

# ST. GABRIEL'S SCHOOL MAGAZINE

Summer Term 1940

## In Sodalitate Virtus

### EDITORIAL

Our sudden invasion of this peaceful countryside in September of last year and our conversion from a day school at Mill Hill to a boarding school at West Osgill have been great events in our school history. Everyone here with whom we have had to do has been most kind to us and we are now quite at home in our country surroundings.

The novelty of "being evacuated" has not worn off because of the many outings, cycling expeditions and other diversions which are afforded us here. Much of the fun we have had here we shall not soon forget - some of the excursions into Dartmoor and to the sea, the ever popular entertainments of winter Saturday evenings and the unrivalled amusement provided by a heavy fall of snow. In addition we have learned here new games - lacrosse and cricket, both of which are very popular.

During the whole time work has gone on steadily and quietly with only the occasional diversions of air-raid practices and lately, first aid classes. But we miss our gym. and our science room.

Although our numbers have been considerably depleted, we have welcomed four new boarders and five day girls.

We are sorry that we cannot give you the usual printed magazine this year, but we hope you will like this record of our doings.

Pamela Baker

### PAST, PRESENT, and FUTURE

1929 - 1939 - ten years of steady growth. Growth in numbers and in accommodation and our minds at once fly to thoughts of the first School Certificate success, to the Hard Courts, to the Lovely Gymnasium, to the Board of Education Inspection and our recognition as an efficient Secondary School, and finally our two girls gaining the College Entrance and preparing for the University.

The Future - no one can foresee what it may hold for any of us. Of one thing we feel sure however and that is that if a new S. Gabriel's shall arise it will have the full support of the friends of the first S. Gabriel's.

The Present - how we wish that you could all see us here. We have so little that we had before and yet in these lovely surroundings we have found so much that is of lasting value. There have been so many fresh interests and all in a greater or less degree have learnt something of the joy that comes through the service of others.

Lilla C.J.G.S  
Companion in Charge.

### SUCCESES

#### Oxford School Certificate Examinations

##### Credits.

B. Arnot-Eng.Lang: New Test: Latin, Fr: Maths:  
M. Chant-Eng.Lang: Eng.Lit: Geog: Latin, Fr:  
Maths: Art.  
J. Collier-Eng.Lang: European Hist: New Test:  
Geog: Fr:  
E. Fraser-Eng.Lit: New Test: Geog: Fr: Maths:  
Biology.  
J. Haigh-Eng.Lang: Eng. Lit: European Hist:  
Geog: Fr: Maths: Biology, Art.  
M. Hodges-Eng.Lang: Eng. Lit: European Hist:  
Geog: Fr: Maths: Biology.  
M. Troughton-Eng.Lang: Eng.Lit: New Test: Latin,  
Fr. Maths: Adv.Maths: Biology.

B.Arnot, M. Chant, J. Haigh, M. Hodges, and  
M. Troughton have gained exemption from  
London Matriculation.

### CRICKET

We were very lucky in having excellent weather as an introduction to our new summer game; also we found a level field and that in Devon is something rather rare.

We were not able of course to think much about matches, but none of the games were lacking in keenness and we had one very exciting match amongst ourselves.

Then there was the most important event of our cricketing season, the match against Hacombe House. The result was most encouraging to me and I take this opportunity of congratulating every member of the team who made victory possible. There were several performances which deserve special mention, A. Turner for her excellent bowling, she did 'the hat trick', Mary Cousins who carried her bat for twenty, D. Dowlen



for eighteen excellent runs, and P. Fransella for three cheap wickets and E. Brown for excellent wicket keeping.

Good luck to all for next summer.

#### LACROSSE

The first season of any new game is always rather difficult and this is especially true of lacrosse.

Before it is possible to play any sort of a game, one must learn to catch and throw the ball and this is no easy accomplishment. But no one should take part in a game before a certain stage of proficiency has been reached, other wise the game loses interest.

A number of people made a very good beginning and really mastered the principles of the game.

My last words are ones of advice Practice, Practice, PRACTICE.

H. Disbrowe

#### LAST SEPTEMBER

We were on our holiday when we first heard that Hitler was causing trouble and just about to invade Poland. My people returned to London and my parents told me that I would very probably be going to the village near Newton Abbot, called Ooglywill or some such name. I grew rather excited at the prospect though I wondered when I should be able to see my parents and home again if war was declared.

