

"NOVA RYA"

No 5



"Aut Disce, Aut Discede"

April, 1942

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EDITORIAL

From the festivities of Christmas to the glories of Easter is a period which in peace-time seems so long, especially to smaller children, but this year—how it has flown! Christmas had hardly dawned before it was over, and then the rest of the holidays rushed by and once more the long, tedious journey to Bedford was made. There, School began and everyone soon found himself with plenty to do and scarcely any free time. Socials, societies and entertainments all helped to fill in the week-ends and carry the weeks along. When looking back on any Sunday, it seemed scarcely possible that another week had passed since the last week-end, and so the term drew to a close.

Up to the present, members of the School have looked down upon the Music and Speech Competition as an innovation to be distrusted. It has never been received with the enthusiasm which was expected and only once has the masterpiece of the competition taken place. It seems a pity that the House play has fallen into the background, but it is to be hoped that House officials will see that this is revived again, and there may be time to produce it at the end of the Summer Term. The Guides and Scouts have shown that there is no lack of talent in the School and this would help to prepare pupils for the time when the School Play can be brought back into existence. If members of the Staff are too busy to produce a play, surely the Sixth Form should do something about it. We hope the next School year will find the School Play re-instated upon its throne surrounded by the lesser School activities and well supported by a large Dramatic Society.

The introduction of Country Dancing as a House Competition was not received with great enthusiasm. Perhaps if the senior boys had attempted to dance Galopede and members of the Staff Tancuj, the success of the competition would have been ensured. With these two competitions and the other usual ones such as football and hockey, there is a wide scope for talent and everyone should be able to help his House in some way and the magazine by some account.

At last we have been able to publish a few stories and are hoping that others reaching this standard will be received for publication. It is far more difficult to write a really good story than a poem, and

the authors whose attempts are accepted have good cause to be really satisfied. After a number of appeals we are glad to say that the response has been quite good and that the free articles reproduced here are only a selection of those handed in. We hope others will not be discouraged if their contributions have not been printed, and to all we wish "good writing" and hope they will be more successful next term.

THE EDITORS.

OBITER DICTA

Our sincere apologies are due for an oversight last term when we omitted to mention in the magazine that Mr. Pigrome, Officer in Charge of the R.G.S. Section of Flight 691, A.T.C., had obtained his commission and now holds the rank of Pilot Officer.

To Miss Tunstall we extend our sincerest wishes for a speedy recovery from her illness and hope that she may soon be with us again.

Miss Glenister took Miss Tunstall's place and we would like to thank her for all she has done to promote school activities, especially with the Guides.

Miss Gale spent the term teaching mathematics during Mrs. Lyons' protracted absence, but we now hear that Mrs. Lyons will not be returning to the School as was confidently stated in last term's issue. We wish them every success in their new undertakings.

We were sorry to lose Irene Hatter at the end of last term, but Olive Paine kindly consented to become a co-editor and has given us her invaluable assistance.

G. G. Smith is to be congratulated on being promoted to the rank of Corporal in the School A.T.C. unit. Both he and other members have gained their Proficiency Badges.

To ease the burden of the printers the manuscripts of the magazine are only written on one side of the paper. In order to

avoid waste those who wish to contribute to the magazine are asked to obtain some of this paper from the Editors, and to use the blank sides.

After the Editors had explained the meaning of the School Motto, several members of the Sixth Form left without warning. What conclusion is to be drawn from the departure of some of the hierarchy?

Not only are history books most abundant in the library, but maps of the World and Europe now cover its walls. The humble scientist feels that he has been rather neglected when he finds only two books on the library shelves dealing with Sixth Form physics to which he can refer during a private study period or prep.

On a notice advertising a dance for the senior members of the School, the following was seen:—

"Admittance:—Pupils, 3d.; Staff and Prefects, 6d."

When registering for National Service, can Prefects state that they are pupils?

We would like to draw the attention of all Country Dancers to the disused netball stands in the back garden. They make splendid maypoles!

It has been noticed that boys wear their bicycle clips in ever increasing numbers on all occasions. Perhaps somebody will step into the breach by organising an ankle competition for such people as long as a desire for new House Competitions is prevalent.

The School National Savings Group concentrated on making a special effort for Rye Warships Week and succeeded in raising £28 2s. 0d. This was made up by twenty-nine certificates, 12s. 6d. placed in the Post Office Savings Bank and a free gift of £5 14s. 6d, which was raised by raffles, dances and Guide activities. This total far exceeds the amount raised during the previous year for Rye War Weapons Week.

HISTORY OF THE EVACUATION

It is not every term that can be distinguished by any spectacular event and this term, which has been exceptionally short, ranks among the uneventful ones. In order to relieve foster-parents during the long, dark Saturday evenings, entertainments were arranged alternately with the A.T.C. Club during the week-ends. At one of the meetings of the A.T.C. Club, model aircraft were exhibited by members of the Flight and were inspected by many members of the Rye and Owens Sections. Other entertainments have included socials arranged by various forms, dances and two plays presented by the Guide Company, to which foster-parents were invited. Unfortunately, the radiogram has failed at several of these functions, thus limiting their success.

On Tuesday, February 17th, Miss Marchant, L.R.A.M., and Mr. Taylor, A.R.C.M., visited the School. Mr. Taylor talked about the recorder and its history, and his sons assisted him when demonstrating the range and capabilities of the instrument. Mr. Scott of the B.B.C. and Miss Marchant rendered several songs, some of which were accompanied on the recorders by Mr. Taylor and his sons. Thus another pleasant afternoon was spent.

On January 13th, the beginning of term, Miss Gale arrived from Reading University, to fill the vacancy caused by Mrs. Lyons' absence. She carried out her tasks well and has now returned to College. Unhappily, Mrs. Lyons has found it impossible to return to the School and a new member of the Staff will be appointed. It was a very great shock to senior members of the School to find that Miss Tunstall was prevented from returning because of illness. It is hoped by everyone that she will be back at the School next term. Meanwhile Miss Glenister, who came last term during Miss Thomas's illness, has remained and filled Miss Tunstall's place.

Half-term was the week-end February 21st to February 23rd, and the end of term was March 26th. Towards the end of term the Houses arranged teams for a Country Dancing Competition which Miss Hewetson, District Commissioner for the Guides, judged, and which Meryon House won. The junior half of the Music and Speech Competition was also held and so far Sanders House is leading. The Cross-Country Run has been postponed until the beginning of next term. The weather has hindered

games considerably, but in spite of this, House matches have been played.

The A.T.C. has met regularly and some of its members have taken and passed the Proficiency Test, Part I. On Friday, February 20th, the celebrations of the Anniversary of the forming of the Flight which fell on the previous Tuesday, were held. Tuesday, March 17th, was Field Day and the A.T.C., Guides and Scouts observed it as such. Other societies have had weekly meetings and the Art Society have visited Thurleigh.

In order to observe Lent, many pupils of the School have attended short Services on Thursday mornings at St. Andrew's Church in which parish we are at present situated. A series of discourses were given by the Rev. A. Thornton Down, M.A., who has also been preparing pupils throughout the term for Confirmation.

The term ended early so as to enable pupils to take their holidays before the ban on restricted areas was re-imposed, and this was welcomed by all pupils.

A.W.J.A.

HOUSE NOTES

PEACOCKE HOUSE

House Master : MR. MORGAN.

House Mistress : MISS LETCHER.

Boys' Captain : T. R. COWPER.

Girls' Captain : PAULINA METIANU.

Prefect : P. J. MEAD.

This term has not been a very spectacular one, only three competitions having taken place—football, hockey and country dancing. Of these we have only been successful in the hockey, where we have beaten the other two Houses both in senior and junior matches. Unfortunately, we came last in the Country Dancing Competition and in the football, although the junior boys played well and should be congratulated. Peacocke is leading in the Work and Merit Competition and we hope to see this position maintained.

This term we lost one of our senior girls, Margery Smith, who has always been a great help to the House on the sports field. We wish her success during her time in the A.T.S.

Next term we shall have to practise hard at tennis, cricket, sports and swimming if we are to retain our House position, as there is keen competition from the other Houses. P.E.K.M.

SANDERS HOUSE

House Master : MR. DOUGLAS.

House Mistress : MISS SEED.

Boys' Captain : M. S. LANSKY.

Girls' Captain : OLIVE PAINE.

Prefects : JOYCE HULBERT, J. S. L. PULFORD.

This term's House meetings have been much the same as usual with a marked deficiency in discussion and debates. In spite of the attempts of the House Captains to get a bit of life into the gatherings there has been very little response, and suggestions from the members of the House for improvement in this direction would be very welcome.

It has been very noticeable from the interim sheets that there is a general slackness in the House, especially as regards lateness. Miss Seed has persevered throughout the term in trying to impress upon people the alarming manner in which "black marks" mounted up merely from continual lateness. The Fifth Form especially was very much at fault in this, though there was a marked consistency in the good quality of their work.

In the matter of collections the House has become rather lax, but one could not generalise in accusing people of non-payment. A great many members contribute with extreme generosity but there is a small minority which seems to entertain no enthusiasm whatever for House matters.

We have not done too badly in sports this term. The senior boys are to be congratulated on winning the Senior Football Competition for the first time in several years. The junior boys have not been very successful, but there is a better spirit of co-operation in the team than there has been for some time and, much as we should like to win all our matches at once, the development of this spirit is, in the long run, of far more consequence. The hockey season has been quite successful and the standard of co-operation in the team is improving. In the Country Dancing Competition Sanders House took second place and we hope that, encouraged by the very narrow margin by which we missed being first, we

may work hard and win that honour next time. The Annual Sports will follow in the Summer Term and this time we must make up our minds to do much better. Let us try to make sure of an all-round improvement next term. O.M.P.

MERYON HOUSE

House Master : MR. BROOME.

House Mistress : MISS TUNSTALL.

Boys' Captain : G. G. SMITH.

Girls' Captain : JOAN BEASLEY.

Prefect : A. W. J. AMBROSE.

We have all missed Miss Tunstall during the past term and are very sorry that she has been unable to be present at the conducting of House affairs, but we hope that she will soon be able to take her place again at the head of the girls of Meryon House.

