



RYA

APRIL 1961



Magazine of Rye Grammar School Spring 1961

SCHOOL NOTES

It is with great regret that we say farewell to Mr. Hawes who is leaving at the end of the term to take up a position as lecturer at Redland College, Bristol. Mr. Hawes has been teaching the technical subjects at the school for the past nine years and on behalf of all scholars past and present we send him grateful thanks for all the work he has done here and best wishes for success in his future career.

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In September we welcomed to the teaching staff, Mr. D. W. Lattimer, B.A. (Oxon.). We hope that he will have a very pleasant stay at R.G.S.

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This term the East Sussex Education Committee began violin classes during lunch hours at the school. These classes in which the tuition is given by Mr. Booth of the B.B.C. Northern Orchestra have gained a large and enthusiastic following.

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Present pupils of R.G.S. have scored two notable successes in the Hastings Festival of Music and Drama.

In the non-Shakespearean dialogue class, Michael Winter and Anthony Bromham came first out of eleven entries with eighty seven per cent.

In the 13-15 years age group Soprano class, Jenny Burke was placed third and also came fourth with merit in the under fifteen class. She was awarded the bronze medal.

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This term a new era in the history of R.G.S. commenced with the arrival of our two feline friends, who have taken up residence in the new east wing. These two young things are frequently seen frolicking in the hitherto solemn (but not silent) corridors and grounds of the school with a youthful abandon rarely felt by those within the precincts. Eventually it is hoped that they will warrant their positions and upkeep by lending their services to help control the scourge of small rodents in the school. Salvete!

SANDERS HOUSE REPORT

House Master: Mr. D. P. Darby
House Mistress: Miss B. Hale
Boys' Captain: P. G. F. Hobson
Girls' Captain: Sheila Evans
Treasurer: D. E. Robinson
Secretary: Gillian Foy

Prefects—Sheila Evans, Jennifer Pankhurst, Christine Trill, Jennifer Watkins, S. Cole, S. Hartwell, P. Hobson, R. Perry, D. Robinson.

This term has been rather unsuccessful compared with the encouraging start we had last term.

We have unfortunately lost the Cross Country, Hockey and Gymnastic Competitions, although these disappointing results were due rather more to the lack of ability than to the lack of effort. We sincerely hope that the house will do all in its power to redeem itself next term.

After beating Meryon in the senior football match, we still have to play Peacocke before any result can be reached.

Finally, we thank Miss Hale and Mr. Darby for all the help and encouragement they have given us throughout the term.

Gillian Foy (Secretary)

MERYON HOUSE REPORT

House Master: Mr. S. H. Allnutt
House Mistress: Miss M. J. Toplis
Boys' Captain: V. C. Pennell
Girls' Captain: Margaret Bather
Treasurer: C. H. Knowles
Secretary: Kay Eldridge

Prefects—Madelaine Barden, Margaret Bather, Shirley Busbridge, Janet Davie, Kay Eldridge, Rosemary Sinden, G. Barnes, R. Blacklock, C. Knowles, V. Pennell, M. Winter.

This has been a surprisingly successful term for the house. We won the Cross Country Competition, and although we just lost the Hockey Competition to Peacocke, we stand a good chance of winning the Football Competition if we try hard. We have won the Gymnastics Competition, due to a good effort by the younger girls of the House.

This term we have been unable to donate money to any charity because the collections at meetings have not been sufficient to do so.

We thank Miss Toplis and Mr. Allnutt for their help and encouragement throughout the term.

Kay Eldridge (Secretary)

PEACOCKE HOUSE REPORT

House Master: Mr. H. Thompson
House Mistress: Miss W. Allen
Boys' Captain: A. Metianu
Girls' Captain: Gillian Sewell
Secretary: Jennifer Day
Treasurer: P. Mitchell

Prefects—Diana Norris (Head Girl), Gillian Sewell (Deputy Head Girl), Jennifer Day, Judith Message, Felicity Rook, Christine Odell, M. Rogerson (Head Boy), A. Metianu, G. Hickmott, J. Evans, M. Maskell.

Fortunately this term has been moderately successful for the house. The girls have won the Hockey Shield and the boys came a very close second to Meryon for the Cross Country Cup.

At the beginning of term a belated Christmas present was sent to our leper child, Patrick Ndibe, whose condition has improved immensely.

We should like to take this opportunity to thank Miss Allen and Mr. Thompson for their advice and interest during the term.

Jennifer Day, Secretary

SALTCOTE PLACE REPORT

This term we welcomed Lynn Morgan to the House and this brought our number up to 41. At the beginning of term Janet Williams, Susan Morley and Tina Newnham were made prefects and Gillian Sewell and Judith Message joint head girls.

We were very sorry to say goodbye to Mrs. Thomas as our assistant Matron, but welcome her successor, Mrs. Wyborn.

Unfortunately we have not been very successful in the Table Tennis and Hockey matches against Leasam, though not through lack of trying! However, both hockey matches resulted in a win for Leasam by only one goal to nil. Our thanks go to Miss Ward, Miss Hayter and Mr. Almond for umpiring and arranging the matches. We have also enjoyed dancing lessons with Leasam, and are pleased to say that our coaching seems to be doing some good!

One success this term was Gillian Sewell's selection for the Sussex schools' hockey team. Gillian and Janet Williams will be staying on for another year in the 6th form, but Judith Message has been

accepted at Bishop Otter College, Chichester and will be leaving in July.

Our thanks go to Miss Nelson, Miss Hayter, Miss Turner and all the Domestic staff for their help this term.

G. Sewell and J. Message

LEASAM HOUSE REPORT

Although this term has been short, it has been a very eventful one at Leasam.

We have been successful in the field of sport, beating Saltcote twice at Hockey and twice at Table Tennis. In Cross Country running the school teams have been largely composed of Leasam boys, who proved themselves in the Inter-House Cross Country Competition, winning the Upper, Upper Middle and tying for first places in the Lower Middle School Races.

On the farm there was a slow start due to the wet Spring, but most of the crops are now in, the cereals having been sown, and the ground has been prepared for the potatoes. The stock are doing well, and we are now over half way through lambing, with an average of one point five lambs per ewe. The latest addition to Leasam is a large deep-freeze unit, which will enable us to eat some of the meat produced on the farm.

Our thanks go to Mr. Anderson, Mr. Allmond, and Mr. Cawkwell for the tuition and guidance that they have given us in the past term, and to matron, Mr. & Mrs. Williams, and the house staff for looking after us so well.

