disaster, people had tripped over their own feet and outbursts of giggles had travelled down the ranks, but on the actual day all the houses did well. This was followed by the flag competition and even though my house didn't win it, I think it was a fair judgement.

The games were really good. I especially liked the relay race and the cross-the-river game. I liked the relay because it was really funny, all those poor volunteers who had to dress themselves up in outfits that were twice the size of them. I liked the cross-the-river game because I was in it and because we won.

After all the games had finished and Elizabeth House had been declared the overall winners (the highlight of my day), I walked up to the main library. The library was really nicely decorated and all the wartime gas-masks and newspapers were really interesting.

I spent ages reading the headlines of all the newspapers. I might add that fifty years on the newspapers haven't changed much, they have just become thicker!

The teas were lovely. I thought the cooks did a great job, everybody seemed to enjoy the cakes and buns. I certainly did. And after all that food and drink we were forced to sing! It was a windy day and although we sang as hard as we could the wind blew the sound in the opposite direction (that's my excuse anyway)!

Overall I thought VE day was great although maybe a little cold!

The preparations for VE day were hard work. The junior boarders had to make the bunting to go around the terraces. The whole school learnt how to march, the juniors had to learn songs from around that time. Mrs Kearny, her husband and Miss Young were all out on Sunday putting out flags all around the school. The morning of the day was very busy. People were carrying chairs and tables from one place to another. But all of this was worth all of the effort.

We all sat down for tea after the games and had tea and sandwiches with rock cakes and scones. The day came to an end with the juniors singing songs such as: "Bless them All", "Blue Birds Over The White Cliffs of Dover" and "We'll Meet Again".

The whole day was great fun and there was a happy atmosphere because everyone joined in. It also gave me an idea of what it was like when the war had ended.

I think VE day was really good fun, but it would have been better if the weather was a bit warmer. The games were good fun and I think it would be good if there were some games which the parents were involved in.

My Grandmother came. She was in the war and her fiancé was killed so it was a very sad time for her, but I still think she enjoyed herself.

I thought VE day was brilliant, the games and food were excellent. I enjoyed the tug-of-war and the relay race. They were very amusing. All the parents said the standard was very high all my friends said it was great. I had great fun and can't wait for another fifty years time so I can do it again. I thought Mr. and Mrs. Kearny and the TA were very kind to let us see their equipment and use it. Over all I thought it was very good.



MODERN LANGUAGES

Printed below are some offerings from the Modern Languages department. They have been especially selected so that everybody should be able to have a go at understanding them!

LE WEEKEND DERNIER

Anna Storrs, 10J.

Le weekend dernier il pleuvait. C'était samedi soir et il faisait nuit. Je marchais sur Dartmoor avec Clare. Nous étions perdues! Il faisait très froid et nous étions très tristes.

Il était presque dix heures et nous étions en pleurs.

Clare a dit, "Anna, qu'est-ce qu'il y à faire? Nous mourrons!"

"Nous pourrions crier au secours!" ai-je dit.

"Bonne idée," a dit Clare.

"Aidez-nous, aidez-nous!" nous avons crié.

Après une minute, j'étais la seule personne qui criait. Clare a disparu!

"Clare!" ai-je crié. "Ou es-tu?"

Soudain j'ai vu sa tête! C'était un marais et je ne savais pas. Je suis tombée dedans!

"Aidez-nous!" nous avons crié très fort.

L'hélicoptère a laissé tomber une corde. On nous a tiré vers l'hélicoptère. Le pilote a demandé,

"Comment ça va?"

"Oui, ça va!" nous avons dit,

"Merci beaucoup!"

Plus tard chez-moi, j'ai bu une tasse de chocolat chaud. C'était délicieux!

Alors je me suis endormie et j'ai rêvé de Dartmoor!



DEUX RECETTES TRES SIMPLES

MON SANDWICH SURPRISE

Sally Luscombe

Voici mon sandwich surprise. Mettez du beurre sur votre pain. Alors, mettez du chocolat. Coupez une banane et mettez sur votre pain. Alors, ajoutez six morceaux de fraises. Voilà! C'est délicieux!

UN SANDWICH DIFFERENTE

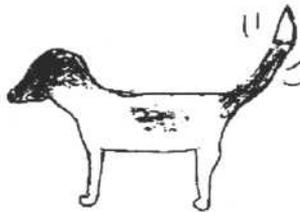
Nicola Croke

Mettez une tranche de lard fumé, puis un morceau de tomate, puis une portion de frites et un morceau de laitue. C'est délicieux!

AND FINALLY..

Even those with minimal German (or none!) should be able to have a go at this:

Hallo! Ich heisse Louise Boudouy. Ich bin zwölf Jahre alt. Ich habe braune lange Haare. Ich habe braune Augen. Ich bin schlank. Ich habe sehr gern Tiere. Ich habe zwei Hunde - Socks und Toto,



eine Katze,
Minstrel



und viele Insekten.



Ich wohne in einem Haus. In meinem Zimmer habe ich ein Bett, einen Einbaukleiderschrank, einen Stuhl, und einen Schreibtisch. Auf meinem Bett sind meine Katzen und mein Teddybär! Ich habe einen Bruder James.



Year Seven's Local History Study: The Templers of Stover



STOVER HOUSE

When James Templer owned Stover House things were very different. For a start there were no girls, it wasn't a school. The classrooms which we have now never existed, also the dining room. Until about twelve years ago the Jubilee hall wasn't built.

Stover House has many elaborate patterned decorations in all the rooms. The dorms which we use now which hold three to nine people were used as one main bedroom.

The house once held many balls and expensive parties. James liked to hold these in the entrance hall and what we call the library.

The staff had a hard life serving James and his family. They lived in the very bottom of the house which was lit by only a few candles so it was very gloomy. The staff used to walk up many flights of stairs carrying heavy buckets full of coal or hot water for baths for the Templers. They had lifts which are broken now to carry food to the family.

Stover House is made of granite overlooking a lovely view of the moor.

Lorna Deas

THE GROTTOS

In The Templers' time the grottoes were used as a menagerie. James Templer the Second built them because he missed India where he lived when he was young. There are still a few bamboo and palm trees left now and a pond is also there.

The records from the Templers' time say that they kept parrots, monkeys and even a tiger. Now the only animals that live there are bats. At the end of the menagerie there were two stoves to keep the temperature warmer for the animals. This was because India was hot and they thought the animals would die if exposed to English winter weather.

All the animals must have been very unhappy as living in a cage is very different from living free in India.

Victoria Dupre

THE TRAIL FROM DARTMOOR TO TEIGNMOUTH DOCKS

I remember when we used to work on the granite tramway. It took me an hour to walk from Teignmouth (where I lived) up to Haytor and by the time I got up there I hardly had any energy left in me to do my job. I always went to the quarries first and there I would meet up with my work-mates and start getting all the stuff we needed ready. Then we started work. Oh it was tough! Our pick-axes hardly ever left our hands; we were at that old granite nearly all the time so we could get to the rock. Then the bit that I hated was to make holes in the granite.

This is so the dynamite sticks can fit in and the string you light would stretch for ages and everybody would get out of the quarry, and you would hear this great big bang and you would all come back and all the granite would have collapsed into enough pieces to fit in the cart to go along the granite tramway.

The granite tramway was quite good I mean better than the quarries. It tired you out walking all that way along the side of the cart and comforting the horses that pulled the cart. George



Templer built the granite tramway because he wanted to find an easier way to get to the sea and it sure was easier.

We had to get from Haytor past Bovey Tracey to Stover, nothing to do just looking at the view, (which we had seen plenty of times before even though it was spectacular) and listening to the rickety rickety of the cart on the tramway for ages and ages. When we finally got to Stover the tramway finished, because at the end of the tramway is Stover Canal.

James Templer II built Stover Canal for his china clay works but it was used to transport granite as well so we would load the granite on to the canal bridge and then go all the way down to Newton Abbot and then on the boat which would take it down the remaining river Teign past Teignmouth Docks into the sea and all the way to London.

Kate Hawker

RUGBY

As anyone who read last year's magazine cannot fail to be aware, rugby kicked off to a flying start at Stover last year, and to judge by the following reports enthusiasm has not abated one little bit. Ed.

Sunday the seventh of May was a blisteringly hot day and a day when the equally blistering speed and skill of the School's rugby squad would make its mark on the Newton Abbot rugby pitch. Resplendent in the new squad training tops we set out from school with the first challenge, to find the grounds. Spying the tell-tale white posts behind Tesco's we knew we were on the right track. This was confirmed when we latched onto the tail of a red Escort with two likely looking lads inside and a Newton RFC sticker in the rear window. Two minutes later we struck gold and found ourselves amongst hundreds of fellow enthusiasts, players and supporters alike. As the local men's tournament was running concurrently with ours we found we had a while to wait until our first match. However the two hours flew by with the sunbathing and watching the men's matches and then our own warming up and soon we were facing our first opposition, Exeter College.

Each match was only five minutes each way and in the first match the midday heat was the greatest problem we encountered in defeating them 21-1. This was, however, no reason to become overconfident; tougher matches were to come. Another hour of supporting and more warming up then followed in the carnival-like atmosphere with barbecues and picnics taking place around the pitch.

The next opponents were Knowles Hill who had improved considerably since the last time we had beaten them. The

strength of our scrum and the speed of our backs were pushed hard now to put all our training into practice so that we kept the defence strong and broke theirs to score our only try of the match. A moment's lapse of concentration had let them through to score at the start of the match but with the determination to put this right, and with Sarah's conversion (despite no contact lenses!) we were able to clock up our second victory 7-5.

Yet another hour later we were facing Teign School. The fact that both teams had the same black and white kit meant we were now sporting bright orange shirts smelling strongly of Eau de Deep Heat and Sweaty Man which the Brixham



Men's team eagerly lent us after trying to extract a promise that we would wash or mend them - dream on!

Anyway, this was now make or break. If we won this match it would mean our first trophy; if not, Teign could well walk away with it. The nerves obviously got to us as we let Teign through to score the first try, but we did not lose heart. We stepped up our attack and soon enough we were 7-5 up. This margin was too close for comfort and we were hungry for another score. With a few minutes to go we were ten metres from their line with a scrum down. Now was the time to use our 'P' ball. When the ball was fed in we pulled our opposition off the ball leaving

their whole team offside and allowing our scrum half to sail over the line to secure the victory 12-5. The trophy was ours.

By 4.00pm we were being awarded medals and the trophy before heading back to school, very tired, very sunburnt and very, very happy!

**Emily Atkinson, Helen Shrimpton
Year 12**

It was Stover's first ever full-contact rugby competition. We had already met Torquay Grammar and Exeter A team at Tag rugby and had beaten Torquay and lost against Exeter, so we knew what we were up against.

The tournament was held on the Wednesday and we had only learned to tackle on the previous Monday. Luckily this was the case for most schools, but Exeter had been playing full contact for a year.

In our first game we were up against Torquay Grammar, who wanted revenge so we knew this would be a tough match. There was no score at half time but in the second half we livened up and managed to get two tries in. Our first win.

We then faced Knowles Hill and Exeter B Team, whom we also beat. We were on a roll. We moved into the semi-finals in style. We trooped out onto the muddy pitch and packed ourselves together and shouted: "1...2...3...4...5...-STOVER!" to try to psych out our opponents. It must have worked, as we won! We now had to face Exeter A team in the final.

On our way to the final we realised the games were getting tougher and rougher, but also more fun and a lot more exciting. We tried to pull some tactics together but they didn't really come off. We fought hard as the only try came for Exeter in the closing minutes.

Claire Cooper, Year 10

INDEPENDENT SCHOOLS GYMNASTICS CHAMPIONSHIPS

Phillipa Hearne, Year 11

On the first of December last year five pupils were selected from various years throughout the school to compete in a gymnastics competition at the Wycombe Abbey School in High Wycombe.

In order to be able to compete in the competition each gymnast was to perform a set floor routine, a set vault, a voluntary floor and a voluntary vault. Also to be included was a group routine consisting of only four of the team members.

In order to train for the competition and brush up our skills to an acceptable level we would train every Wednesday evening and as the competition date got nearer we would fit in any extra practices in lunch times and extra evenings after school. For the set floor no music was needed but for the voluntary floor we used music of our own choice. The team members put together a final routine taking moves from a chart which gave information on the marks awarded for the standard of each move.

We had to leave school at 6:30 am on the Sunday morning, in order to be at Wycombe Abbey in time for a group warm-up and a view around the gymnasiums. We thought we would get some sleep on the bus whilst travelling up but there was no hope of that. We spent most of the journey going through routines as well as stopping at service stations for chocolate and Lucozade. When we finally arrived at Wycombe Abbey we walked around the School grounds as we had plenty of time to spare. We then changed, warmed up and were ready to perform. The competition went on all day and we did not arrive back at Stover until late Sunday night. I think everyone enjoyed the day despite the fact of nerves.

The results are given below (each exercise is awarded a mark out of ten):

RESULTS

	Set floor	Set vault	Vol floor	Vol vault	Total
Phillipa Hearne	7.40	7.55	7.45	7.35	29.75
Danielle Stone	5.50	7.40	6.70	7.35	27.15
Natalie Strongman	6.40	7.30	6.60	6.50	26.80
Venessa Arscott	6.20	6.50	6.40	6.30	25.40
Rebecca House	6.60	none	5.70	4.95	17.15
Group Routine					20.95

As seen from the scores above everyone performed very well considering we were competing against Laura Timins (Ex-British champion). It was good experience to see her perform such a highly scored routine. We all would like to say thank-you to Mrs Dinsdale for taking us to Wycombe Abbey and training us for the competition.



Dyrons Gymnastic Display Team

THE CROSS COUNTRY SEASON

The cross country races we competed in this year were all quite successful, in particular the one which was held here at Stover. The Junior team was Lucy Mills, Louise Astbury, Emma Pocock, Julia Simcox, Jane Howard and Jessica Cottle. We all ran extremely well! We had Lucy Mills in fourth and myself in tenth, thus placing the team in first position! We went on to the next round which was not so successful due to awful running conditions. Another success was at Clennon where we did really well. The team was Lucy Mills, myself, Sally Luscombe, Jane Howard, Catherine Sulzman, Katherine Storrs and our faithful reserve Natalie Strongman. She cheered us on and made us feel so much better when we came back and she told us that she had had such a nice day missing lessons while we had been torturing ourselves struggling round the course. The team took part in many other competitions and put up a great performance in all of them. Well done, team!