At the beginning of this term we were very unfortunate in losing the House Secretary, G. T. Ashdown, but his place has been filled by Joyce Dunster, who has worked conscientiously for the House. P. Abbott left at half-term and thus reduced the number of Sixth Form members to two, and Bates left at the end of 1941. These losses have been noticed in various activities and through them the House has failed to win this term's senior football matches. The juniors, however, have continued to play exceptionally well with the result that Meryon still holds the Football Shield. In hockey we have been less fortunate, but find ourselves second in this term's competition.

Although better than last term the Work and Merit result is still disappointing and at the end of the second term we find ourselves holding third place. The first Interim showed an enormous improvement, for we managed to tie with Peacocke for first place. Even the second Interim saw us in the second place. But the third Interim's results coupled with last term's leave us in the bottom position. Merit is still our greatest deficiency and too many members have appeared before Prefects' Court. Not only does the person suffer when this happens, but de-merit marks are given, so it is in the interests of the House that such offenders be censured by the Heads of the House. It is possible for Prefects to give Merit Marks, but so far there have been no outstanding examples of meritorious behaviour in the School for which they could be awarded. Let Meryon be the first House to receive such a distinction.

The Country Dancing Competition was an unlooked for surprise and all the Meryon people who took part in it are to be congratulated on the way they obtained first place for the House. If this remarkable innovation be continued, it is to be hoped that Meryon dancers will show themselves worthy in fresh fields.

So far the Music and Speech Competition has proved to be disappointing, for Meryon has not obtained first place in any one of the items. It is to be hoped that the seniors will succeed in pulling us up into a higher position next term.

This term, members of the House have read the lessons at Assemblies and after the Headmaster's advice at the first House Meeting, they read clearly and as if they understood the lesson.

Collections are still very low, but a little given voluntarily is more acceptable than much extorted from unwilling contributors.

Next term let us resolve not to be satisfied with any results, but to go all out for an improvement in everything.

G.G.S. and A.W.J.A.

THE LENT SERVICES

On February 19th, the 1st Thursday in Lent, Rye Grammar School and St. Andrew's School attended the first of this year's series of services conducted by the Rev. Thornton Down at St. Andrew's Church. The rector informed us in his address that during the series he intended to show us how to build ourselves an ark to keep us safe through life as Noah's Ark kept him safe through the Flood. The Creed, he said, was a roof over our heads and beneath it our own little lives go on. It could be very well compared with the circus Big Top under which and for which the whole of the life of the circus goes on. We are like the people in the circus. Some of us are like the ring-master, ruling over others, or like the clown, always running up against trouble and worry. Some of us are like the silly little dog, Toby, who runs around backwards and never looks where he is going. But all of us, big and little, rich and poor, live under the protection of God as the circus people live under the protection of the circus tent. We should then be thankful to God for His protection and see that we deserve it always.

Having, as we thought, understood and appreciated the address of the previous week, we went again to St. Andrew's on February 26th, the second Thursday in Lent, fully prepared to be further enlightened on the structure of the Ark. However, the rector opened his address by deploring the fact that he had over-rated the thinking capacity of the senior members of his congregation, and that the object of his previous week's talk which had been to give his listeners food for deeper thought had apparently failed. He explained away the extreme simplicity of this address, which had been very marked, as being meant to penetrate more deeply into the mind than any ordinary representation of his teaching and advice. He then proceeded to make clear the points which should have arisen from, and the train of thought which should have followed the exposition of the week before. The God in Whom we believe, according to the Creed, is a Trinity, God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost and in that three-foldness lies God's greatness and His strength. There is a question whether the Creed releases us from slavery or binds us more firmly, but without the Creed we should certainly have no freedom at all. It is the Creed as personified in the Trinity which acts as a roof to protect us and gives us freedom to rule in our own way beneath it, sheltered from all the storms of life. In this roof we can put all our trust for protection, for the triangular shape is well-known as the strongest form in engineering, and the Trinity, with God the Father as the base-line, forms a perfect triangle. Again, the Trinity could be compared with the shamrock of the rector's native Ireland, for all three leaves of this plant are identical in shape, size and colour. In the division of God into three, lies also the strength of His love, for, had God been One, He would have had to love Himself and would therefore have been the symbol of Divine Selfishness. As it is, the love of the Trinity is like the love of the human family, father, mother and child for each other. God is perfect in both power and love.

The text of the third service of the series was taken from Exodus xvii, concerning the wandering children of Israel and the fight between Joshua and the enemy, Amalek. God told Moses that all the time he held his arms in the air, Joshua would be triumphant. The story tells how Moses' arms grew tired and had to be supported by Aaron, Moses' brother, and Hur, one of the elders of the tribe of Israel. The rector went on to connect this story with the Lord's Prayer. The baptismal promise is a summary of the prayer

taught to us by Jesus Himself and is the hull of the boat which is built for us out of the beliefs and sayings of the Church. The hull then, is made for us when we are baptised, after the plan which Jesus Himself designed and in this boat we have our safety from water and storm. The rector held up his arms above his head and we could see quite plainly that the shape formed by Moses' arms would be roughly that of the hull of a boat. The children of Israel prevailed then all the time Moses' arms were held up and we shall prevail now if we keep the hull of our boat intact by saying the Lord's Prayer. Jesus taught it to us and He says it for us and holds up His hands to give us victory. Whenever we say the Prayer we hold up the Lord's arms and keep ourselves safe inside that force-resisting shape. The strength of this could be proved by dropping an egg on its end when you would find that the egg would not break. The more pressure put upon it, the greater the resistance. Within this boat then all Christians would be perfectly safe and quite sure of progress, and if Christians worked with Jesus the strength of the protection would be increased and thus it should be plainly seen that here is another case of safety in numbers.

The rector began his fourth address with a brief *résumé* of the previous week's teaching. He then proceeded to describe to us his position in his last parish. His house, so he said, was built right above a coal seam and he used very often to descend into the darkest depths of the mine to see his parishioners at their daily task. He described the peculiar sensations of descending and ascending in a cage and especially the terrific rate at which he was wafted back to the surface. When the cage ascended he instinctively looked up to see where he was going, and, to return to the subject of last week's address, here was another way in which the Lord's arms helped us. For when we are in this boat we instinctively look up at the arms to see which way they are pointing, and we find them pointing to Heaven and God. This is the way then in which our prayers should be directed, and we should follow the plan given to us by Jesus in the Lord's Prayer when we make our own prayers. Firstly, we should praise God and honour Him as the All-mighty, the All-wise and the All-powerful, for the Lord's Prayer says, "Our Father, which art in heaven, Hallowed be Thy Name." Secondly, we should pray for other people, "Thy kingdom come." Sometimes, for example, after we have had a

row with someone, other people come second in the wrong sense when we pray that we shall not "catch it in the neck." But instead of praying for our own advantages we should pray for the alleviation of the troubles of other people. Thirdly, we should pray for ourselves, "Thy will be done," so that we may be allowed to worship God and help other people to a better knowledge of Him. So, as we look to the bows of our noble ship, we see it surging through the waters; the answer to our prayer comes in the form of a wind—the Breath of God—and brings us to the haven where we would be.

The fifth and last service of the series began with a brief summary of the construction of the boat as far as we had gone. The rector then continued with his building. The Ark, according to God's instructions, should have been three stories high with windows in each storey. They were not stupid windows like the ships' usual portholes, but proper, large windows that you would be able to see out of. They were not, however, put there for the usually accepted purpose, that is, for people inside to be able to see out, but were made to allow the entry of light so that God could look in. The first thing created according to Genesis was light, so that God should be able to see the state the world was in and what sort of mess he had to clear up. Light was essential there. It is equally essential in the Ark, for if there were complete darkness there would be a frightful rumpus and a frightful mess, as the rector said, "a horrible hurly-burly of crashing people." We should not be able to see anybody or anything and the smaller people would get trodden underfoot. The fleas in the Ark would most certainly have got squashed and the rector considered that life would be most unhappy without the usual fleas. The light would also serve to show up the dirt in the Ark. It is rather like the "morning after the night before" in this respect. We go to bed tired out after the party and leave the rubbish and when we come down in the morning we cannot see the mess at all until we get some sort of light, much less clear it up. The windows which give the light are comparable with the Ten Commandments which show us not only where the dirt is and what to clear up, but also that there are other people besides ourselves. The rector said that he might think himself very clever and perfectly capable of drawing a straight line from one wall of the Church to the other, and he might be perfectly satisfied with the result. Then perhaps somebody might come along

and measure his line with a ruler and he would find that it was all over the place, far from the perfect pattern set by the ruler. The ruler then, resembles the Ten Commandments by which God checks up on our life. If it were not for this positive plan set by God we should not know that we were doing wrong, but thanks to the light from these windows we are able to see how we fall short of God's perfect plan and fail in our duty. The Commandments show us not only our duty to God, but also our duty to other people and last but not least our duty towards ourselves. The rector demonstrated this last point by an example from his ordinary life. He had, he said, been down in the cellar to get some coal and on coming up he looked into the glass for the first time in ages, not being one of those people who spend their lives looking at themselves. He was horribly shocked and would not at first believe it could possibly be himself, but was quite certain it was one of his black brothers from Africa. He told us how he sneezed and sneezed and finally decided that his duty to himself was to go and wash and to make him his "own clean, beautiful self again." He next told us a blood-curdling story about an old woman who, after a paralytic stroke, got it into her head that she could never unclench her fists and being thoroughly convinced of this she never did again, so that her nails grew into the palms of her hands and she would never have been able to open them had she wanted to. That woman failed in her duty to herself. It was her duty to try and unclench her hands but she did not do so. It is quite plain then that if all in the Ark learned and fulfilled these three duties they would come out perfect people in perfect happiness.

Thus we learnt that the Ark, far from being merely the subject of one of the stories of the Bible, can be related to the doctrines of the Church and by means of this relationship the Christian principles can be made clear enough for the comprehension of the simplest among us.

O.M.P.

VERA BURSTON ENTERTAINS

At the beginning of the Spring Term, 1942, we had been promised a dramatic entertainment. Consequently, we were very glad to hear that on Saturday, January 31st, we were to have a dramatic recital presented by Vera Burston, L.R.A.M.

Mrs. Hilda Pollak opened the evening by giving as a piano solo, Schubert's "Impromptu." Miss Burston was then called upon by Mr. Jacobs, who acted as compère, to render the first of her elocutionary selections. This was a poem entitled "Little Orphan Annie." Annie was a little Irish girl who became a maid in an English home, and in the evenings would amuse the children by telling them Irish fairy tales. "The goblins will git yer" was the frightening refrain of this poem, which the audience thoroughly appreciated.