I was very lucky and I went with my sister and found two friends had already arrived. I thought, when I arrived, that the house looked like a school, being a large building covered with creeper. My first impression of the inside of the house was that it was very large with numerous corridors and steps in the most unexpected places. I remember once I went down three corridors and came to a blank wall each time (I realise now I must have walked along one corridor twice!) and eventually went down some back stairs which I did not know existed, and arrived near the laundry and kitchen.

Everyday brought more people and we spent much of our time settling people into their rooms and changing them round. Meanwhile lorries arrived packed full of desks, chairs and any number of other things, and we unloaded them. In our spare time we explored some of the neighbouring country but it was rather difficult and we did not want to get lost.

On the Sunday, we were sitting in high pews of the tiny near-by church listening to the sermon when the Vicar mentioned that war had been declared, it was rather a shock, as we did not expect news of that kind then and we had never really thought that the war would come.

After that we really settled down and for the next week or so we thoroughly enjoyed ourselves choosing the room which we would like to have for a bedroom or formroom deciding with whom we wished to sleep. Then the blow fell, Companion informed us that school was going to begin a week early!!

Daphne Dowlen  
Lower V.

### THE CHAPEL

West Ogwell House is the proud possessor of a very beautiful little Chapel. We are very fortunate in having this Chapel where we say our morning and evening prayers, have Evensong on Sundays and usually a celebration of the Holy Eucharist once a week. During the Autumn and Spring terms the late Father Daimpré celebrated this weekday Eucharist but after his illness towards the latter part of the Spring term, Father Claxton came to us because Father Daimpré was not strong enough to perform all his numerous duties as Rector of Ogwell and Chaplain of Denbury Camp.

At the end of the Christmas term we had a Carol Service to which a few visitors came. The school choir and the other singing classes sang the carols which Miss Kelly had taught them. The little ones sang "How far is it to Bethlehem?" very sweetly. We had a small Crib in Chapel at Christmas which Companion Daisy arranged.

In Lent Father Claxton came to give us four lantern lectures on Our Lord's Life. The pictures were very beautiful and interesting.

In Chapel at Easterside we had some very beautiful and in addition an Easter Garden, made by Companion Marjorie which was very charming

The Companions have very kindly allowed a few of us to do Sacristan work in Chapel during the past year, and I am sure that all the Sacristans will join with me in thanking the Companions for giving us this privilege, and Companion Rosalie for teaching us.

Joan Perry  
Upper V



## SNOW IN DEVON

"The Retreat House is an old mansion in a secluded sheltered spot, with a southerly aspect, in beautiful country having a very mild winter climate". Well, we live and learn! Having spent a winter here, I'm sure we know better.

In the Spring Term, a few days after we had come back from the all too short Christmas holidays, snow began to fall just slightly, but day after day it got more and more and in some places it was a foot deep, which is very rare in Devon.

Every day we went for a walk and looked for a steep hill. We had a good bit of choice and we eventually found one, or at least the Staff did. Next morning all my form and the Upper V were busy making toboggans out of odd planks of wood, with the help of Stacey and Tellam. Directly the bell went that afternoon we rushed for our coats and hats and started for the hill. The snow was very crisp and it sparkled in the sun and we could imagine ourselves amongst the snowy Alps! Dartmoor looked very bleak especially Haytor. When we reached the hill we sat on our toboggans tin trays and other miscellaneous articles. We started off slowly and gradually got faster and faster as the hill sloped more steeply. Unfortunately there was a prickly hedge at the bottom with a five foot drop down to a road, and every time we went down we ran into the hedge unless we were able to throw ourselves off. The Upper V had a door and six people were able to get on it at once. It was good fun, but the track that we made was getting so slippery and we had a bad fall in the hedge so that we had to give it up and go home. We sat our sledges going down the road, but suddenly we came upon a lorry, which was stuck on the hill, and offered our help to the man, but it wasn't much good, as he wanted chains. We spent a few more glorious days tobogganing down various hills, and we were terribly sorry then the thaw set in, but at any rate it made the weather much warmer.

Julia Japp  
Lower V.