Louise Astbury , Year 9

HOCKEY

At the beginning of the year our hopes of winning were very slim but after our first game against South Dartmoor we all felt that we could have a great year. Our team consisted of myself (Natalie Strongman), Lucinda Tar, Louise Astbury, Rebecca House, Emma Pocock, Lucy Mills, Katie Richards, Sally Luscombe, Lizzie Anning, Louisa Robins, Wendy Herbst and Zoe Gaye. Unfortunately we didn't win all our matches but we had good fun playing our first season, and, with Mr Bujak's support next year, the winning will be consistent.

Natalie Strongman, Year 9

YEAR 8 ROUNDERS

Year Eight's outstanding rounders season for 1995 began with a reorganised and stronger team than last summer. Our unbeaten run of matches began with a close win against the St Margarets' girls from Exeter. They proved to be our most formidable opponents and we were pleased with our well fought win of 3.5 rounders to 3.

After relaxing over half term, we prepared for another home match against Trinity School, where we amazed the spectators, umpires (and ourselves!) by thrashing them 13.5 rounders to 0.5.

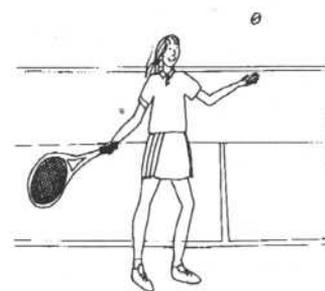
Our final match was against the league leaders on their home ground at Kelly College in Tavistock. We travelled to Kelly expecting to be the underdogs, but after phsycing ourselves up during the long journey, we were set to give the Kelly team a match they wouldn't forget! A combination of strong batting, accurate fielding and fast running won us the match with a excellent result of 11 rounders to 7.

Here's to the year Nine 1996 team!

Fiona Linton, Year 8

TENNIS

Our up and coming tennis teams have been working hard during the year towards participation in the Midland Bank League of the Abedaire Cup.



SWIMMING

The end of term swimming gala was as successful as ever and especially enjoyable this year as the water was quite delightfully warm! I am pleased to report that the staff relay team came a very close second to the seniors; but, as undoubtedly the oldest member of the aforesaid team, I was very disappointed that there was not a geriatric medal on offer!

Ed.



Junior Swimmers with certificates and medals

ATHLETICS

Stover has had an exceptionally successful athletics season this year as the following results show.

TSB English Schools Championships

Under 13 team

R. Roberts
L. Deas
F. Linton
A. Gledhill
J. Simcox
R. Moncaster
J. Howard
K. Storrs
C. Mansell
L. Neu
D. Rae
J. Cottle
G. Andrew

Joint fifth overall with Heles School

Under fifteen team

C. Cooper
E. Gray
A. Storrs
K. Richards
L. Mills
R. House
L. Astbury
A. Moncaster
S. Whatman
E. Anning
J. Latham
L. Crisp
E. Pocock

Third overall

An excellent day at Exeter Arena where girls achieved personal bests in their events. The Under 15 team just missed out qualifying for the next round.

South Devon Schools Athletic Association Area Trials

Under fourteen team

K. Richards
F. Linton
L. Astbury
L. Mills
E. Anning
J. Latham
J. Howard
C. Mansell

Under 16 team

C. Cooper
S. Hunt
J. Conway
E. Lewis
A. Storrs
S. Whatman
K. O'Dwyer

All were put forward for trials for the South Devon Team. The following were accepted and went on to trials for the Devon team and although none of them made it this year we have high hopes for next season:

K. O'Dwyer
S. Hunt
A. Storrs
L. Astbury
J. Howard
L. Mills
S. Whatman
J. Latham

South Devon Area Athletics Championships

Under thirteen team

D. Rae
F. Linton
K. Storrs
J. Howard
L. Neu
R. Roberts
J. Simcox
J. Cottle
A. Gledhill

The team finished in a convincing fourth place out of fourteen schools from the area who took part.

Under fifteen team

S. Luscombe
C. Cooper
L. Mills
A. Moncaster
K. Richards
K. O'Dwyer
L. Astbury
E. Anning

This team also finished in fourth place out of thirteen schools. Seven girls achieved personal bests during the competition.

A solid platform of athletes to take the track and field by storm next season!

S. Ludwig



A Level Art Students



Former student Fiona Kempton modelling one of her fashion designs at Plymouth College of Art and Design



Mornoko with her coursework



Sarah Storrs another proud student



Nikki Pegg with a display of her artwork

DRAMA DEPARTMENT

MELODRAMA

The Sixth form group of reprobates decided to write their own melodrama at the end of the Christmas term. The scriptwriters and producers (Laura, Kerry, Kate) stretched their brain cell(s) to compose a masterpiece of the melodramatic art. After casting the main parts we were still struggling to find someone to fill the role of the drunken vicar, when it was suggested that Mr Topley was the ideal man for the job and we knew the part was filled. We bravely set to work and eventually, after losing half the script and having to re-write it, we had finished - or so we thought!

The next few weeks were full of fevered learning, flying scripts (and words!) and frantic gathering of music by Sarah and Rachel. At last the day of truth came, but we were fully prepared, especially after a very filling Christmas dinner. We gave a rousing performance of villainy and true love - the dastardly villain (Nicky) was killed, and the handsome hero (Emily) and the beautiful heroine (Max) lived happily ever after. A special mention must go to our excellent vicar whom we all considered to be exceptionally convincing. At the end of the day, pupils, staff, and of course the actresses, thoroughly enjoyed it. Roll on the next melodrama!

Kerry Smitheram Year 12

GCSE DRAMA

During the past two years the candidates (that's us!) preparing for their final examination performance have developed many essential skills. One of the most important and difficult skills to master is concentration, which is truly put to the test during the occasional Greek tragedy you are obliged to see! However when it comes to the last ten weeks of the course commitment can mean make or break.

We feel our whole year displayed this quality owing to the positive reception each piece received on performance. The key to the day of the examination though is control, in overcoming the inevitable nerves and suppressing laughter when a Freudian slip gives the performance a whole new meaning!

A huge amount of perseverance and effort was put in by everybody and although our group's work was about as dynamic as ballet with broken legs on occasion, the show went on. Our techniques in diplomacy excelled and we, who thought we knew all about communication, have learnt the valuable art of negotiation. Above all, the fact that we are all so sad it's over proves how much we enjoyed the course, no matter whether any of us are talking to each other any more or not!

Jenni Fisk and Caroline Graham, Year 11

POT POURRI

At the end of the summer term the sixth form presented a selection of dramatic extracts entitled "Women: A Pot-pourri". This consisted of a bold selection from a wide range of theatrical writing both chronologically and stylistically - chronologically from Shakespeare to John Mortimer and stylistically from the realism of Nell Dunn's "Steaming" and Willie Russell's "Educating Rita" to the mannerism of Restoration comedy and of Oscar Wilde.

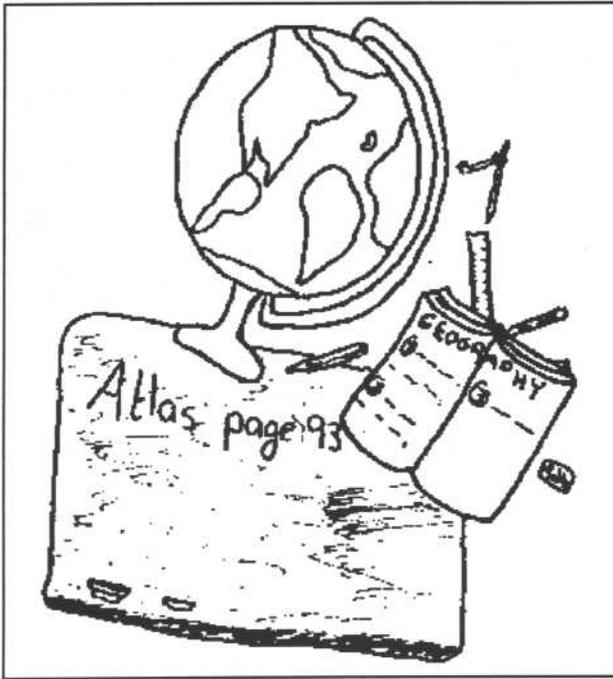
Among such a range of performances it is perhaps invidious to mention individuals, but especially appealing were Max Crabb's sparkling Hero in "Much Ado About Nothing", the repressed Gwendoline and the quietly triumphant Cecily (Kerry Smitheram and Ayesha Markland) in "The Importance of being Earnest" and Petra Lukacik's tour de force as the waitress from John Mortimer's "The Triangle".

A delightful rendition of "Let's Do it" with near-the-knuckle allusions to members of the sixth form was especially well received and the whole performance was rounded off with a spirited rendering of the final song from Brecht's "Good Person of Szechwan". The whole thing was a truly virtuoso production: lively, witty and with a delightful spontaneity as well as the polished performances and production values.

V. Stevens



GCSE Drama Group



First year at Stover

My entree to working at Stover began last summer holidays, very unglamorously, with a pot of paint. I had decided that the map chest in the Geography Room was sadly in need of a facelift. I came to school for a couple of days in reasonably respectable clothes - what *would* the Head and Mrs Shillabeer have said if the new Geography teacher had arrived looking a fright - and changed, keeping a furtive lookout through the Room 11.

So, the painting was done, a few cobwebs were rearranged and some rolled maps (which must surely have antique value now) were consigned to a deep recess in the hallway. When September came, the real business of teaching began.

In November, I took Year 10 out to study the River Lemon at various locations. My first learning experience on this trip was that Stover minibuses, with a full load of girls, have to be edged over the sleeping policemen on the drive, otherwise one is deafened with squeals. In January, our GCSE Geographers produced a team, consisting of Phoebe Bavin, Sarah Whatman and Rachael Millar, to take part in the Geographical Association Worldwide Quiz at Exeter School. Our team came up with some good answers to difficult questions and came a very creditable second.

Together with Mr Priddes, I held Weather Workshops on four occasions through the winter. Year Six children from invited schools were able to spend a morning at Stover, see our weather satellite pictures and work on the computers. They seemed to go away with happy, smiling faces, but this may have been as much about the school lunch that they all raved about, as about enjoyment from the actual Workshop.

In March, Year 9 had an outing to RNAS Yeovilton, mainly to see the meteorological office there, but we were also able to see the air traffic control and radar services.

In June Year 10 had a pretty intensive couple of days, doing fieldwork and starting to write up their first piece of coursework,

which we based on the traffic problems in Newton Abbot. The girls helped in the making of a short video, in which it became clear that Mrs Smith does not have a future in television. Most of the girls had a piece to say in it, with Alex Bamford doing particularly well. Ana Udy and Sophie Philip also helped in the camera work.

Later in June came the last Geography visit of the year, this time to Start Bay. I had spelt out to Year 9 the week before that, regardless of the weather, they must bring a waterproof jacket, since it is possible to be caught out. It turned out to be a glorious summer's day and we all thought that we were in for a good dose of UV. As we got near to Start Point the clouds gathered, the wind blew and it looked as if it was going to rain any minute. This would have been very embarrassing for me, since, in spite of my good advice to the girls, I hadn't actually brought a jacket *myself* (well, the weather was so good first thing....). It didn't actually rain but it was really quite cold. Mr Topley and I nearly had a mutiny on our hands when it came to getting everyone out of the minibuses in their skimpy summer clothes. Still, things improved and we had a good day out, saw the lost village of Hallsands, measured some beaches and almost everyone had a paddle before we went home.

It has been a busy year, but one in which I have enjoyed getting to know the girls and staff at Stover. I dare say that I will get more accustomed to everything next year, but I do not think that I will ever become blasé about my drive into the school. There are not many jobs that one can think of, which could provide such a completely delightful start to the day, as driving through our school grounds.

Anne Smith, Head of Geography

Year 9 Coastal Field Trip to the Areas Around Slapton Ley

On Monday 26th June the whole of year 9 accompanied by Mrs Smith and Mr Topley, went to Slapton Ley. We left school at 9:30am and after about an hour's drive we arrived at Start Point car-park. The weather had changed drastically from the beaming sun at Stover to the cold, cloudy weather at Start Point. We walked along the coastal footpath towards the tip of the headland. We stopped to take notes and draw a quick sketch of the view, looking at Hallsands, Beesands and Torcross.

After then walking back to the mini-bus and driving on, we arrived in Hallsands. The weather kept on brightening up and eventually it became quite sunny. We went down to the actual ruined village of Hallsand. We saw 2 houses left standing and 4 ruined houses. The two houses which were still standing were called Pebblecove and Seaview. Mrs Smith told us of the awful circumstances that had disrupted the former fishing village in 1917. We made our way back to the car-park to eat our lunch.

After lunch we packed up the mini-bus and travelled on to Beesands. Beesands, knowing what happened in the Hallsands

disaster, have just finished the process of building a sea wall to protect them from such storms. They also made a riprap near the wall to break the energy force of any severe waves. We did an experiment to measure the angle of the beach and once everyone had finished that we went on to Torcross, which was our last place of call. We looked at the size of the beach material and the angle of the beach. We then tried to find a connection between them. Mrs Smith then allowed us to have a paddle in the sea, but many of us got caught off guard by a wave and ended up getting completely soaked!!

Lizzie Anning, Zoe Gaye and Sally Luscombe.



Our Year 9 trip to the R.N.A.S. Yeovilton (Royal Naval Air Station)

We started our uneventful journey up the M5 to the Naval Station in Yeovilton near Ilchester in Somerset. After a 1 hour 30 minute journey we eventually arrived beside the meteorological office. There we were taken to the waiting room and split up into 3 groups. Each group was led to different parts of the building by 3 Naval Officers.

Firstly we went to the Meteorological office. We were shown around by Lieutenant Commander Weaver. He told us that they needed to know forecasts for safety and navigation and because small light planes coming into land can be easily blown about by turbulence. We also saw the SAMOS system. This stands for Semi Automatic Meteorological Observation System. This is a similar system to the one we have at Clockhouse, but it is more sophisticated. It records most aspects of weather but some have to be measured by man. For example the type and quantity of cloud.

After gaining all the above information from the meteorological office we were guided to the Radar room. The radar from Yeovilton covers a 40 - 50 mile area. Radar pictures are so sensitive that they can sometimes pick up vehicle movements down below on the ground. Radar pictures also pick up rain showers and other forms of precipitation. There are a network of radars across the country. The closest one to Yeovilton is on

Wandan Hill just south of the Naval base. In the Radar Room they also control the diversions because of any accidents on the runways, and also any sudden changes in weather.

Lastly we went to the Air Traffic Control Room called by the Navy "the Visual Control Room." In this department of the meteorological office there are 4 Naval Officers controlling the arrival and departures of helicopters and RAF planes. From this part of the meteorological office they control the traffic lights at either end of the runway. They also control the nets which appear at the ends of the runways (these are there for safety reasons only).

The information gained from both computer and manual information is sent automatically to BRACKNELL. Bracknell is the national collecting centre for weather data. Bracknell plots the information onto charts and analyses broad patterns of weather.

