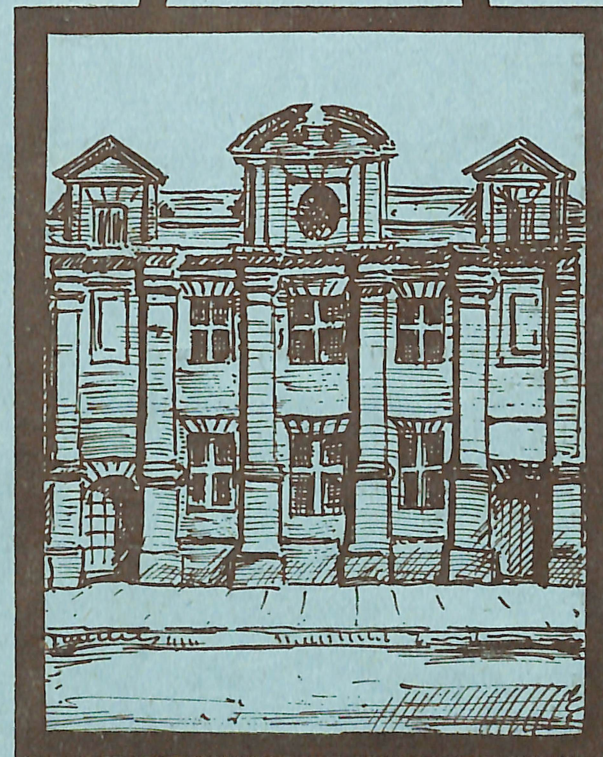


"RYA"

No. 4

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Spring Term, 1946

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NO. 4

SPRING TERM, 1946

VOL. I

RYA

THE MAGAZINE

OF

RYE GRAMMAR SCHOOL

Editors :

L. ALLEN

GERALDINE HALL

PAT BARFOOT

P. GUTSELL

A. SHEARER

EDITORIAL

We have now completed a full School year since our return from Bedford and it has been filled with a full programme of School activities. To those of us who had never been to our own School before the return to Rye seemed to be a reawakening, and the School seemed invigorated after its long absence. We began to do things we had never done in Bedford, we were forbidden to do many things we had done there. Fairly spacious lobbies, and airy classrooms were a pleasant contrast to the small converted rooms of Ixworth Court, and to be able to have a shower after a long game of football or a weary cross-country run, instead of having to wash in an ordinary sink fed by a single tap and occupied already by a dozen other boys, was indeed a relief.

This term, too, we were able to produce a School play (suitably in aid of the Rye and Hastings Hospitals) for the first time since we left Rye. The play, "As You Like It," was surprisingly well done and reflects great credit on the Dramatic Society which produced it.

All of these things, and many others, we have appreciated since we returned from Bedford. Did we then gain nothing from our stay there? Have we *lost* nothing since we have been back? It is indeed an ill wind that blows nobody good and nobody can say that the war was not a very ill-wind. It was with interest therefore that we listened in a recent School committee meeting and in a recent form debate to speakers who declared that we had lost something, something that they called "The Family Spirit of the School." These speakers declared that since our return our attitude towards each other and towards the School had changed. They pointed out that although we now had more pupils in the School the number of them who attended School functions such as dances and Junior socials was lower than ever before and the number who turned up to watch a hockey or football match was negligible, while at Bedford on Saturday nights Russell Park Hall was always crowded, on Saturday afternoons, during a School match, the air was filled with the cheers of ardent supporters. Now it seems that the School and School fields are places to be avoided except on weekdays between 9 a.m. and 4 p.m.

If we have lost this spirit then our stay in Bedford has been wasted and the School has deteriorated since its return. Is this the case? No doubt there is much to be said on both sides and we, the editors, suggest that all the School take a pull on themselves and say to themselves: "Am I doing my best? Am I pulling my weight?" And to the critics we say that while in Bedford we learned to appreciate what we could not get. We also learned to appreciate each other and our newly found friends because we were thrown so much together. Now, at home again, we are dispersed over a much larger area, we have new interests, and to the majority of us it is no longer a three-minute ride to a School dance or a football match. So do not worry, we are still a family, and we still have all we gained from Bedford—new ideas, new friends, new interests and a thousand memories—

"These, these remain to the end."

THE EDITORS.

SCHOOL DIARY

- January 10th—Term began.
14th—School Committee Meeting.
18th—Lecture by Miss Ramsbotham on "Dr. Barnardos' Homes."
24th—Music Recital by Adelina Leon (cellist), Vera Maconochie (soloist), Constance Stockbridge and Madame Rica Fox (pianists).
- February 1st—Form Debates.
13th—First Interim.
14th—Lecture on Local Government, by Mr. Wood: £ s. d.
18th—Sixth-form Examinations began.
20th—School Committee Meeting.
22nd-25th—Half Term.
- March 8th—Second Music Recital by Mr. Joseph Farrington (bass), accompanied by Mr. Stephen Wearing on the piano, who also played some piano solos.
9th—School Dance.
14th—Girls' Gymn Competition.
16th—Parents' Association Meeting. Lecture by Mr. Agnew (Headmaster of Varndean Boys' School, Brighton) on "The Secondary School of the Future."
18th—School Examinations began.

- 19th—Field Day.
 21st—Second Interim.
 27th—Lecture on Australia (Mr. Fahey, M.O.I.).
 28th—School Play.
 29th—School Play.
 30th—School Play (afternoon only).
 April 1st—School Committee Meeting.
 2nd—Form Debates. Barnardo Films. Junior Social.
 3rd—End of Term Assembly.

OBITER DICTA

CONGRATULATIONS TO :—

Pamela Whiting (Girls' Captain) for winning a King's Scholarship entitling her to a four-year course at London University.

Stephanie Orford and Elaine Watts for obtaining their School Certificates, the former with "Very Good" in English Language and History.

Fuggle (Boys' Captain) for being chosen to represent Sussex in the A.T.C. Football League, and to Morris who was reserve for the same team.

GOOD WISHES TO :—

Molly Milham, who left this term to go to Canada.

Marie Hoad, who is now working in her native village of Beckley.

The School was very pleased to welcome Mr. Mitchell (late of the Royal Navy) as P.T. instructor. As well as bringing fresh interest to our gym lessons he has started a Boxing Club which meets every Monday evening. We should like to take this opportunity of thanking Mr. Douglas, Mr. Morgan and Miss Stevens, who between them took the boys' gym lessons during the war. We were also pleased to welcome Mrs. Sorenson, who took Miss Dann's place during her illness.

A number of Senior Girls who had had lectures from Nurse Rhodes, of Brede, took a Mothercraft Examination this term. So far no results have been made known !

The Dentist has continued to visit us this term and is gradually working his way through the School.

Miss Merry's influence on the School is beginning to be felt. This term some members of the School went to a Conductor's Class at the Junior School early in the term and found it very interesting and instructive. Later in the term a choir composed of pupils from the second and third forms went to take part in the Hastings Musical Festival. Although they did not come near the top of their group, we congratulate them on doing so well and admire their enterprise in taking part in the Festival.

We welcome the formation of a "Council for International Understanding" (known throughout the School as the "Uno Society") and a "Dr. Barnardo's Home League" in the School. We wish them both good luck and long lives.

The School Hockey Team entered a Hockey Tournament at Brighton this term (see the Hockey Report) and the Football Team (under the name of Rye Juniors) entered the Hastings Junior Cup. Up to the time of going to press the footballers stand a very good chance of winning the Cup.

After a proposal in the School Committee that running should be temporarily suspended, the Head Master agreed to this for this season only, because of the shortage of shoes.

The School play realised £30 for the Rye and Hastings Hospitals.

We were very pleased to welcome Mr. Shearer and the Rev. D. E. Wilkinson, of Beckley, both Governors of the School, to our End of Term Assembly.

Football Colours have been awarded to Boyce (P.), Cutting, Robbins and Sexton. Hockey Colours to Geraldine Hall and Stephanie Gain.

.

Congratulations to Meryon House, who have won the Hockey Shield for the first time since 1938.

.

We wish a speedy recovery to George Hickman, who fractured his skull when he fell off his 'bike while on a Scout "Cycling Quest" on field day.

HOUSE REPORTS

PEACOCKE

House Master : MR. MORGAN.
House Mistress : MISS HILL.
Boys' Captain : S. CHAPPELL.
Girls' Captain : JULIA SMITH.
Prefects : JULIA SMITH, KATHLEEN BATEHUP, AUDREY BRAKEFIELD, DOREEN STANDEN, L. FUGGLE, C. SAUNDERS, P. GUTSELL.