A. Metianu (Head Boy)

1st XI FOOTBALL REPORT

This term has not been a very successful one for the First Eleven Football Team, although we started the season well, showing considerable promise and enthusiasm. However, this unfortunately dwindled toward the end of the season with the result that we were often beaten when we could have drawn. There seems no reason for this and the team cannot claim to be stale. Perhaps the consoling fact for this is that the young team will have matured and be more experienced for next season. Out of the twelve matches that we played, we won three, lost nine and drew none.

Thanks must be given to Mr. Jones for his unfailing support and encouragement, and to Mr. Allnutt for arranging the fixtures.

The team was picked from—N. Russell, R. Barnes, P. Cumming, P. Beaney D. Baldock, V. Pennell (capt.), Seale, M. Seeley, Beaney D., Blacklock, Hollingdale, Gain, Bianchi and Harris.

Colours have been renewed to V. Pennell and awarded to—Cumming, Baldock, Blacklock, Barnes and Beaney P.

Second Eleven Results

Played eleven, won two, lost eight and drawn one. The team was picked from—Sherwood, Skinner, Robinson, Oswin, R. Beaney, Hickmott, Wilson, Hobson, Breeds, Perry, Seale, Johnson.

HOCKEY REPORT

This season we have been very unfortunate with the weather, and had all our matches cancelled in the Christmas term. However, we started off the New Year well by the 1st XI drawing with Ancaster House 2—2 and the 2nd XI beating them 2—1, the first time for many years.

At the East Sussex Schools' Hockey Tournament held at Ancaster the 1st XI won their section and reached the finals, where they were beaten 1—0, the winning goal being scored almost immediately before time. Despite our losing the cup we were very pleased at reaching the final, having never achieved this before. The under 15 A and B teams which played in the Southlands tournament did very well, the A team being placed 2nd and the B team 4th.

We would like to thank Miss Ward for all her help which has greatly improved the standard of our teams.

G. Sewell

Matches played this term

- v Ancaster House—Away 1st XI 2-2 2nd XI 2-1
- v St. Margaret's—Home 1st XI 3-0 2nd XI 9-1
- v Charters Towers—Away 1st XI 1-2
- v Hastings High—Home 1st XI 3-2
- v Hastings High—Away 1st XI 0-2 2nd XI 4-2
- 1st XI—L. Cornwell, J. Williams, J. Watkins, J. Message, G. Sewell, M. Bather, P. Newnham, F. Rook, V. Sales, J. Bather, M. Barden
- 2nd XI—D. Maclean, S. Marley, G. Blair, K. Eldridge, J. Taylor, J. Day, J. Grout, L. Southerden, H. Marshall, L. Roberts, M. Richards, G. Foy, J. Daintrey.

Colours re-awarded to—G. Sewell, J. Watkins, V. Sales

Colours awarded to—M. Bather, J. Message, F. Rook, L. Cornwell

NETBALL REPORT

The three school netball teams have had very few matches this season owing to bad weather. Each team needs to combine more and practise shooting.

The teams were chosen from the following—

U.13 VII—J. Leopold, S. Jones, S. Turner, S. Murphy, S. Fleming, (capt.), A. Davies, M. Burt, J. Hyde, C. Smith.

U.14 VII—A. Banks, B. Dunn, S. Hobden, B. Griffin, C. Buttery, S. Wood (captain), C. Barnard, C. Thompson, G. Johns.

U.15 VII—R. Ward, D. Maclean, M. Richards (captain), J. Daintrey, H. Bather, J. Roser, E. Duncan, J. Heron.

The results were as follows—

	U.15	U.14	U.13
Charters Towers	Lost 0-4		Won 6-1
Bexhill Grammar	Lost 11-14	Lost 3-13	Lost 6-8
Hastings High		Lost 5-17	Lost 7-15
St. Margaret's School		Lost 11-14	
Charters Towers		Drew 12-12	Won 13-5
Rye Modern School		Lost 9-12	Lost 6-8

Colours re-awarded to—B. Dunn

Colours awarded to—B. Griffin, S. Wood, S. Hobden.

F. Rook

SHADY LANE AND ALL THAT

This season has again been very successful for the school teams, with matches against the Modern School, Hastings Grammar, and competitions in the Grammar School, East Sussex and Sussex Championships.

Our own School Cross Country was run in almost dry conditions this year. Meryon won the Junior event, Peacocke the Lower Middle and Upper Middle, and, Meryon who won the Senior event, narrowly beating Peacocke in the overall result by two points.

Members of the Senior team can congratulate themselves, at least, in showing a very good spirit, and second place in the East Sussex run, although out of only three Grammar School teams, was very reasonable.

Our Intermediate team ran well in the two matches against Hastings Grammar, narrowly being beaten on both occasions by two points and then went on to win the East Sussex Championship. This is the third year in succession that the school has won the Intermediate section of the Championship and the win this year was particularly convincing since our first four runners packed into 3rd, 4th, 5th and 8th places.

Perhaps the best sign for the future has been the very promising running by members of the Junior Team. They convincingly beat the Modern School, lost and won one in the two matches against Hastings Grammar, were narrowly beaten into 3rd place, by one point in the East Sussex (20 teams competed) and then finished the season extremely well in the Sussex Championships by coming 5th out of 46 teams.

Individually G. Polhill showed great determination in winning the East Sussex Junior Championships in a field of 113 runners and was awarded his county colours.

At least we can feel that the agony was not entirely in vain.

REPORT OF THE SIXTH FORM SOCIETY

This term's programme has been hampered by the examinations, and the shortness of the first half term. Nevertheless, we managed an outing to London on March 4th to see "Ross," which was generally considered worthwhile, and included some people who went just for the day in London.

The talk on Red Indians by Mr. Blackmore was attended by only a few members, but proved to be very interesting and educational. A miscellany for the final meeting is arranged for March 28th.

Susan Morley (Secretary)

STUDENT CHRISTIAN MOVEMENT

Three meetings have been held this term. At the first Mr. W. Cole spoke on Communism; he outlined the teachings of Marx, and the history of Lenin's Socialist Government in Russia, and concluded by assessing the importance of the threat which Communism presents to Christianity. For our second meeting of this term Mr. C. E. Silver led a discussion, Miss Getley being in the Chair, on the question, How much is our freedom of choice limited?

The last meeting attracted the largest attendance, when Father Richard spoke on the Devil. After his witty and stimulating talk, a general exchange of views on the problem of Evolution took place, but the meeting ended without the faintest suggestion that a solution was in sight.

C. Trill, Secretary

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY REPORT

This term has been a very interesting one for the Society. At several meetings we have arranged a "set" for portraiture. Many members have developed and enlarged their own films and there has been a good attendance.