The snow which arrived on the whole of the west coast of Britain on 2nd to the 6th of March was forecasted by the Yeovilton Met. Office. We found out on the 1st that snow was going to hit Britain and we were happily surprised at the result of getting snow the next day.

Lizzie Anning and Zoe Gaye

Environmental Science

A-level student Victoria Anning won the South-Western Section (Chartered Institute of Transport) Assignment Transport '95 competition with her essay 'Vehicle Pollution'. Congratulations!

Australia to Newton Abbot

Once I had picked up my plane ticket, said goodbye to my friends and paid my respects to my favourite night-clubs, shops, restaurants and pool halls I faced my first challenge. I had to pack my suitcase. Once my ordeal of deciding which of my 2 pairs of identical blue jeans I would take was over I knew I was well on my way. My case was packed and I was on my way to the airport to begin my year abroad.

I left Sydney Airport on the 31st of December 1994 with the thermometer reading 36°C. I arrived in London the next day and it was -1°C. I then flew to Edinburgh where it was warmer. It was 1°C. I wasn't really prepared for the cold, especially in the mood I was in. I left Australia 8 hours before a New Years party, sat between two friends on the plane who took full advantage of the drinks trolley and hadn't slept in 36 hours.

Once I accepted the fact I wasn't going to see the sun again until March I got used to the cold. I got used to the cold but then it started to rain and rain and rain. There was more rain in one day here than a whole year in Australia. I also couldn't get used to the dark mornings. My body usually refuses to get out of bed until the sun has been up for at least an hour. After discovering sleet, snow, black ice and horizontal wind it was time for me to depart for Stover. As soon as I saw Stover School three things jumped into my mind. Big building, old building and rain. I became obsessed with rain for the next two months. I went from begging for rain in Australia to begging for it to stop in Britain.

I had never been in an old building like Stover before and I quickly learnt old buildings aren't always the best. I picked up 4 important points about the workings of

an old building.

1) If something isn't broken it is waiting to be broken so don't give it an excuse to break.

2) No matter where you go you can be heard. The floor boards announce you. This can be particularly annoying when it takes you 10 minutes to get to the toilet in the middle of the night. It takes so long because you are trying to be quieter. Here is a tip: the quieter you are trying to be the noisier you actually are.

Sea Poems - Year 8 **Escape!**

*As I swiftly sank into the never ending black pit
The rush of water quickly filled my world.
Thunderous waves crashing round me
I swam.*

*The large monster floated by
Its fat, slimy tentacles enveloping me.
They pulled tighter
Squashing the air from my body.
I bit, struggled, but it did no good,
I was trapped.*

*Suddenly the tree trunk arms dropped
Freeing me,
Free from the lock of a wrestler's grip,
I was alive!*

*Blue, green water billowed around me
Like fluffy clouds around the sun,
Which shone down, yellow and gold
Reflecting like a jewel.*

*I reached the surface
Throwing myself on a rock,
Gasping in the air
Like an exhausted mermaid.*

I was safe.

Vicki Johnson

3) The hot water has 2 levels. On and off. If it is on, never complain.

4) The walls are very hard solid surfaces unlike the modern walls. These old walls

can be painful when you collide with them after misjudging the distance they are from you.

After I return to Australia I will never take the following for granted again: Home cooking, cinema complexes, 24 hour petrol stations with food outlets, decent TV and being able to go for a swim in the sea without a thermal wet suit on or getting a skin rash from the pollution. Most of all I will appreciate being able to call local friends and talking for hours at the set price of 12p.

There are many things I have learnt so far on my year out. I now know how to shrink jumpers I've stretched, stretch shirts I've shrunk and get maroon shoe polish off white leather shoes. I have also learnt that it is possible to dye white pants pale blue even if there are nothing but white clothes in the wash.

Being away from home I miss family moments. One moment I missed and would have loved to witness was my parents' reaction when my sister showed up with a shaved head. I know my sister will do something to get the same reaction when I am there so I'm not too disappointed.

I think taking a year out is a great way to experience independence and see different parts of the world. You become more impulsive and daring. I had the urge to go to Africa one week and the next week my African Safari was booked. A year ago I would never have dreamt about spending a month or two camping in the jungle and living out of a backpack. A year out is a great way to 'discover' your inner self and a great

excuse for being outrageous and doing impulsive things you would never do while under your parents' watchful eyes.

Joanne Erskine, 1995 Oz

Poems In Autumn by Year Nine

Autumn Senses

Taste

*Taste the sharp knife-like
blackberries on the tongue.*

Feel

*Feel the leaves like paper,
crunching underfoot.*

See

*See the dew drops on the ground,
A thousand glistening diamonds.*

Smell

*Smell the gentle scent
Of the freshly cut grass.*

Hear

*Hear the birds sing
Their lulling song of Autumn,
Lulling lullaby of Autumn.*

Catherine Hart



The Third Season

*The bright sky shimmers silently through the clouds
Reflecting its shine onto the drops of dew
Freshly cut grass lies covered in small mirrors
A squirrel quickly scampers to find nuts
Preparing for the start of the new season
Fallen branches lie harmlessly on the ground
Bullied, forced off the trees
By the whispering, whistling wind
Painted leaves carelessly clutter the ground
Soft and crisp
And the sun lies low
Like a melted marshmallow
Dipping slowly
Waiting until smiling stars come out
And show their friendly faces.*

Zoe Gaye

Autumn Day

*Today is a different day.
Russet, grey squirrels scamper about to gather nuts,
Brown, sweet nuts good to eat,
On a cold winter's night
Cars roar on the road
Their motors running fast and wild
Like untamed lions.
Trees quiver in the breeze,
Their leaves turning a yellow, tawny colour
Before dropping to the ground
Softly, spiralling as gently as a feather.
The evergreen stands still, proud and prickly,
Not at all like the sycamore,
Soft, loving and beautiful.
Now chairs gently scrape
In the nearby classrooms,
The bell rings.
A gentle rattle of clatter breaks,
Like a rushing stream
Bubbling over the stony bed.*

Zoe Caines



Autumn Time

*Crackling, crunching,
The leaves sound like machine guns,
Fighting against the offensive,
Of cold winter,
The enemy.
Scampering, scurrying,
The squirrel is a lazy messenger,
Stopping too many times to eat,
The war will last,
Winter sneaks slowly on,
Colder now, quieter now,
The leaves rustle,
To the music of the breeze,
They will not last long,
Winter will be the victor.*

Samantha Matthews



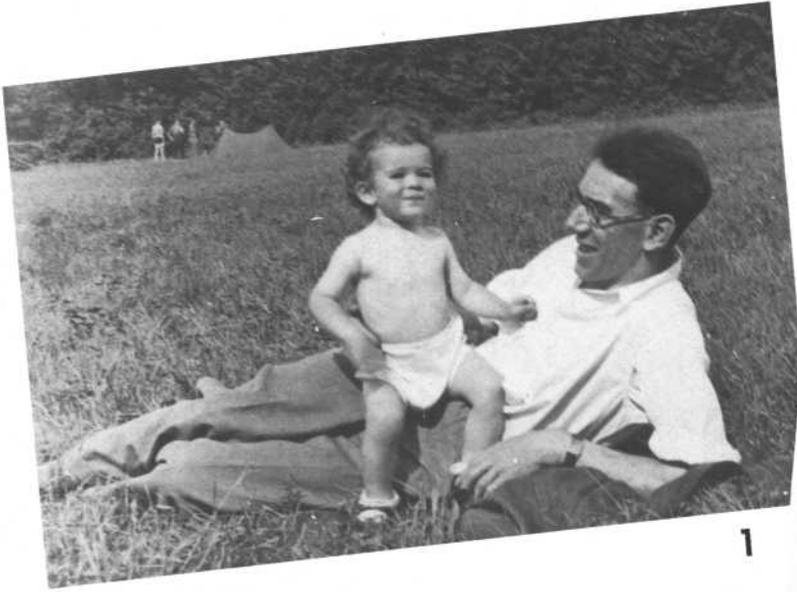
A Perfect Day

*Silver trees glisten like ladies' jewellery in the
bright morning sun,
Squirrels run quickly and quietly barefooted
across the dewy grass,
Golden trees stand as tall and proud as kings,
The leaves, like shining medals, sway in the
autumn breeze,
The smell of dampness floats gently
in the brisk morning air,
Smells of baking drift,
From a kitchen window,
Small birds dance carefully foraging for food,
Among the crisp, crunchy, newly-fallen leaves.*

Louise Astbury

Who's a Beautiful Baby, then?

- Can you identify these members of staff?
Answers at the end.



1



2



3



5



4



6



7



8



10



9

John Luscombe's Diary

*Sally Luscombe
imagines what
her great-
grandfather's
life would have
been like in
Devon at the end
of the nineteenth
century.*

"My name is John Luscombe. I was born in 1874 at Cutwell Walls, in the Ugborough parish, overlooking Brent, and lived then with my mother, Joslin and my father, William Luscombe. I have six brothers and sisters who also live on the farm, which is 320 acres. The owners of the farm are "The Marley Estate". On leaving the school I worked on the farm with my father and brother. We have eight horses and three hunters.

9th March 1900

I ploughed the field at Northern Ground overlooking South Brent today. It is extremely cold and we had a severe snow storm, so work was stopped early in the afternoon.

13th March

The snow has not stopped and there is a blizzard. Rumour has it that this is the worst blizzard we have had. It certainly is the worst that I have ever seen!

10th June

My brother William has been sent to fight in the Boer War. It is in South Africa. Sarah, my wife, and I are very worried if we will ever see William again. Now that we have moved to Broadaford, near Ivybridge, I have to manage the farm on my own although it is much smaller than Cutwell Walls (being only 120 acres). It will be a lot of work, especially with the harvest coming up. I hope that the villagers will help out.

20th August

I rose at the crack of dawn to feed the animals. We have lost a labourer, so everyone is working harder. There have been reports of a travelling worker. It is unusual to hear of one coming here in the summer. Now we have a cottage free, I can employ him. His wife can help in the dairy and if he has children they can help with the harvest, if they are old enough. Very busy with the harvest.

21st August

The weather is fine and an especially good day for harvesting. Sunday is a day of rest, so the harvest is left until Monday. We walked to Ugborough church as usual. At the end of the service, the village

clerk, Mr Webster, told us all that the village produce show would be held next Saturday. I hope to enter some vegetables, though as long as Harold Steer is entering there will surely be no prizes for me. I cannot help but think how the harvest will go. The sky looks like rain and the whole crop will spoil if it does. Sarah walked home as soon as the service finished to prepare the Sunday roast. In the service today I was proud to say Sarah was my wife with her long wavy brown hair pinned tightly under her pretty hat and her tailored cotton dress with long puffed sleeves.

5th October

The Great Western Railway company wants to build a track across one of our fields. I would be paid for the land, although it would split up a good flat field which we use for corn. Another problem is that sparks will be flying from the track setting my fields on fire in the summer.

The apple picking is underway. The crop seems to be better this year than last. We have had problems with the cart wheel coming loose and all the apples falling out of the cart to the bottom of Homer Hill road. I am quite cross that did happen because it has put us back by a whole afternoon picking up all those apples and many are bruised. Still no news about William.

20th January 1901

Plans for the railway track have gone through and there will be one in our field. We had a telegram to say that William was killed a few days ago. Queen Victoria died after sixty-four years on the throne. Today has been one for sadness and grieving.

6th August

One of the workers on the railway collapsed in the heat and died today. The others laid him out on a gate and carried him to the road. The Boer War is still going on and we are having doubts whether we will win because we are having so many reports of dead. We are half way through the year and already we know of three people who have died: my brother, Queen Victoria and today, the track worker.

Sally Luscombe, Year 9

THE HIBISCUS

*In a paved clearing the bush grows,
Petals of magenta, lavender and
amber*

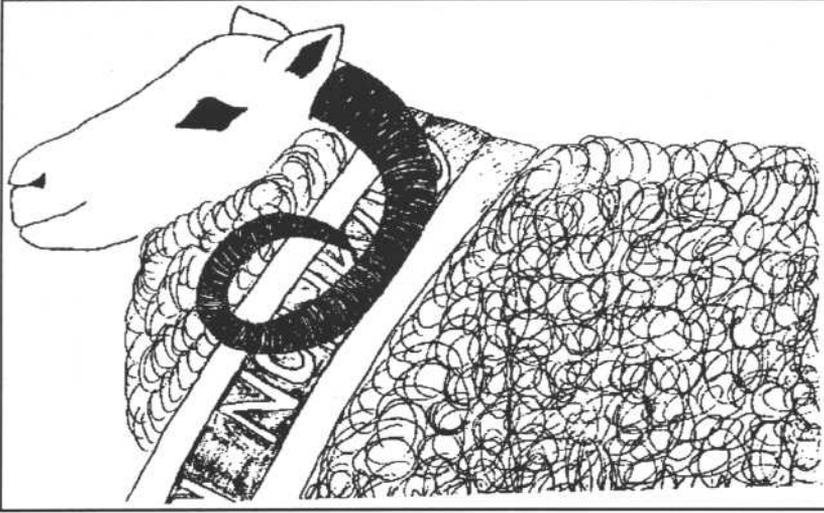
*Droop out of their emerald sepals.
The climate is humid but softly the
wind blows.*

*The magnificent flowers
Sway slightly in the breeze
But the delicate petals remain still.*

*The lazy sun slowly begins to set.
But now the beautiful colours disap-
pear until
Tomorrow, when the dazzling orb will
rise again.*

Lisa Wilson Year 11

The Devon County Show



When I arrived at the show the weather turned from the hot sunny weather I had experienced on the journey up to the show, to cloudy overcast clouds and rain. The pass I had obtained from friends of my Dad's allowed me to enter the showground without paying. The first thing that struck me was the number of people crowding round the different stands. The sight of the fair and the sound from it was so clear that I could even hear the voices at the other end of the ground.

After I had gazed around for a while I decided to investigate some of the stands. I watched part of a jumping session in the main arena and then met a friend. We decided to make our way to the fair.

If we hadn't known the way the noise would have led us there. We went on a few rides but when we realised how much money we had spent we made our way back to the main arena (which, after all, was free!) The weather changed once again at this point from heavy rain to hot sunshine.

A few television cameras had suddenly appeared around the ground and a lot of people just happened to walk in front of them when they were on! We met my Dad at the main arena and went off for

lunch. Sandwich stands, fish and chip stands, fruit and ice cream stands were dotted around everywhere - there was plenty of choice. After lunch I noticed that large crowds had gathered around the show ring. The Queen had arrived.