Because of the arrangement with Meryon agreed upon last term Peacocke House have, this term, been able to meet in the Hall. The boys have been successful in gaining the Football Shield—the Senior boys winning all three matches and the Juniors two of theirs. We are very proud of Fuggle and Morris, who, this term, played in the team representing Sussex in the A.T.C. Football League.

The girls have not been quite so successful as usual. They obtained the Netball Shield and were top in the Girls' Gym Competition but were bottom in Hockey. Unfortunately we came bottom in the Work and Merit Competition, and the whole House must work harder to gain this important Shield next term.

The total amount of money collected this term was £1 13s. 6d. The charity to which we shall send it has yet to be decided upon.

D.F.S.

SANDERS

House Master : MR. DOUGLAS.
House Mistress : MISS DANN.
Boys' Captain : R. CATT.
Girls' Captain : PAULINE BAKER.
Prefects : PAMELA WHITING, PAULINE BAKER, SHIELA HOULSTON, R. CATT.

During this term Sanders seem on the whole, to have steered a middle course. The House has come second in football, hockey, netball and work and merit ; and third in the girls' gym competition.

It has been discussed in the House whether there should be four Houses ; and whether there should be a change in constitution drawing members for the School Committee on a House basis. The collection which is slightly below standard amounted to £1 12s.

M.F.

MERYON

House Master : MR. BROOME.
House Mistress : MISS TUNSTALL.
Boys' Captain : P. WOOD.
Girls' Captain : I. LEEDS-GEORGE.
Prefects : I. LEEDS-GEORGE, GERALDINE HALL, L. ALLEN, A. SHEARER, P. WOOD.

This term has seen a steady effort by all members of the House materialise into considerable success. The girls after a terrific fight have emerged triumphant from the hockey competition and Meryon will be engraved once more on the shield, the first time for nine years. The football, netball and girls' gymnasium shields have all eluded our grasp, but we hope to improve next year.

The temporary suspension of cross-country running, as a House competition, due to difficulties of shoes, etc., was heartily welcomed by the boys of the House. It has long been felt that running is not a suitable substitute for football and so the innovation was welcomed with great fervour.

The work of the House has been maintained at a very high standard and as a result we have gained a considerable lead in the Work and Merit competitions.

House collections have amounted to over £2, but no suggestions have yet been made as to where the money should be sent.

Finally, Molly Milham, one of our younger members, has left us and gone to make her home in Canada. During her short stay with us she became quite popular with all her form mates in her quiet way, and we are sorry to lose her. We wish her the very best of luck and hope that she will bear with her some favourable reminiscences of Rye Grammar School.

A.A.S.

FOOTBALL

This term sees the end of a very successful football season for the School team. Nine matches have been played this term and all have been won. In only three other matches have goals been scored against us and then two each time. In the Autumn Term we were defeated by Hastings G.S., but as the following matches have shown, that was only a temporary lapse.

Hastings Grammar School have been our most formidable opponents and although we won three of the four matches there were some anxious moments.

There were three second eleven matches, one against Hastings and two against Brickwall School.

In most matches team work has been good. The forwards have been the hardest worked and have attacked and finished well. The members of the defence have never been hard worked but, in most cases they have done their jobs well.

Robbins, who only came into the First XI this season, has proved to be invaluable in the defence.

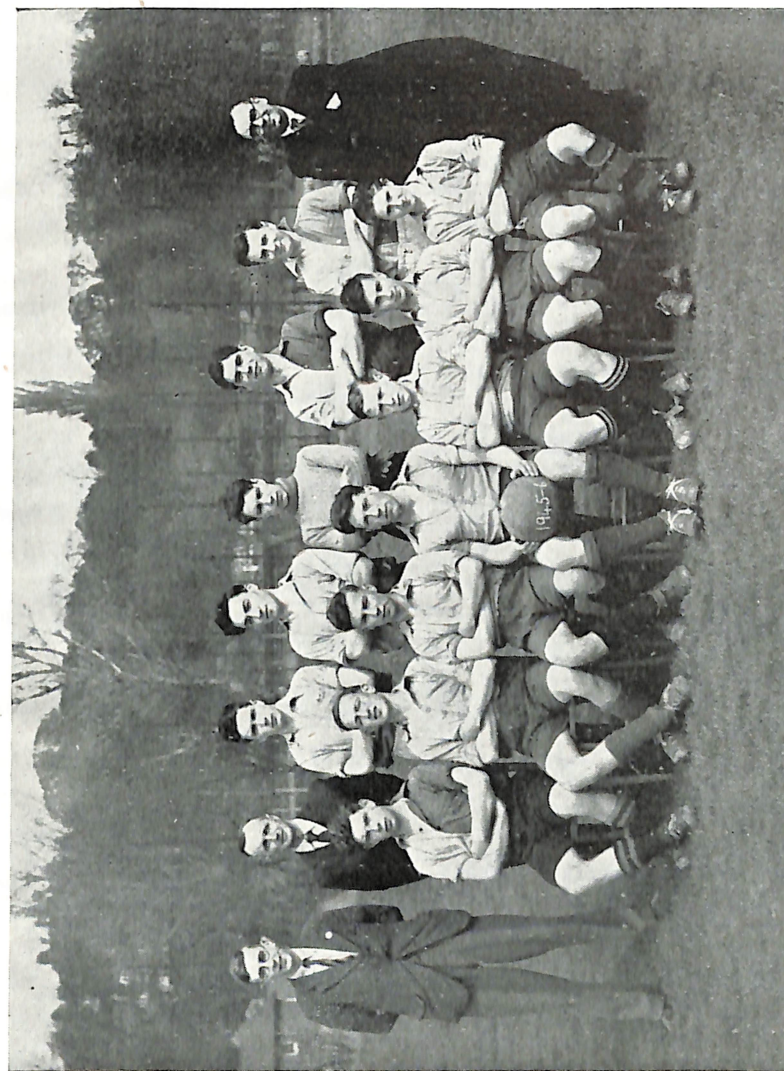
Sexton, also a newcomer, has played well as a half-back, giving support to attack and defence.

Roberts, Morris and Fuggle have done good work in front of the goal and most of the goals have come from these three.

Shearer has worked hard as secretary and Mr. Allnutt has been coach and manager. Allen has turned up in all weathers and places as reserve and linesman.

The team has been : Cutting, Robbins, Wood, Boyce, Shearer, Sexton, Bull, Chappell, Fuggle, Morris, Roberts and Gutsell.

FOOTBALL 1st XI



[Photo]

[The Rye Studio

Back Row—L. ALLEN, MR. ALLNUTT, P. GUTSELL, J. BULL, B. CUTTING, A. SHEARER, P. BOYCE, THE HEADMASTER
Front Row—S. CHAPPELL, G. ROBERTS, L. FUGGLE, P. WOOD (Captain), D. MORRIS, G. ROBBINS, G. SEXTON

Matches played and results are :—

				<i>Goals</i>	
				<i>For</i>	<i>Against</i>
v. Icklesham Minors	5	0
v. Rye Reserves	2	2
v. Hastings G.S.	2	3
v. Hastings G.S.	6	2
v. Bexhill G.S.	12	0
v. Ashford G.S.	3	0
v. Victoria Rangers	5	0
v. Bexhill C.S.	5	0
v. Victoria Rangers	8	1
v. St. Helens Y.C.....	20	0
v. St. Helens Y.C.....	11	2
v. Icklesham Minors	5	0
v. Icklesham Minors	7	0
v. Hastings G.S. (Under 16)	5	2
v. Ashford G.S.	6	0
v. Eastbourne G.S.	10	0
v. Hastings G. S.	5	2
v. Eastbourne G.S.	9	0
Second XI { v. Brickwall	5	0
v. Brickwall	2	2
v. Hastings G.S.	6	1
First XI Totals : For, 137. Against, 13.					

JUNIOR FOOTBALL

Of the seven matches played this term, five have been won and two lost.

In the first match, against Hastings Grammar School, away, our opponents scored three times in the first quarter of an hour, and although we fought back well, we were beaten 4-2.

At St. Leonards, against St. Leonards Modern School, good play by our forwards enabled us to win 6-1, Simmons scoring five of our goals.

The match against Rye Modern School, on their ground, provided some keen and even play. At half-time we were a goal behind, but two goals by Crisford gave us a 3-2 win. Cooke played very well at left half.

Our first home match, against Ashford Grammar School, proved disappointing, as, although we had much the greater share of the play, we were beaten 3-2, our finishing being very poor.

On the Upper Pilot Field, Hastings, we easily defeated Clive Vale Senior School, 11-0, and the following week, on the same ground, beat Hastings Technical School, 3-2, the winning goal, by Hargrove coming about five minutes from time. In these games N. and C. Godden and Dunster II played especially well.