We have been for a stroll around Rye on occasion to take some interesting photographs. At two meetings Mr. Parlett of the Rye Society came to give us a talk on "How I make my exhibition pictures" and on enlarging. Both of these were very interesting. This has been an interesting term for all, and our thanks go to Miss Getley Mr. Cawkwell, and Mr. White for their unfailing help and encouragement.

METALWORK SOCIETY REPORT

This term the Metalwork Society has held its meeting in the dinner-hour every day. The electric motors are still the main product and they are rapidly taking shape.

On the 21st of March the Metalwork and Woodwork Societies, accompanied by a group of 3rd year pupils and Sixth Formers made a visit to the Ford Works at Dagenham where they saw the tractor assembly line and the machine shops, which are the most modern in Europe.

We all thank Mr. Hawes for the help and encouragement he has given us throughout the life of the Metalwork Society and we shall be very sorry to see him leave at the end of the term.

B.H., UV A

THE WOODWORK SOCIETY REPORT

A few more members have been attracted to the Woodwork Society since the last report, including two members of staff; Mr. Bolton and Mr. Brydon. Trays are being made by most of the juniors, and some are making table lamps. Jones is carving a case for his drawing instruments. Mr. Brydon is making a coffee table. Mr. Bolton is making a set of croquet mallets, turning the heads on the lathe. All the members of the society thank Mr. Thompson for helping us with our work, and giving up his time on Thursday evenings to run the society.

B. Seale, U.VI

R.G.S. SOCIETY OF CHANGE RINGERS

(Hand-bell Ringing)

This term has seen the re-introduction of the society at school after a lapse of several years, when activities have been confined to the Parish Church Tower. Practices have been held regularly on Wednesdays in the Library Annexe. During these practices we first learned how to handle two handbells at once, and started on Plain Hunting. We are now attempting Plain bob minimus and Minor.

We would like to thank Knowles and Winter for all the help and instruction they have given us this term.

THE MODEL AIRCRAFT SOCIETY REPORT

The Rye Grammar School Model Aircraft Society came into being at the beginning of the Spring Term, 1961, and is now affiliated to the Society of Model Aircraft Clubs in Great Britain.

The Society meets on Tuesday nights, when most of the members fly their planes on the field next to the compound. Building takes place on Society nights and also during the dinner hour, in the Old Domestic Science Room, next to the woodwork shop, and we also have a storeroom to keep our models in.

All members of the Society wish to thank the Headmaster for giving us these facilities, and also to Mr. Gaunt for agreeing to run the Society.

At a friendly combat rally between Rye G.S.M.A.S., Bexhill M.C., and Eastbourne M.F.C., held at Bexhill, three of our five entrants survived the first round, and Jim Ruck, our member from Rye Harbour, went on to win the first place; with Vic Pennell taking fourth place.

We hope to take a Society team to the National Championships over the Whitsun weekend, to enter in various events.

B. Seale, U. VI

TABLE TENNIS REPORT

This term the membership of the society has been brought up to twenty. We have started to play badminton in the gymnasium and would like to thank Mr. Jones and Mr. Holness for staying behind to teach us. For the upkeep of the equipment the members have paid 6d. each evening.

This term we have been trying to acquire a table tennis table and so far accumulated £3/10/0 towards one.

Next term we hope to run a knock-out doubles tennis competition that will be open to members of the school.

Peter Hobson

1st and 2nd RYE SCOUT TROOP REPORT

This term most of the meetings have been taken up by outdoor activities and inter-patrol competitions. We have had meetings at Camber Castle, Udimore woods, and in the town, all of which have been great successes. The remainder of the meetings have been held at the hut during which we have been progressing with the second and first class tests.

We have been pleased to welcome one new member this term and hope that he enjoys his stay in the troop.

F. Ashbee, Troop Leader

2nd RYE GRAMMAR SCHOOL GUIDES

This term four recruits were enrolled, Jenny Burke, Linda Henderson on January the twentieth, Elizabeth Lewis on February the third and Lynne Morgan on March the twenty fourth. Phillipa Duncan gained her second class and was invested as a Patrol Second.

Four Proficiency badges have been won. Ruth Hamilton (Bell Ringer and Hostess), Gillian Rothwell (Needlewoman), and Jane Daintrey (Needlewoman).

Thinking Day, on February twenty second was celebrated by a short service at school. And on the following Saturday the company joined in the district party. The termly church parade was held on the previous Sunday as a preparation for Thinking Day.

The company went in patrols for Field Day on March the eighth. One patrol picked primroses to send to Covent Garden and made seventeen shillings for Camp Funds. Other money-raising activities in aid of Camp Funds have been undertaken this term, including car-cleaning and gardening.

A patrol leaders' Training has been held this half term and it is to be hoped that the leaders and their patrols will benefit from it.

The results of the Patrol Competition were awaited with great excitement as they were so close. Two patrols will share the shield. Final points were as follows—Red Rose and Snowdrops, 184; Robins 166; Bantams and Lilies, 165.

Plans for the summer include a company camp at Whitsun at Branscombe in Devon.

There is still room for a few more guides in the company—any one interested is invited to come to a meeting to see what goes on.

J. Daintrey (P.L. Bantams)

H. Feather (Acting P.L. Robins)

A.T.C. REPORT

On Friday the twenty fourth of February, Wing Commander V. A. Gittings, M.B.E. inspected the squadron and presented certificates and badges to cadets and welfare workers. Duke of Edinburgh certificates for the completion of the first series were awarded to the Cpls. Mitchell and Hickman and Cdt. Heighes, and certificates for the second series to Sgt. Pennell and Peter Stretton. Sgt. Pennell also received a certificate for the best cadet of 1960, and an Eastern Region Athletic Badge. Badges were awarded to the three welfare workers, Pauline Hartwell, Heather Bather and Diane Williams in appreciation of the hard and diligent work they have done in providing teas for the cadets.

On Friday the tenth of March, the squadron visited R.A.F. Tangmere for its termly field day. The senior cadets took part in flying and shooting, and despite the 180 miles return journey the day was enjoyed by all.

At the beginning of the term the squadron entered the Manston Trophy Competition for football, but were unfortunately beaten 6—5 in the first round by Eastbourne Squadron. Goal scorers were Pennell, Baldock and Hobson.

A shooting competition was held during the term and was won by the Cds. Russell and Robins in the senior and junior sections respectively.

Sgt. Pennell and Flight Sgt. Robinson were put forward for Flying Scholarships but neither were accepted. Sgt. Pennell was runner up in Sussex Wing for a Reciprocal Visit. However, Sgt. Hobson has received numerous inoculations and hopes for an Overseas Flight at the end of July.

