

tings, with sometimes a sweep of yellow broom, and once a long strip of forget-me-not, growing, I suppose, along some trickling stream. Torquay is a town of green and white houses for the most part, planted among embowering green on a series of hills surrounding Tor Bay, which includes two small harbours enclosed with walls for the fishing boats and other small craft. It's as rocky as Sydney; the streets and lanes are narrow, and almost always enclosed by high grey stone walls overshadowed with elms and oaks and chestnuts, overtopped with hedges and overgrown with ivy and pink valerian. This valerian is what I notice more than anything else. We have some in the college garden, but there one does not get its beauty. Here you see it blooming thickly against the grey stone, with the sun shining through it and the blue sea for a background. I walked through a pretty rock garden near the sea front, where for the first time I noticed a patch of red and variously-coloured eschscholtzias. The chief thing out there at present are lupins, pale pink and blue, but chiefly pale yellow. Torquay's climate is so mild (it being on the South Coast and in a sheltered bay) that you see things growing, and flowering here that you would find in few other parts of England—for example the white acacia and cabbage palms and some quite fine specimens of blue-gums.

This is England in its perfection. A man might land in Devon from Australia, see what I have seen these last three days, be recalled, and might even go content, feeling that he had really seen the ideal England."



Extract from a letter from K. Ogilvie, 31st July:—

"We've just been staying with people in the country. We got some riding, but I can't say riding in England is terribly thrilling. One has to stick so much to the roads, and can hardly ever go out of a walk.

We did a little tour in Wales this month; it is a simply gorgeous country. We got half way up Snowdon; we had no time to go any further, but even from these we could see most of Wales, three seas, and six lakes.

By a great bit of luck I got to Wimbledon, and saw Borotra and Lacoste only just beat Hennessy and Casey in the most marvellous match you can imagine; in some of their volleying rallies you lost sight of the ball for seconds at a time."

NEWS OF OLD STUDENTS.

Grace Cuthbert has bought a practice at Pambula.

K. Lilley has been appointed head mistress of the Girls' Grammar School, Brisbane.

Phyllis Nicol has won a Science Research Scholarship at the University of Sydney for 1925.

Sybil Morrison (nee Gibbs) has been admitted to practice at the Bar in N.S.W.

Mary Puckey has been appointed Medical Inspector in the Department of Education, Adelaide, S.A.

Joyce Purves has been appointed assistant mistress at the C.E.G.G.S., Darlinghurst; and Ruth Davidson assistant mistress at Fransham.

L. Ingram has joined J. Street in the House Service Company, Sydney.

Alice Fisher is teaching some children on a station near Narromine.

Cecily Vance has been made assistant secretary of the Bush Book Club.

Alvena Buyden Brown (nee Parkinson), Ruth Stephens (nee Hardy), and Marjorie Thomas (nee Ross) all have daughters.

Myrie Bowman has taken up sculpture in Paris under one of the leading sculptors, who is very pleased with her work.

Doris Philp, Enid Armstrong, Marie Neale, Dorothy Morton, Dorothy Slade, Doris Swanwick, Theresa Pyre, Esther Wilson, Margaret Bode and Muriel Burkitt have been married during the year. We wish them every happiness.

Myra Daniell has been appointed senior mistress at the High School in the Wairarapa District.

Mrs. J. MacMahon, formerly vice-principal (Miss M. K. Brown), is now living at 15 Princes Street, Kew, Victoria.

Mrs. C. H. Briggs (Miss Edna Sayce), formerly Science tutor, has been living in Cambridge when she and Mr. Briggs have both been working at Physics research at the Cavendish Laboratory.