The last match, the return with Hastings Technical School, resulted in a win by 6-0, our visitors playing much below their form of the first game.

The full results for the season are as follows :—Played 15 ; Won, 11 ; Lost, 4 ; Goals for, 72 ; Against, 26.

Team (from) : Elkins ; Farrow ; Beeching ; Dunster II, D. Boyce ; Cooke ; Tickner ; N. Godden ; Crisford ; Simmons ; C. Godden ; Hargrove. Also played : Bryant ; Marchant ; Ashwin ; T. Saunders.

HOCKEY REPORT

The First Hockey XI has played only three matches this term, of which they have won one, lost one and drawn one.

The first match was against Ashford County School on Saturday, January 26th. Our opponents scored two goals in the first half and added a further two in the second half. We failed to reply and thus lost the match by four goals to nil.

Iris Leeds and Julia Smith played well.

On February 9th the team entertained Hastings High School. The School XI played with four reserves. By half-time we had scored once. In the second half Hastings played harder, and just before the end of the game, they scored. The result was thus a draw, one all.

Pamela Whiting and Julia Smith played well.

Our third match was against Charters Towers School from Bexhill. In the first half play was slow, and our forwards scored only once. In the second half the school played harder and added five more goals to our score. But our opponents were determined to score and did so just before the end of the game. Thus we won the match by 6 goals to 1.

Scorers : Rita Oyler, 2 ; Daphne Gill, 2 ; Barbara Catt, 1 ; Daphne Weeks, 1 ; Kathleen Batehup, 1 ; Gerry Hall played well in the defence.

Matches against Bexhill County School and the Old Scholars had to be cancelled because of bad weather.

The Hockey First XI also entered a Hockey Tournament at Brighton on March 23rd. Only twelve schools had entered and these were divided up into three groups of four. Each game lasted only 15 minutes.

Our first match was against Horsham High School. This we lost by 1 goal to 0.

Next we played Varndean School. We lost this match by 2 goals to 0.

Our third and last match was against Hove County School. Play improved considerably on the previous two matches, but in spite of this Hove scored two goals to which we failed to reply.

The Hockey Second XI has played only one match, against Ashford Grammar School, which the School lost by 17 goals to 0.

A mixed First and Second team played a match against St. Margaret's School from Hastings. This we won by 6 goals to 2.

Play on the whole has improved slightly, and the improvement is more noticeable in the defence. The forwards need to rush more and to attack more vigorously, as they did in the match against St. Margaret's School.

The First XI consists of the following players : Julia Smith ; Gerry Hall, Lilian Barnes ; Pamela Whiting, Kathleen Batehup (Captain) ; Iris Leeds-George ; Rosemary Ray ; Mary Metianu ; Rita Oyler ; Stephanie Gain ; Daphne Weeks.

The Second XI consists of the following players : Pat Barfoot ; Kitty Dibley ; Joan Hobden ; Clara King ; Audrey Brakefield (Captain) ; Barbara Jarvis ; Pat Orford ; Joy Batehup ; Daphne Gill ; Barbara Catt ; Margaret Bull.

Elaine Watts and Ann Fellows have also played in matches.

Hockey Colours have been reawarded to Pamela Whiting, Julia Smith, Kathleen Batehup and Iris Leeds, and awarded to Gerry Hall and Stephanie Gain.

House matches have been played as follows :

SENIORS—

Peacocke v. Sanders : Sanders 4, Peacocke 2.

Meryon v. Sanders : Meryon 4, Sanders 3.

Meryon v. Peacocke : Meryon 2, Peacocke 1.

JUNIORS—

Peacocke v. Sanders : Peacocke 5, Sanders 0.

Meryon v. Sanders : Meryon 2, Sanders 1.

Meryon v. Peacocke : Meryon 2, Peacocke 1.

Thus the results of the matches are :

1st Meryon 10 points.

2nd Sanders 6 points.

3rd Peacocke 2 points.

The Hockey Shield therefore goes to Meryon, the first time since 1938. K.M.B.

NETBALL REPORT

The School Netball VII has played two matches this term, both against Rye Modern School. On both occasions the team played well and won both matches, the first (on March 28th) 21-3, and the second 15-6. The team was (from) : J. Morris ; J. Terry ; D. Weeks ; R. Ayler ; H. Brown ; P. Orford ; J. Elliott ; J. Farrant ; G. Dunster ; J. Spipage ; J. Holdstock and P. McCoy.

Both Junior and Senior House matches have also been played with the following results :—

JUNIORS—

Peacocke v. Meryon : Peacocke 10, Meryon 3.

Sanders v. Meryon : Sanders 4, Meryon 0.

Peacocke v. Sanders : Peacocke 8, Sanders 7.

SENIORS—

Peacocke v. Sanders : Peacocke 7, Sanders 0.

Sanders v. Meryon : Sanders 0, Meryon 5.

Peacocke v. Meryon : Peacocke 8, Meryon 5.

RESULTS—

1st Peacocke 13 points.

2nd Sanders 6 points.

3rd Meryon 5 points.

HOCKEY 1st XI



Photo]

Back Row—GERALDINE HALL, AUDREY BRAKEFIELD, IRIS LEEDS-GEORGE, MISS STEVENS,
ROSEMARY RAY, LILIAN BARNES, JULIA SMITH
Front Row—DAPHNE GILL, PAMELA WHITING, KATHLEEN BATEHUP (Captain), RITA OYLER, DAPHNE WEEKS

[The Rye Studio

SCHOOL COMMITTEE

The first meeting of the session was held on January 16th when Wood was in the Chair.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and confirmed.

The Sub-Committee reports were then given.

The following suggestions were made and discussed :

1. That business may be brought up at one meeting and discussed at the following meeting.
2. That there should be more stress laid upon the social and entertainment side of the School life, e.g. the institution of a Sports' Club.
3. That there should be four Houses.

The last two suggestions were left open, to be sent to the Head Master.

4. That 1d. library fine should be reinforced when a book was returned later than the date specified.

The second meeting of the term was held on February 21st when Wood was in the Chair.

The minutes were read and confirmed. The question of the formation of a Sports' Club was abandoned as Mr. Mitchell was now holding a Boxing Club for the boys, and girls if they wished to do so could join the Rye Gym Club, so that the problem was really solved.

A suggestion for a change in the constitution of the School Committee was made as follows :

That the members of the S.C. should consist of School Captains, School Games Captains, Prefects and three members from each form, i.e. one from each House.

After some discussion, the proposal was left for a final decision at the next meeting.

A second suggestion that cross-country running should be temporarily suspended was to be put before the Running Committee for its consideration.

The third and last meeting of the term was held on April 1st when Wood was in the Chair.

Editorial, Entertainment, Hockey and Football sub-committee reports were given.

In the Editorial report Allen said that the Editors had decided not to change the cover-plate of the magazine for the present.

The proposed change in the constitution was discussed and the Committee finally decided that it should be enforced. The method of election was decided upon as follows :

That the representative of each House in each form should be elected by the members of that House only in that form in the form meeting.

Pamela Whiting was elected as Chairman for the next session, and Sheila Houlston as Deputy Chairman. K.M.B.

A.T.C. REPORT

Work has proceeded quietly during the term on a somewhat reduced scale. At the early part of the term, owing to the inclemency of the weather, visits from officers of the Hastings Flight were interfered with considerably, and latterly, through resignations in the officers of the Hastings Squadron, temporarily ceased. A new Adjutant, F/Lt. Vidler, has now taken over the work of F/O Jones, and a new Squadron Leader is to be appointed in place of F/Lieut. Barfoot, who has resigned after five years of strenuous work on behalf of the Corps. We wish these retiring officers well, and thank them for their work for us in the past. A number of our members and friends visited Hastings recently when an enjoyable social evening was held at which F/Lieut. Barfoot and F/O Jones were presented with suitable souvenirs and thanked for their labours on behalf of the Corps by the Mayor and Deputy Mayoress of Hastings. Next term we hope we shall resume our normal course of work, and according to recent information there are brighter prospects of flying in the future.

GUIDE REPORT

The Guides have had an uneventful term on the whole. A few Tenderfoots were enrolled at the beginning of the term. Our Field Day was spent at Peasmarsch. The weather favoured us and we spent a pleasant day. Several Guides passed their First Class Hiker's test and others their walking test. Quite a number

of badges have been worked for and passed this term, notably Cook, Needlewoman and Child Nurse badges.

The following have passed their Second Class : Joan Morris, Joan Farrant, Daphne Weeks and Muriel Gill.

STEPHANIE ORFORD.