The second item of Miss Burston's first selection of three poems, was Walter de la Mare's rollicking poem:—

"Three jolly farmers
Once bet a pound
Each dance the other would
Off the ground."

This was followed by a poem of the sea called "Sailor Joe."

Mrs. Pigrome relieved Miss Burston by giving us two violin solos, Mr. Pigrome accompanying her at the piano. The first item was a request, Beethoven's "Minuet in G."

Miss Burston followed with a recitation, another Irish poem, "The Stolen Child," by William Butler Yeats.

Joy Hudson then rendered two songs, one of which was called "The Cuckoo," followed by two more violin solos from Mrs. Pigrome.

Bert Nutting was introduced by Mr. Jacobs for the next item. He sang an amusing little song — "Polly tickled Molly, Molly tickled Jane."

Vera Burston followed this with an excerpt from "St. Joan" by Bernard Shaw, which was thoroughly enjoyed for its superb execution.

Miss Hudson was again called on to the stage to give us two soprano solos, and Miss Burston having rested, she presented the scene from Sir James Barrie's "Quality Street," where Captain Brown returns, and this too was greatly appreciated.

Mr. Nutting gave us two more songs, and the programme was completed by a mime by Vera Burston called, "The Lame Beggar Boy and St. Francis." This showed how the lame boy was healed by St. Francis for sharing his only crust with his feathered friends.

Mrs. Hilda Pollak played an accompaniment to this mime on the piano.

With this, the programme ended, and I am sure the whole school will join with me in heartily thanking Vera Burston, Joy Hudson, Bert Nutting, Mrs. Hilda Pollak, Mr. and Mrs. Pigrome for a very enjoyable evening, and extra thanks are due to Mrs. Coombes, for arranging the programme. I.J.H.

FORM IIIb SOCIAL

On February 14th, Form IIIb gave a social for Forms II and II Remove. It commenced at 5.30 p.m., but long before that time many eager juniors were clamouring for admittance. The Social started off with "Winking" which was followed by "Slosh" and "Bigamy." Then came a period of country dancing; the first dance was considered a failure, because the boys were wearing ordinary shoes, and the music, which Miss Glenister kindly provided, could not be heard. Then came another dance, but this was as unsuccessful as the first. A new game called "Spotting the Aircraft" came next and was followed by "Poor Pussy." After this "Musical Clothes" was greatly enjoyed, especially by those boys who had voluminous feminine garments to wear. IIIb then gave half-an-hour's entertainment, which we are sure everybody enjoyed very much. First came a short sketch written by Allen, called "Billy the Kid"; "The Siamese Twins" was performed next, followed by Iris Leeds-George as "Farmer Giles." Everybody enjoyed this very much. Then to conclude the programme came, "The Lost Lover." During the performance, Samaden had a bottle of ginger-ale, but owing to his false whiskers he could not drink it. After the performance, he and Boyce had an argument as to whom the beverage belonged, but the bottle was found empty on the floor and it is presumed that Cowper had it, as he was the only person on the stage. After this IIIb came on to the stage and sang "God Save the King," and the juniors went away after a very enjoyable evening.

K.G.R., L.S.

MISS MARCHANT & MR. TAYLOR VISIT THE SCHOOL

On the afternoon of Tuesday, February 17th, we assembled at Russell Park Hall for a music recital given by Miss Marchant, Mr. Taylor and his two sons. After a few minutes delay Mr.

Taylor came on to the platform and gave us a description of the recorder, an old-fashioned instrument played in Elizabethan times, which was now coming back into fashion. He told us that the recorder was to be the main instrument used during the afternoon. After telling us that he had not got a bass recorder with him, he tried to imitate the noise it made. He squeezed his nose and made a very weird noise which was greeted by a round of laughter from the audience. He then played two solos, accompanied by Miss Marchant at the piano.

After this he called his two sons to show us what a difference was made by a slight variation of the tone. He then called upon Miss Marchant to sing three beautiful old melodies. This was greeted with great applause from all who were listening. After this a member of the B.B.C. Male Voice Choir, Mr. Scott, sang two old English songs. He also was greeted with great applause from the audience.

Mr. Taylor and his two sons then played a selection of pieces specially arranged for the recorder. This brought the programme to an end, and Mr. Jacobs asked us all to thank Miss Marchant, Mr. Taylor, his sons, and Mr. Scott for coming along to entertain us. I am sure we all left for our billets very happy and contented.

A. SHEARER.

THE A.T.C. DANCE

On February 21st, half-term Saturday, the A.T.C. gave a dance to Forms IIIa, IV, V and VI. The dance commenced at 6 p.m., and every one joined heartily in the dances. Even the most shy boys came out of their shells to dance with the delighted girls.

The ever popular Palais Glide and Valeta were played more than once. Also, there was a spot dance won by Julia Terry and Colvin, and an elimination dance won by Helen Payne and Lorna Crouch. However, as Helen and Lorna were two girls dancing together instead of a boy and a girl, the prize went to the second couple, Helen Metianu and Colvin. Indeed, it seemed to be Colvin's lucky evening.

The "ladies' excuse me" and "mixed excuse me" dances proved great fun. Some of the boys were known to count the times they had their partners changed for them.

At 8.30 p.m., the last dance tune was played and so ended the A.T.C. dance.

I think those who attended will join with me in thanking Mr. Pigrome and all the A.T.C. for a very enjoyable evening and also for cheering up those who felt a little sad and "blue."

B. FORD, IIIA.

THE FIFTH FORM DANCE

The Fifth Form (much to everyone's delight), decided that on March 7th, we should have a dance in aid of Rye Warships Week. Pupils from IIIa upwards were invited, and the admission fee was threepence.

Promptly at 6.30 p.m., boys and girls arrived "dressed in their best," and ready for plenty of fun. As usual on arriving we heard that the radiogram was not working! Groans were heard, and we supposed that we would have to make do with "Tinny Lizz." However, after the senior boys had made a few adjustments the radiogram suddenly burst forth into song, and the dancing began.

Of course, the girls started by dancing together, but the boys were not to be outdone and even the shyest people were soon dancing. Then a member of the Fifth Form introduced a new game in which (when the music stopped), each couple had to visit one of the four corners of the room which were; Rye, Winchelsea, Westfield and Beckley. Then a slip of paper was drawn, and the people who were in the town whose name appeared on the paper had to sit out. The last couple were the two winners.

There also were two spot dances and an elimination dance. Twilight and black-out dancing was introduced and proved a great success. "Excuse me" dances were very much in demand. The Polka and Booms-a-daisy were great fun though I think many people were going round in circles after the Polka, but it was worth it.

Miss Seed and Miss Letcher were present all the time, and the Headmaster was present part of the time, during which he heartily joined in the dancing. Near the end two raffles which were also in aid of Rye Warships Week were drawn, and it was announced that we had raised £5 by all the raffles and from the admission fee to the dance.

Then, like all good things the dance ended too soon and the Fifth Form were congratulated and thanked for a most enjoyable evening. Cowper also was thanked for working the radiogram.

Everybody returned to his billet agreeing that it was the most enjoyable evening yet! C. CADE and M. SAMADEN.

THE GUIDE CONCERT

On Saturday, March 21st, the School Guide Company gave a concert at Russell Park Hall. Though the plays performed were really attempts at passing the "Company Players'" Badge, billetors and friends were invited. Requests for seats had been so numerous that a performance had to be given the previous day for the benefit of the junior members of the School who otherwise would have been unable to come owing to the lack of accommodation. We had hoped to have the company of the few members of the Rye Junior School at this performance and were rather looking forward to seeing them all together again. Before we were evacuated it was the custom for them to have a pre-view of almost every show we put on, but for us to be kept apart seems to be one of the many disappointments and discouragements we must expect under evacuation. Unfortunately, the Bedfordshire education authorities did not consider it very safe for the children to come such a distance from Renhold in case there might be a raid, and, however disappointed we were, we must suppose they know best.

There was a very good attendance on Saturday, however, and the curtains went up just after 7 o'clock. Miss Thomas, who has temporarily taken command of the Company in the absence, owing to illness, of Miss Tunstall, our Captain, stressed her extreme pleasure at seeing such a large and unexpected crowd and after re-shuffling the audience she withdrew and the entertainment commenced.

There were two short plays. "The Stolen Prince," a Chinese play, was produced by Miss Thomas, and since the majority of the audience had never seen anything quite like it before, it was quite successful. The acting was very good and the costumes extremely effective, with the result that the whole play was most amusing; the property-man and his "properties" extremely so. The Chinese orchestra was excellent and the entertaining music which it is possible to produce from a few combs and a dustpan makes one quite

optimistic about a school orchestra in the very near future. Stephanie Orford, Pamela Whiting and Jean Pope are to be especially congratulated on their performances and the general standard of acting was quite high.

The second play was produced by Miss Glenister who was assisting Miss Thomas. It was that veteran of second-form play-lessons, "Fat King Melon." The play was, however, extremely well produced and the standard of acting was, if anything, slightly higher than in the Chinese play. This was perhaps due to the fact that most people know "Fat King Melon." The costumes were very good and the essential "padding" was expertly done. Doreen Standen as King Melon and Elizabeth Ellis as Princess Caraway acted very well, while Iris Leeds-George played her part as Fairy Mumbo perfectly. The singing was very sweet and the whole play most amusing.

Much to everybody's disappointment there were only the two plays, but these were very successful indeed if one can judge from the amount collected for the Red Cross. AUDITOR.

FORM II GRAND SOCIAL

On Wednesday evening, March 25th, Form II gave a social for Forms IIr and IIIb and, by special request, members of Form VI. The first item, "Durham Reel," was danced with great vigour and the next, "Winking," was very popular. This was followed by "Circassian Circle" and "Musical Horseshoe," which was an absolute riot. "Dress Parade," won by Rook, and "Slosh," completed the games.