Cpl. Hickman is at present attending a gliding course at R.A.F. Hawksbridge and will be leaving us at the end of the term. We would like to wish him the best of luck in his chosen career.

This term has been marred by the announcement of retirement by Flying Officer Hawes, the Squadron Assistant. He has been with us since the fourteenth of February, 1952, and the tremendous amount of work and time he has put into the Squadron has proved invaluable. We should all like to thank him for what he has done and wish him the best of luck for the future.

Finally, we should like to thank the officers, Mr. Pankhurst, and all the other helpers for their work during the term.

P. Hobson.

THE SCHOOL PLAY

The performance of "The Taming of the Shrew" on March 24th and 25th maintained an unflagging pace right to the end and the cast succeeded in infecting the audience with their own enthusiasm. The whole play was so obviously enjoyable to everyone who took part in it, and they communicated this enjoyment so well, that it was impossible to resist its good humour.

The production was lively and sympathetic, and showed evidence of that patient direction needed to produce such consistently good acting from each member of a large cast. Passages which can easily fall flat, like the competition of wealth between Gremio and Tranio, were alive and scintillating with humour. Full use was made of the exits and entrances available, and the departure of Petruchio, carrying a struggling Katherine through the audience, was a most effective touch. A full apron stage would have given the producers the scope they really wanted.

Madelaine Barden's Katherine was a female fury, feline and spiteful, magnificent in her tantrums and worth the taming merely for the sadistic pleasure of it; but she met her match in a tempestuous swash-buckling Petruchio (M. Maskell), a fortune hunter with a flick of April in his merciless whip, who dominated the stage from the time of his first entrance until the final curtain.

The part of Katherine was played, not as it sometimes is, with the latent suggestion that she is submitting only temporarily and that she will get her own back as soon as she wants to. This was woman-baiting pure and simple, neither gutted of its brutality nor emasculated for the edification of humanitarians, but exhibited to the last squeal and the last drop of blood. She was in turn, tormenting, scornful, withering, indignant, shrewd, though she lacked the haughty demeanour and dominating presence that a maturer actress can demand. At the end she seemed to have been tamed only as a wife, for she thoroughly enjoyed the discomfort of the other ladies when she made them feel small with her oration on the whole duty of woman. She treated this speech as a round reproof to Bianca and Hortensio's Widow (Linda Southerden) not as a bantering address to her husband.

Petruchio's insouciance and parade of brutal strength made him seem admirably suited to the task of subjugation. Though he missed some of the subtlety of his lines and made the whole thing seem less a contest of wills than a matter of establishing his own muscular superiority, his voice never let him down once, even when he seemed to be straining it to the uttermost, and he carried the part off with confidence and well-deserved success. In his first encounter with Katherine, his handling of the traditional lover's flattery, used only as a matter of tactics, was exceptionally well done. It is an exacting part and it was played with a competence that more experienced amateurs might envy.

Baptista, tall and dignified, was played by C. Knowles, who successfully conveyed not only the helplessness and despair of an anxious father but also the spirit of ready compromise that belongs to an experienced peace-maker. His other daughter, Bianca, (J. Ovenden) provided a pattern of mild behaviour and sobriety, as she cowered before her cantankerous sister, yet in the final scene she was able to display a most unmaidenly taste in repartee and revealed a stiff-necked reluctance to do anything to please her husband, Lucentio (E. Girdlestone) whose natural charm and pleasing voice partly compensated for his lack of assurance. She skilfully countered the amorous advances of M. Winter's Hortensio, whose command of spontaneous gesture and variety of inflexion was superb. In the wooing scene he handled the lute with great delicacy and never failed to extract the full flavour from his lines. The other suitor, Gremio (M. Rogerson) was mannered, jaunty and very precise, a forlorn suitor with a remarkable instinct for gastronomical realities. Though

at times he looked too much like an animated puppet, his performance had some very good moments and he played to the gallery very successfully.

J. Ellenger, as Tranio, had a very good stage presence, spoke his lines clearly and with accurate timing, and left the audience with an impression of poise and modest self-assurance.

Hance's Grumio indulged his penchant for repartee with a lightness and sureness of touch, that was most creditable, for he understood his part so well that his quibbling was never laboured or tedious. He was very well supported by a diminutive Biondello (P. Smith), who made a couple of breathless entrances, in one instance running in so far that it may have been this that encouraged him to gabble his lines. His clowning was amusing; his cocky, self-assured manner was a delight to watch. But of the small parts, A. Gardner's Tailor was outstanding. His lithe, sinuous figure was like a rag-doll in the hands of Petruchio, who folded him up, unresisting, like a concertina and the next moment hauled him up by the scruff of the neck, as if he were an invertebrate or a piece of old rope.

Vincentio (R. Blacklock) and the Pedant (J. Evans) both impersonated old men very convincingly; the former's puffing and blowing was reminiscent of a middle-aged man suddenly driven by circumstances to take unaccustomed exercise, while the latter's tipsy address from the window of Lucentio's house was an engaging piece of buffoonery.

The scenery was simple, unpretentious and practical, an excellent background for the rich and varied colours of the costumes, many of which had been made by members of the school. The furniture was moved with smooth efficiency by a group of boys dressed as Elizabethan yokels, assisted by a captivating Curtis (M. Hollingdale). This made for continuity and there was little pause in the action. Once the play had gained its initial momentum the pace was never allowed to slacken; even those intentional misunderstandings which are devised so that a poor jest may be born, were absorbed in the general exuberance of hilarity.

Miss W. Allen and Mr. R. D. Gaunt are to be congratulated on a production in which the characters emerged from the artificiality of the printed page into living realities, that behaved not like puppets but like men and women. The exceptional merit of this production was that it was quite possible during the performance to forget that the actors were still at school.

A.T.C. FIELD DAY

Field Day was again held at R.A.F. Tangmere, on Friday 10th of March. Due to the restriction of numbers only thirty-two Cadets were able to attend. On arrival, we went straight to the briefing room where we were briefed on what to do when flying in Chipmunk

Aircraft. Unfortunately we were unable to fly because of the weather, although eight cadets had twenty minutes in Varsity Aircraft. During the course of the day we were shown round the meteorological office and the Control Tower, as well as seeing a film on Nuclear Weapons. A large part of the time was spent listening to an interesting lecture on Parachute Training. After an excellent tea we started on the return journey having had a very enjoyable day.

J. M. Perry, U.VA

REPORT ON VISIT TO WEMBLEY

A party of girls led by Miss Ward, Miss Getley and Miss Hayter travelled to London on Saturday, 11th March to watch the England v Ireland Hockey International at Wembley.