SCOUT REPORT

At the beginning of the Spring Term, a further break was made in the 2nd and 3rd Rye Troops, resulting in the formation of Senior and Junior Troops. The problem of electing efficient Patrol Leaders for the two Troops arose with the break, four Patrol Leaders being needed for each Troop. For the Junior Troop (3rd Rye), Tickner, Wood, Elkins and Godden C., were elected. Although very young for their posts, all four have done very well. The Patrol Leaders elected for the Senior Troop were, Sexton, Law, Saunders and Wigg, three of whom were Patrol Leaders in the former Troops.

The dividing of the Troops gave the older Scouts an opportunity to go on with more advanced work, a course of first-aid leading up to Ambulance-man standard, being taken by the whole Troop. Much progress has been made in this branch of Scouting since the formation of the new Troops, the whole term being devoted to its study. In the 3rd Rye, much progress has been made with the newest recruits, while second class work has been going well.

On the 19th of March, a well organised Field Day was held. The 3rd Rye went by Dengate's bus to a wood in the Northiam district, and the 2nd Rye, on a cycling tour, through Pett, Fairlight, Guestling, Brede, Udimore, Winchelsea, and Rye. Each patrol was given a booklet of instructions, containing a map, and questions to be answered at certain villages marked with letters on the maps. A schedule, mapping out the times of arrival and departure, was given with each booklet. Agents of the Troop registered times of arrival for judging the competition and in some cases, gave further instructions. Sketches of certain landmarks were made, as part of the competition. The Field Day went very well, with only one accident, which was, unfortunately, fairly serious, and of which most of you will have heard.

R.W.

SOCIETY REPORTS

CHESS

The School Chess Society has worked expeditiously throughout this term. Hulbert joined early in the term and he has been a useful addition to our numbers. Geoffrey Smith, one of our old pre-evacuation members, came in on several occasions and played members of the Society. Attendance at chess sessions has not been 100%; owing to games and other School activities. Mr. Pigrome has demonstrated to several members different ways of opening and middle game play. Next term it is hoped to reinstate the House and Club Championships. "STALEMATE."

DRAMATIC

This term we have been very busy continuing our preparations for the School Play. Now it is over for another year and we hope every one has enjoyed it. The actors themselves have obtained much pleasure from the weekly rehearsals and perhaps our "Dramatic Teas" (the name given to the teas provided for those staying to rehearsals) have brought back some of that "one big family" spirit, which one 6th Former, felt to be lacking since our return from Bedford.

We should like to take this opportunity to thank everyone who has helped us with the play, and especially Mrs. Curran, Miss Turner, Mr. Morgan and his helpers, Miss Barbara Ellis, and Miss Joyce Dunster who "made us up." P.W.

JUNIOR DRAMATIC

At the beginning of the autumn term, Miss Hill was appointed to the management of the new Junior Dramatic Society. There were many eager members who were all below the form Upper IV.

During most of the fading warm weather the Society practised a great deal of play reading in the School field. After a length of time the weather was too cold for the field or the Dining Hall, and everyone went upstairs to make a miniature theatre out of the Art Room. Here the Society went on with the play reading until Miss Hill decided that we should begin preparing our first play—"Make Believe," which is very amusing and imaginative. We hope to present it some time during the summer term, and the proceeds will go to the Dr. Barnardo's Homes.

This new Society has made great progress, thanks to Miss Hill, who has shown great interest, and endeavoured to impress upon members that acting involves hard work! AN ACTOR.

GEOGRAPHY

The Society has had a successful session although our numbers have decreased slightly owing to the formation of two new societies. Mr. Broome's weekly talks, illustrated with the aid of the epidiastope, on Great Britain and on South Africa (in preparation for the exhibition), have given us immense pleasure.

We were very fortunate to have three Old Scholars visit the Society this term. Captain Apps told us of his most thrilling war experiences in Burma, India, and Indo China, making light of the dangers and hardships of that campaign and holding us spellbound with his strange stories. Mr. G. Smith gave us an account of the construction of the "Mulberry Dock." As a Royal Engineer his personal experiences of the construction of this epoch-making part of engineering were listened to with great interest. The account of his travels through France and Belgium and his final arrival in Germany caused us much amusement. Captain A. E. Swaine's talk on his army experiences in an African Regiment took us through South and Central Africa, Madagascar and then to India.

Our last lecture was on Australia given by an Australian to the whole School. Mr. Fahey, a Ministry of Information lecturer, gave us a very vivid picture of that vast continent, her development and her devotion to the Mother Country. It almost inspired us to seek our fortunes there. On second thoughts we doubted the success of such an adventure, possessing neither Mr. Fahey's great versatility nor his immense sense of humour. N.B.

HANDICRAFT

Members have spent a busy term in the workshop, but it has not been possible to arrange a visit this term, although Mr. Hinds had very kindly offered the Club the opportunity of going over his extensive joinery shop. This is an offer we hope will be available next term.

The production of the School Play gave some of our members the chance of a little diversion in their craftwork. It was noticeable that the rather crude methods of construction and the general temporary nature of the work were the object of some scorn amongst those of us who are versed in the intricacies of secret dovetails and veneered work. It was, however, very evident that even this class of work has to be done well in order to withstand rough handling and use on the stage. Lack of suitable covering material limited the scope of the effects, but we are glad to learn that our efforts, particularly the forest scene, were much appreciated.

The staging of the play was left entirely to members of the Society and thanks to excellent team work, all three performances were unmarred by any of the irritating hold-ups which might otherwise have occurred.

Those of us who worked behind the scenes were certainly very impressed with the care and foresight that are essential for the safety of the players and the smooth running of the performance. We look forward to a more ambitious production next year. G.M.

MUSIC

The Music Society has had quite a busy and successful term, and has organised two more concerts.

Owing to the kindness of the Duchess of Bedford, four musicians were able to come to Rye on January 24th and give a recital to the School in the afternoon, and the public in the evening. Adelina Leon, an accomplished cellist, gave us some short popular pieces, among them Beethoven's "Minuet in G," and Saint-Saens' "Le Cygne." Vera Maconochie sang some delightful national airs, and also a group of songs which she entitled Songs of January. One of these, a Gounod setting of Tennyson's "Ring Out Wild Bells", was most beautifully rendered. All these songs were accompanied most ably by Miss Constance Stockbridge at the piano. The highlight of the programme was Madame Rica Fox's performance of Chopin's "Sonata in E flat minor." Her vigorous style was at its best in this type of work, and, to use the critic's jargon, she literally "held" her audience.

The second recital—a lecture recital—was held on March 8th. The performers were Stephen Wearing, pianist, and Joseph Farrington, vocalist. Mr. Farrington's choice of songs seemed to

go down extremely well with his audiences—folk songs there were in abundance and also several of Shakespeare's songs set to music. One of the most amusing items on the programme was entitled "Old Mother Hubbard." Hely-Hutchinson, now a director of "highbrow" music at the B.B.C., rewrote this nursery rhyme in idiom such as Handel might conceivably have used if he had undertaken the arrangement himself. The result was glorious! It would be superfluous to comment on Stephen Wearing's performance. He is accounted one of the greatest exponents of piano music in the country, and after having heard his magnificent performance of Brahms's "Rhapsody in G Minor," and one of the best known of Schubert's "Impromptus," we can well believe it.

In between these "celebrity concerts" the Society has put in a lot of hard work, and one Thursday each month has been devoted to the entertainment "of the Society, by the Society." At these entertainments members have either sung solos or duets, or else played the piano; and some enterprising souls have even given a short talk on some aspect of music, or on musical history.

Music Society concerts now seem to have become something of an institution and we hope that they will continue successfully the good work of bettering the sadly neglected musical education of Rye townfolk. G.M.H.

THE COUNCIL OF INTERNATIONAL UNDERSTANDING

At the beginning of this term it was decided to form some kind of a group, which would help to bring the actions of the United Nations Organisation to the notice of the School. Unfortunately we were unable to initiate the Council for International Understanding until fairly late in the term, and we therefore missed studying, as a group, the first meetings of the General Assembly and Security Council.

After the first meeting held in the Head Master's study, we found that the Council had nine members with the Head Master as a guiding light. We had gone to the meeting with, I think, rather vague notions as to how we could act as propagandists for U.N.O. and so we were very thankful to come out with some more tangible ideas. We had decided to have a question-book in the

Library, in which anybody could ask questions concerning U.N.O. and we would attempt to answer them. We were also going to collect cuttings from newspapers, especially from *The Times*; and have a large notice-board with which we could arrest the attention of the School, on day-to-day matters of importance.

The notice-board so far has not materialised, no doubt because of the nation's shortage of wood, but we are still "patiently waiting" for it. We have answered a number of questions and collected a number of cuttings, but apart from this I'm afraid we have just been finding our feet.

Next term we hope to do something more active within the School, and also we hope to become members of the Council for Education in World Citizenship.