The first sketch of the entertainment was entitled "School Life," and was a parody on that well-known rhyme from *Alice in Wonderland*, "'Will you walk a little faster?' said the Whiting to the Snail." It reminded one very forcibly of the old, happy days in the shelter and it was quite a treat to see the lamp and stove again. The second sketch was a Radio Advertisement Programme. Most of us felt very sympathetic with Poor Mary Jane who would not eat her porridge and perhaps it would be a good idea to follow her example, if you don't like porridge, but I am afraid it does not always work. The advertisement, "Bread for Energy," was particularly amusing and one felt most heartily sorry for the poor father

who had to "climb the stairs" twice. The hero called for still more sympathy for he absent-mindedly ran down into the cellar and had to run back up all those stairs again when he discovered his mistake. The "Nursery Rhyme" sketch was very unusual and quite well carried out.

Because the Hall was required at 7 o'clock sharp, the social had to end. Cheers were called for Joyce Hulbert who had worked very hard indeed to make the evening a success and also for Miss Glenister, who played the piano, and Mr. Douglas who acted as Master of Ceremonies. I. WITNESS.

THE MUSIC AND SPEECH COMPETITION

The first part of this year's Music and Speech Competition took place on the last day of the Spring Term, March 26th. Forms II, IIr, IIIb and IIIa started the competition with their declamation and recited the following poems:—

Forms II and IIr: "The Cautionary Tale," by H. Belloc; and "The Five Eyes," by Walter de la Mare.

Form IIIb: "Dirge for a Bad Boy;" and "Don Dirk of Dowdee."

Form IIIa: Choral Speaking, "King John," by H. Chesterton; and "In Romney Marsh," by J. Davidson.

The prose readings for Forms II and IIr were from the Book of Daniel, Chapter 6; for Form IIIb, The Gospel according to St. Luke, Chapter 14, and also acted a ballad called "Laird of Drum."

The music section of the competition then followed. In this, all members of each House took part at the same time, sang with varying degrees of vigour, "The Jolly Waggoner," and were accompanied at the piano by Miss Glenister.

The results were as follows:—

Form II and IIr	Sanders	Meryon	Peacocke
Form IIIb	Peacocke	Sanders	Meryon
Form IIIa	Sanders	Meryon	Peacocke

and in the Music Competition, Sanders managed to gain the first position, followed by Meryon and then Peacocke.

Out of a maximum number of points of 120, Sanders obtained 95, Peacocke 88½, and Meryon 84.

The competition will be concluded next term. I. WITNESS.

AIR TRAINING CORPS

On Tuesday, January 20th, the A.T.C. held its first meeting of the term in Room 2 with Pilot-Officer Pigrome, who gave us a short talk on his work and showed us some of the notes he had made at the I.T.W. during the latter part of his holiday which he had spent on a Navigation Course somewhere in England. He emphasized the fact that neatness and careful work must be produced, all working must be shown and accuracy is expected. Besides this, Pilot-Officer Pigrome had been on the sands at that place in the moonlight at seven o'clock in the morning doing physical training. He admitted that he now knew more about the Navigation syllabus in the R.A.F. than he did before, and that the course could be covered without Trigonometry. Also books overlook certain facts which are stressed in the R.A.F. and *vice versa*. He concluded by asking everybody to pay attention to neatness and accuracy this term. Then we had a general talk on the A.T.C.'s other work and the A.T.C. Club. Those who had requested to be allowed to leave the A.T.C. were asked by Pilot-Officer Pigrome to give it another trial this term. He said that Proficiency Tests were going to be taken during the term and it would be a pity to leave and miss an opportunity which might mean a lot to them later on—besides leaving a Corps of which they had been pioneers.

The whole Flight then paraded at the Modern School, where Flying-Officer Hutchings gave a summary of the past term's work and the coming term's work, which would include the Proficiency Test for the senior members of the Corps. The Corps would be divided into three sections, which had been decided upon mainly according to the time the Cadet had served, and his age. The standard of Mathematics had also been taken into consideration. Each Cadet had to reach a standard of six words a minute in Morse and to be passed "proficient" in drill and P.T. for the Proficiency Test which would include a two-hour Maths. paper and a two-hour Navigation paper. He hoped that all would pass the exam. Flying-Officer Hutchings then turned to visits to Air Stations, which could not take place so often. When we went the parties were to be larger because the Corps had to pay for its own transport. He hoped that every Cadet would be given a chance to fly during the term.

On Tuesday, February 17th, many Cadets were awarded Good Conduct Stripes and on the following Thursday the Flight's photograph was taken at the Bedford Modern School. After this, Section I had its drill test. Friday, February 20th, was an important day for the Corps which was celebrating its first anniversary. Wing-Commander Carthew, K.C., D.S.O., inspected the Flight and spoke to several Cadets as he passed. Wing-Commander Carthew was formerly a Lieutenant-Colonel in the Army, and since the formation of the A.T.C., he has been appointed Eastern Regional Commandant.

After the inspection we were dismissed and went to the Victory Hall for tea, at which Wing-Commander Carthew presided, supported by the Officers of the Corps and the Headmasters of Owens School and R.G.S. Entertainment took place during the meal and the Wing-Commander addressed the assembly. He outlined briefly his own task and emphasised the importance of the Ground Staff at any Air Station. He then went on to say that those who had obtained their Proficiency Test, Part I, would be immune from three weeks' service in the I.T.W., and those who had obtained Part II would be exempted from the whole of the I.T.W. He concluded by congratulating us on our smart turn-out. The Owens School Headmaster, Mr. O. Mitchell, M.A., thanked Wing-Commander Carthew, an old friend, for coming along, and showed the value of theoretical training. The Headmaster of Rye, Mr. A. R. Jacobs, M.A., associated himself with the Headmaster of Owens School in these thanks and reminded his audience that the Wing-Commander is the Recorder of Maidstone. F/O Hutchings announced that the Section Leaders had been promoted to the rank of Corporal upon the special recommendation of Wing-Commander Carthew. P/O Pigrome thanked all those who had assisted with the preparations for the tea.

On Saturday, February 21st, the Rye Section attended a Navigation Lecture at a nearby Air Station. A Navigator's Course and Speed Calculator was used as well as a hand-bearing compass. Maps were studied and a model aerodrome was lit up as if at night, in a dark room.

On Sunday, February 22nd, there was a Church Parade at St. Paul's Church in connection with Bedford Warship Week. Many Services were represented and members from all A.T.C. Units

in the town took part. Those who attended from the R.G.S. Section were Corporal Smith and Cadets Foster and Fellows.

The A.T.C. assembled at the Harpur Central School at 10.30 hours and was put through its paces, which included practising the salute to the Mayor. When everything had been satisfactorily arranged, the C.O. announced his intention of marching the squad round the town to warm them up before the Service was due to begin. This arrangement was carried out very successfully and at 11.12 hours the squad returned to St. Paul's Church and took their places. The Service was conducted by the Rev. A. J. Scarff, M.A., Assistant Chaplain to the Fleet. When the Service had been concluded the various Services were drawn up on the south side of the Church from where they were to parade before His Worship the Mayor of Bedford. The saluting base was on the north side of the Church and the members of the A.T.C. (who were bringing up the rear) carried out all instructions to the letter.

The parade then proceeded round the town. If any criticism be permissible one would like to mention that the rate of progress was so slow that it was difficult (and at times impossible) to keep in step as there was no step to keep. But when the other Services had left the parade, the A.T.C. hastened forward at its own speed and showed spectators what the new Training Corps could really do. The squad returned to the Harpur Central School and was dismissed at about 13.15 hours.

On Saturday, March 7th, Section I held its Proficiency Mathematics Examination at Ixworth Court, while the Navigation Paper was taken at the Modern School on the following Tuesday. The results were announced on Tuesday, March 17th, and all candidates except two had passed. Those two had failed in Mathematics only.

On Saturday, March 21st, Section I went on a special visit to a neighbouring aerodrome. If the weather had been suitable we were going to fly, but as there was so much ground mist we could not go up. Instead of this we were shown over, and climbed into the cockpit and the bomb aimer's position of, various aircraft. The trip was very interesting but naturally rather disappointing.

The last parade of the term was on Tuesday, March 24th. First of all F/O Hutchings complimented those who had taken and passed the Proficiency Test. Ninety per cent. of those who took the exam. had passed. He hoped that a greater percentage of Section

II would be successful next term. F/O Hutchings then presented the Proficiency Stars to all those who had gained them except two who were not old enough to wear them. He congratulated Corporal Cross, who had been accepted for the University Training Course for the R.A.F., and whom he promoted to the rank of Sergeant. We were then told of camping facilities which would be available during the summer at an Air Station. Any Cadet could attend this camp for one week at a small fee. Cadets would sleep under canvas and would have their own mess rooms in wooden huts on the airfield. During the week, Cadets would have two chances of flying and would be shown all over the aerodrome. The Flight was then dismissed until the next term.

CADET W. COLVIN.

SCOUT REPORT

At the beginning of the Autumn Term, 1941, the newly-founded Rye Grammar School Scout Troop was greatly increased in numbers owing to the many new pupils who joined at that time. The Troop then proved its worth by producing a very successful concert, at the end of the Autumn Term, at which £2 17s. 6d. was raised for Mrs. Churchill's Red Cross "Aid to Russia" Fund. But winter came and with it the test of the Troop, because the bad weather made it necessary for the majority of the work to be done in school, in three small classrooms. This may not seem so very terrible, but it meant that there had to be two Patrols in each. Those who have tried to learn semaphore in such conditions will know how difficult it is. Sometimes a Patrol-Leader near at hand is overheard explaining to a small and tiresome member of his Patrol the merits of good behaviour and the willingness of the Court of Honour to "throw out" scouts "whose ability will not allow them to look after themselves." The result of this indoor work was, however, a good one, for it weeded out all those people who had joined the Scouts just because they liked field-days and uniform. There are, however, still six Patrols in the Troop with about four to five scouts in each, which for a new Troop is not bad.

During the Easter Term some of the scouts attended two Church parades at St. Cuthbert's Church, and a number of the Patrol-Leaders attended a very helpful Patrol-Leaders' Conference held at the Bedford School. A lot of work has also been done this term.

All the new scouts had to pass their Tenderfoot if they wished to be enrolled (an accomplishment which most of them achieved), and the older members had to pass their Second Class if they wished to gain any Proficiency Badges. Six Entertainer's Badges were gained from the concert and were presented at the beginning of term. Scout test books being rather short, there was a general run on them, and I have never envied the book-keeper's job, when, as soon as the dismissal is over, a howling mob suddenly springs up at his feet with cries of, "Martin! Can I have a book?" or "I haven't had one for months, Martin!" or "I did bring mine back on time last week, and nobody else did!"