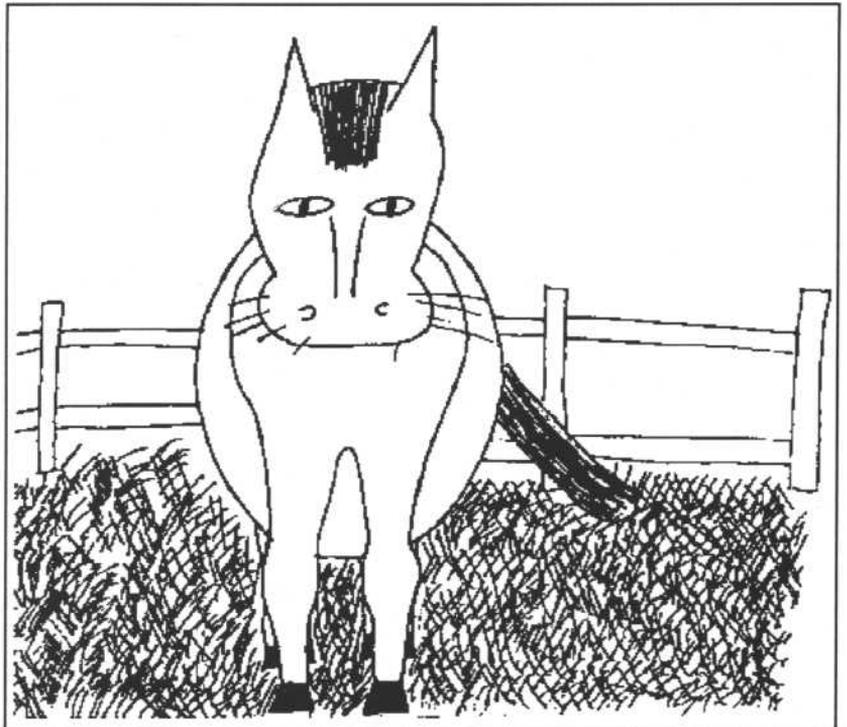
My pass also allowed me into the grandstand where business men and women dressed in smart clothes and bowler hats were assembling. Norman Langdon, owner of St. Bridget's Nurser-

ies in Exeter and a friend of my father's, was being presented to the Queen on account of the many years he had spent in the agricultural business.

Suddenly horses started to enter the arena. A wonderful display of all the winners from the horse classes lined up for the Queen. After we had waited for a long time she finally entered the arena accompanied by Prince Philip. Mr. Langdon was awarded a silver plate and then, one by one, the horses started to leave the ring.

My Dad and I left the grandstand and made for the carpark. We drove slowly away from the ground in the heavy traffic. The whole day had been a great experience for me as it was the first time I had been to the Devon County Show, but it had also been very tiring. Still, I can't wait to go again next year!

Zoë Gaye, Year 9



Puppies Everywhere!

The first time I saw my puppy Sam, it was like the sun coming out on a cloudy day. My family and I were looking at the puppies at Miss Young's house. Miss Young's dog Tasha had given birth to six puppies, two girls and four boys. Sam was one of the girls, and has the traditional .liver and white markings of a springer spaniel. The boys were a black and white colour.

When we arrived at Miss Young's house on a late Sunday morning the puppies were all asleep huddled in a group like different coloured pebbles mixed together. Sam was the first one to come out and greet me. She came out yawning, still half-asleep. The other puppies soon started coming out and stumbling over their own feet because they were tired.

The puppies started waking up and went out into the garden. They soon were having playful fighting games with each other. They tumbled all over the garden, squashing the flowers and falling onto their faces. They liked chewing my shoelaces. They played with their mother a lot. Tasha was very patient, letting the puppies climb all over her.

I picked up Sam and gave her a hug. Her coat was very smooth and silky. Her nose had little freckles all over it. Her ears were as soft as silk but her teeth were as sharp as needles.

Now that she is home with us she is mostly good but sometimes naughty, but I love her anyway.

Karen Ball Year 7



Miss Young's dog "Tasha" gives up on keeping order over her brood of unruly puppies at the Stover Dog Show

THE STOVER FAMILY DOG SHOW

The Stover Family Dog Show which was held in the grounds on Sunday, June 11th as part of Stover Family Day, was a roaring, or, should we say barking success.

We would like to thank our judge Mrs Christine Hellyer, our sponsors Pascoes Dog Food and Kingsteignton Pet Centre, for their help and support in this event. Special thanks also to Kingsteignton Pet Centre for their generous donation of prizes and also to Bovey Tracey Pet and Garden Centre for their donations.

RESULTS

CHAMPION DOG AND WINNER OF STOVER DOG SHOW ROSE BOWL

"Grain", belonging to Mr. J.E. Butler of Bovey Tracey.

PEDIGREE CLASSES

1. Best Utility: "Jessica" and Victor Palmer (Dalmatian).
2. Best Toy: "Sophie" and Janice Sperring (Papillon).
3. Best Terrier: "Bestie" and Mr. Gledhill (Border Terrier).
4. Best Gun Dog: "Rick" and Sylvia Chamberlain (Golden Retriever).
5. Best Hound: "Grain" and Mr. J. Butler (Basset).
6. Best Working Dog: "Overdart Ivanhoe" (German Shepherd).

NOVELTY CLASSES

- Best Puppy: "Jessica" Mr Victor Palmer
Waggiest Tail: "Sal" Jill Pike
Best Brace: "Tasha and Robbie" Jessica Cottle and Claire Blackmore
Best Condition: "Ebony" Anne Miyford
Best Veteran Bitch: "Teasel" Nicole Winston
Best Child Handler 9-15: Louise Boudouy and "Toto"
Most Obedient Dog: "Treacle" Philippa Hardy
Best of Novelty Classes: "Jessica"
Reserve: "Daisy"

CLOSELY OBSERVED ANIMALS

THE SNAKE

Lucinda Tar, Year 9

Suddenly there was a noise coming from the brambles, then cautiously and slowly out crept a head. It gave a quiet hiss and slithered into the next available hiding place.

Unfortunately a sparrow's nest had fallen from the tree and on the ground there lay a solitary egg. His head lifted up and his eyes lightened like the coming of a new moon, as his sleek, slender body advanced on the egg and in one swift movement of his tongue the egg was consumed. The egg progressed slowly down his silky body. He then regurgitated the shell, leaving a small neat pile on the ground.

The snake lay motionless as a young cub inquisitively approached and then leaped from side to side around the snake like a young child learning to dance. But soon the snake had enough so it snapped out, to the cub's surprise, and bit its silky, wet, black nose leaving the cub to dash away whimpering pathetically.

There were more obstacles to come as an elegant owl swept across the sky scanning the ground for prey, as the snake lay, as still as a rock, waiting for the owl to go elsewhere. The owl then saw a mouse, so it swooped down towards the ground. The snake slithered slower and more cautiously than a snail towards the long grass.

Exhausted, the snake crept into a crack in a wall and slept until the sun came out to warm him. When he slithered out of the wall his skin sparkled like the lights on a Christmas tree as the sun shone on his wet, leathery skin.

THE SQUIRREL

Felicity Harding, Year 7

One extremely sunny, warm, Sunday afternoon in mid-September, I was sitting by the edge of the woods, which looked all dappled from the sun, just happily reading my book, when out of the nowhere something darted in front of me. I couldn't quite work out what it was as it shot out so fast. A few minutes later I heard a rustling, cracking noise not far away. I knew it must have been in front of me. I desperately wanted to go over and investigate but I knew even if I silently tip-toed over the animal would catch my scent and run off. Instead I stayed exactly where I was. After a while I decided the animal must have sneaked away so I started to move again.

After about an hour when I had totally forgotten about the strange creature, out from the underbush popped a squirrel and I came to the conclusion that this must have been the strange animal darting in front of me earlier.

The squirrel was grey, tinged with light brown. As it swiftly darted from under one tree to another I noticed that he was collecting nuts for the harsh winter's storage. The fluffy animal had such minute paws, with even smaller pointed, quite sharp nails. He was using them exactly like human hands.

For some strange reason the squirrel suddenly stopped collecting his nuts and froze, with his head held up, sitting upright on his hind legs. He had his tail held stiffly. It was all bushy and looked like someone's hair when they have just woken up-frizzy. The squirrel must have caught the scent of something, probably me. He stayed like that for quite some time, but then ran, darting from side to side to the nearest tree and scrambled up it. He then leaped with great ease from branch to branch and disappeared into the heart of the woods and I never saw him again.

TESSA

Victoria Webber, Year 9

Tessa is a hamster who lives in a cage surrounded by crisp golden curls of sawdust and puffy cotton-wool-like bedding. At the bottom of her ladder is a china bowl filled with humbug-coloured sunflower seeds, pale brown peanuts and golden flakes of corn.

As you come in you can see Tessa's nose poking out of her fluffy bedding. She is tucked up like a little person in bed. When you get closer she opens her eyes like two dark cracks in a mist of blue. Cautiously she opens them wider and now they are like black smarties peering at you.

She sits up and cleans her golden-orange fur. Her black feet have little toenails like fragments of shells. She circles them up over her sides and brings them down again for a quick lick. When she is clean she scuttles over to the food bowl, picks up a sunflower seed with her front paws and puts it just inside her mouth, half in and half out. Cautiously she carries it over to her bed. When she is comfy and sitting, she pulls it out from her mouth with her paws and bites it gently around the edge making a quick snippy snappy noise. The humbug coloured shell falls off and inside is a flat pale grey seed. Tessa nibbles it hungrily with a wrinkled nose.

After Tessa has finished her feed she lies down. Her eyelids start to flutter like butterfly wings and she drops off to sleep.

The Abbey School

Hampton Court, St. Marychurch, Torquay TQ1 4PR. Tel/Fax: 0803 327868

1st December 1994

Dear Mrs. Smith

Thankyou for a most enjoyable morning at Stover School. We had a wonderful time learning about weather researching.

We were really interested in the Stevensons Screen and the rain gauge, especially as the Stevensons Screen showed a different temperature to the satellite. We were fascinated with how the satellite worked and how all its information was free.

Please can you thank the girls from Stover School for escorting us to lunch and for patiently waiting for us. The lunch was absolutely delicious (especially the pizzas) and extremely filling.

Thankyou for going to the trouble to make our visit to Stover School a very pleasant one. We hope to see you and your pupils soon on some other occasion at your beautiful school.

Yours sincerely
Katie Suyang

Visitors

Among many visitors to the school over the year some of the most memorable were:

A group of Japanese students with two teachers who came for a fortnight. They stayed with the families of staff and girls, had English lessons in the morning and visited places of local interest in the afternoons. A last night barn dance, complete with hay bales, got everyone on the floor in a splendid multi-cultural mix.

A Gazelle helicopter from RNAS Culdrose which touched down on the athletics field to great excitement. Two naval lieutenants gave the girls an idea of the work of a navy crew, perhaps inspiring some of them to take up a naval career!

Susannah Hughes and Emma Sayle from Exeter School of Education who came to teach science and PE respectively. Their enthusiasm and hard work was very much appreciated by all concerned, students and staff alike.

A group of senior citizens who were entertained to tea by Year seven.



Japanese students enjoying cookery



Helicopter visiting the school

Christmas Cake Decorating

During the Autumn term Ken the school chef gave a demonstration of cake decorating skills as a prelude to the annual Christmas Cake Competition. At the end of term he had the difficult task of judging the display of colourful creations.

These ranged from Santa Claus in bed to an appealing baby seal.

The overall winner was the head girl, Catriona Kemeny, with a traditional design. But whether winners or not, everyone had great fun, despite the occasional panic that things would not be finished in time.



Cakes from Stover went all over the world including Spain, Hong Kong and

Japan, showing off one of our favourite UK Christmas traditions.

H. Collinge

OUT OF HOURS

Stover is justly proud of the many extra-curricular activities on offer at lunch times and after school. During 1994 - 1995 a wide range of interests was catered for - as the following compilation demonstrates:

	Lunchtime	After School
MONDAY	Chamber Orchestra Duke of Edinburgh Amnesty International Junior Drama	Riding Stover Singers Art Club Environmental Club
TUESDAY	Under 13 Hockey Club	Riding Dry Skiing Junior Science Society Netball Club Senior Drama Club
WEDNESDAY	Windband	Riding Gymn/Dance New Image Rugby Junior and Senior Cookery Badminton
THURSDAY	Junior Singers	Flute ensemble Textiles and Jewellery craft clubs D o E and Ten Tors Training Shooting First Aid Swimming/ Scuba diving
FRIDAY	Music Workshop Junior Hockey Club	Music Centre Badminton

Our group consisted of five girls who had never been diving in their lives before, so it was up to Mr Topley to turn us "scuba diving literate!" He also taught us various useful hand signals, not in the highway code but essential for communicating underwater.

The first obstacle was to change into our stylish wetsuits in less than an hour - easier said than done. Within a few weeks though our group had mastered the art! After a few months training in the depths of the school pool and learning the safety procedures it was time to put everything we had learnt into practice... in the sea...

I wasn't sure what to expect, especially when Mr Topley asked if I would mind if he speared any passing flatfish. Surprisingly, no self-respecting flatfish

Scuba Diving



came anywhere near us. Although the flatfish had the sense to stay away there were plenty of other fish, crabs, starfish and shellfish to see, which made a nice change from the wildlife in the school swimming pool: mainly a few floating spiders, bugs and worms.

Scuba diving is definitely not for the fashion conscious. With all the equipment on our backs, plus life-jacket, leadweight belt, diving hood, flippers and mask you feel about ten stone heavier and resemble something from the Planet Zog. Despite this, scuba diving has proved a very enjoyable experience and I would recommend it to anyone of any age who would like literally to explore a new dimension!

Kate Taylor, Sixth Form

THE CREATION OF THE WORLD

Once there was a wizard who lived on the moon in the very beginning. His name was Lanc. One day he was sitting on the moon and his hat fell off into the darkness below and because it was a magic hat it burst into flames and became a blazing ball of light. He called this the sun. He was so bored he painted a circle in the sky with his magic wand. Then he made it three-dimensional. He chopped it in half horizontally and then in half again.

Lanc painted one half of the top in blue and the other in black. The one that was blue faced the sun so that half was light and bright. The other was dark. On the bottom half he did swirls of dark blue and green and he said to himself, "The blue shall be day and the black will be night, the dark blue the sea which shall be cold and wet like the lakes on the moon. The green shall be the land which shall be dry like the surface of the moon."

Then Lanc started to decorate the black side which would give some light to the darkness. He made what he named the "stars". Then he realised that while he was putting the stars on the dark side some of the sparks had gone onto the blue light side and had formed white splodges which he called "clouds".

He raised his hands and pointed to a place on the green land and it rose up and he called it "hills and mountains". The gaps between them he called "valleys". Then he splattered and streaked the blue on some parts of the land. The little blue blobs he called "pools" and the streaks he called "rivers". Then he made greenery by splattering brown and green over all of the land. As he went he called out names for the plants and gave them life.