I realise that many people in the School would say that international affairs are not their "hopping-pot." But the peace of the world to a very large extent depends on us, as the future generation, and we will not be in a fit position to take over this great responsibility if we have had no previous training or knowledge in how international affairs are carried on. Therefore on behalf of the Council, I would like to ask the School for its full support in this, our effort, to train ourselves not only for national but for world citizenship.

P.H.B.

SCHOOL PLAY

This term saw the revival of the School Play after a lapse of seven years. Throughout the term the members of the Dramatic Society have spent much of their spare time rehearsing in order to perfect their acting and make their production of "As You Like It" one of a very high standard.

The five acts of the original play were cut down to three of about five scenes each, but the cuts were so skilfully made by Mrs. Curran that only people who had "done" "As You Like It" at School, or to whom, at any rate, the play was familiar, could have guessed that much of the text had been left out.

Most of the scenery was made in the School workshops and was very effective in the latter part of the play. The Duke's garden and the Forest of Arden were both extremely realistic. In the opening scene, however, I found the scenery rather disappointing, which was a pity, as so much depends on first impressions.

Acting, on the whole, was of a very high standard, though of course there were weak patches, as is perhaps inevitable when there is only a limited amount of material, i.e. actors and actresses, at one's disposal. Only those who were actually members of the Dramatic Society were eligible for parts.

Acting honours go, without doubt, to Stephanie Orford, A. Shearer, L. Allen and Pamela Whiting.

Stephanie's performance as Celia was admirable; she seemed to enter entirely into the spirit of the part, and was as much at home in her regal finery at Court as in her rustic clothes in the forest. If anything, I should say that she was better as a princess than as a shepherdess.

Shearer as Jaques and Allen as Touchstone were both exceedingly good and their acting was faultless. Shearer's interpretation of "All the World's a Stage" was one of the highlights of the play.

Pamela Whiting as Rosalind gave a good performance throughout the piece. Unlike Celia, she was better in her male attire as the shepherd Ganymede, than as the banished Duke's daughter at the court of Duke Frederick. Her epilogue was delivered with such grace and charm that it proved a perfect ending to a delightful performance.

Notable among the rest of the cast were Mary Frostick as Le Beau, Bryant as Charles the wrestler, Smith as Orlando, Iris Leeds-George as Audrey, and Webb as Sir Oliver Martext.

Orlando's acting in the earlier scenes was full of promise, but unfortunately that promise was not fulfilled in the later part of the play. In his dealings with his brother Oliver, and in his fight with Charles, he was outstandingly good, but it was evident that he was not fitted for the part of a lover!

The School Play will now be a regular feature of the School year, and we are glad to be able to say that the first post-war performance was so successful.

G.M.H.

"EN PASSANT"

During the past term the Head Master has arranged a number of interesting lectures on varied topical subjects. The first was given to the Junior part of the School by Miss Ramsbotham and dealt with the work and aims of Dr. Barnardo's Homes. Afterwards Miss Ramsbotham formed a "Dr. Barnardo's Home League"

from the enthusiastic volunteers in her audience. (Collecting boxes have since arrived and a widespread canvassing for money, by our Juniors, has already begun.)

Our second lecture on "Local Government Finance," delivered to the Senior and Middle School, was given by Mr. Wood (Rye Borough Financial Officer). It was a survey of a typical financial year in the life of a Borough Council and showed how the revenue of the Council was divided among the different departments.

A third lecture delivered to the sixth form was given by Mr. Van Ketwick and was mainly concerned with the Dutch East Indies and the Indonesian question. Mr. Van Ketwick, who had spent a good many years in Java, gave a first hand account of the lives and customs of the natives and described how Holland dealt with such outposts of her Empire.

Our last lecture, on Australia, was given to the whole School by Mr. Fahey, a native of that country who is now working for the Ministry of Information. Mr. Fahey had a very vivid sense of humour and kept the School in fits of laughter during the whole discourse. He did however tell us a great deal about Australia and claimed that Australia was even more British than Britain herself, the Australian population being 98% British.

We are grateful to the speakers for coming to the School and giving their interesting lectures and we hope that a course of similar lectures will be followed next term.

THE EDITORS.

A VISIT TO BELGIUM

When I went to Belgium I set sail from Folkestone on the *London-Istanbul*, a Belgian Mail Packet. After a fairly rough journey we reached Ostend and found a boat train waiting to take passengers to Brussels. I climbed into a second class coach—on the Belgian railways there are four classes—took my place, and after consulting my time-table and my watch, which incidentally had to be put forward an hour, found, much to my disappointment, that the train did not start until an hour hence. So I started conversing with my fellow travellers, one of them a Frenchman returning to his home after six years in England. He could speak English very well indeed with hardly a trace of French accent, and we spent the two hours journey pleasantly enough.

The train ran through Bruges and Ghent but, as it was dark, it

was impossible to see the cathedrals. Arriving at the Gare du Nord, Bruxelles, I was greeted with open arms by my friend. The little village of Duffel, or rather town, as it is about four times the size of Rye, lies about half way between Malines and Antwerp. Antwerp and Brussels are connected by electric trains, which have overhead pick-up. There are no springs and the seats are wooden in the third class compartments. Only second and third class carriages are run on the "electric treinen" as the Flemish call them. Flemish is mostly spoken in the north-eastern part of Belgium round Antwerp, French in the Brussels area. Signs written in Flemish are moderately easy to read. Train signs at the heads of platforms run like this: ELECTRIC TREINEN ANTWERPEN—MECHELEN—BRUSSEL.

The Sunday morning I was there I listened to the 8 o'clock news from London, which among other things spoke about "starving Europe." The person in whose house I was staying burst out laughing and said "I'll show you starving Europe" and forthwith she piled up my plate with three fried eggs and two rashers of bacon a quarter of an inch thick. Out in Belgium it is possible to obtain *anything* if you have the money. It is all bought through the black market and is about three times the price of stuff in England, with the result that the people who were rich before the war are thriving, those who were moderately well off are being forced to spend all their savings, and those who were poor are just being trampled underfoot. To take an example: people would give forty thousand francs, which is about two thousand pounds sterling, for a tin of coffee. The gendarmerie do nothing to stop the black market as many of them are in it themselves. The day I went to Brussels I was amazed to see the amount of fancy cakes in the shops—tarts, fruit flans, and, in fact, every possible kind of cake. The people were allowed about two hundred coupons for the purchase of all food containing sugar, for their rations. If the people lived on what rations they were entitled to they would most **certainly** starve. In fact, Belgium is about four times as well off as we in England are. The only shortage is milk.

The Belgians are extremely fond of neon lighting. Every, or almost every, cinema and club has its signs lit up with it. The chief means of transport in the cities is by trams. One day I visited the clock tower at Liege. This clock has seventy-two dials illustrating the time in different parts of the world, the tide level

in different harbours, the position of planets, etc. All these dials are worked from the same mechanism. Lier is reached by a tram which rattles along over the countryside at about fifteen miles an hour.

On Sunday I stepped into Antwerp Cathedral and heard a part of High Mass. The singing was marvellous, the choir being composed of about three hundred voices.

This was my last day in Belgium, as I went home on the Monday. The crossing this time was perfectly smooth and quite uneventful, and it was not long before we stepped out on to English soil once more.

C. J. FOSTER.

CLOUDS

The big white clouds are sailing
Like ships upon the sea ;
I wish that they could carry
A little child like me.

The large white clouds are rising
O'er mountains crowned with snow ;
I wish that I could find a path
And to their tip-tops go.

JUNE FELLOWS, *Form II.*

MY FIRST DRIVING LESSON

While riding about in cars and watching other people drive, I had noticed how easy it appeared to be. There did not appear to be anything difficult in jumping into the seat, pulling a few knobs, pushing a few pedals, and moving off smoothly in a very short time. Then one day came the time I had long waited for, when my friend turned to me and said, "Like to have a try?" This was it, my chance to show what I knew. Eagerly I sat in the driver's seat and made myself comfortable, whilst having a good look round at the various levers and buttons. They now appeared a bit more formidable and a twinge of doubt began to enter my mind. I switched on the ignition. Nothing wrong so far! When I pulled the starter, the engine began to purr. I felt very pleased with myself; the engine was running perfectly and I was now beginning to regain all my confidence. Now came the test of my knowledge. Boldly I pressed the clutch down, almost pressing

it through the floor boards, pulled the gear lever back, and remembering to press the accelerator a little, let my clutch in. There was a sudden jerk forward, then all was silent except for a slight creaking of car springs. Then realising that we had not moved I put it out of gear, pulled the starter, and put it in gear again. "Revvng" the engine just a bit more this time, I let my left foot up. A bigger jerk, but otherwise the same result as before. Again I tried, but still we did not move. I was just wondering what to do when a voice softly suggested "It starts much better with the brake off." Starting guiltily, I glanced down to my left and shamefully pushed the brake lever forward.