At last, after weeks of patient waiting, Spring drew nigh and, with her, the rumours of a field-day! Accordingly, on March 17th, twenty-six scouts set off for Stagsden and had a "ripping" time. For two hours the wood smelt of stew and was it good when it came...! But all good things come to an end, including field-days, and the last meeting of the term ended with an enrolment, a presentation of year stars, and a talk from the farmer who owned the wood. If you had been on Bromham Road that night you would have seen twenty-six tired but happy scouts (the majority coated with mud) going Bedford-wards. So the first year of the 2nd Rye (Grammar School) Troop ended, under the leadership of the Scout Master, Mr. H. S. Douglas. L.A.

THE SCOUTS' FIELD DAY

On March 17th, the Scouts went to Stagsden as it was a field day. When the cyclists arrived, those who came by 'bus were already there, so without delay we parked our bikes by the barn at Newman's Farm. We then lined up in Patrols to receive the orders of the day.

After filling all the billy-cans with water, also the school watering can, which we had brought to help us out, we set off through fields about as muddy as those of the Eastern Front, owing to the rain of the night before.

Having made several detours to avoid being bogged, we arrived at the usual clearing in the woods where we made useful camp gadgets from branches and set our fires in separate Patrols. We were then summoned to parade, and broke the flag. Sad to say, we discovered that we had about ten matches between us, and,

owing to the dampness of the wood (or else some one's peculiar tastes), they ran out, leaving Eagles, Owls, Peewits and Ravens without fires. These, however, by various means, and after several attempts, managed to light their fires. While some from each patrol made and looked after the stew, others went to look for exhibits for a camp museum.

Hawks found a fox's skeleton, and among other things found were birds' skulls, wings, a bit of pigeon's wing, a lady-bird, mosses, and various other plants. Then Mr. Douglas examined our stews and we ate them. When we had finished we tidied the camp and washed the billy-cans for inspection. After the inspection we put out all the fires except one, which was to provide tapers for those who wished to pass their Fire-lighting Test, who then did so, while some felled a tree, and the remainder tried to find the beginning of a hidden trail.

Then we had a game of coaches and highwaymen. One coach was captured, and the second got through with "a secret explosive formula worth £20,000,000." We were just preparing to send out search parties for the third when in it came, the "express coach" above all, ten minutes after the game had been called off.

Next we had tea at the centre of the clearing, and with our mugs of tea we received a biscuit each, which Mrs. Douglas had kindly sent us. The tea was presented to us by Mrs. Sidney Smith. Then two Scouts were enrolled, and twelve Scouts received their First Year's Service Star.

The Scouts who had not cycled had to go to catch the 'bus, while the cyclists dismantled the camps, and put out the camp fire which was still burning. Then home again, happy and fatigued, but firmly resolved never to miss another field day if we could help it.

R.E.H.

GUIDE REPORT

Considering the fact that we have had a very short term, the Guide Company has done very well. Nevertheless, we all missed Miss Tunstall very much and we were glad to welcome Miss Glenister who came along to help us with our badge work, etc. Miss Thomas has been acting as Captain.

On January 20th a Leaders' Investiture was held and six new recruits were enrolled by Miss Hewetson. We spent a very pleasant afternoon. Before the actual ceremony one Guide from each Patrol repeated a certain Guide Law, at the same time lighting a taper from a candle placed on the trefoil drawn in the middle of the room. Then she returned to the horseshoe formed by the Guides. The tapers certainly looked very pretty when they were all alight.

Field Day was held on March 17th. The weather was fine and a good time was enjoyed by all.

The Guides have been very busy this term rehearsing two plays which they produced on March 21st. The plays were produced by Miss Glenister and Miss Thomas, and the titles were, "The Stolen Prince" and "Fat King Melon," both of which were very well acted. A collection was taken by Fairy Gurgle in aid of the Red Cross. It was afterwards announced that we had raised £3 12s. od.

Miss Thomas told us this term that several Guides were eager to do more war work during Guide Meetings. She emphasized the fact that by being a really good Guide, helping recruits and working for badges, we were doing a great deal towards the war effort and that by obtaining 100 per cent. efficiency in the Company we would be doing our bit towards Victory.

C. CADE.

* * *

A TRIP TO TURVEY

Tuesday morning dawned fresh and bright after a heavy shower overnight. The day, however, promised to be fine, so at about 9.30 a.m. parties of Guides set off, cycling or walking in various directions. We made up a sextet of Fourth Formers and cycled to Turvey via Biddenham, Bromham and Stagsden.

We arrived at the village and after purchasing some sweets and lemonade at a small shop, we began to explore. At the farther end of the village we sighted from a stone bridge over the river, an ancient statue of Jonah (the one swallowed by the whale, I think), that appeared to be planted in the middle of a large pond. Beyond this loomed a derelict old mill, some parts of which were prevented from falling to pieces only by thick creepers and battered wooden supports. Three adventurous members of our party and I, in order to inspect the mill at close quarters, approached it

by means of a dangerous footpath on the edge of the pond. We found a lane on the other side so we went back to our cycles and rode them round and left them against one of the more substantial looking walls of the mill. Some of us were doubtful whether we were trespassing or not so we enquired at a cottage nearby. We were informed by a young woman that we might have our lunch in the field next to the mill if we wished, as it belonged to her husband. Before leaving we admired her cat, which strangely enough, was pure white with one eye a deep blue and the other green. We were very much impressed, especially when we were told that its mother possessed the same extraordinary features.

We had our lunch on a grassy bank by the river and afterwards went for a short walk through a small wood and along the river bank. We then remounted our cycles and set off for our seven-mile ride back to Bedford, where we arrived soon after 2.0 p.m.

On the way back we picked branches of catkins and before leaving Turvey we passed "Nell's Well," set in a stone block bearing the following inscription:—

One fountain pure, whose spring so sure
Has never yet run dry.
The water tells of deeper wells
Which living streams supply.

Thy spring, though pure, no thirst can cure;
Who drinks will drink in vain;
Go neighbour, try that deep supply,
Thou ne'er shall thirst again.

ROSALIE GREEN.

PEACOCKE PLAYED MERYON AND WON—3-2

You may already know that there was a hockey match one day in March and that Peacocke won 3-2. That is probably all the interest you took in it, but to us it meant a great deal. For, you see, our winning that match made us top in hockey, in the Senior Competition at any rate.

The first half of the game was uneventful; no goals on either side, no really good collisions, no spectacular skids or sprawls.

The ball was merely sent from one end of the field to the other and back again. When the half-time whistle went, most of us were "getting just a bit warm," and each team withdrew to resolve on "smashing up" the other.

The whistle blew and within five minutes Meryon had scored. Peacocke's blood was up, they were not going to have Meryon beating them and they soon scored an equalizing goal from a penalty corner. Peacocke scored the next goal, or rather the Meryon goal-keeper kindly scored it for them. Now it was Meryon's turn to retaliate and they brought the score up to 2-2 by promptly doing so. Only about five minutes to go! The game was fast and furious, legs and mud were the two most prominent features. Yes, we did manage to win, but only just! Another five minutes and the result might have been a draw.

A MEMBER OF PEACOCKE TEAM.

R.A.F. REVIEW

These last six or seven months have probably been the most eventful ever in world history and, as usual, the Royal Air Force has played its part with accustomed skill and efficiency.

The first 'plane to "hit the headlines," was the "Flying Fortress," a Boeing production, and the fruit of many years of intensive research on the part of scientists on both sides of the Atlantic. This gigantic 'plane, capable of carrying many tons of bombs over a long distance, is supercharged by means of harnessing the mighty blast of the exhausts so as to increase its speed at great heights, heights unattainable by any other 'plane, except perhaps the new Messerschmitt 109F which was specially designed to counteract this new menace. When these rival 'planes first met, the "Fortress" left three ME.s behind in a terrific climb to a "ceiling" at which its speed could best be utilized. One of these bombers attacked the "Scharnhorst" when that ship made an attempt to break the "siege" at Brest, and from a height of six or seven miles scored seven direct hits on that unlucky vessel as it steamed towards La Pallice.

The next big event was the sinking of Germany's new masterpiece, the battleship *Bismarck*; in this action Fleet Air Arm torpedo-bombers played the notable part—perhaps the most important—of slowing down the ship and forcing it to turn and fight. These

'planes operated from the *Ark Royal*, which unfortunately has been properly sunk. High credit also goes to the American "Catalina" coastal reconnaissance 'planes which spotted and shadowed the *Bismarck* when weather made it impossible for the mighty ships in pursuit to do so. This sinking was indeed a commendable piece of work as it would not be easy, or wise, to underestimate the damage a ship like the *Bismarck* might have wrought in its Atlantic travels. Before passing on to another subject a word of praise must be spared for the courage and devotion to duty of her crew in her last, great fight.

Not long after sustaining the loss of the *Bismarck*, Germany's Fuehrer, unable to keep his armies still any longer, made the greatest mistake of his life—he declared war on Russia! Russia, with its huge armies and unknown quantities of tanks and 'planes! This, although it may seem to be a selfish point of view, gave us a "breather," for which we had not dared to hope before, and the R.A.F. saw its opportunity. Encouraging news had been previously published of the way in which our air strength was developing. For instance, we dropped five hundred tons of bombs on Germany in January and four thousand and four hundred tons in July; and we soon began to prove that this was not high-sounding talk. A new technique, the "offensive sweep," was employed, and with good results. While fighters roared out over the Channel by day to attack anything that came their way, bombers repeated the same performance by night, but with a more definite object in view. The bombers showered bombs on Berlin, Cologne, Dusseldorf, Hamburg and dozens of other places, with most effective regularity. The great power-stations of Knapsack and Fortuna were attacked by a force of over three hundred "Blenheims" in broad daylight, Kiel was bombed by a "Flying Fortress," unheard and unseen, from a height exceeding 35,000 feet, and "Stirlings," escorted by fighters, bombed the harbour at Brest.