Then he made animals to go in the lakes, ponds, rivers and on the land. As he made them he shouted their names: "elephant, fieldmouse, shark, dolphin" and so on. When he came to making humans like himself, he drew back his wand to

think. As he did so he hit his mouth with his wand by mistake and some of his teeth fell out on the world and broke into fragments and because they were the teeth of a wizard they were magic and they turned into people. Then he gave all of the animals and people life.

He made the world go round the sun

so light would go to different places in the world. Then he made the moon go round the world. Then he waved his wand one more time to sprinkle the area around the earth with other planets. And this is how the world began.

Victoria Webber, Year 9

THE LAWN MOWER

A poem based on an idea from a novel by Stephen King

The lawn mower lies in its abode at the remotest point of the garden.

Those cruel fangs that eagerly wait to sink themselves into the verdant turf.

Its eyes are glowing embers of burning yellow,

Its metallic body effulgent under the blazing heat of the sun.

Not wanting to wait for some inferior being to come and operate it

The lawnmower allows the convulsions in its mind to monopolise its desires.

Corresponding to this the machine suddenly roars into life;

The iron blades clink menacingly as the rusty wheels turn of their own accord.

The lush juicy turf lies just beyond the concrete patch from where the lawnmower is advancing.

It reaches the grass with no obstructions and hungrily devours the delicious blades of greenery.

The blades slice swiftly and the engine grunts, satisfied, after each clump

devoured.

Then ahead of the lawnmower a mole raise its head in confusion.

The mower shows no hesitation whatever and speedily rears in its direction..

The mole, panic-stricken by the noise coming towards it

Scrambles out of the hole and sets off across the lawn.

It flees as fast as it can away from the mower

But in its feeble blindness it stumbles and falls in the grass.

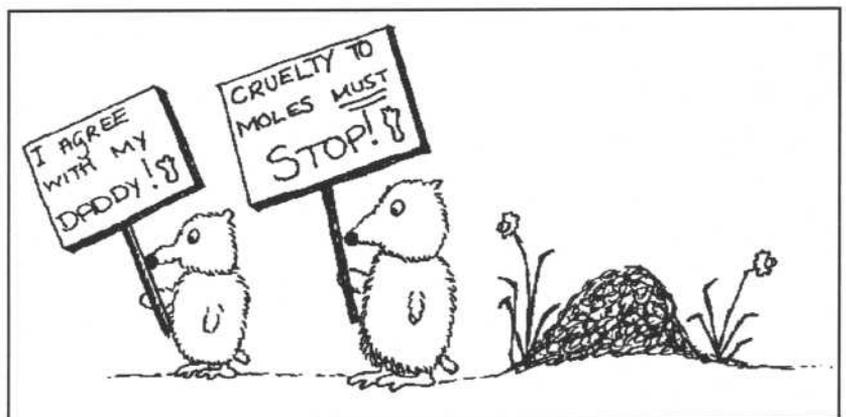
The mower speeds up its pace and reaches the helpless animal;

Without hesitation the merciless machine runs it over.

Debris of blood, black fur, flesh litter the grass.

Satisfied with its kill the lawnmower continues on its way.

Lisa Wilson, Year 11



PERSONAL, SOCIAL AND RELIGIOUS EDUCATION

During the year speakers are invited to the school to talk to Year Eleven on various topics related to their personal, social and religious education. The brief summaries given below give some idea of the wide scope of these talks and of their value to students

On the 10th of October Michelle Bird came to talk to us about her experiences of life as an HIV victim. Michelle contracted the HIV virus whilst donating blood in Spain during a holiday. She was unaware that she had contracted the disease for many years and she spoke to us about the dramatic changes which took place in her life.

Despite her traumatic experiences, she seemed very open and willing to answer any questions that we put forward, and spoke of how she had come to terms with what had happened to her. The loyal support of her boyfriend and family played a vital role in giving her the strength and courage to carry on with her treatment. Her ambition now is to inform as many people as possible as to how they can protect themselves from making the same mistake as she did.

Everybody who attended the talk was deeply affected by what Michelle had to share with us and we all felt we had learnt a great deal. We thought the courage she showed was outstanding.

**Jenni Fisk, Becky Hammond,
Sarah Hunt and Tanya Strongman**

Sir Antony Hampson kindly came in last year to talk to us about his work with Amnesty International. First of all he explained what Amnesty does.

It supports political prisoners, (those who have been imprisoned because of their political beliefs or religion), by writing letters to them and their families to let them know that they have not been forgotten and it campaigns through governments for their release.

He told us how working with Amnesty International has changed his

views on capital punishment-he used to support it, but now opposes it. He also explained what happens to those on Death Row (prisoners waiting to be executed in the United States). They are not allowed to be killed if they are mentally unstable and are made to go through months of psychotherapy to make them sane so they can be killed. This shocked a lot of us.

He gave us some ideas of what we can do to help-sending letters and cards to prisoners and government officials, and supporting Amnesty by giving money.

Our school Amnesty group has since had fund-raising events and written many letters.

**Joanna Conway, Claire Dahill,
Demelza Williams and Charlotte Whittaker.**

Before the talk on marriage by the Reverend Darrell Jackson we were expecting an old man with a walking stick and a dog collar. Instead we walked into Room 11 and found a man in his early thirties with a fluorescent orange waistcoat, a pair of old Levi's and an eighties haircut. Do all Baptist ministers look like this?

The topic of the discussion was to be marriage and the rights, wrongs and purpose of marriage. The talk was interesting and he used his wit to keep us awake and made us think of our views on marriage. He talked of the church's view on marriage as well as his own. He made us realise the importance of marriage and how the decision to marry should not be taken lightly.

Nina Hothi, Susie Reynolds and Leanne Lucas.

On the second of February and again on the sixteenth, Mrs. Dymond came to talk to us about the controversial subject of Medical Ethics. We found her talks valuable and interesting. They made us realise what complex issues are involved. When talking about abortion she used cases from her experience as a Health Visitor to demonstrate the choices involved and dis-

cussed the Christian principles behind this issue. She explained to us that euthanasia is illegal in this country at present and discussed the safeguards which would need to be in place of it ever were to become legal.

Alex Bibby, Shirley Chan, Tarida Kuesuwan, Lydia Spooner, Philippa Hearne, Katie Singleton and Victoria Williamson.

SEA POEMS YEAR EIGHT

THE MELTED JEWEL

*From my cold, jagged rock
I peered, enviously, into the ocean of
melted jewel.
Then broke its clear surface,
And dived in.
I swam swiftly to the ocean's sandy
carpet
Where I held tightly to a smooth rock
Made jagged by barnacles
That stuck like magnets.
My land eyes soon began to sting
As if a wasp had struck them.
I looked up.
The happy skies above began to jeer at
my situation.
I started to swim hurriedly to the
surface,
But a tangled lump of sinuous seaweed
Stopped my journey there.
Everything was suddenly carelessly
jumbled about
Like a big black jigsaw.
I looked up again
To the skies, now sad and grey,
Seeing them as clearly as the ocean fish
would.
The puzzle was solved.
I continued my journey
To the surface of the melted jewel.*

Louise Boudouy

AN ETHIOPIAN JOURNEY

As I bundled load upon load of luggage into the landrover I sensed the presence of the louring sky giving out vibes of frustration. I thought the sky must be contemplating whether or not to give these dry, dusty and drained Ethiopian lands another long-awaited washing session. There was still a faint glow of sun trying to ooze its way through this enclosed dome of humid atmosphere.

Finally the landrovers were jam-packed solid with baggage and equipment ready to venture back home. Four hours worth of bouncing around over diabolical, pot-holed tracks of so-called tarmac. As we drove through the vast expanses of shrivelled landscape of cacti and the odd puny tree our big wheels creaked out huge clouds of dust swooping high up into the air.

We had been going barely twenty minutes when just ahead of us I saw the sky displaying its temper in full glory. I knew as the mist of rain ahead approached nearer that we would have to confront this brewing storm head on as it was directly in our path. A sudden crash, meeting with the metal roof of our car, cut through the silence. The pelting rain smothered our windscreen stealing away our vision ahead. Even the windscreen wipers were conquered by this abundance of rain. My Dad crawled the car along the track like a tortoise for he couldn't see a thing and with the unpredictability of the maniacal Ethiopian drivers, anything could happen.

From the little I could see out of my side window, the track and the landscape was metamorphosing from hard crusts of cracks and crumble to a slushy stream of what looked like hot chocolate. It seemed as though this torrential downpour was determined to destroy its resting place. I peered out of the streaming window and saw great gushes of turbulent river water bursting its banks like an angry swarm of bees madly buzzing in all directions. The dark orange liquid was slapping and slash-

ing itself onto the slushy soils creating deep pools of whirling brown water.

The roads were worst as we approached the outskirts of the frantic city. Thank goodness for landrovers! It was such a satisfaction to see our car's rugged framework glide easily through the deep pools creaming the water as it passed. Elegant ripples fluttered past us from our hidden wheels. I was slightly panicking though that the water might seep in through the seams but I felt relatively safe as I was tightly squeezed into this large machine like being in a large tin of sardines due to the vast quantities of baggage inside.

As we drove into the muddy, drowned streets of Addis, everywhere round me was complete mayhem. Street sellers were desperately seeking for some shelter while frantically gathering their goods. Goat herders were lashing out with their whips at their helpless and bedraggled goats of skin and bone. My heart went out to these poor innocent creatures who were entirely dependent on their herders who were only little boys. Goodness knows why goats are driven through the city streets anyway. The same thing was happening to the poor haystacks on legs, actually emaciated donkeys bearing vast bundles of now sodden hay on their backs. It really seemed as if the cosy little mud hut homes would all be washed away along with all the turfed up soil and debris churning through the streets.

By now we were stuck in the huge tail-back of a motionless traffic jam. Car horns were forever hooting away impatiently. Ethiopians were screaming and yelling at each other in their native language, Amharic, blood pressures boiling over all around me. The rain kept lashing down onto the flooded tarmac. The sky echoed its rumbling thunder and in its repeated climaxes of anger would thrash out with a flash of lightning.

Unfortunately the general quality and standard of the typical Ethiopian car was very low so that their engines had long ceased to function at all and the cars had died in their tracks. This meant that anyone else whose engine had remained faithful, couldn't get home on account of these conked-out cars creating obstacles. This was not good news when it came to people like my Dad for he was not the best person for patience or containing his quick temper. I could feel frustration radiating from him. His jaw was clenched shut, teeth grinding, his large fingers drumming against the steering wheel.

Suddenly the landrover swerved onto the kerb like an angry bear and revved up into full gear. It trundled in and out through any possible gap, past all the tincan cars strung together like cotton reels on a string, determined to reach its destination. It creamed through the flowing streams of orange water. Finally I caught a glimpse of my home, seeming to beckon us toward it. The landrover screeched to a halt. I rammed the car door open and a whacking great smell of wet stone wafted into the air to be joined by less pleasant but unavoidable ones from the debris and mouldering mud washed up all over the city.

Instead of bullets of rain it had now begun to trickle down the windscreen and then gradually it petered out. One last shudder of thunder rumbled in the sky indecisively and no more was to be heard. At last I turned the key and the front door swung open and presented me with a clean fresh scene and oh so dry compared to the outside world I had left behind. The strong walls and floor made me feel secure from the still swirling waters outside. What a relief to get home.

Fiona Parker, Year 11

KNITTING

*In a warm glowing room
The sound of tick, tick, tick
Can be heard as two
Knitting needles touch
My grandma sits in her
Chair by the open fire.*

*The TV loud, the light in
The room flickering from the fire
But the room in her mind
Is still silent
The small light on the table
Next to her is her main source
Of light.*

*The balls of wool twirl
On the floor as the
Strands of a bright array of
Colours get pulled into the
Shape of a beautiful, eye-
Catching jumper.*

*The slight hint of smoke
From the glowing open fire
Spreads round the room
And the tick, tick, tick carries
On till the jumper is done.*

*Patterns people only dream of
Created with skilful hands from
Soft colourful and bright strands
Of wool all neatly into
A ball.*

Jessica Latham, Year 9

On the 15th of April I read in the newspaper that Sense and Sensibility by Jane Austen was going to be filmed in my village, Berry Pomeroy, and they wanted 80 people to star in some scenes.

No-one believed it until one Saturday afternoon the Director and the location Manager called Andrew Hill, came to our house and asked if they could use it for the two days and pay us.

My mum happily agreed and two days later the prompt Manager called Arthur turned up and started to plan the set inside and outside the church.

On the 30th May all the set men came and thatched the large village barn and put big straw heaps in the middle of the field. Everything went quiet until the 2nd May.

Arthur had already asked if I could help drive the tractor with all the peat and the soil to put on the road in front of our house. So at 6.00 am I woke and ended up shovelling the peat and making strong coffee for all the workmen. By the time it was 8.00am I helped the designer, who was called Luciana, to make a floral wreath for the cake.

This took me two hours and then all my friends turned up and we had to make confetti out of roses and to carry all the flowers in to the church and start to hang dried flowers everywhere.

They started filming at 12.00 pm.

The first scene was when all the visitors to the wedding all walked out of the church shouting "huzza!" which means joy.

FILMING

It took them until 2.00 pm and over a hundred takes just for a couple of minutes of the film. The school children from Berry Pomeroy were getting very tired and taking off their clothes. The Producer was getting very cross with them.

Later in the afternoon all the main stars including Emma Thompson, Alan Rickman and Hugh Laurie came down to the house to have coffee or tea. I ran down as fast as possible to help. When I got into the house I was pushed out by the body-guard. Then I got myself in the

house to serve the drinks. I ended up sitting next to Hugh Grant talking to him about the film and about me helping with the prompts and if I wanted to be in the film.

When the filming was over, and all the village had gone back to normal, Arthur invited my mother to be in the film. She was a guest in the main scene, the ball. So

my mum agreed and went and had her outfit made up for her. It was black with tiny gold stars on it, it was the only dress like that. She went up to Salisbury, to be a film star.

I enjoyed being around all these people and all the excitement in our lonely country village.

Keira Whitcombe, Year 9

"SENSE

AND

SENSIBILITY"

Year 9 Puppet Workshop

On Tuesday 2 May Mr Roberts who is a professional puppeteer came into our technology lesson to give us a talk on how to make and use puppets. He showed us various hand crafted puppets of all shapes and sizes from all over the world.

His demonstration helped us to understand more about puppets. After his enlightening talk he showed a small group of us how to make a frame for a body. This looked very complicated and we

TECHNOLOGY

thought that when we came to make ours, it would not be as successful.