England were by far the superior team ably led by V. Chapman who has been playing international hockey since 1948. Ireland, although individually good, could not stand up against England's united forward line and the resulting score, 4—2 in England's favour, gives a true picture of the match.

Our thanks go to the staff who did much to make the day go well by leaving us well alone and to the Br. Railways who had our train and us well organised. These two combined with good weather and a portable radio gave us a day to remember.

M.B.

VISIT TO FORD MOTOR WORKS AT DAGENHAM

On March 21st, a party of forty boys and two masters visited the Ford Motor Works at Dagenham. The party left Rye at nine o'clock and arrived in Dagenham at about one o'clock, after crossing the Thames at Tower Bridge.

When we arrived at the factory, the guide joined us and we were first taken to the jetty. Next we visited the Ford power station, where we saw one turbine being repaired. We then visited the new Thames Foundry, which is reputed to be one of the most modern in Europe. Here we were informed that the air was changed every hour, and for a foundry the atmosphere was remarkably clear. Inside the foundry we saw molten metal being poured into the moulds, which were on a moving belt. Next we saw the red-hot castings being removed from the casting boxes and taken up on hooks to the cooling chambers.

The rolling mills were then visited, and there we saw red-hot metal being rolled into strips of different sections. From there the guides led us into the tractor assembly section. At this point, the castings, which we had seen previously, were being machined and fitted until they eventually became engines for the tractors. The assembly line for a complete tractor was possibly no more than two hundred yards long and at the end we saw the steady line of vehicles being driven from the assembly line.

The management then kindly gave tea and after thanking our guides we made our way to the coach and then back to Rye. The return trip across the Thames was made more interesting by crossing over by way of the Woolwich Ferry. Thanks must be given to Mr. Hawes for arranging the visit.

John Harvey, LSB

LOWER SIXTH GEOGRAPHY VISIT TO JUNIPER HALL

On Wednesday the first of March, we jubilantly left the ancient town of Rye, after having much difficulty in obtaining our tickets from the rather inefficient Booking Office. We were the first students of 1961 to arrive at Juniper Hall (near Dorking)—trust R.G.S. to get in first again! Juniper Hall is an enormous house belonging to the National Trust, surrounded by wooded countryside, and in close proximity to Box Hill.

All together there were fifty two students, some of whom were on a geology course. Every day after breakfast, we congregated on the lawn with haversacks containing macs, sandwiches, etc. in readiness for the day's trek. We walked 'N' tedious miles, taking rough notes and making sketches which afterwards we had difficulty in deciphering. The climax of the course came on Tuesday, when we went by coach across the Weald, from Dorking to Brighton in an attempt to sum up the week's work.

We arrived most reluctantly back in Rye the following day after a week's most enjoyable work.

L. Roberts, L.VI

SPEAKING TO THE ROTARIANS

On Friday, 24th March, Mr. Buttery and Miss Dann were invited to bring some intelligent and loquacious members of the sixth form to a Rotary Club meeting at the Mermaid to speak to the Rotarians about their future careers. Twelve people, comprising four scientists who intended to go to University, six girls who were going to

Teachers' Training Colleges and two who were going to further their education elsewhere, spoke. The meeting lasted 2½ hours and included time for a buffet supper. It proved a very successful and enjoyable evening.

M. Barden, F. Rook

ROSS

In a cold barrack room in a R.A.F. depot near London a small, wiry trooper is being questioned by a Flight Lieutenant on a charge of over-staying a late pass.

"Well, Aircraftsman Ross, what were you doing out last night?"

"I was dining out, sir."

"Really! With whom, may I ask?"

"Lord and Lady Astor, Mr. and Mrs. George Bernard Shaw, The Archbishop of Canterbury . . ."

Ross is put on a further charge of gross insubordination to an officer.

So Terence Rattigan introduces the personality of Lawrence of Arabia in 1922, a man seeking refuge from he knows not what—himself, perhaps, in the comradeship of the other ranks. His service companions applaud what they think is his courage in taunting an officer and amid much good humoured banter they climb into their bunks and settle down for the night.

As the stage darkens, spotlights pick out the restless tossing body of Lawrence and the figure of a commentator who begins to describe Lawrence's first arrival in Arabia, a young civil servant full of patriotism and a desire to help the Arabs in their fight against the Turks.

Ross interrupts him—"No, it was not at all like that, in the beginning it was fun." Suddenly there is a furious yell and a fusillade of shots and the audience is carried back to Arabia in the war years to follow his progress.

The main theme of this dramatic portrait is a demonstration of the power of Lawrence's will which enabled him to believe fervently in the Arab's cause which logically was hopeless. However, his extraordinary will instilled in the various tribes a vision of united Arabia, which, aided by a bellicose Arab chieftain, Auda Abu Tayi he comes very near to achieving. Soon after his successful attack on Aqaba he is captured by the Turks whose commander guesses the motivation behind this latter-day David and allows his men to torture his captive. So by violating Lawrence's body he breaks his will. Eventually the public hero returns to England where he shuns the welcome and tries to find obscurity in the ranks of the R.A.F.

Perhaps the main strength of this production lies in the technique that has been evolved for switching the action from place to place by a remarkable rapid series of scene changes in blackout. This cannot

hide, however, the basic fault of the writing which fails to illuminate many characters sufficiently and offers only caricatures and stock "Types" instead. This was most evident in the parts of the British staff officers and the actors played them with that sort of relish that is reserved usually for farce.

Also some of the most effective scenes in the play were based on either pure sentiment or a vague sense of ridicule.

The actors, it must be said, did all that was asked of them and Michael Bryant as Lawrence was fleetingly impressive and within the limits of a script which only skimmed the surface of his character achieved a formidable command of his audience. In the stock character of the roguish Auda, who was almost bought over by the Turks with a beautifully fitting pair of false teeth, Mark Dignam gave a memorable performance. Geoffrey Keen, looking very Turkish indeed played with considerable panache the role of the commander (on draining a glass of Burgundy, he remarked, "I'm glad I'm not a Christian. In their religion this isn't a sin.").

To sum up 'Ross,' the play made excellent theatre but as a dramatic portrait of Lawrence it had hardly sufficient penetration.

M.J.R.