## The PREFECT'S DANCE

It was drawing near Christmas and a feeling of excitement and festivity hung over the school. Every room looked very gay, the form rooms were decorated with paper chains and holly, which had been gathered from a nearby wood. In the midst of all the end of term excitements some of our form were invited to the Prefect's Dance. Of course we were very excited, and much of our spare time was spent in practising the few dance steps we knew!

At last the great day arrived, and at about 6.30 in the evening we went to our bedrooms to change. After much

fuss and bother we were ready, and hoping that we all looked our best we went down to the Junior Common Room, where the dance was to take place. The room was very attractively decorated with lanterns and holly which was cleverly arranged around the pictures. In the hearth a large fire was burning and the crackling of wood mingled with the laughter and gay voices of the invited guests.

The dancing soon began and some of the couples managed to do the most intricate steps, even though the space was limited. Miss Kelly and some of the girls played the piano, having managed to obtain many popular tunes of the day. Round and round the room we went laughing and talking all the time. In between the dances the prefects, who were acting as hostesses, brought round chocolates and sweets which were most welcome.

Half way through the evening we had supper which was really the nicest part of all. The food, consisting of sausage rolls, sandwiches, biscuits, jellies, chocolate soufflé and all the other things that go to make a good feast, were laid on two long tables. After we had eaten a very large supper and complimented the prefects on their good cooking, we returned to our dancing.

We had several novelty dances, and the winners were presented with very acceptable gifts. Of course we had the usual fox trots, waltzes and tangos, and before long we saw Companion Lilla anxiously looking at the clock, and in spite of vain pleadings were sent off to bed.

Thus ended a most enjoyable evening and as we went to bed tired but happy, we felt most grateful to the prefects and Companion for giving us such a lovely time.

Elisabeth Brown  
Lower V.

### CYCLING

Since we have evacuated to Devon, bicycles have become our chief means of transport. Most of the senior members of the school are now the proud possessors of bicycles, and already they have taken us many miles.

One of our first cycle rides was to Cockington, which is a small picturesque village only a few miles from Torquay. Since then we have been to Dartmoor several times, and enjoyed many happy hours climbing Haytor and roaming about the moors. Having been up to Dartmoor quite often we now feel able to conquer any hills that confront us, because in Devon you either sit on your bike or walk!!



Nearly every Monday this term we have cycled to the sea-side. Among the places we have visited are Teignmouth, Torquay, Oddicombe, and Goodrington Sands. One Monday we cycled to Torbrian village and looked over the church there, and also an old church inn which was built during the fourteenth century. In the afternoon after having a picnic, we cycled to Compton Castle and having explored it thoroughly and taken some photographs of the two beautiful peacocks, we returned home.

These are only a few of the many happy times we have had cycling about the country lanes of Devon. So even though petrol is rationed it has not prevented us from exploring the surrounding country side.

Elisabeth Brown  
Lower V

#### DIGGING FOR VICTORY

At the end of the woods there is the orchard. When we first came in September it had not many things in it except potatoes. There were a few carrots and onions scattered here and there and one solitary plant of runner beans. Nothing much was done in it at first except apple picking. After a few weeks when we had settled down, Companion allotted us small private gardens, that we had to look after ourselves. These were to be shared between two or three people. Tellam and Stacey, the men of the house, dug up the potatoes so that we could use the ground.

In the Easter term the gardens were looking quite pretty with the bulbs just beginning to bud. In that term we really started "Digging for Victory". A few forms began to dig up patches for vegetable gardens. There was great enthusiasm at first. Whilst we were digging up these patches we found many potatoes and kept them to plant again and now we have some very handsome plants. In these plots peas, beans, carrots, and turnips were grown. Now, the peas and beans are ready for picking.

One Monday when the weather was not good enough for an expedition the Lower V and Upper IV went gardening. One end of the orchard was absolutely overgrown with thistles and nettles. The whole day was spent in cutting these down, raking away the remnants, and digging up the roots. Now we have quite a large area of decent ground for sowing seeds. It is not clear yet though, but we are still working hard on it.

Beth Bray  
Upper IV

## WEST OGWELL THROUGH THE SEASONS

When one mentions Devon most people immediately think of hills, Devonshire cream, and hot sunny weather. We, who have spent a winter in Devon know better - with regard to the last point at least. It is true that Devon is very hilly (how well those of us who cycle know this!) but perpetual fine weather, no!