I repeated the operation of starting and putting in the gear, "revved" and let out the clutch. I felt as though I was going through the back of my seat, and my companion grasped the dashboard to save himself being shot into the rear seat. Wondering what the trouble was this time, I glanced up and noticed we were actually moving. My instructor, who had by now partially recovered said, "Well, you've got going; now stop!" Obediently I took my foot off the accelerator and put it on the foot brake. There was a sudden jerk, but this time instead of trying to go through the back of the seat I tried to go through the windscreen.

"Now this time be more gentle," were the kind words of advice given to me. After the preliminaries I released the clutch and accelerator. The car jerked, and continued jerking till everything in the car, including my teeth, rattled. More by luck than intuition I depressed the clutch, and the jerking ceased. By now I was willing to hand the driving back to my patient instructor, but he forced me to continue. Doing everything very gently we moved off. Chugging up the road, I felt very pleased with myself, until I was rudely reminded that there were other gears besides first. I found second all right, but while endeavouring to find third a voice yelled, "Watch the road, not the gear handle!" Looking up quickly I saw the hedge looming up fast and just managed to keep the front wheels out of the ditch by sudden evasive action.

From then until I stopped, except for a good deal of "tacking," the next mile or so of level road passed pretty uneventfully. After that we reached a main road, where I was quite willing to relinquish the driver's position. Staggering round the car and into the other seat, I wondered what on earth had made me think that driving came naturally.

"GATE CRASHER."

MY FRIEND CHRISTOPHER

Readers of a former edition of this magazine will probably have read a certain essay on cats, in which I unfolded a tale of woe, calculated to turn the greatest animal lover against "He who walks alone." In this essay I shall tell you about a fish called Christopher.

It may seem incredible that an understanding can exist between a fish and a human being, but Christopher knew me as well as I knew him, and sometimes when he looked at me, with baleful eyes, from within the glass walls of his rainbow-hued wishing-bowl, his round mouth working in time with his gills, I used to think that he was pleading to be set free. If I had not been so attached to Christopher he would probably have been freed long before he was. Every time I passed his bowl I would give two or three sharp taps, and he would swirl out from his little shell-surrounded china castle, and dart round the bowl to show his happiness at seeing me.

To people who sympathised with my last essay I apologise for bringing in one of those evil goldfish-snatching felines, but that is how my Christopher almost left this world. Fortunately I caught the furry offender in the act and Christopher was saved! Some say "All's well that ends well," but Christopher had to be provided with a new home, for his beautiful wishing-bowl lay like a burst bubble midst a pile of sand and shells on the sitting-room carpet. The nearest receptacle was the bath which I immediately filled, placing the gasping "Chris" in gently. Here he stayed for some time, except on Friday evenings when he sojourned in a large kitchen bowl.

Not long after the accident Christopher received a room-mate, or rather a bath mate. This made "Chris" feel he was somebody in the fish world, he being a roach, and his companion a mere stickleback rescued from a half-filled hoof-print. The proud roach began to show his red underfins and demonstrate his speed to his weaker brother, but would not allow him to come near his china mansion. Perhaps the stickleback, which I called the "Evacuee," did go too near Christopher's castle, for one morning found him floating on the surface, feebly waving his little tail. When the "Evacuee" passed away it seemed as if Christopher missed him. It was easy to see he was pining and, not long after,

he gained his freedom and was lifted from his enamel-sided domain by the hand of death, while my hand lifted his stiff body to a drier place of rest.

R. B. WIGG.

MY DOG

Who runs his master dear to greet,
And lay a stick down at his feet,
And loves to wander up the street?
My dog.

Who loves to tease and fight the cats,
And also tears and chews the mats,
And loves to scare and kill the rats?
My dog.

He loves to bark and romp and play,
And loves to hear his master say
"Good Dog."

THATCHING

Thatching is an art which is fast dying out in this country, but which still calls for considerable skill in executing with any degree of success. My first experience of thatching came during the war when I had to help my father who was short-handed. I found that there were two distinct stages in thatching, the first being the preparation of the straw or reeds, and the second being the actual laying of the thatch.

In the first stage the straw is laid in a thatching "bed" with its butt end facing in one direction, as straight as possible. More straw is laid evenly on top of the first layer, in the same position, until the bed is two to three feet thick with straight straw facing in one direction. The thatcher then throws buckets of water over the bed because wet straw is easier to straighten and easier to lay on the roof of a stack. Next he takes small handfuls of straw from the "bed" and pulls them out on to the ground in front. This pulling tends to straighten out the straw. The thatcher then goes along the row of straw which he has pulled out of the bed and discards any rubbish or short straws. He collects up the selected straw

into a manageable lump which is known as a "floe" and then proceeds to repeat the operation of pulling and cleaning all over again. After preparing six to eight floes he arranges them in a criss-cross fashion on a wooden rod and another wooden rod is then fastened over the top to form what is called the "dog."

With the "dog" completed the second stage begins and the thatcher carries the straw up the ladder on to the stack. He places the "dog" down on his left where an "iron" is driven into the stack to prevent it slipping off. The ladder is arranged so that there is about a yard of unthatched roof on the thatcher's right hand, enabling him to thatch a narrow section or "course" up the roof without getting off his ladder. He usually wears padded knee-caps to prevent his knees from becoming sore with constant kneeling on the ladder staves. He starts from the bottom of the roof and lays each "floe" overlapping the one beneath so that the rain will run off one "floe" on to the next and so off the roof altogether. These layers are laid "butts" downwards so that there are no untidy "ears" visible on the finished roof. The top "floe" is laid "butts" upwards so that there is a tidy "comb" along the top of the roof. Each "floe" is fixed on with either "spars and rods" or "spars and string" the latter being cheaper. The spars are sticks of hazel with sharpened ends, twisted and bent in the middle to form a "horseshoe." They are then driven into the roof over the string or rods.

A stick with nails driven through it is used to comb the thatch after it has been laid. Sheep-shears or clippers are used to trim up the "comb" and the base of the roof. A thatcher earns approximately four shillings per 100 square feet of thatching, so if any of you think of taking up thatching as a career remember you certainly earn your money.

S. T. RAW.

JOURNEY'S END

He had been on the raft for fourteen days, this mockery of man with sun blackened skin and wasted limbs. He lay on his back, exhausted, his eyes staring with feverish brightness from dark hollows in a face drawn and haggard and fringed by a shaggy black beard streaked with wisps of grey.

He had been, as I have said, on the raft for fourteen days, twelve of which he had spent without a morsel of food or a drop of

water. Several times a sail had crossed the horizon, but no one had seen that tiny speck on the heaving sea.

While he still had strength enough, Malone, for that was his name, had fastened a piece of sail-cloth to a spar and he had kept it beside him in readiness to signal to any approaching ship. But none had come. He was alone in the middle of the ocean with nothing for company but his thoughts and death, the latter ever present in the shape of a sinister black dorsal fin which patrolled round and round the drifting raft ceaselessly.

The shark had already tried to get at the man, but the latter had been able to beat off the attacks with the spar which lay at his side. But, as Malone had grown weaker, the shark's circles had converged on the raft until, at times, he had almost touched it and had gazed up at Malone with longing in his cold, malignant eyes.

His eyes had suddenly lost their gleam and sighing Malone stopped breathing and the shark, sensing the absence of life, closed in preparing for his ghastly feast.

A small brig bore down upon the vacant raft and, as it passed, its crew looked with interest at the spar with the sail-cloth fastened to it.

CHARLES TEASDALE.

SPRING

Come with me, spring is here,
Cannot you see, it is early this year ?
The lambs in the fields are jumping and playing
The catkins on hedges are tossing and swaying,
Come with me, be merry and free !

Come with me to the woods and the dells.
Cannot you hear the sound of the bells ?
The birds on the wing are bursting with singing,
The squirrels in the trees are climbing and swinging.
Come with me, be merry and free !

Come with me to the gay old river.
Cannot you see the waters quiver ?
The fish down below are darting and turning ;
All things of Nature with joy are returning.
Come with me, be merry and free !

ISOBEL KING, *Form Lower IV.*

MALAYA

Several years ago when we all used to live in Malaya in the brilliant sunshine and blue skies, my birthday came round. I forget how old I was then, but I do remember playing with the young Malay boys at a game of football or standing and watching them play basket-ball. Our house was situated in a clearing of coconut trees with a barbed wire fence around it supported by good solid concrete posts. To get into the compound we had to open a pair of iron gates. In front of the house was a lawn, quite a large one too, and behind were the cook's quarters and a few chicken runs. Just outside the compound were one or two Malay houses, in one of which lived my friend Zainul.