THE BISHOP OF CHICHESTER'S CONFERENCE

Three boys from the school attended the Lord Bishop's weekend Conference for Sussex schoolboys in March, at the Theological College in Chichester. The Dean of Chichester acted as host and introduced the speakers, the first of whom was the Rev. H. Wilson. On Friday evening he told us of his experiences behind the Iron Curtain, and of the subtle persecution which the Christian Churches are suffering at the hands of the Communist Governments; on Saturday morning we were divided into small groups and were given certain problems to attempt to resolve. After a free afternoon, the Conference resumed at six with a talk by the Librarian of West Sussex. This was followed by supper, and then Dr. Roger Wilson, the Lord Bishop of Chichester, answered with wisdom and patience a wide variety of questions.

All of the forty boys present for the weekend attended the Bishop's Celebration of Holy Communion in the Cathedral on Sunday morning. The final session was addressed by Mr. E. M. Goyder, Chairman and Managing Director of a large American paper manufacturing business, and a member of the House of Laity of the Church Assembly. Mr. Goyder explained that he was certain that his vocation was to enter big business, and to try to influence the leaders of industry towards Christian principles of conduct.

The Conference dispersed after lunch. The Dean, and the Arch-deacon of Hastings have every reason to congratulate themselves on arranging a beneficial and thought-provoking meeting in a truly friendly atmosphere.

A Pilgrim to Chichester

UPPER SIXTH GEOGRAPHY COURSE AT SLAPTON LEY FIELD CENTRE

As we had been working so very hard this year, our ever-thoughtful Geography master decided that we needed a holiday. The journey to Slapton was uneventful. We speculated on the destination of various odd females armed with anoraks and duffel-bags, and found later that our speculations had been correct. The bus driver seemed to find all the 1 in 5 hills between Dartmouth and Slapton rather a trial, but all four of us reached the Field Centre safely (the other member of our party arrived somewhat later by Rolls Royce). We were rather apprehensive, although armed with text books, of how much keen Upper Sixth geographers are expected to know. We soon learnt the answer. "It is assumed," said Mr. Mercer, the Warden, "that all of are dead keen. You wouldn't be in the sixth form if you weren't." However, after having taken into account the vacant expressions on the faces of our fellows, this statement did not cause us as many pangs of conscience as it might otherwise have done. Next day we realized that all was well and the R.G.S. Geography is not so bad after all. When asked what could have caused a sunken lane one girl replied, "Perhaps it was blown out by the wind." "I wonder why railway lines always follow ridges?" is another example of their intelligence that springs to mind. They considered us to be quite bright!

The weather never really obliged us in our hopes of a glorious sun tan. By the time we had turned from pink to blue to purple on the first day, while listening to a lecture on beach formation, we decided that Devon's reputation for mild winters and early springs was unfounded. However, after tramping about twenty miles each day, keeping up with one hearty, healthy Warden, our attitude changed.

Why, you may ask, did we choose the coldest, windiest day for our visit to Dartmoor. After battling against a 100 m.p.h. gale on the summit of Hay Tor, chasing airborne Ordnance Survey maps and straining our eyes to catch a glimpse of the prison obscured by mist, we decided that the charms of Dartmoor are overrated and despite our enthusiasm for landscape analysis, were loath to stop and freeze slowly while we listened to a lecture on the formation of tors, etc. Now we shall know what to answer if we are asked to account for the low average density of population on Dartmoor. Even the sheep, though well equipped to withstand the rigours of the climate, managed to achieve as we did, a dazed, wind-blown look.

Two keen geologists (or rather potential zircon prospectors) in our party took a hammer along, ostensibly for chipping natural rock. As the course progressed, however, one of them became so hammer-happy that we had to watch him closely to restrain him from attacking pavements, war memorials and other ancient monuments such as Totnes Castle.

The day we did our project (without supervision) was sunny and warm. We were very disappointed to find that most of our allotted area was ruled out by the danger of foot-and-mouth infection. But retribution tends to fall, and when at four o'clock we realized that we knew nothing, we grew rather anxious. Brigadier Simmonds, however, obliged us with tea, biscuits and, more to the point, a long, detailed account of the geography and history of the area. He also advised us on a short-cut back to Slapton; "Just climb over the stile and follow the gap in the sky line." Unfortunately a thick mist came down and after we had wandered round a kale field for some time, expecting to see any minute an irate farmer appear with a 12-bore, we found the road back to Slapton. We arrived at the Centre tired and looking vaguely beatnik, just in time for supper.

As a result of the dismal homeward journey, we should like to ask British Railways a question. Why does it take four hours to travel from Dartmouth to Paddington, but three and a half hours from Charing Cross to Rye? Many other questions arising during the course also remain unanswered. Why was one member of the party haunted by a boney apparition? What was the mysterious knocking on the boys' bedroom wall that occurred night after night? Why did one girl wear ex-navy trousers? Why do we find no zircons on Dartmoor, and why don't we go on Geography Courses more often?

L.D. & C.T.

"THE DUCHESS OF MALFI"

Quietly and unobtrusively a group of eight senior and junior students of English Literature left Rye on the morning of Wednesday, March 4th. Spurred on by competitive zeal, SPF and OPM speeded towards London, arriving at Waterloo Bridge at midday. The school had been so dramatically robbed of its major talent because the English masters and mistress were leading an expedition to the Aldwych Theatre to see the Stratford Company's presentation of "The Duchess of Malfi."

John Webster's tragedy, written about 1613, is set in 16th century Italy, and exposes the false conventions of that age, and the decadence of the Catholic Church. The Duchess of Malfi, a young and beautiful widow, endeavours to conceal her marriage to Antonio, her steward, but her jealous brother discovers her secret and employs "the only court-gall," Bosola, to punish her for her offence. After he has

tortured the Duchess by introducing a dead man's hand and raving lunatics, Bosola strangles her and her children. But then the murderer repents, and turns against the Duchess's two brothers, the Cardinal and Ferdinand; while the former indulges his licentious appetite, the latter in perverted remorse for his sister develops lycanthropy, and wolf-like digs up bodies from graveyards by night. When Bosola assume the rôle of Nemesis, he accidentally kills Antonio.

"the man I would have sav'd 'bove mine own life,"—and brings retribution on himself, and death to all the other major characters.

Despite the predominance of decay and death, this production is memorable for its vitality and colour. The spirit of Renaissance Italy is accurately evoked, especially by Max Adrian's portrayal of the wordly Cardinal, whose dying words are,

"And now, I pray, let me

"Be laid by and never thought of."

The cast led by Peggy Ashcroft and Eric Porter do justice both to the studied labour with which the play was written, and to the production which used the apron stage and articles of scenery with imagination. The only false note of the production was the characterisation of Bosola; he was represented by Patrick Wymark as a thick-headed criminal from whose mouth it was incongruous to hear such profound utterances as,

"We are merely the stars' tennis-balls, struck and banded

"Which way please them."