These are a few of the raids which took place at that time, and it is easy to imagine the terrific damage these prolonged attacks must have caused to the enemy's communications, aerodromes, harbours and aircraft. During these offensive sweeps a few details concerning our new 'planes leaked out from the secretive Air Ministry. A picture of the bulky "Halifax," with its four sleek engines and peculiarly designed wings was released; then a picture of the "Stirling" which is a rather neater 'plane, with two power-operated

"Frazer Nash" gun-turrets, and a huge fuselage. In the underside of this fuselage were the open bomb doors which are approximately thirty feet in length and presumably shut in an immense bomb load. Next, undoubtedly in order to date my last article, the Air Ministry issued details of the "Airocobra," that beautifully streamlined American fighter 'plane, which, although it has been slightly modified to enable rapid mass production, is reputed to have a speed of 500 m.p.h. with its 1150 h.p. engine, which is situated behind the cabin. Needless to say this 'plane has a suitably heavy armament of machine guns. A small photograph of the Avro "Manchester" was next released, and this machine was found to have two engines, a cabin, and, instead of having a bomb window under the nose, in which is also a gun-turret, the "Manchester" had the bomb-aimer-navigator's compartment in the nose with a gun-turret superimposed! An entirely new design.

So much for night-bombers and day-fighters, but we had also an extremely good night-fighter, the "Beaufighter." This "secret list" 'plane was found to carry a terrific armament, and to fly with extraordinary speed and manoeuvrability. The cannon and machine guns in its short, stubby nose, which incidentally does not reach out as far as the engines, would give a good account of themselves against any 'plane. The "Beaufighter" and all the other new 'planes have seen active service in many places recently, chiefly over Germany and occupied France, and I am sure they have left their mark.

Then the "Hurricane" came into the foreground again, but not the "Hurricane" as it was known in the days of the Battle of Britain. It is a new 'plane and, in my estimation, worth two of any German fighters "on the market." The new "Hurricane" is armed with either twelve machine guns or four 20 m.m. cannons, an almost incredible armament for a fighter, and a single-seater, but all the same, a very devastating one. This type of "Hurricane" in action off the French coast sank an anti-aircraft ship by gunfire! That feat showed the skill and daring of the pilot in close combination with the excellent firing-power and performance of his machine.

Meanwhile, Russia, in carrying on her gallant struggle against the Nazi hordes, also sustained heavy losses in equipment, including very valuable aircraft. In response to her appeal for help Britain sent a complete R.A.F. Wing, in addition to several hundred

"Hurricane" fighters which had already arrived in Russia. While these airmen were giving a good account of themselves on the Eastern Front, Britain's experts were increasing this new "Hurricane's" striking power. Bomb-racks were fitted under her wings, to which two 250 lb. bombs could be fixed; these bombs were of delayed action and would give the pilot a chance to get clear before they exploded. These "Hurribombers" have since been in action on all fronts with tremendous success. Very little has been heard of the performance of Russian 'planes, but a really good 'plane worth mentioning is the "Stormovik" dive-bomber, which is believed to be a modified version of Germany's Heinkel 113. This two-seater Soviet 'plane has been found to be a better "crate" than the famous "Stuka" which experts grudgingly admitted to be pretty good, especially when supremacy in the air was attained over battlefields.

I suppose it has struck many people that we seem to possess no outstanding dive-bomber at the moment. However, there seem to be one or two good ones on the way from America, such as the Vultee "Vindicator," and perhaps a Douglas torpedo-bomber such as the three-seater "Devastator," which is in service with the American Fleet Air Arm.

Lately, of course, all the papers have been full of the Far East news, which for us has been rather grave. However, that must be expected as there were nothing like as many fighter aircraft in the south-west Pacific area as were needed. A recent example of this has been Java, where the weary but heroic Dutch army battled against terrific odds with hardly any effective air support. A striking example of the effect of co-operation between air, land and sea forces was the passing of the *Scharnhorst*, *Gneissau* and *Prinz Eugen* through the Straits without one of them being sunk, yet when the *Prince of Wales* and *Repulse* ventured out without any air support, the Japanese bombers (only about a quarter the number of 'planes that attacked the German warships), pounced on them, and, while a feint attack by torpedo-bombers was progressing, bombers showered bombs on the ships from above.

In fact, as the war progresses it becomes clearer that sea-power is practically useless without air support; in other words, sea-power is modified by air-power. Germany realised it, Japan realised it, Russia realised it, and now we have realised it, and I do not think

there will be any more battleships sunk, or ground gained, without the aggressors having to pay heavy toll in the air.

As a footnote I would like to add that the new "Sabre" 2,400 h.p. engine should all but win the war in the air for us.

R. G. BURNETT, Esq.

EDITORS' NOTE.—Will readers kindly take into account the fact that the first part of this article was written before December, 1941.

THE AIR FLEET OF THE U.S.S.R.

Until quite recently, both the quantity and the quality of the Russian air force were shrouded in mystery. Before the war the Russians seemed quite reluctant to reveal anything of the machines composing their air fleet, reputed to be the greatest in the world. However, now that they have been forced into the present conflict on the side of the Allies, we have learnt certain details concerning Russian aircraft. On studying the various types, it is discernible that most of the Russian designs owe much to previous designs of other countries, especially Britain, France, Germany and the United States, while the engines installed seem to be either of French or American inspiration.

Although recently aircraft of the latest design and of high quality have arrived in squadron use, the Russians started the present conflict with a considerable number of "I15 Chato" and "I16 Rata" fighters, and they are, no doubt, still using these obsolete 'planes in numbers. The "I15 Chato" is a biplane fighter influenced by a French Breguet design. It is a very small 'plane and saw considerable service with the Government Air Force during the Spanish Civil War; armed with four fixed machine guns, the "I15 Chato" is reputed to have a speed of 240 m.p.h. and a range of 460 miles. The "I16 Rata," the most extensively used of all Russian aircraft, is a monoplane fighter which also served in Spain, where 118 Government Air Force 'planes were destroyed. It is credited with a speed of 285 m.p.h. and a range of 500 miles. The armament consists of four fixed machine guns, although a modified reproduction of this 'plane is reported to have two fixed cannons on the fuselage. The "I17" is a recent introduction

resembling the "Spitfire," and is credited with a speed of 310 m.p.h. Another fighter is the "I18" which owes much to the "Curtiss XP.37." This 'plane is the fastest Russian fighter yet introduced, the speed being 350 m.p.h., while the armament is given as eight fixed machine guns. The latest fighter to go into action against the Luftwaffe is the "I26," which is strongly reminiscent of the "Hawker Hurricane"; details of this 'plane have not yet been released. The new "Y.A.K.4" twin-engined reconnaissance fighter is a purely Russian design which has proved itself to be a most successful combat 'plane.

An enlarged "Y.A.K.4," the "Baumuster P.2," has been used with great success in the bombing of supply dumps and columns belonging to the retreating German armies. The "R.10," too, has been very efficient in its attacks on German positions. This single-engined attack-bomber has a reported speed of 230 m.p.h., and a range of 600 miles. The armament consists of four fixed machine guns in the wings and one flexible gun on the fuselage. The "Stormovik" seems to have proved itself a most formidable single-seat dive-bomber. Details of this 'plane are not yet available although it is known to be a development of the "Heinkel 118." The majority of the medium bombers in service with the Russian air force are of "Martin" design. The "S.B.1" is the first of these twin-engined bombers and its two radial motors give it a maximum speed of 234 m.p.h. A modification, the "S.B.2," is used extensively and differs from the "S.B.1" in that it has two in-line motors giving a maximum speed of 274 m.p.h., and a range of 600 miles. It also has a gun-turret on the fuselage. A further modification, the "S.B.3," is in production, too. Two other types of medium bombers are in service in quantity; these are the "D.B.-3a" and the "C.K.B.-26." Both are similar in appearance but the "D.B.-3a" is much larger. The "C.K.B.-26" has a maximum speed of 240 m.p.h. and has a range of 2,500 miles. The "D.B.-3a" has a maximum speed of 265 m.p.h. and can carry 4,000 lbs. of bombs for 600 miles. The Russian air force has, in the past, been rich in heavy bombers but these are quickly disappearing. The main heavy bomber in service at the moment is the four-engined "T.B.-6.B." which is credited with a speed of 238 m.h.p. and a range of 1,240 miles. The "T.B.-3.B.," an old machine, is still used in numbers, but as a troop transport. Its four engines give it a speed of 155 m.p.h.

These are but a few of the many types of aircraft that form the Red Air Fleet. Its exact strength in numbers is uncertain, but at the outbreak of the war it was estimated at about 12,000 'planes, divided into squadrons or "Atriads" with 12 to 15 fighters and 6 to 10 bombers in one Atriad. But of one thing we may be certain—that the Red Air Fleet has played, and will continue to play a very prominent part in paving the way for the Russian armies and for Victory!

B.D.

HEROIC RUSSIA

Russia! the people of the Allies all admire you,
The first nation to frustrate the Nazi horde;
Your liberty once more you are defending,
Which your fathers fought and died for, with the sword.

Gallant men and women of your nation
Are shedding blood once more for freedom's sake;
Your marvellous guerrillas who defend you
Are working ceaseless in the Nazi wake.

Britain and America are sending all they can,
In aeroplanes and tanks and guns and more,
So that Hitler will get all that he has asked for,
And peace we hope will reign for evermore.

A. SHEARER, IIR.

A HORRIBLE SIN

Someone committed a dreadful sin,
Carelessly dropped a banana skin.
He should have known this was a trap
For 'twas the cause of this mishap.

Striding along came Jonathan Bowes
All resplendent in nice new clothes.
When he trod upon this skin
He uttered a scream and did a spin.

He ended up in a fearful muddle,
His legs in the air, his head in a puddle.
He tried to rise, had managed to kneel
When his horrified eyes saw—banana peel!

A faraway look came into his eyes,
His body was shaken with terrible sighs;
Then up he stood and held up the skin
Said, "Alas! this is empty. Oh, horrible sin!"

P. GUTSELL, IIIB.

ODE TO A BED

Bed, my bed that I held so lightly,
Bed I dreamed in without a thought,
With downy pillows and sheets of lawn,
Can it be that I saw rightly
That sleep came down to my side unsought
To stay all night till the break of Dawn.

Slumber, sweet slumber, still you evade me,
Holding aloof in the middle air
Still unpersuaded to fold your wings.
Here in the cellar where I have laid me
My shelter-bunk you disdain to share;
You only visit a bed with springs.

O for a muse in Greek or Latin!
O for a famed, a classic pen!
To give your beauties at last their due.
O down of eider! O quilt of satin!
Bed, dear bed, till we meet again
All my songs will be of you.