Early in the morning I got up and did my usual duties which were to give all the fowls and the pigeons water and see if the geese had sufficient. I then had a little chat with Muriel, our monkey. I was then called in for breakfast and given numerous presents, one of which I remember was a little clockwork Hornby train. During our meal it was suggested that we should go for a walk down to the sea, at which project I was delighted and was impatient to start, but Mum found out some small sand-buckets for us to carry, to bring home some shells for the hens. I think the path was about half a mile long as the crow flies and very winding with high coconut trees on either side. We had to follow a little mud track which, at this time of the year, was all dried and cracked by the sun. After having to jump across a small stream we listened to see who could catch the first sound of the sea and then looked eagerly for the first patch of blue in the trees. When we all stepped over the little ridge on to the sandy shore the sun nearly blinded us and looking along the shore we could see the salt shimmering in the heat. What I delighted in was to pick up some small flat dried slabs of mud and see how many times I could make them bounce on the sea. When walking along the shore I several times saw jelly-fish stranded on the sand and narrowly missed treading on one, and I was very excited when I saw a sea-snake slither across our path and into the sea. Soon after we had to turn back or we would have been late for tiffin, and I realized how surprisingly heavy a bucket of shells can get.

When we arrived home tired, hungry and very hot, we settled down to our favourite tiffin—fish-kedgeree. During the heat of

the afternoon we all had our usual sleep after which we went out and saw a Malay boy climb up and get some fresh young coconuts for tea and a papaya or two from our four papaya trees. I then had a game with Zainul until dusk, playing with little boats made from the curved sheaths of young coconuts. At eight o'clock I went to bed after a very enjoyable birthday. A. WATTS, *Form V.*

RIDDLE-ME-REE

My first is in heron but not in stork,
My second is in robin but not in hawk ;
My third is in tom-tit and also moorhen,
My fourth is in eagle as well as in wren.
My fifth is in swallow and also in fowl,
My sixth is in cuckoo and also in owl ;
My seventh is in starling but not in snipe
My eight is in jackdaw as well as in shrike ;
My whole is something I do every day
While all younger children are out at their play.
Thus you good scholars I finish this stanza
And now I will leave you to think out the answer.

CHRISTINE WEEKS, *Form II.*

DECISIVE

The two teams trooped on to the field, the "Killers" from one side and the "Toughs" from the other. Neither of these teams were very gentle on the field (as their names imply) and as this game was to decide the season, two ambulances, an army ambulance man and a coroner (who was there to decide whether the players died a natural death) were assembled on the touchline eagerly awaiting the first casualties.

The referee, wearing his leg-shields and an armour-plated jacket and headpiece, walked nervously out to the centre, faced on each side by eight horrible-looking forwards. He blew the whistle timidly and play, started by the tremendous Killer centre, was awful to the extreme. By half-time the score was : The Killers—one death, two broken skulls (not expected to live) and four broken ribs. The Toughs, however, had been busy with broken arms and fractured spines, bringing their score to three fractured spines

(one died later) and seven broken arms. I must just add that the referee had to be removed from the field during half-time after having sustained severe brain injuries from a blow on the head given to him by a player who considered that he had given a foul decision.

The second half proved to be much quieter resulting in a draw—one case of concussion each. Thus ended happily a very sporting and at least exciting game, which puts into the hands of the Killers the Rugger Trophy, a small silver cup bearing the words "Play Hard." The mass funeral will take place tomorrow—no flowers please.

[*Editors' Note*: We accept no responsibility for the above article and we understand that it has *nothing* to do with the girls who proposed that "The Position of Sport in this Country is Overrated" in Sixth-form debates.]

A MIXED HOCKEY MATCH

The whistle blows, the game begins,
Girls and boys now mind your shins.
White legs, brown legs flying past,
Backs in front and forwards last.
Girls are shouting—boys are too—
Telling others what to do.

The whistle blows—a girl is lame,
The boys cry: "Carry on the game."
The girl jumps up and gives a smile
And still plays on in finest style.
Sticks are cracking, ball is flying,
On the ground more girls are lying.

The whistle blows. Wot, no goal?
The female goalie trips in hole.
A broken ankle? no, of course
A boy has hit her with great force.
The game continues once again.
Each tries to score, but all in vain.

The whistle blows, the game does end,
With many hockey sticks to mend.
Bumps and bruises now appear,
Many sighs but not a tear;
The teams are happy, neither scored
And neither wish the match encored.

RITA OYLER, *Form Upper IV.*

JOURNEY TO INDIA

[It was with great pleasure that the Editors received this article from an Old Scholar and hope that others will follow his example.]

Although hostilities have now ceased and the world is once again in a comparative state of peace, many in the forces are still journeying from England for "tours" overseas. Your narrator recently found himself on such a journey—by air to India, the land of mosques and sacred cows. Since I have always been a bad traveller by air or otherwise, I was at the first a little apprehensive as to how I should fare. In case others at some future date should find themselves in similar circumstances and have similar doubts, and also because I consider my journey to be of general interest, I am, in R.A.F. parlance, "going to give you the gen."

I shall not dwell upon all the preliminaries prior to leaving "Blighty"—overseas nobody ever refers to the old home country by any other name. Briefly, one journeys to a P.D.C. or distribution centre, where one joins a numbered "draft" of several hundreds of others and in the course of the ensuing few days is kitted to overseas scale, medically examined, inoculated, and given talks by various officers on overseas life and conditions. Eventually all is complete and the next move is to one of several Transport Command 'dromes, in my case to Broadwell, near Oxford. Here one learns the date of departure, which may be two days or more away, the type of aircraft to be used, and the route to be taken. The day of departure approaches and slowly comes the realization that English towns and cities, the theatres, cinemas and, more especially, home will not be seen again for some considerable time. It's a strange sensation, but climbing the gang-plank of a boat must be far worse.

At 8 a.m. precisely, on Saturday, December 15th, 1945, a Dakota aircraft, containing, apart from the crew, twenty-two men, myself among them, roared up a runway and into the air. We were off and everything had happened so swiftly that it was hard to realise. The twin engines settled to a steady drone and gradually we climbed, the English countryside diminishing as if by the adjustment of some giant microscope. We passed through a layer of heavy cloud which for some length of time obscured our view of the ground, but after an hour or so a message was passed in to us from the navigator—"passing over south coast—height 9,000 feet—ground speed 182 m.p.h.—outside temperature 4°C ."—and looking out, we could see the blue of the Channel through gaps in the cloud. Later the cloud cleared and more notes indicated further points of interest—the French coast in the region of Le Havre, French hamlets, from our height showing no signs of the ravages of war, a large river, possibly the Loire, farther south patches of snow and the Alps away over to our left, through the mist a glimpse of distant Mont Blanc, its snow-covered heights glistening in the morning sun, and eventually the south coast of France, paving the way to the blue, the exquisite blue, of the Mediterranean.

Our first stop was for two hours at Elmes, in Southern Sardinia. Traversing the north of the island we could see a large cultivated area, meticulously set out, like a huge draught board, to the geometrical detail—a sight hardly creditable until seen. Elmes, itself, is now a B.O.A.C. airport, but still bears evidence of Italian occupation and bombing by allied aircraft. There are still various types of Italian 'planes in the hangars and Italians still do quite a high percentage of the work. We also saw palm trees and other strange Mediterranean flora. A meal here and on again.

Much of the next part of the journey was at night and we spent our time munching our tinned rations, reading novels provided or trying to sleep. Still in darkness we arrived at El Adem, near Tobruk—another two-hour break for a meal, this time served by German P.O.W.'s—and then away once more to Lydda, in Palestine. Dawn was just breaking when we arrived, but we wasted no time on taking stock of our surroundings or anything else—we filed straight into bed.

Our stay in Palestine was of two days duration, in order that we might become acclimatised and used to heat. I certainly did not find it hot. At night, sleeping in a brick-walled hut with a

tented roof, it was decidedly cold. A fair comparison to this is English Spring. Fruit in this part of the world is plentiful—oranges, bananas and varieties of nuts. (Bananas, by the way, are six-inch long yellow fruit, slightly curved, and they grow in bunches.) Orange groves stretch in every direction, and massive piles of the fruit line the roads. Most groves are "fenced" by cactus of the tall prickly type—a most novel and economical idea. My only regret was that, during my stay, I was unable, due to mists, to visit Tel Aviv or Jerusalem.