When we first arrived, it certainly was very fine. Some of the late flowers in the garden were in bloom and the Virginia creeper on the walls was turning beautiful shades of red and orange. In the ensuing autumn, which was long and sunny, the surrounding country was striking in the variety of tones and colours that the foliage displayed. We went for quite a number of long walks and also went cycling several times before winter came.

When the wind had finally swept the last remaining leaves from the trees, the rainy season started. It rained day after day for most of that term and the depressing part of it was that the people of the neighbourhood seemed to expect it and gave us to understand that it was the same every winter. Of course, we could not play games very often but instead went for walks between showers. But there was a pleasant side to the winter, for after Christmas it snowed a great deal and all the hills and valleys were covered with a soft white blanket. We had great fun playing snowballs and when the snow became deeper we went tobogganing on an old door.

Spring came at last when the snow had melted and with it came all the spring flowers. The little copse behind the house was starred with primroses and snowdrops and there were primroses and violets on the banks by the roadside too. We used to decorate the house with the flowers we found in the fields and search eagerly in order to be the first to find an orchid.

And now summer is here. The house is once more covered with its green mantle of creeper. In the fields round about the hay is being cut and its sweet fragrance gives some of us hay fever. Nearly every week we go to the sea and bathe or disport ourselves on the moors. But we feel that we have really deserved the fine weather we are now enjoying, having gone through such a wet winter. Before we realise it, autumn will be here again and the cycle I have tried to describe to you will begin once more.

Margaret Woolrych.  
Lower V.



## GOING RIDING

Companion has been letting us go riding about once a week this term. We usually go on Mondays instead of going to the seaside.

Eight of us go riding; we walk to East Ogwell which is a little village quite close, and take the bus to Newton Abbot.

At Newton we catch the Haytor bus to Pinchaford Farm where the stables are. It is quite a long journey but all of us enjoy it as we go through some lovely scenery on the way. Pinchaford Farm is a hotel as well and that is where we change as we do not go in our riding kit.

There are two fairly small stables, in one are Susan, Nancy, Mary and Bronzo, the big horses. In the other stable Kit and Boxer are usually kept but they do not have any particular stall.

Out in the field is a pony called Goldie and she has a dear little foal but it has not been given a name yet.

There are several different riding masters but we only have one at a time.

We had our first few lessons in the paddock as the riding master wanted to see how we could all ride.

Most of us like Kit best because he goes the fastest and is the most obedient. Bronzo is very sweet too, she is another favourite.

The horse called Nancy is nobody's favourite because she is rather lazy and you have to be careful not to go behind her as she kicks.

For our last few lessons we have been going up onto the moors. It is more fun there as there is more freedom and you can have a really nice canter.

The lesson lasts an hour and we are always very sorry when we arrive back at the stables. We have our lunch in the hotel grounds. We take sandwiches and fruit and sometimes buy some drinks there.

We go home by the same way and we arrive back at school at about six o'clock. We then change into ordinary clothes and join the rest of the girls in the refectory for our supper.

J. Baker.  
Upper III.

## AN EXPEDITION TO THE SEA

We have our holiday on Monday instead of Saturday. One Monday this term we were told that we were going to Oddicombe. We walked to East Ogwell and took the bus from there to Newton Abbot. Then we caught the bus from Newton to Oddicombe. We arrived about half past ten. There are some beautiful cliffs at Oddicombe, and on the beach we found many pretty stones. We did not bathe because it was a bit too cold. There were lots of rocks which we climbed. Some of them were covered with sea-weed and were terribly slippery.

After dinner we went to explore the cliffs which looked very interesting. We climbed up the cliff and walked along a narrow little path, we had to be very careful or we would have fallen over the edge. We followed the path until we came to a little stony beach. There were huge rocks on the beach which looked as though there had been a land slide. After a few minutes we climbed up the cliff to the path and followed it round and round. There were only two of us and we thought that the path was never going to end. There were many different paths leading to various places. We kept on walking, and we suddenly found that we had lost ourselves. At last we took one path and it led us up on top of the cliffs and we could see some of the other girls. We were quite tired by then so we sat down on top of the cliffs and had a rest.