The members of the expedition stopped at a watering-place at Lamberhurst, and arrived back in Rye as inconspicuously as they went just after nine. The gratitude of the junior students is expressed to the Masters, in the belief that the success of the visit reflects both the care of the drivers and the iron nerves of the passengers.

Les Avives

A FUTILE ENTERTAINMENT

The rabble riding their fiery steeds
(with pursuing police)

Arrive with sports and super cars
Disband into the Pump House door
And order several rounds,

(or more)

Enter now with me into the smelly hall
Where beat with sandals, beards,
and all

Kipper box feet encased in winkle pickers,
And large loud slack mouths clinging to
—a cigarette

Are hanging round jeaned, besweatered girls,
 Folded fittingly into folding chairs.
 And long, loose girls, in twinsets and pearls
 (with shapely legs).

A solo drum beats a tattoo
 of sound

Into the empty silence of waiting ears.
 Greasy fumbling fingers interlock in
 The rhythmic rocking swell—of
 Variations on a theme and

Sylvesters madhouse jive
 A twanging guitar that sounds
 almost alive.

The evening wears away—lethargic lino, beaten by bouncing feet.
 A gloomy interval—wetted by cokes and
 hastened by beer.

And the clock strikes away
 the hours—

Until a misty tiredness seems to affect
 Even the stag's head over the door—
 Complete with cigarette and

Tyrolean hat
 "NO WAITING" by the door invites the same
 —And suddenly it's time to move on
 —Here goes Tim, who tied three tom cats
 to a milk machine,

And Bill, who saw red,
 And topped a policeman
 on the head.

As the band disbands—
 The beatniks beat (the heat and sound
 Float over the pebbles and out to the calm, cool, sea.)
 Few are thankful for buses and braces
 And the literate sensible civilised world
 of squares !!!

An absent member of the VIth

A TENSE MOMENT

All was quiet, hardly anything moved. The breeze blew across my face; in vain I tried to keep my hair out of my eyes; the nape of my neck was actually damp. My eyes were fixed on one man in front of me. As I looked at him, I realised that people were now looking at me.

Then a sharp whistle broke the silence, my heart beat, faster, faster. Quickly I looked around as more men turned as one, in my direction.

The man ran towards me—a dark missile leapt up at me. I caught the object as I jumped up to meet it. Quickly I tossed it away over the heads of the men, as they sprinted towards me.

Suddenly I was on the ground, the whistle sounded again and pandemonium broke out; I was pulled up to my feet; men shouted at me—I was surrounded !

We had won: the score still 1—0 to us.

M. J. Eldridge, M.3

THE ART OF COARSE HOCKEY

Girls' 1st XI v Staff

This was a good match played at a rattling pace, some of the rattling being the crash of sticks against opponents' ankles by those members of the Staff team who had been co-opted too late to learn the rules.

Both teams played with determination. Perhaps it was to be expected that the larger and more beefy masters would find the going easier than the lighter School side. It seemed, however, rather cavalier treatment when the right half not only flattened his opponent but ploughed on over her prostrate form without so much as handing her a "Get Well Soon" card in passing.

There were no goals in the first half but quite a few after the change over. Some searing shots came from both sides, including one by a Staff forward who, perhaps under a misapprehension, tried to score a goal with the School right back but she managed to get her stick down to ward off the blow just in time.

We look forward to another good match next year, when the plan is to stand Mr. Allmond in a hole to get him the same height as the School goalkeeper.

The score? Four bruised ankles to one strained back, in favour of the Staff.

APPLIED QUOTATIONS

'Error i' th' bill sir, error i' th' bill !'—Shakespeare
 The book's answer must be wrong.

'A happy time it was for all of us, for me it was the time of rapture.'
 And summer holidays over already —Wordsworth

'Why should the private pleasure of someone become the public
 plague of many more?'—Shakespeare
 Teachers please note !

'Compelled, reluctant, to the sacred sties,
With din obstreperous and ungrateful cries.'—A. Pope
Dinner break on a wet day.

'I wonder what it bodes?'—Shakespeare
Summoned to the headmaster's room.

'No man but a blockhead ever wrote, except for money'
What an excuse to boycott English! —Samuel Johnson

'I am not arguing with you, I am telling you'—James Whistler
Teachers way out of a nasty mistake.

'My father is hard at study; pray now, rest yourself, he's safe for
these three years.'—Shakespeare
Checking his pools?

'I like work, it fascinates me; I can sit and look at it for hours.'
Private study in the prefects' room. Jerome K. Jerome

'Ne'er did such a mighty blast e'er shake our battlements.'
Has anyone seen the chemistry lab.? —Shakespeare

'So little done, so much to do.'—Cecil John Rhodes
A Homework doer's sentiments in a nutshell.

'I'll none of it, hence, make your best of it.'—Shakespeare
Rejected by the School Mag.

T. Barden

CROSS COUNTRY RUNNING

From start to finish, the cross-country is something in the nature of an ordeal, a test for the survival of the fittest. Hazards crop up everywhere on the course which stretches over three miles.

At the start, everyone lines up, jostling and pushing everyone else. After one or two fake starts the starting gun jams and finally the race has to be started without it. Immediately everyone with the same thought in mind, namely to reach the bottleneck first, charges off at breakneck speed. If you are one of the lucky ones you avoid being knocked flat, squashed against the wall, or pushed into the bicycle-shed, and reach the lane. By the time you reach the bottom of that steep little hill, most cunningly included in the course, you are out of breath and feel ready for a short rest. You find that almost everyone else has had the same idea and some minutes later the top of the hill is gained by steady walking. At this point there is a metal gate allowing but one person at a time to pass through. The runners who have not been crushed or severely maimed here, continue across some fields, finally emerging and casting longing glances at the "King's Head."

Now the road section of the course has been reached; here, the field spreads out a great deal. The more enterprising endeavour to thumb lifts at this junction from curious motorists who stare in bewilderment at the assortment of gaily clad boys walking or plodding as the case might be, along this stretch of road. Somehow your laces manage to keep coming untied and this is a source of much frustration. The most fatal mistake at this point is to lose your temper and as a result break your lace. This is a severe handicap in the more muddy areas. On the other hand, however, it is the perfect excuse, one which is hard to beat, apart from the more painful involving personal injury.