We then drafted out designs for our own puppets that would later be used in a dramatised puppet performance. Mr Roberts went around to each group to give them individual attention on their designs.

We were very grateful to Mr Roberts for the useful help and guidance that he had given to us.

Wendy Herbst and Nicola Croke

Technology for Creativity Competition

The school once again reached the National Finals of the Technology for Creativity competition with a thermal jacket designed and made by Louise Astbury and Rebecca House.

MUSIC NOTES

This year's concert took place at the end of the spring term. It was Mrs. Lunel's leaving concert and provided an opportunity for the Governors, staff, parents and pupils to join together to wish her every happiness for the future.

The concert featured the well established flute ensemble and string ensemble; duets for voices, piano and clarinets; solo performances by Anna Storrs (violin), Tarida Kuesuwan (voice), Katherine Storrs (cello), and Rachel Evans (trumpet), compositions from the Junior department and Year 11 GCSE coursework. The Junior singers completed the first half of the programme with a rousing performance of songs from West Side Story and Stover Singers sang an arrangement by Antony Le Fleming of three Gershwin songs. The finale, "Thankyou For the Music" joined both Junior singers and Stover Singers together and featured Mrs Farleigh who sang the solo verses.

The concert was thoroughly enjoyed by both the audience and the performers and will hopefully provide Mrs Lunel with many happy memories of Stover School.

LUNCHTIME RECITALS

The Summer term saw the beginning of Wednesday lunchtime recitals. It has provided an opportunity for girls with scholarships and exhibitions to gain experience performing solo works in front of an audience. These recitals also provide the girls, staff and visiting parents with an enjoyable musical interlude.

The following girls were involved in the first series of lunchtime recitals:

Zoe Caines	- Flute
Louise Neu	- Flute
Katherine Storrs	- Piano
Rachel Evans	- Trumpet
Anna Storrs	- Piano
Fiona Linton	- Voice
Sarah Storrs	- Piano

All of the girls performed to a very high standard and not only provided themselves with a valuable experience but gave

their audiences a taste of their talent which was much appreciated by all who attended.

The Autumn term will be featuring four Wednesday lunchtime recitals on 20th September, 11th October, 15th November and 6th December. They will consist of solo and ensemble performances and will involve girls with scholarships, exhibitions and girls preparing to take music examinations. Entrance will be free of charge and the Music Department would like to extend a warm welcome to anyone wishing to attend.

MUSIC: EXTRA CURRICULAR ACTIVITIES

Starting in September, Stover Singers and Junior Singers will become a combined choir in order to create one strong body of singers capable of performing a wide repertoire of music.

From this main body of singers a smaller group will be established. This group will sing more specialist works and will be mainly for girls taking singing lessons or who show a particular interest in singing.

The flute ensemble is open to any girls grade 3-4 and above. A wide range of music is performed ranging from early to contemporary music. It is already a well-established ensemble and has performed on many occasions.

The string ensemble will continue under the direction of Catherine Hyek, the school's peripatetic violin teacher. Again, girls of grade 3-4 and above will be able to join this ensemble.

A clarinet saxophone ensemble will be starting in the spring term under the direction of our new clarinet teacher, Julie Hitchcock.

A small chamber ensemble will also be introduced in September and will combine the talents of the string, flute and clarinet en-

sembles, grades 5 and above.

Extra Theory of Music coaching will be available on a regular basis if required.

INSTRUMENTAL TUITION

At present the Music Department offers individual tuition in the following instruments:

Violin and Viola: Catherine Hayek

Cello: Vicky Evans

Flute, Piccolo and Voice: Sarah Farleigh

Oboe: Barry Hill

Clarinet and Saxophone: Julie Hitchcock

Trumpet, Trombone and French Horn: Jacque Burden

Piano: John Bryden and Jacque Burden

Drums: Colin Bellworthy

S. Farleigh



Everyone at Stover but especially the Music Department were sorry to say goodbye to Anthony Le Fleming who ran the Music Department in his own inimitable way for two years. We wish him the very best for the future.



Sports Day 1995

Sports day was blessed this year with perfect weather for which everyone was extremely grateful after last year's downpour when black umbrellas gave the sodden athletics field a distinctly gloomy air. This year however panama hats and sundresses were de rigueur among our visitors and in the bright sunshine there was a distinctly fete-like atmosphere.

A lot of parents came to join us and as well as watching the athletics they were able to browse through a display of school work on display in the Jubilee Hall and attend a concert and a GCSE drama performance. This made for a varied and absorbing afternoon which was rated a great success all round.

On the field, among many fine performances,



Lucy Mills' colossal long jump of 4.35 metres deserves special mention. So too does the outstanding achievement of the female staff relay team which stormed home (no laughter please) to beat the male staff team quite comprehensively (no tears either, thank you, grown men don't cry). The female team were, naturally, over the moon while the male team were collectively as sick as a parrot.

Many thanks to all the parents who bravely competed in the Mothers' and Fathers' races - always a highlight of any sports day. It was all rounded off by a no-holds-barred tug-of-war which looks set to become a regular if unorthodox feature of future sports days at Stover.

V. Stevens





Sports Day Results 1995

TRACK	JUNIOR	INTERMEDIATE	SENIOR
100m	1. R Roberts 14.00s 2. J Cottle 16.10 3. G Andrews 16.10	1. E Gray 14.93s 2. S Luscombe 15.24 3. L Robins 15.40	1. D Stone 13.87s 2. E Lewis 15.03 3. T Strongman 15.20
200m	1. F Linton 30.31 2. L Deas 35.82 3. E Rae 36.03	1. A Storrs 29.19 2. K Richards 32.16 3. V Arscott 33.47	1. S Storrs 32.16 2. N Pegg 33.14 3. A Markland 33.91
300/400m	1. L Neu 56.30 1. R Moncaster 56.30 3. A Gledhill 58.38	1. K O'Dwyer 1.15.69 2. A Baumer 1.19.44 3. N Croke 1.20.81	1. K Taylor 1.20.08 2. P Lukacik 1.30.30 3. M Lopez 1.31.72
800m	1. J Simcox 3.05.00 2. C Mansell 3.09.44 3. D Rae 3.14.50	1. C Cooper 3.01.05 2. V Croke 3.14.42 3. H Walkden 3.16.93	1. S Hunt 3.04.93 2. C Aoki 3.06.55 3. S Courtier 3.06.55
1500m	1. D O'Kelly 6.19.81 2. K Storrs 6.19.81 3. J Howard 6.57.34	1. L Mills 5.43.25 2. L Astbury 5.43.45 3. A Moncaster 6.28.94	1. J Conway 5.58.97 2. C Kemeny 5.59.03 3. P Hearne 7.01.87
FIELD	YEAR 7		
Rounders Ball	1. D O'Kelly 28.9m 2. K Ball 24.3 3. L Deas 22.8		
	JUNIOR	INTERMEDIATE	SENIOR
Javelin	1. L Neu 15.9m 2. R Moncaster 10.6 3. D Rae 10.01	1. N Strongman 19.6m 2. A Moncaster 19.1 3. S Whatman 18.3	1. T Strongman 24.20m 2. S Hunt 23.50 3. E Lewis 20.80
Discus	1. J Cottle 15.25 2. R Roberts 14.75 3. W King 13.15	1. E Anning 19.26 2. Z Gaye 16.15 A Bamford 14.15	1. S Cheung 19.8 2. J Conway 19.7 3. K Tupper 18.9
Shotputt	1. J Howard 6.50 2. E Chivers 5.70 3. T Jeffery 5.62	1. E Gray 7.45 C Cooper 7.15 3. K Witcombe 6.75	1. E Atkinson 7.49 2. K Taylor 7.46 3. V Williamson
Long Jump	1. F Linton 3.62 2. A Gledhill 3.40 3. J Somcox 3.21	1. L Mills 4.35 2. K O'Dwyer 3.79 3. K Richards 3.60	1. S Dunkerley 3.98 2. D Stone 3.88 3. S Storrs 3.50
High Jump	1. C Mansell 1.10 2. N Kenward 1.05 3. D Rae 1.05	1. L Wilkins 1.27 2. A Storrs 1.24 3. L Crisp 1.18	1. J Fisk 1.24 2. N Pegg 1.18 3. S J Archdale 1.15
Relays	Year 7	Elizabeth House	
	Year 8	Victoria House	
	Year 9	Victoria House	
	Year 10	Mary House	
	Senior	Victoria House	
	Staff v Parents	Female Staff	
Trophies won	Best Junior Athlete	D O'Kelly	
	Best Inter Athlete	E Gray	
	Best Senior Athlete	D Stone	
	Open Long Jump Cup	L Mills	4.35m
	Fastest Relay Team	Victoria Seniors	0.59.75s
	Inter House Athletics Cup	Victoria House	



THE WIDER CURRICULUM: A YEAR'S ACHIEVEMENTS

Examination results of the Associated Board of the Royal Schools of Music

Autumn 1995

Alice Hodges	Piano	Grade 1	Merit
Nina Hothi	Piano	Grade 2	Pass
Fiona Linton	Voice	Grade 5	Distinction

Spring 1995

Lucy Mills	Piano	Grade 2	Pass
Wendy Herbst	Flute	Grade 3	Pass
Fiona Linton	Violin	Grade 3	Merit
Anna Storrs	Piano	Grade 7	Pass
Katherine Storrs	Piano	Grade 6	Merit
Louise Neu	Theory of music	Grade 5	Pass

Summer 1995

Tarida Kuesuwan	Singing	Grade 4	Pass
Gemma Andrews	Singing	Grade 4	Pass
May Cheung	Piano	Grade 4	Pass
Caroline Grant	Piano	Grade 3	Pass
Nicola Croke	Piano	Grade 4	Pass
Kanokporn Rungchaiporn	Piano	Grade 1	Pass
Louise Neu	Violin	Grade 6	Pass



Certificates Awarded by the London Academy of Music and Dramatic Art

Speaking of Verse and Prose	Bronze medal	C. Whittaker	Pass
		S. Archdale	Pass
	Grade 7	C. Hart	Distinction
	Grade 6	E. Anning	Distinction
	Grade 3	G. Andrews	Distinction
Senior Acting	Bronze medal	V. Dupre	Distinction
		S. Archdale	Honours
	Grade 8	C. Whittaker	Pass
		A. Markland	Honours
	Grade 7	C. Constantine	Distinction
Junior Acting	Medallion	J. Conway	Pass
		L. Latham	Distinction
	Grade 4	C. Grant	Distinction
		L. Robins	Honours
	Grade 3	N. Croke	Honours
Improvisation	Grade 3	N. Strongman	Distinction
		L. Astbury	Distinction
		G. Andrews	Distinction
		V. Dupre	Distinction
	Grade 3	N. Strongman	Honours
		L. Astbury	Honours

Red Cross Youth First Aid Certificates

V. Croke, R. Millar, A. Udy, H. Carew-Gibbs, I. Grundy, S. Philip, L. White.

Young Enterprise Examination Results

K. Smitheram	Credit
K. Taylor	Credit
V. Anning	Pass

SCIENCE DEPARTMENT NEWS 1995

In January the sixth form scientists visited Zeneca's laboratories in Brixham and learned about the testing and monitoring of chemicals in the environment. We were particularly impressed by the giant *daphnia*, a special strain of out-sized water flea bred in the lab and used in a biological assay system to determine the minimal level of pollutants causing disturbance to marine ecosystems. Although most other measurements in the lab use state of the art technology, it is still faster and more accurate to handle the fleas and count their offspring by eye.

A group of Year Eleven girls planning to study science A levels were taken by Jo Erskine to the Science Day at Edgehill College in March, (travelling across Dartmoor on the only snowy day of the year!) This proved a most valuable opportunity to hear lectures on recent research and to meet like minded students from other schools.

The summer term began with the Upper Sixth work placements which form a part of one of the compulsory A level modules for science. Catriona Kemeny and Melanie Crabb visited Rileys at Forches Cross to study hydroponics and biological control of pests in the commercial production of tomatoes and cucumbers. Emma Taylor went to Stafford Miller in Plymouth to find out about the manufacture of toothpaste, and Vickie Boulton to the Buckfast Spinning Company to investigate a computerised system for matching dyes. Petra Lucacik visited Howmet Alloys in Exeter and wrote about modern spectroscopic techniques in the analysis of alloys. Sophie Dunkerly had already completed her assignment in the Easter holidays, working in a vet's surgery in Modbury and compiling an impressive amount of data on the blood biochemistry of horses. We are very grateful to all the companies which help with these work placements: the "work-related assignments" form an invaluable part of the study of science at A level, and it is their patience and generosity which make this possible.

The Summer term is also the main fieldwork term for biologists. This year we were very lucky with the weather and everyone returned bronzed as well as muddy and tired. Year Ten

visited Slapton to look at food chains in the Ley, and carried out an investigation of a contrasting environment at Stover Park. Year Eight travelled to Dawlish Warren to look at the ecology of sand dunes, as well as doing some work on the school grounds. Here as usual, someone fell in the pond, thus maintaining a time-hallowed Stover tradition.

During the year a small group of enthusiasts have started an astronomical society, an activity made possible largely through Mrs Smyth's interest and help in organising the Year ten boarders. In the last week of the school year we went to the Norman Lockyer Observatory at Sidmouth. Here we learned about Lockyer and the development of meteorology and astrophysics in the last century, looked at the solar spectrum and at sun spots (projected through Lockyer's original telescopes) and saw a brief



Year 10 pushing the boat out at Slapton

display in the planetarium. Next term the new planetarium will open and several lectures are scheduled; we plan to return.

Sarah Cheung, who is studying A level Chemistry in the Lower Sixth, was selected this term to attend a summer school at the University of

Warwick at which she will have a chance to learn some more chemistry and do some practical work in a university laboratory. We expect her to return full of enthusiasm and new ideas!

Next term we already have plans for the astronomers and Mr Topley is, as usual, taking a large group to the annual Faraday lecture. We are also hoping to involve girls who are interested in the inauguration of a long-term programme to develop part of the school grounds as special conservation areas.

Finally may I end with an invitation (and a plea) to parents? Parents are of course always welcome to join our expeditions with or without their daughters; and any suggestions regarding future trips or possible new areas of scientific interest (has anyone got a telescope mouldering away in the attic by any chance?) would be warmly welcomed - in particular we are always looking for work placements for our budding scientists!