At mid-day on December 18th we departed on the second half of our journey. This part was of little interest. All through the hours of daylight we travelled over nothing but an endless expanse of undulating desert, the sky cloudless. Once we saw a small desert outpost with a long ribbon of road leading to it out of the distance—that was all. The only sign of water was Lake Habbaniya, on the shores of which was our first stop—R.A.F. Station, Habbaniya, "hewn out of the solid rock in 1921," according to R.A.F. accounts of the place. During our two-hour stay darkness fell with alarming rapidity and soon we were again winging our way into a velvet sky, ablaze with more stars than I ever seem to have seen before.

Sharjah, on the shores of the Persian Gulf, was our next port of call and here again, all was desert. Having seen these lonely stations, one can appreciate the feelings of the boys there, over the demob. situation. When dawn broke we had been airborne for some time. We now found ourselves travelling along the coast of the Arabian Sea, in the direction of Karachi. Still the land was nothing but desert—we must have crossed 1,500 miles of it. Another few hours passed and at 10 a.m. (I.S.T.), having circled Karachi with its narrow side streets and harbour with strange native craft among the large ocean-going vessels, we looked down on Mauripur, India's main air terminal, about seven miles outside the town. Incidentally, Percy Butchers, an Old Scholar, is stationed there and we were able to go swimming together.

My journey was over. I had travelled six thousand miles from English winter to a climate akin to English summer—those few glorious days which we vainly hope will coincide with our holidays—from Oxfordshire to Sind in only four days. Needless to say, I enjoyed my trip and only hope I shall be able to travel by the same means again. To have breakfast in England, lunch in Sardinia,

supper in North Africa, breakfast in Palestine—a two day break—
breakfast in Iran and lunch in India is quite an achievement.

I am now stationed in New Delhi. Later I hope to write a
further account on India itself. Till then . . .

W. M. SMITH.

APPLIED QUOTATIONS

"Phoebus Arise!
And paint the sable skies
With azure, white and red."—*W. Drummond.*

Hurry up with that scenery for the School Play!

"Music when soft voices die
Vibrates in the memory."—*Shelley.*

After music lesson.

"I cannot change as others do
Though you unjustly scorn."—*J. Wilmot.*

Wot! No football kit?

"All hope abandon—ye who enter here."—*Dante.*

Suggestion for the new School motto.

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view."—
Campbell.

But as she gets nearer—phew!!

"Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed and some
few to be chewed and digested."—*Bacon's Essays.*

That accounts for the state of many of the School text-books.

"Only a man harrowing clods
In a slow silent walk."—*T. Hardy.*

Mr. Luck has worked wonders with our cricket pitch.

"Who now with greedy looks eats up my feast?"—*Keats.*
Hey! Go easy with those potatoes!

"What Elysium have you known
Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern."—*Keats.*

Ever tried the Red Lion?

"To spite me now each minute seems an hour."—*Shakespeare.*
Well if you will get into detention!

OLD SCHOLARS

It has been a great pleasure welcoming so many Old Scholars
at the School, both those on leave and those on demobilisation.
Several have been seized upon by Mr. Broome to give lectures to
the Geographical Society and a very recent interesting reunion
was held behind the scenes at the revival of the School Play when
Peter Swaine (from Burma), Dick Shearer (R.A.F. attached
B.O.A.C.), Winnie Kempton, Barbara Ellis and Dennis Breeds
appeared.

The Head Master has had letters from Daphne Breeds (in her
last year at Salisbury), A. W. J. Ambrose who has just gone to
East Africa and R.E.M.E., Graham Smith who has recently arrived
in Jamaica with his unit, John Bannister whom we now see a good
deal of as he is stationed in the neighbourhood, R. M. Shearcroft
who expects soon to be demobilised and hopes to go to Edinburgh
University to take a Civil Engineering course (he also has lost his
School Certificate!), Ronald Marshall very enthusiastic about his
life at Goldsmiths but looking forward to the College's return to
London when it will be joined by Mr. Morgan. Letters have also
been received from John Pulford still in the R.A.F. but anxious
to return to Oxford, Bob Axell in Hong Kong, Morton Smith
with R.A.F. Signals in New Delhi and as busy as ever with drama,
Basil Jones with H.M.S. *Chaplet*, who like so many other old pupils
sends a gratuitous geography lesson to Mr. Broome! Roy Frehner
in the army is training in Ireland and expects to go to a pre-O.C.T.U.
unit. Geoffrey Paine and James Martin visited the School recently.
Both fired by their Cadet Corps work in Bedford have joined the
regular army and both are training for commissions. Jean Austen
when last heard of was taking a secretarial course preparatory to
leaving the A.T.S. Ruth Morris at Brighton Training College
has already made friends from different parts of England. Geoffrey

Smith (Captain, 1933) demobilised from the R.E. gave a lecture to the Geographical Society on "Mulberry", while Victor Apps fresh from Cochin China talked about the Far East. Colin Jones demobilised from the Navy and Lewis Clark (Royal Marines) visited us recently. It is good to see Bill Dennis back in Rye again after many years in India and Ricton and Gyon Hackman, the former C.P.O. in the Navy and the latter Flt.-Lieut in R.A.F. Rowan, they told us, is demobilised and is teaching in Middlesex. Brian Dawson who was on sick leave seemed quite cheerful about his clerk's life in the R.A.F. in spite of hopes of air-crew.

The Head Master has also heard from Kenneth Carter, of Battle (1921-24), now at Church Stretton, Salop. His School Certificate is another war victim. His friends will be interested to hear that he is hoping to go out to West Africa in connection with work for the blind.

The Head Master has also heard from the mother of Dorothy Griffiths, who is stationed as a nurse with the R.A.F. at Aden.

TO FRIENDS AND OLD SCHOLARS

We are always glad to receive news from Old Scholars and if any of you could contribute an article, letter or even some criticism we should be very grateful.

Our address remains the same :—

The Grammar School,
Rye, Sussex.

The address of the Secretary of the O.S.A. is :—

Lunsford Farm,
Pett, Hastings, Sussex.

THE PARENTS' ASSOCIATION

At the last general meeting the Association, while refusing to change its name, did in fact by a change in the constitution make itself into a Parent-Teacher Association. This is a change for the better and it is hoped that it will lead to more fruitful co-operation between parents and staff.

A more ambitious programme was planned for the winter, but the aftermath of war, combined with bad weather and competition from steeplechases led to disappointing attendances at the two meetings this term. At the first meeting Mr. Agnew, of the Head Masters' Employment Committee, spoke about the possibilities for Grammar School boys. The few there were keenly interested and asked many questions. More recently the Association was honoured by a visit from the Head Master of Varndean School, Brighton, who expounded his ideas on the secondary school of the future. In spite of the very cold day the attendance, though thin, was better than on the previous occasion and the discussion afterwards was stimulating. In the course of the afternoon some parents watched the Football XI play Eastbourne Grammar School and a House Hockey match.

Parents' Day next term will be on a Saturday towards the end of June, when it is hoped that the attendance will be well up to pre-war standards.
A.R.J.

THE HISTORY OF RYE GRAMMAR SCHOOL

Since I published my history of the School in 1939, several matters of interest have been discovered among the various records of our town. We have found that Thomas Peacocke was not the first inhabitant of Rye to see the necessity of such an institution and in the will of one Andrew Houchen signed on May 10th, 1560, the following clause appears : "I give and bequeath toward the building and furnishing of a Grammar School to be erected within the said Towne of Rye the some of Five Pounds of usual money of England the same to be distributed, when the said Schoole house shall be a building." Whether this was claimed when Peacocke built his school 76 years later does not appear.

Further particulars have also been discovered of Peacocke's early days in Rye. In 1607 we find him residing at the Mermaid in the employ of Thomas Higgons, at the time when the latter was Mayor of Rye, and as he is later described as a Vintner, this may mean his apprenticeship to the trade. It will also be remembered that he purchased the annuity on the Mermaid from a Mr. Higgons.

But possibly the most important discovery made is the name of an earlier head master (possibly the first) than Thomas Watson. It will be remembered that the first notice I could find of Watson was in 1649, but in the Parish Register under the date of March 11th, 1646, O.S. which would be 1647 new style, we find "Richard Smith, Master of the Free Schoole of this Towne, and Sarah Spye were married." Now Sarah Spye was a lady of a well-known Rye family and if we suppose Smith to have been appointed as Master on the opening of the School, say in 1638, eight years does not seem a long time for acquaintance, courtship and marriage of a new-comer to the Town.

Should this meet the eye of any former scholar of the School now at Oxford or Cambridge Universities, might I suggest that it would be an interesting and useful piece of research if they would try and find Richard Smith in either "Benn's Alumni Cantabrigi-nes" or "Foster's Alumni Oxonienses," and if, as is possible, there was more than one of this name, taking his or their degrees and probably deacon's orders, during say 1535 to 1541, to pass the information on to the Head Master. Both these valuable records are sure to be in the University Libraries.

L.A.V.