At last the course leaves the road, and continues across several muddy fields until you arrive at the bottom of the most notorious stretch, known as "Shady Lane." A hint of what to expect is gained when you come across a small stream which thoroughly soaks you. The more unlucky ones here are liable to lose a plimsoll, and thus have to spend valuable minutes sighting for it in the mud, while being splashed frequently by passing runners. A tortuous, steep, muddy track leads from this quagmire and continues until it reaches the equally distasteful surrounds of what is known as Leasam Farm. Here you are greeted with the invigorating odour of the pig sties. This usually acts as an incentive to most runners to hurry past this region and onto the path leading to a steep grass hill, Mills' Bank. The unwary runner will here run flat out, inevitably to end up flat on his face. From here it is only a matter of a few hundred yards to the finishing line. Even here, however, some unfortunate participant is likely to measure his length in the long-jump pit. This ordeal by running takes place only once a year.....and that is quite enough.

AFTERMATH

The city was dark in the grey and the gloom;
Tall skyscrapers blackened the sky,
Pointing aloft like the fingers of doom—
Foreseeing that the world was to die.
Yet the town was at ease; the cafes were bright;
The beam of a lighthouse shot into the night,
And the shadow of war passed them by.

The cranes on the dockside loomed huge in the rain.
A police car splashed its way by.
A deluge poured down on the London-bound train,
And a porter woke up with a sigh.
Yet our police were cheered, our people were gay;
They lit up the liners as if it were day,
For the tenseness of war had passed them by.

But there was a town on which death had its hold;
 A town where it was better to die.
 Every adult and child looked tired and old;
 The city was just left to lie.
 For a war has been fought, lives untold had been lost.
 No mathematician could add up the cost.
 To meddle with death is to die.

J. C. Peak, L. VI

IMAGINATION ?

Around me trees of shapes grotesque,
 Like cut-throats clothed in emerald capes,
 Looked down.
 The hedges whispered; who knows what ?
 Conspirators in the cunning plot
 To kill.
 The shadows loomed up large and real;
 Brigands waiting their chance to steal,
 Or worse.
 Faster I walked though I could see
 That waves of grasses followed me,
 Undaunted.
 I heard the fall of feet behind,
 Or was it conjured by the mind ?
 Perhaps.
 My heart beat faster, I could feel
 Hot breath that made my senses reel
 And scream.
 The blood was pounding in my ears
 And pain like a thousand spears
 Pierced me.
 Then like an island in the sea
 My house rose up in front of me,
 So near.
 I rushed inside and slammed the door,
 Listening then for something more;
 But none.
 I knew that I was safe in there,
 Or was that something on the stair ?
 —Grinning.

F. Evans, U. 5th

LEASAM v SALTNOTE

Eleven little Saltcote girls tried to play the men,
 One got knocked out
 Then there were ten.

Ten little Saltcote girls running to the line
 Boy tripped girl up.
 Then there were nine.

Nine little Saltcote girls tried to score...too late,
 One was pushed over
 Then there were eight.

Eight little Saltcote girls very near to heaven,
 She fell into a trap
 Then there were seven.

Seven little Saltcote girls with their hockey sticks,
 One fell over hers
 Then there were six.

Six little Saltcote girls trying to keep alive,
 Max hit Gill on the head
 Then there were five.

Five little Saltcote girls very near "The Door."
 One boy opened it
 Then there were four.

Four little Saltcote girls running near a tree,
 Girl got thrown into it
 Then there were three.

Three little Saltcote girls all were shouting "Boo ! !"
 One was disqualified
 Then there were two.

Two little Saltcote girls playing in the sun,
 Tried to defend the goal
 Then there was one.

One little Saltcote girl, she was soon outrun,
 All the boys shout "Hooray !"
 Leasam has won.

Karen Levett, L.4

Experiment to prove that Acetamylanlydaldelyde is Acetamylanlydaldelyde

Acetamylanlydaldelyde.

Let Acetamylanlydaldelyde equals A, or if you are mathematically minded, X.

Method.

We start with the presumption that A is A (or x is x). The apparatus includes a candle, matches, two economy size test tubes and a length of gutter. The experiment is conducted in a dirty cupboard known as the fume cupboard because it gives rise to nasty smells. The two test tubes are clamped in position side by side. Notes are taken of this; this is very important. The length of gutter is inverted and suspended over the test tubes by an old stocking. This is noted. On one test tube some brewer's yeast (from the laboratory distillation plant) is put together with some lime juice. This is noted. In the other some A (or x) is put. A control experiment (which is one that does not work, and is sort of cheating) is set up, the test tubes being left empty. Underhand notes are taken of this. The lighted candle is placed under the test tube containing A by means of a Fletcher's trolley or a barge pole.

Precautions.

Gird up your loins and have several bottles of ammonia ready to throw at the experiment if it gets out of hand.

Result.

The molecules of a smell, similar to that of Pinus (a very well known tree) are seen to jump out of A (or x), bounce off the gutter, and fall into the other test tube. The solution in this test tube promptly turns green, and the lime juice turns milky. Notes are immediately taken.

Conclusion.

Provided that nothing happens to the control experiment (and secretly this is unlikely), A (or x) is proved to be A (or x).

Warning.

This experiment is not to be taken by mouth, and is only to be attempted by members of the sixth form and others with time on their hands and nerves of steel.

R. Perry, U VI

SHORE

Stretching dim and far into the dusk,
Mile upon mile of soft ochre yellow,
dimpled with sea-green tears
and lost.

Rolling soft and dusky into the night,
Bank upon bank of shell-strewn sand,
rippled by the tide
and empty.

Lulling the sea-birds' wild, anguished cries,
Sigh upon sigh the tired wind,
is humbled by the night
and its emptiness.

Lapping gently and ceaselessly to eternity,
Ripple upon ripple the ebbing-tide
leaves a destitute world
and solitude.

J. Ovenden, L VI

A JOURNEY WITH BRITISH RAILWAYS

The other day, having decided that, algebraically, I wished to go from A to B, I decided to entrust myself to the care of British Railways. I made my way to the station and approached the booking office. There was no sign of life—'All was shuttered and barred.' I coughed loudly twice. I tapped on the office window. I knocked on the door—nothing, no sign of life. I sat down and resigned myself to waiting. I stared blankly at the empty grate and got up and stamped about for fear of turning into a lump of ice. I went out onto the platform as the train was due. I hoped that they would believe me at my destination, and would not call in the long arm of the law because I had no ticket. Then—a miracle. As the train drew in a uniformed figure carrying a cup of tea emerged from the signal box. 'A ticket? Get it at the other end. There's no time now.' I boarded the train and wondered what I would say at the other end. However, my wondering was terminated by a sharp jolt and a cloud of steam pouring in the window, which indicated our departure. It became cold in the compartment, and so I tried to turn on the heater. It wouldn't move. I wrestled with it, but to no avail. It remained jammed on 'HEAT OFF!' I gave up in despair.

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