S.Bamberg

STOVER OLD GIRLS ASSOCIATION

COMMITTEE:

Chairman	Kate Howard (Rowe)
Vice Chairman	Rachel Evans
Secretary	Anthea Morley-Smith
Treasurer	Sally Lean (Gray)

Melian Kearney (Pappin), Bunty Scott (Jenner), Jennifer Lean, Rosemary Jones (Poyntz-Roberts), Pene Key & Tessa Adams (Shillabeer)

Dear All

This has been a busy year for the Association with several occasions when Old Girls have got together. On Speech Day in October a group of nearly 50 gathered at Teigngrace in the morning for the planting of shrubs in memory of Bishop Key, Miss Dence and Miss Lidgate. A Camellia for the Bishop and an old English rose for Miss Dence were planted by Pene Key, and Miss Lidgate's niece Mary (herself an Old Girl) and her brother John planted the flowering crab for Miss Lidgate. The planting completed, prayers were led by the School Chaplain, the Reverend Chris Knott. Many of the party then moved on to school for the formal proceedings of Speech Day at which Pene Key, on behalf of the Association, presented the Diamond Jubilee Gift of an Honours Book.

Several Old Girls gathered again on 4th April at the annual school concert to say farewell and good luck to Mrs Wendy Lunel on her retirement as Headmistress. Following a very enjoyable and high standard concert, several presentations were made including that from the Old Girls. After consultation with her daughter Sophie, three purchases were made of a wooden bowl, a wooden table lamp and a carriage clock which was engraved. Mrs Lunel has asked the Committee to pass on her sincere thanks to all - she is especially pleased as they all fit into her cottage at Buckfastleigh so well. At the AGM in June, it was agreed that Mrs Lunel should be made an Honorary Life Member of the Association so she should not lose touch with us all!

The death of Mrs Key, our Founder, in March, marked the end of an era at

Stover and a fuller appreciation and memories of her are recalled separately. The funeral, attended by many Old Girls, was an occasion of remembrance and celebration of the life of a woman who was much loved by many. It also marked the beginning of a new era for the Association in that we recruited our first Old Boy! Ben Key, Bishop and Mrs Key's eldest grandson who spent many holidays at Stover, has joined the Association.

The AGM and reunion in June saw our first meeting with the new Head, Philip Bujak, and I am sure that Old Girls would like to welcome him and his family to Stover and wish them every success for the future. Although the meeting only numbered 22, various matters were discussed and decisions taken; a resumé of which I note below. A Weeping Willow, a favourite tree of Mrs Key, will be planted in her memory by 'The Temple of Love' on Speech Day. A further memorial tree/shrub - to be chosen by the Key family - will be planted alongside the others at Teigngrace.

Saturday 11th November was agreed as the date for a Buffet Supper and Social at which the guest speaker will be Mr Bujak. By the time you read this, we hope to have had a successful evening and if so, it is hoped that it might be possible to organise a more formal dinner in London at a future date.

Finally, thanks to a generous offer from Mr Bujak, the membership records of the Association have been put onto the school Computer Database. This will provide many benefits - not least of which it will save me hours of typing address labels!

Keep the news coming in

With Best Wishes
Anthea Morley-Smith

OLD GIRLS NEWS

Old Girls who have re-joined the Association in the past year include **Josephine Butler (Stubbs)** who was at Stover with Mrs Key; **Patricia Revell (McMurtrie)** at Stover from 1953-56 and **Deirdre White (Whitaker)**, 1940-43.

Carolyn Reilly (Matheson) and **Corinna Joy** came back during the Easter term for the Confirmation Service. They are both Godmothers to Jane Howard, and were delighted to see Miss Evans, and look around the school.

Jean Bentley (Watson) is now about to start her final year at Cardiff, studying Podiatry. She recently met up with **Sue Smith (Evans)**.

Belinda Baudouy (Peaker) keeps in touch with **Philippa Daw**, and others in her year, and we are hoping they will come back for the Buffet Supper in November. Belinda won the Mother's Race at Sports day - very impressive!

Mary Cotterill (Lidgate) lives in Teignmouth, and came back to plant a shrub in memory of her aunt at Teigngrace.

Anthea Morley-Smith continues working for the National Trust at Killerton and is making the most of the Centenary year events! - including a Royal Garden Party at Buckingham Palace! When not busy with the SOGA Secretaryship (!) she keeps up her singing in Tiverton and Exeter. In the Exeter Philharmonic Choir, she is joined by another Old Girl, **Joan Boyne (Kennard)**. Anthea is in touch with several other Old Girls:-

Vanda Woolcock continues her work with Knight Frank & Rutley in London. Also in London is **Julia Weston** working at the BBC where she has been involved in costume dramas such *The House of Eliott*. **Claire Ettridge (Whitbread)** and husband Ian are settled in Devon with Emily 6 and Natasha 4 (Anthea's God-Daughter). **Amanda Reedham (Whitbread)** and husband Paul are enjoying their work at the International School in Addis Ababa. **Liz Pomeroy (Bennett)** and her husband Geoff celebrated the birth of their daughter Joanna in December (Anthea's second Stover God-Daughter !)

Karin Schulze is working for Stena Sealink in Dover. She moved to Folkestone last year and is spending much of her free time doing up the house that she shares with her boyfriend, Lawrence, together with a cat, a dog and a tortoise.

Rosemary Poile (Reichwald) is now living in Chilworth not far from Guildford. She and Tom have two sons, Matthew(5) and Martin (2). She keeps in touch with **Margi Draguisky (Michelmores)** who lives in Sheffield with her husband and children, Ben (12) and Rhea (9).

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES & DEATHS

Births: To Liz Pomeroy (Bennett) and Geoff, a daughter, Joanna Louise, 2.12.94.

Marriages: Tessa Shillabeer to John Adams, 15.4.95

Deaths: Joan Key, 2.3.95.

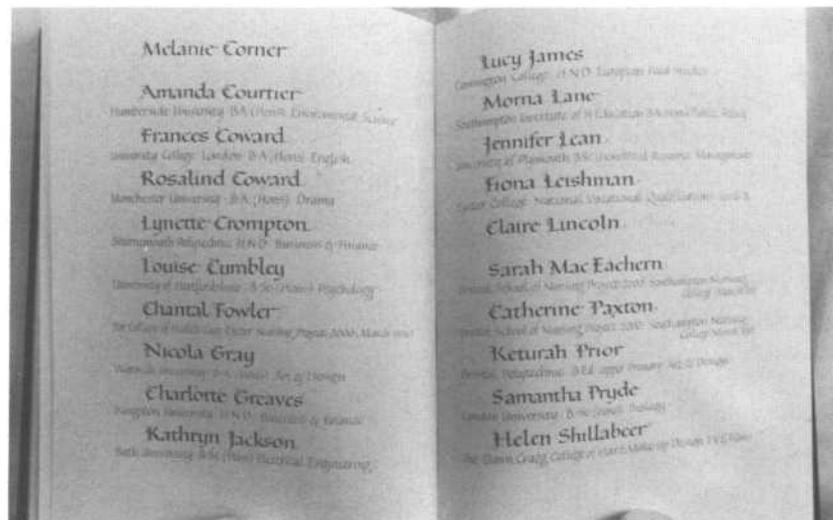
TESSA'S WEDDING

Easter Saturday, April 15th 1995 - at last: Tessa's wedding day. We dashed to Plymouth register office for the civil service at 9.30 am with Joyce Howett in attendance as our official photographer. Typical Plymouth weather - cold, windy and overcast - but Tessa looked very becoming in cream with a scarlet jacket and cream boater with veiling. John looked very smart too! Afterwards we adjourned to Tessa's home in Plymstock for local Cornish pasties before returning to Highweek where Tessa and the bridesmaids changed into their finery and Ray and I, ably assisted at the last minute by Laura Eldridge, popped over to Stover to blow up balloons for the reception.

Back to change and "get to the church on time." Tessa looked lovely in her champagne satin and lace gown. The four bridesmaids wore dresses in lilac taffeta and Tessa's god-daughter, Penny Dickens' two-year-old, was dressed in lilac satin and organdie.

Tessa's wedding car duly arrived at the church and to my amazement out jumped Karen Woodcock with her little girl under one arm, scurrying into the church ahead of the main party! Arriving late, they had collected her running up the drive to the church!

As the service was a "Blessing" the bride and groom entered the church together with the full bridal party. I found



A page from the Diamond Jubilee Honours Book.

this unnerving - walking up the aisle twice through an overflowing church - but Tessa was radiant. Our school chaplain, Reverend Chris Knott, provided a lovely service, Tessa's friend, the Head of music at Tockington Preparatory School, Robert Andrews, played the organ superbly, and the Devon and Cornwall Constabulary rang magnificent peals on the bells. It was altogether a very happy occasion. Colleagues of Tessa and John were present to video the complete proceedings and, although their first experience of filming a wedding - their normal work being in a more serious connection - Tessa and John did not appear on Crimewatch! - and an excellent video was produced.

The afternoon had been lovely and warm and sunny although windy, and arriving at Stover for the reception in the early evening light the grounds looked beautiful and provided the perfect setting. It was lovely to meet up with all Tessa's old schoolfriends again, many accompanied by partners, husbands and offspring and all looking so glamorous (in their Stover days they liked to be known as the Dorothy Perkins Academy) Alice King, in her professional capacity had arranged for a nanny to look after the younger generation at Clock House; and others present included her sister Jennie, Penny Dickens, Debbie Medley, Di Rolls, Cathy Bennett, Jo Hurley, Helen Mott, Sarah Niven and Jane Cornford. There were also numerous police colleagues present - on reflection, it would have been

a good day to carry out a burglary! Jubilee Hall was transformed with coloured ribbons and balloons. Masses of floral decorations provided by Wendy Lunel were out of this world and the tables laid up by Alison and the school catering staff in toning colours looked really professional. The buffet meal was excellent and Stover Old Girls were delighted to recognise some of the catering staff from earlier days. Amongst much hilarity the speeches were made and the tables cleared for dancing and socialising which went on until the early hours. The bridal couple, clutching a bag of wedding cards and a bottle of vintage champagne, finally left for a local hostelry through an archway of friends and relations which stretched the full width of the Jubilee Hall, subsequently travelling on to London and Italy for a well-deserved honeymoon. Ex-Stover friends stayed in their old rooms at Clock House - a personal one off for me - so Sunday morning when we were clearing up in Jubilee Hall 82's sixth formers were re-visiting old haunts. Odd items were inevitably left behind, including four wedding hats; however all were eventually safely re-united with their owners.

This report wouldn't be complete without mention of our dear friend and colleague, John Farley, who was so helpful with all the wedding arrangements. Tragically he is no longer with us.

Eileen Shillabeer

My Memories of Joan Key

I first met Joan when we were fourteen and boarders at Duncan House School in Bristol. We were not in the same form but became friends when we were both left behind in the Christmas holidays with mumps. When we left school her family moved from Devon to Dorset where I lived and our friendship developed.

When Joan started her school at 'The Chestnuts' in Newton Abbot I often went to stay with her for a week or so, certainly whenever they had a sports day and for Christmas concerts.

In 1932 when Joan had decided to expand her school and move out to Stover she wrote to me and said; "With new resident staff I shall have to be a 'real Headmistress' and I shall be lonely. Can you come down and stay for a term?" I went and stayed for six years until I left to get married.

Joan and I used to play a set of tennis most summer evenings or jog to Teingrace church - for the sake of our figures - when the girls were at supper! 'Vi', our Cook/Housekeeper, had been at Chestnuts from the start and at Stover she ruled supreme in the kitchen. There was always fun to be found there in spite of the crises that sometimes occurred. Betty Tapper, who was engaged as Miss Dence's parlour maid, looked after us in the study and brought us early morning tea. One day, when Joan was showing some parents around the school, she turned a corner and came

face to face with Betty belting out a Moody and Sankey hymn at the top of her voice!



*The First Head Girl -
Pauline Farrell*

When Joan decided that we needed a Stover bus she had to employ a driver and together we interviewed several people. Joan's mother, Mrs Dence, who tried to keep an eye on us, said we must ask the candidates if they were teetotal. When Joan kicked me under the table during the interview I remembered to ask the gentleman being interviewed, "Have you signed the Pledge?" To which he replied, "Yes, Miss, several times!" I don't think he got the job!

We attended Highweek Church as a school and after a while we had a new, red-haired rector. He seemed interested in Lacrosse and came down on Saturdays to watch matches. It dawned on some of us that he was also asked to tea by the Headmistress after the match! When they married I was one of their bridesmaids; their eldest son John was later a page-boy at my wedding and their daughter Pene is my god-daughter. My husband and I stayed with Joan and "The Bish" in all their various homes in Plymouth, Salisbury and Truro.

My daughter Alison was at Stover as were my nieces. I was a governor for twenty two years and one of my nieces, Ann Harrison, is a present governor. I thank God for Joan and Stover and all my happy memories.

Olive Milnes



Mrs. Olive Milnes, first Deputy Head (centre) with lots of old girls and family of Miss Dence, Miss Lidgate and Bishop Key. Teingrace Church, October 1994.

Office Jottings for Old Girls

Eileen Shillabeer

This year we have received news from Susie Parker correcting news in last year's issue that she had in fact graduated with a BA(Hon) in Advertising, Media and Marketing and not as reported in Retail Management and International Marketing. Apologies for the incorrect report Susie. Fiona, Susie's sister is currently a pupil at Stover.

A photograph in one of the local newspapers recording the marriage of **Stacey Rogers**, now an air hostess with Gulf Air, to Matt Regan a US Navy pilot. Stacey can be contacted through her parents who live at Wensum Close, Plympton, Plymouth.

News from - **Naomi Tilley** living at Walkers' Stathe, Burrowbridge, Somerset. She was due to complete her National Diploma in Leisure Studies and had gained a place on Camp America in June.

News of - **Anne Dixon**, now Anne England, Head Girl in 1974, who is married and this year had a son. Since leaving Stover she studied at Bristol University after which she taught in Ethiopia. She has also worked in the USA, Pakistan and Argentina before returning to England where she has been teaching at Torquay for the past six years. Her address - 29 Fore Street, Kingskerswell, Devon.

News of **Henrietta Darrell-Brown**, currently working for Montpelier Travel, attending conferences in exotic places overseas. She also planned to run in this year's London Marathon. So nice to hear too that her mother misses the weekly visits from Cornwall to Stover to collect Henry and also catch up on all the gossip!

A call right at the end of last term from **Diane Wilkinson** who joined Stover in 1980 and although only with us for a couple of years, grabbed the opportunity to revisit Stover on a recent 'Open Morning', commenting how much she enjoyed her visit and relished 'the same smell' when she returned! I'm not quite sure how to take that! A belated request for a 1981 school 'photo too, which I just happened to have a spare copy of in the cupboard! Her address now 19 Teign Village, Hennock, Newton Abbot TQ13 9QJ, 'phone 01626 852243. Diane completed her schooling in Tavistock and is now manager at the N.H.S. in Plymouth, although a move to Dartington is due in autumn.

Those of you who remember **Lisa and Kate Tope** may be interested to hear that Kate is now busy working as an air hostess from London Airport and their sister, Lucy, joins Stover in September.