There was a lovely view from where we sat. The sea was deep blue and it looked beautiful next to the green hills and cliffs.

At about half-past six we packed up everything and started off home. We had to climb up many flights of steps to get to the top of the cliff. We had to wait a few minutes before the bus came. We were all very glad to get in the bus and to sit down because we were so tired and our legs were aching from climbing up the hill.

At last we arrived at East Ogwell where we all got out of the bus and started off for home. When we got home we changed and then we had supper. After supper we went out in the garden to play for a little while and then we went to bed for most of us were very tired, but I think we all enjoyed our day at Oddicombe very much.

Wendy Corner  
Lower III



### THE HAY

One afternoon we were allowed to have free time. Five girls and myself thought we would play in the hay. We all went down to the hay, and we took it in turns to throw each other in it. Then after we had played that quite a long time, we built a house in the hay. We brought our rugs and ground sheets down, and made little bedrooms where we went to sleep. We all pretended to be children and one was mother. We built little passages in and out of the bedrooms. Then we buried ourselves in the hay, and one person had to close her eyes and then come and find us. Then it was time for us to come in.

Jill Corner  
Form 11

### KITTENS

One day we found that Freckles, one of our cats had had kittens. There were five of them. One was the same colour as Freckles and he was called Bouncer. The smallest was black and white and he was called Funf. There was also one who was very frightened, he was called Bimbo. One of our girls who was called Pam was allowed to have Funf. Funf was a playful cat, he had a pink nose and a white face. On Sundays and Saturdays we used to play with them. They lived in the staff room. Usually Funf and Bouncer used to come in to meals if you put them out of the door they would come in by the window. Some of the girls got wool and played with them. It was very snowy when we had the kittens so they were cold. The kittens often went to the farm near our house.

P. Chaventre.  
Form 11

### A PICNIC

We have been for many picnics, but this was one of the nicest. We did not have to walk very far. We went down over the bridge, past Parsons Farm, along the road, to a grassy hill where we were going to have our picnic. When we got on top of the hill it was time to have lunch. So we all sat down in groups and ate sandwiches and cake. After that we had to have our rest, then we played about in an old quarry. We played hide and seek in all the little hiding places, where the rock had been hewn out. After that we had to get ready to go home. It seemed longer to get home than it was to get to the hill.

S. Wilkinson  
Form 1.

## IN SOLIDARITY VIRTUS

There'll always be S. Gabriel's.  
The school for you and me:-  
The best school in all England  
For strength in unity.  
Orange and blue!  
What does it mean to you?  
Gabrielites awake 'tis no mistake  
England needs you!  
Orange and blue, this must it mean to you.  
All do your best, throw out your chest,  
Gabrielites be true!  
There'll always be S. Gabriel's,  
The school for you and me:-  
The best school in all England  
For strength in unity.

The Lower Fifth.

### S. GABRIEL'S O.G.S

From the point of view of Old Girl re-unions, this has been a very uneventful year. After the Summer meeting war broke out and any further festivities such as the usual Netball match had to be cancelled.

We decided at our last meeting in to the Summer to put some of our resources to a useful purpose and have made friends through the Durham Social Service Committee with a poor family in that district. Since then we have had many interesting letters from Mrs. Lowery, the mother of the family, and have written to her and sent one or two parcels notably at Christmas. Among other things we managed to finish enough knitted squares to make up a gorgeous blanket, though we say it as shouldn't, and the Lowery's were very glad to have it particularly during the cold winter, so if you can, girls, don't forget to keep the squares on the go: we should like another blanket by the Autumn!

May we take this opportunity and use the Mag; to issue an appeal for "subscriptions". Our committee is scattered and it would save everybody, and your secretary in particular so much trouble and postage if Old Girls could remember that monies are really due in June, and we should like them by August at the latest - 2/6d yearly or £1 for life. Any leaving girls who would like to join us are very welcome. It is lovely for us "Old old Girls" to see how our ranks are swelling. "3rd Form Kids" are now sophisticated young ladies - they make us feel very aged! Will new members please write to Mary Crone, 15 Lines Avenue, Mill Hill then you will be entered on the roll and informed thence forward of our activities.

Jean Brooker.