G. PAINE, IIIA.

THREE WEEKS TO LIVE

By "JANUS"

A bent and aged gypsy called at Mr. Greenway's house one day. She was selling lavender, but this was not her only trade, for after he had bought some of her wares, she looked round carefully and told him that if he would cross her hand with silver she would tell his fortune. With a characteristic, sardonic smile, Mr. Greenway handed her a shilling, and for a few moments the old woman stood staring into his eyes.

"Trouble is coming to you," she said slowly, bending down to pick up her basket of lavender. "In three weeks' time you will be dead, killed by some uncanny stroke of fate. You have three weeks more to live." And she hobbled away with her basket on her arm.

Mr. Greenway closed the door with a shrug. He did not believe the old crone's prophecy, of course. He was a hard-headed business man, forty-two years old, with more to occupy his mind than the chance remark of any soothsayer who happened to call at his door.

"If you've finished your lunch, sir," suggested Mrs. Middleton, as Greenway re-entered the dining room, "I'll be getting back home. All the work's finished for to-day."

Mrs. Middleton was Greenway's daily "help" who used to call in to do the cooking and house-work, for Mr. Greenway lived alone, had done for years, and was not likely at his time of life to start living differently. He was the junior partner of the large cotton importing house, "Henderson, Greenway and Co.," and apart from already being rich was on the way to being the sole owner of the business. Mr. Henderson's health was failing and Greenway carried on most of the work, for the senior partner was an old man and at the moment confined to bed where he was recuperating from a serious illness. Yes, Mr. Greenway was certainly a busy man; little wonder that he could spare no time to consider the "fortune" which the gypsy had thrust upon him. So it faded from his mind and Greenway continued to live, complacent and oblivious of impending trouble.

Then, just over a fortnight later, at a time when Mr. Greenway was least expecting it, a telegram arrived at his office in the heat of the afternoon. He tore it open and with a slight start saw that he was wanted immediately at Henderson's home. It seemed that once again the senior partner had taken a turn for the worse and it seemed uncertain whether he would last the night.

Mr. Greenway hurried to Henderson's home and was confronted by the distraught Mrs. Henderson, who, although accustomed to her husband's relapses, was certain that the end was near.

"He's in a state of coma now," she said. "The doctor's been here all the afternoon. I'm afraid there's no hope. It's terrible, terrible, and just at a time when he seemed so much better."

Greenway found that there was nothing he could do. The doctor was remaining until the evening, but was afraid that all that was possible had been done.

Mr. Greenway returned home and began to wonder if at last his long-cherished dreams of being head of the firm were going to materialise. He had never denied to himself that he wanted the sole control of the business, and ever since Henderson's health had started failing, his thoughts had turned towards the day when the business would be his own.

That night Greenway was suddenly awakened by the sound of his telephone metallically summoning him to the hall. His first thoughts turned to Henderson. Had it happened at last? Hastily throwing on a dressing-gown he hurried downstairs and stepped across to the telephone. He lifted the receiver.

"Hullo! Greenway speaking."

"Hullo, Greenway," came the voice from the other end of the line. "This is Henderson here."

Greenway gave a slight start and tried to make a reply. He easily recognised the voice as Henderson's, it was enfeebled after his long, drawn-out illness. But whatever could be making him ring up his junior partner at this time of night?

"I wanted to ask you something about the business." There was a pause. The speaker seemed to be struggling for words. "Something about the business. Is—is everything all right in the business?"

"Yes, of course."

"Is everything settled up?"

"Yes, of course, Henderson. I've kept everything up to date while you've been away."

"Oh! That's good, I thought..." (here the voice grew gradually fainter and the words were framed with greater difficulty), "I thought I'd just ask you how things were going on—how things were—" Henderson's voice faded to a mere whisper, and the 'phone at the other end of the line was hung up.

Greenway hung up the receiver with a perplexed expression on his face.

"Surely there was no need for him to bother himself about business at this time of night," he growled, glancing at the hall clock. "Quarter to three. Fancy ringing anyone up at this time

in the morning. It's the first time he's bothered to enquire after the business for months, anyway."

In a rather irritable state of mind he returned to bed and was soon asleep, knowing nothing until the sun came streaming in through his bedroom window and he could hear the sounds of the waking world going about its everyday affairs. His breakfast was interrupted by the arrival of Mr. Baxter, one of the executors of Henderson's will. Baxter, a small, neat little man of fifty looked grave as Greenway showed him into the room.

"You're an early caller," remarked Greenway, "and you look as serious as a judge. Has anything happened? No bad news, I hope!"

"Bad and good," replied Mr. Baxter. "In the first place, Mr. Henderson died during the night, I'm sorry to say; but I can now congratulate you on becoming head of 'Henderson and Greenway'."

"Is he really dead?" asked Greenway incredulously, "I thought"

"He passed away at about one o'clock this morning," answered Mr. Baxter. "But you'll be pleased to know that he was in no pain at all, and was quite calm."

"Of course, it wasn't unexpected," remarked Greenway thoughtfully. Then he suddenly wheeled round on Baxter, staring fixedly in front of him. "What time did you say he died?" he gasped.

"About one o'clock," repeated Mr. Baxter, mildly surprised, "just after five past, to be exact. But what's the matter man?"

"Five past one," repeated Greenway, still staring in front of him. "No! It can't be right! It can't be!"

"What's the matter?" demanded Mr. Baxter.

"Nothing! Nothing!" snapped Greenway, turning sharply away.

So at last he was head of the firm. He walked into the City and tried to capture some of the gaiety of the morning. Everybody seemed to be cheerful on this most perfect of mornings, but not Mr. Greenway. In the back of his mind he could hear a small, weak voice asking after the welfare of the business. Then behind that voice came another one, the voice of the old gypsy telling him that he had only three weeks to live. Three weeks to live, and the time was almost up! Above the roar and confusion of the traffic he heard the two voices, one after the other, far away but quite distinct.

"Three weeks to live—an uncanny stroke of fate—three weeks. Is everything all right with the business? But old Henderson died at one o'clock. How could he speak over the 'phone at a quarter to three, then? Three weeks, and then . . ."

So the words went on until they became an obsession. Greenway stumbled on, hastening towards the calm and quiet of his office, lost in the turmoil of his brain. Then, just as he was crossing the road, there came a screaming of brakes and a long, grey sports car skidded to a standstill.

A crowd quickly assembled. Somebody had been knocked down. Injured? A police constable, note-book in hand, pushed his way to the fore. The crowd receded a little. An ambulance arrived. Who was it? Some chap named Greenway. A brief examination showed the injuries to be serious—very serious—concussion!

The injuries were fatal. Mr. Greenway died in hospital soon afterwards.

Mrs. Middleton knew nothing about the accident until Mr. Baxter called at the house during the afternoon. She had been waiting expectantly, wondering when he would be in for lunch. Mr. Baxter imparted the news of the tragedy, but being rather busy, excused himself as quickly as possible.

"Dear me," he said, "is your hall clock right?"

"It's stopped," replied Mrs. Middleton.

And so it had. Mr. Greenway never discovered that the clock had stopped since a quarter to three during the previous afternoon.

BEDFORD

You've heard of Winchelsea and Rye,
But Bedford's turn has now come nigh.
Our homes have histories very old,
But so has Bedford, I've been told.

When writing poems for this mag.,
Poets always seem to brag
Of the gentle flowing Rother,
But of Bedford's Ouse don't bother.

In Bedford town a statue stands
Of Bunyan, known through many lands ;
His dwelling was a cottage small
In Elstow, where you still may call.

Another famous man has too
A statue, which is in full view
Of everyone, on the market square,
For it is situated there.

Reform of prisons brought him fame ;
John Howard is his well-known name.
His birthplace stands still, old and grey
'Mid the traffic of to-day.

These are a few of Bedford's sights
But there are other such delights,
Its famous schools are of the best,
They can compete against the rest.

I think I have said all I need
To let folks know when this they read,
Although we praise our native coasts,
We love the home-town of our hosts.

PAMELA WHITING, IV.

TO FOSTER-PARENTS

Here is a token of gratitude
For all you've done for us
In taking us into your happy homes
Without the slightest fuss.

From sixth to second form, big and small,
We render our heart-felt thanks
For bearing the worries we place on you
When we carry on dreadful pranks.

For food and care and constant watch
On our health as days go by,
For putting up with our boastful talk
Of the beautiful town of Rye.

So pupils, staff and parents all
Thank you most heartily,
And know that your kindnesses great and small
Will last in our memory.

KATHLEEN BATEHUP, IV.

THE LETTER HOME

As dusk falls gently over Rye
And people on the road pass by,
A postman hurries, homeward bound,
He sighs : the last call of his round !

One letter left, one more to do ;
A childish hand directs it to
The last house in the straggling row
Where many times he's had to go.

He leaves it there and walks away,
The end of yet another day ;
While in the house a figure stands,
The letter in her trembling hands.

A black dog barks impatiently
He wants the news as well, you see.
The letter's from his pal of old.
He knows that without being told !

"Sorry I forgot to write,"
It ran, "Remembered it to-night.
Thought perhaps you'd like to know
No news from here this time and so

"Love to all, the old dog too,
A great big kiss from me to you.
Oh, thanks for letter, came to-day,
Please don't worry, I'm quite O.K."

ROSALIE GREEN, IV.

THE LISTENER

(With apologies to Walter de la Mare)

"Is there anybody there?" said the culprit,
Knocking on the study door;
And his legs and his heart began to quake
As he stood in the corridor:
And a girl flew by out of a form room,
With a toss of her curly head:
And he smote upon the door again a second time;
"Is there anybody there?" he said.
But no one would answer the culprit;
No voice from the sanctum still
Condescended to answer his mournful plea,
As he stood perplexed—and ill.
But only the creak of the electric fire there
Behind the door in the Master's room,
As he listened in the quiet of the morning
Came to lighten his mournful gloom.
He stood watching the faint sunbeams on the dark stair,
That goes down to the stone-paved hall,
Hearkening with a mind stirred and shaken
For the dreaded, expected call.
And he felt round his heart a queer tightness,
But determined he wouldn't cry,
While his feet moved, in hesitant shuffles,
And he bravely murmured, "Fie!"
Then he suddenly smote on the door, even
Louder, and lifted his head:
"Oh, bust you! I came and no one answered,
But I kept my word," he said.
But nobody answered the culprit,
Though every word he spake
Fell echoing through the gloominess of the still house.
Was he the only one awake?
No one heard his step upon the stairway,
Or the crunch of his feet on the stones,
And how the silence surged softly backwards,
When the boy, thus freed, was gone.