A 'phone call from **Tessa Sharpe** from Australia who is married and has a four year old son. Sadly two years ago Tessa had a bad riding accident and is now confined to a wheel-chair being paralysed from the waist down. However, she was very positive and cheerful and promised me a letter, but - I am still waiting!

Another 'phone call, this time from the States, from **Penny Colston** who is still in contact with Susie Parker. She calls herself 'a perpetual student' - still studying at the moment political science at the University of Southern Maine. Currently on holiday she is working as assistant to a film director! She would dearly like to hear from Caroline Roberts and Justina Cutting, and can be contacted at 63 Gray Street, Apartment No 1R, Portland Maine 04102, U.S.A.

Congratulation to **Joanne Hutchings** who has recently won the under 18 years class in a National Triathlete Association event. Joanne left Stover in 1994.

Those of you who remember **Tammy Kennedy** will be interested to hear that she has returned to her native Zimbabwe, is married with a little boy of three years old. Tammy runs her own gymnasium/fitness club there but is visiting England briefly at the end of September for the marriage of her sister **Demelza**.

News from **Emma Peter-Hoblyn** - she has been working in Dubai as an assistant racehorse trainer for the past twelve months, having worked in France, Ireland and Australia with horses previously. She has now returned to England where she has a similar position in a racing stable.

Katie Watson - who has now been promoted to Major has recently taken up a posting in England after service in Ireland and Germany, at one time working in the maternity section for soldier's wives! Kate is to be married in October and hopes to continue her medical career as a GP when her Army service ends in about two years time.

Emma Harvey - who left Stover in 1988, qualified at Anglia University obtaining her BA in Modern Languages and History with Honours. She has since obtained a Diploma in Management and Business Administration at Exeter University and is currently working as a Graduate Trainee Librarian at Cranfield University prior to studying for a MSc in Information Services. Her address - Hulford Cottage, Green Lane, Nether Exe, Exeter. Tel: 01392 842399.

Nicola Gibbons (now Morgan) - is currently working in a children's home as a Residential Social Worker for Social Services, as she has now obtained her BTEC National Diploma in Social Care. Nicola's address - 3 Heather Close, Lowman Park, Tiverton, Devon EX16 6TA.

Charlotte Greaves - is currently working as a PA to a Marketing Director. Her address Flat 3, Aldous Court, 1-3 Clifton Road, Kingston-upon-Thames, Surrey, KT2 6PH.

Liza Kendall - is currently working as an Account Executive with an Advertising Agency in London - finding life very hectic. She is hoping to join a graduate training scheme this autumn.

Hayley and Debra Newbury - literally bounced into the office last week, full of the joys of Spring as usual! Debra is halfway through her four year course at De Montfort

University, Bedford. Hayley completes her course at St David's University, Lampeter, next year. She is currently attending final interviews for entry to Sandhurst in June 1996. Needless to say they were off surfing the next day - with need I say it - a crowd of Marines!

Tara Clifford is doing well at her job with Television Southwest. She recently turned down a job within TV in Hong Kong, but was persuaded to stay with TSW. Tara came to Stover for Careers week, giving a talk on her experiences which the girls found very interesting. Her address is Basement Flat, 28 Arundel Crescent, North Road West, Plymouth, PL1 5DY. Tel: 01752 670259.

Tiffany Evans - has recently changed jobs but is still in the Art world where she is now Marketing Manager for The Swan Theatre, High Wycombe, Bucks. Her address is 15 Ebenezer House, Kennington Lane, London SE11 4LL. Tel: 0171 582 1301.

Claire Endacott - is working as a trilingual secretary, regularly visiting France and Germany. When in England she lives not far from Tiffany. Her address is 9 Hill Crest, Shrubbery Road, High Wycombe, Bucks, 11P13 0PQ. Tel: 01494 474143.

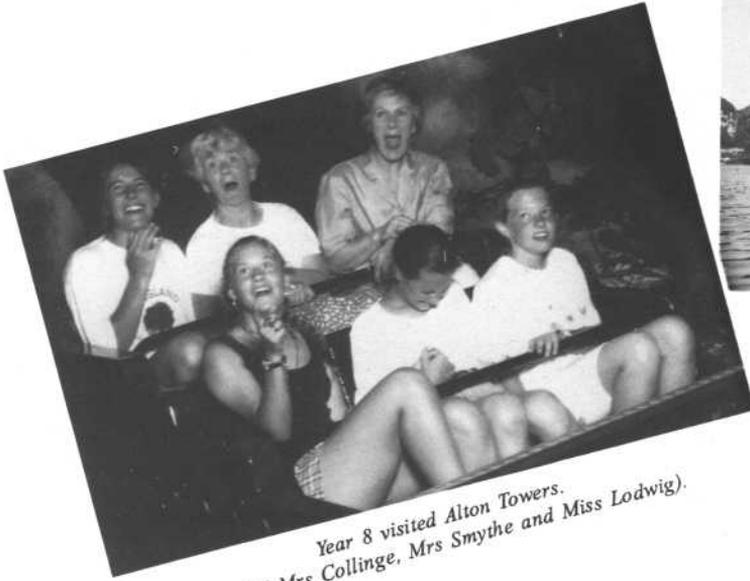
Sarah Kendall - as reported in last year's magazine, Sarah is now married to Stephen Christmas. They have a daughter Emily, and Liza tells me Emily is to have company in the New Year. Sarah's address is 28 Esmonde Road, Helston, Cornwall, TR13 8BX. Tel: 01326 565717.

Caroline Ntim - yet another married lady! Her husband is American and she is currently working on the Ivory Coast, West Africa, where they have been for about 18 months. Her parents address is 24 Rue Gaston Grinbaum, 912270 Vigneux sur Seine, France.

Lara Booth - graduated from Greenwich University and travelled around Australia for twelve months. Lara is now working as a Marketing Executive for a telecoms carrier, dealing mainly with exhibitions, conferences, Customer Days etc.; Lara put her first pay packet towards a horse, whose company she thoroughly enjoys! My thanks to Lara for this news about her former colleagues.

Final visitor yesterday September 21st at 5.00 p.m.! - **Tracey Scourse** - I am sure many of you will remember her. When she left Stover she trained for nursing but after a year, decided it wasn't the career for her and had a spell training in catering. This proved more successful and she has travelled overseas working in catering finally ending up in Malaysia. She got married two weeks ago in Buckland in the Moor, honeymooned in Italy and is soon to return to Malaysia with her husband. I now know who put the green bubble bath in the swimming pool after a certain Summer Ball - but only because her brother let the cat out of the bag!

A YEAR'S MISCELLANY



*Year 8 visited Alton Towers.
(So did Mrs Collinge, Mrs Smythe and Miss Lodwig).*



The second summer visit to the Ardeche region in France was again well-supported.



GCSE and A level Art students visited London's art galleries.



Baywatch at Slapton!



Beauties at the Ball.



Some intrepid members of staff went pot-holing.

House Reports

Elizabeth House Report

Lizzie House have had a year, it seems, of coming second in many of the house events such as the Inter House Swimming and Rounders competition. However at the VE Day celebrations there was a great sense of House spirit as our members competed in events as diverse as the making of squares from blindfolded people with hilarious results, to the equally amusing dummy race and traditional relay races. And finally we revealed our unexpected talents as we pulled our way to victory in the tug of war!

Naturally Elizabeth proved itself the most intelligent house as we stormed ahead to victory in the General Knowledge competition thus regaining the title originally gained five years ago.

Our charity this year has been the Devon Air Ambulance Trust and to raise money for this we held a mufti day in the autumn term. Unfortunately, the sponsored silence which we had arranged clashed with aural exams so we had to forgo this pleasure!

To conclude we have both thoroughly enjoyed our time as leaders of Lizzie House and hope the bonding between forms which we have experienced throughout the year will carry on into the future with profitable results.

Nikki Pegg and Vickie Boulton

Victoria House report

The Junior and Senior Netball cups fell into our hands this year; the Junior Hockey cup, the house cup (twice, I hasten to add), the cup for marching during the VE Day

celebrations; and perhaps most surprisingly of all considering our past record, we also hold the Athletics cup! Not bad for a year's work.

As well as all these sporting achievements Victoria House held a sponsored skip in aid of the British Heart Foundation. Staff and pupils alike all put in a tremendous amount of effort into half an

hour's skipping each and that I must add, is no mean feat. Over £200 was raised. £50 of which we were allowed to put towards sports equipment for the school.

In the past year Victoria House has developed a real house spirit, evident in both the VE Day activities and on the highly successful Sports Day. I am sure Victoria will go from strength to strength and I wish everyone in the house the very best of luck for next year.

Emily Atkinson

(Unfortunately no house report was received from the Captain of Mary House.)

Librarian's report.

September 1995 marks a new departure for Stover library. Changes over the summer have meant that all resources are now situated in one room - much more convenient for all the girls to use and I will have far less walking to do!

There was panic and dismay from me at the end of the spring term when the library computer died! This however has enabled a computer with CD ROM capability to be purchased for the library. This means that together with a full library catalogue reference material will be available at all times. It includes an encyclopaedia, thesaurus and dictionary together with newspaper articles from past years. It is a wonderful development for any resource centre as we no longer have to have huge amounts of space to store information.

This year we hope to improve access to the library by opening for longer periods so that our resources can be available whenever people require them. We shall be setting up a club to encourage reading and information skills together with a programme to train anyone wishing to become library helpers.

I am looking forward to next year which should prove to be a very busy but exciting one.

M. Martin

Sharp UK Schools Intermediate Maths Challenge

Congratulations go to these girls who won certificates in the Sharp UK Mathematics Challenge. Kanokporn Rungchaiporn was the star pupil winning a gold certificate.

Gold: Kanokporn Rungchaiporn

Silver: Christina Constantine
Alice Hodges
Natalie Strongman
Tina Taylor
Sarah Whatman
Charlotte Whittaker

Bronze: Joanna Conway
Sarah Courtier
Jenni Fisk
Agnes Fok
Caroline Graham
Rebecca House
Sally Luscombe
Susie Reynolds
Katie Singleton
Danielle Stone.

M. Batten

Here are two examples from the paper - have a go! A choice of answers for each question is given below them. You can choose A, B, C, or D. (The questions have been especially selected by the editor of the magazine to prove the total uselessness of mathematics in the real world and because they made her laugh, which, in her distant experience of mathematics, was a very rare occurrence.)

1) Between 1725 and 1765 a Russian peasant woman gave birth to sixteen pairs of twins, seven sets of triplets and four sets of quadruplets. What was the mean number of children per pregnancy?

A, 2; B, roughly 2 and a half; C, 3; D, roughly 3 and a half; E, more than 50.

2) At the start of day one an island is populated solely by men, maggots and monkeys. Each creature has one meal a day: each man eats a maggot for breakfast, each monkey eats a man for lunch, each maggot eats a monkey for supper. There are no other deaths or births. After a certain meal on the fourth day there is only one creature left alive which happens to be a maggot. How many creatures were there originally on the island?

A, 13; B, 15; C, 28; D, 41; E, 129.

You are strongly advised to apply to the Head of the Maths Department for the correct answers!

CLOSE FILE AND LOG OFF

Having volunteered to edit the school magazine (on hearing which my colleagues either recommended a course of tranquillisers, told me to keep the day job, fell around laughing or offered tea and sympathy) I discovered to my horror that it involved close and frequent encounters with a (gulp) computer. For a fully paid-up, card-carrying, dyed-in-the-wool Luddite this was clearly going to be the most traumatic part of the whole process.

Thanks to the unflappable Mr Priddes I struggled through (with many cynical mutters of "give me a nice quill pen and a sheet of parchment any day") and have emerged, if not exactly computer-literate (an oxymoron surely?) at least not computer-phobic. However, I intend to have my revenge. I discovered that the Spell-check, admirable in many ways, is quite incapable of dealing with people's names. With great glee I now offer you the spell checker's attempt at interpreting the names of various staff and pupils featured in these pages. All genuine, I promise.

Can you spot these staff members? Mr Topless, Mrs Korney, Antonio El Flamingo, Mrs Cologne, Mrs Crummier, Mrs Cockle, Mrs Chillier, Mr Buj, and Mr Dungaree. Mrs Jorgenson and Miss Lodwig entirely defeated it. After the equivalent of a great deal of head-scratching, all it could manage was "No suggestions". (And indeed there are times when we would all agree with that...)

As for the girls our pupils include, apparently, Cartoon Chimney (Head Girl), Jenni Fiasco, Tiny Strongman, Claire Dahlia, Sushi Reynolds, Lean Lucas, Venus Ascot, Philippa Hernia, Lizzie Annoying and Emma Peacock.

And now, what you have all been waiting for: Who's a beautiful baby then? And the answers are:

1, Mrs Elce; 2, Mr Topley; 3, Mr Palmer, 4, Mrs Batten, 5, Mrs Page; 6, Mr Priddes; 7, Mrs Bamberg; 8, Miss Evans; 9, Mrs Stevens; 10, Miss Young.

The editor takes no responsibility if she has got them totally muddled up!

And finally, I can't sign off without saying a huge thankyou on everyone's behalf to Mrs Chillier (sorry, Shillabeer) for keeping the magazine going for the past two years.

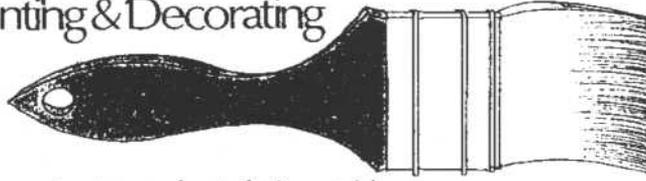
I now fully appreciate the effort and time she put into this job, always remaining cheerful in spite of people producing last minute copy well past already extended deadlines. We all know how busy she is throughout the school day, so it was a real labour of love for Stover to take on such a task on top of everything else she was called on to do. Eileen, thankyou VERY, VERY MUCH!

Vicky Stevens, Editor

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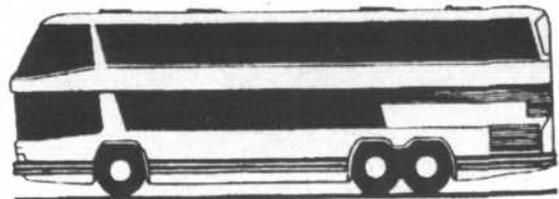
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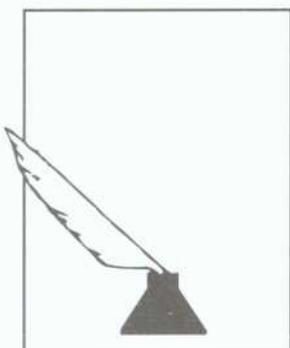
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