I. J. HULBERT.

LINES WRITTEN IN EARLY SPRING

All sound of War,
All talk of War,
And thought of war-like things
Have passed away
On this Spring day,
The radiant sunshine brings
A sky of blue
The whole day through,
And birds on busy wings.

The sun has not
Become too hot,
The trees are not yet green,
Their branches bare
Still whip the air
At times, as days have been.
But Spring is here,
And Summer near,
We watch the changing scene.

The Earth is dull,
For Winter's lull,
When Nature hides in sleep,
Still keeps from sight
The flowers bright
With colours rich and deep;
But soon we know,
Without more snow
Their plumes will flash and leap.

And all around,
In tree, on ground,
Life starts to wake again.
For Spring is here,
The Summer's near,
And April's cooling rain
Will bring from gloom
To lovely bloom
All Nature's splendid train.

G. G. SMITH.

JOHNNY GOES HUNTING

One day in the summer when weather was hot,
Mum and Dad sleeping, wee Johnny forgot,
John thought he'd go hunting, and leaving with speed
He went to the nursery and harnessed his steed.

"Now Dobbin," he whispered, and whispered it low,
"We'll go down by the wood where the dog-roses grow
And over the meadow and all through the hay
And over the hill-tops and far, far away.

We'll chase Mr. Fox and we'll make him run fast
And catch him and kill him before tea-time's past
And we'll bring him back home, and we'll give him to Mum
So she can be warm like that fat Mrs. Plum!"

So John jumped on his Dobbin and started away
And galloped as only a clever boy may,
Past the wood, down the fields, till they came to a stile—
"Now what Master Johnny? No gate in a mile!"

"Up Dobbin!" said Johnny, but got no reply.
"Please, Dobbin!" said Johnny, beginning to cry.
"We must get that fox for Mummy to wear
'Cos winter is coming—"Oh Dobbin! look there!"

And up bounced Johnny, and shouted "Hi! Stop!"
For over the hill went a red bushy mop.
"Oh catch him! Please Dobbin!" but Dobbin refused,
And the fox, for 'twas he, ran away much amused.

So Johnny, in tears, turned Dobbin around
And trotted him home, while over a mound
A small face peered down, and it said, "Little boy,
Remember, I'm real. Dobbin's only a toy."

So Johnny went homeward, as sad as could be
To find—apple jelly and biscuits for tea!
So our hero, quite happy, vowed never again
To take Dobbin hunting—unless tea was plain!

"DIANA."

THE EVENING BREEZE

The long, hot, weary summer day is done
And the fierce sun's reign is drawing to a close.
Now the evening breezes creep slowly up the meadow,
Rustling in the grass and whispering in the leaves,
Making every little flower curtsy to its fellow.
The buttercup bows gravely to the small, white daisy
Who hides so shyly in the shadow at his feet
As if afraid to show herself with one so tall and stately.
The nodding grasses whisper and commend the dainty harebell
As she curtsies to the breezes passing through the meadow-land,
As she thanks them for their coolness and the freshness of their
passing
Relieving her and her companions from the heat of the summer
sun.
And the breeze glides past the meadow and whispers through the
woodland
"The day is done, the evening comes and full soon you may rest."
The trees give grateful thanks to the herald of cool evening
As he passes on his way, bringing news of peacefulness.
The small birds hear the message and leave the shelt'ring hedge-
rows
And soar with gleeful ease into the wakening sky;
And the sun sinks down to rest, while the first pale stars of evening
Come quietly and graciously into the blue on high.
And the wan, sweet moon, kinder sister of the sunshine
Watches while the breezes sing their gentle lullaby
As she and all the smiling and the friendly stars of heaven
Keep watch and ward above them till the first red blush of morn.

OLIVE PAINE.

TAKING THE PLUNGE

By "PISCES"

It was a lovely summer day, bright and warm. A few fleecy clouds were drifting their way across the sky. He stood alone on the bank of the river surrounded by green fields. Away behind him in the distance could be seen the roofs of houses partly hidden by a copse of trees.

He stood alone, just one lonely being in complete solitude, gazing pensively down into the profound depths of the swirling waters, bright green in the rays of the sun. His shoulders were bent as if by great sorrow, his arms abstractedly folded across his chest, while his head was bowed, almost hiding his discontented face. Suddenly he lifted his head, his body straightened, and with clenched fists, his arms dropped to his sides. With face upturned he cried: "I *will*! I'll show them that I'm not afraid."

He paused, resuming his former position, while a violent shudder shook his slender frame. Yes, they had called him coward, "sissy," and many more unpleasant names. He, who had only recently won his cricket colours, who was a prefect of the school. He was sick of the treatment he had been receiving; his life was unhappy in his billet; his school-mates made life unbearable for him at school; he was the constant butt of the master's sarcasm.

Even the sky seemed to sympathise with his troubled mood, for the sun was now hidden behind dark clouds. The previously green and smooth water at his feet became grey and turbulent, ruffled by a rising breeze. Again he lifted his head. "I will! I *will*!" he vowed.

As the sound of his voice died away, it seemed as though Nature, keyed up to a high pitch of excitement at his decision, stood silent, waiting for the fulfilment of his vow. The birds ceased to sing, even the breeze seemed to hold its breath in anticipation. All was silent except the swirling of the river, lapping the green banks on either side, seeming to lure him into its depths. He stood for a moment watching, hypnotised by the movement of the water as it flowed past him, while he prepared himself for the fatal moment.

The spell was broken. A figure appeared noiselessly, standing some distance behind him, unobserved. Voices could be heard in the distance, and again the breeze disturbed the water's surface.

The crucial moment had come. Throwing his arms wildly into the air, he flung himself into the water. The figure in the background slowly drew nearer the river bank, the distant voices materialised into boys, racing across the fields.

He came to the surface. Unresistingly he sank from view, carried meanwhile by the current mid-river, while a stream of bubbles broke on the surface of the water.

"That was a much better dive," said the figure on the bank. "Only, remember to keep your legs together, and your head between your arms next time."

Silently and with strong strokes the swimmer swam towards the bank. The clouds rolled by, and again the sun shone forth on the untroubled waters of the river.

OVERHEARD IN THE EDITORIAL OFFICE

"I'm afraid it's impossible to work in these conditions, Miss Fotheringay, the fire is smoking much too much. We shall have to sweep the chimney and try to get the soot down. Pass me the brush, please. Perkins, just lift the front of the fire out. Lift it out, I said, not throw it out. Well, you might have guessed it would be hot; you should take no chances in these matters. Just hold this brush a moment while I shine the torch up the chimney and see if there's anything up there. The cat got up there once and couldn't get down again, and I know Miss Fotheringay puts her fish and chip paper up there on occasions. Well, it seems clear enough. Put the brush up there, Perkins, and let's see if any soot comes down. Wait till I get my head down, though! Wait, I said! WAIT!! You lunatic, Perkins. I told you to wait. Switch the lights on again, Miss Fotheringay, I've had enough of this foolishness. Oh! They are on, are they? But it seems unusually dark. Now then, no remarks about my face, please! What's the matter with it? Good heavens, I'm covered with soot. I hold you responsible for this, Perkins. Just throw that cat out, will you, please. I know black cats are *supposed* to bring luck, but one cat is enough in the office; we don't want two. What do you mean, it *isn't* a black cat? Are you suggesting that I can't see? Oh! It's the office cat covered with soot, is it? So it is. Poor little thing. Throw it out, please, Perkins. Well, I can hardly get myself any more dirty, so I will just put my head up the chimney to see if it needs sweeping. By jove, I should say it does indeed—very thick—very thick! Help! Help! Do something quickly, my head's wedged, I can't get it out. I'm fixed. Fixed, I say. Assist me this minute, Perkins and Miss Fotheringay. Don't pull on my feet, Perkins, you are pulling my shoes off. I'm choking, suffocating. Help! Hullo! Who has just come in? Oh, dear, it's the Chairman is it? What does he want? Hullo, sir! Yes, wedged, I'm afraid, and my assistants won't help me to extricate myself. If you want to speak to me you must go up on to the roof and speak down the chimney. Perkins, help me at once, you are making a fool of me. Miss Fotheringay—ah, there you are, sir. Please shout louder, I can't hear what you're saying. Not *quite* so loud, you're blowing the soot down on my face. Just

lean down a little further. That's better, now I can hear splendidly. I'm sorry, sir. You must really blame me for it. I'll tell them to help you. Perkins! Go up on the roof and help the Chairman get his head out of the chimney pot. Miss Fotheringay, you must remain below and help me! Now then—gently does it!!"

OLD SCHOLARS

We were sorry that last term we were unable to give the customary list of Old Scholars who wrote while we were at School, but we now take the opportunity of giving a full list of those who were kind enough to write.

Letters were received during the Autumn Term, 1941, from: Winnie Allen, V. I. Apps, Noreen Baker, Cynthia Breeds, Daphne Finch, J. Ford, J. Finch, Frances Biggs (Mrs. Gentry), Dorothy Griffiths, J. R. Huxstep, C. Jones, Kathleen King, F. Moore, S. Vincett, A. W. Purkis, A. D. Renville, O. W. Schofield.

We also heard from H. R. Geering, Esq., who taught Art in the School during the Autumn Term of 1940.

During this term we have received letters from V. I. Apps, Joan Ashby, Pat Green, Joy Hulett, Mary Isaac, A. E. Swaine.

We were very pleased to see J. Ford, V. I. Apps, Pat Green and W. M. Smith who visited us at Ixworth Court during the first three months of the year.

In response to our request of last term we received a large number of copies of *Nova Rya*, No. 1, and our thanks are due to all friends who kindly answered our appeal.

All who would like to correspond with the Editors will see that our address remains the same:—

The Editors, *Nova Rya*,
Ixworth Court,
41 Kimbolton Road,
Bedford, Beds.

Copies of the 2nd, 3rd and 4th issues of *Nova Rya* are still obtainable.

REQUIESCANT IN PACE

We were very sorry to hear of the deaths of the fathers of two of our scholars, P. J. Abbott and R. Catt. We extend our very deep sympathies to Peter and Reg, and their near relatives; especially to Peter, who had to leave School after his sad loss.