

Good luck  
R.G. Woodward

All the best,  
A.M. Cooper.

Terry

Alan J. Miles

G. Scott Smith

STAPLTON

Good luck

Randy

Good luck  
Randy Sandy

Don  
x/x





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Deb. Buttery.

**SUB-EDITOR**

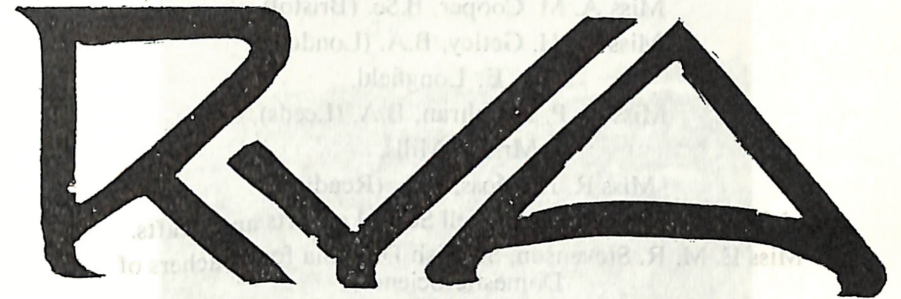
Virginia Dickinson.

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**Magazine of  
Rye Grammar School  
Summer 1968**



## RYE GRAMMAR SCHOOL, 1968

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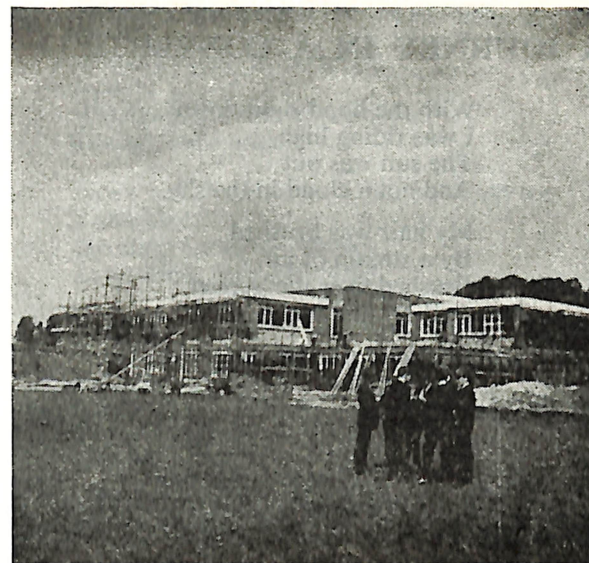
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## EDITORIAL



As this is the last official year that our school will be Rye Grammar School, we have attempted to create a magazine fitting to such an occasion. The last school year has brought with it many changes; with an influx of green and blue blazers and the construction of new buildings adjoining the school. Everyone has watched their growth with curious enthusiasm, and everyone is wondering what the school will be like in its comprehensive future. Meanwhile the school has continued to function with its usual vitality as is shown by our reports on all the various activities.

In spite of the fact that this will probably be the final issue of our magazine as such, original contributions have not been what we expected but we have received several interesting items which we have included. There still seems to be, however, a lapse in creativity in our upper school though this perhaps is understandable, and we wish them every success in their exams.

This year the whole school sadly said goodbye to Mr. Brydon, Miss Bolton and Miss Barker. A happier occasion was in wishing Christine Servoles, the French Assistante every success and good wishes on her 21st birthday this term. Our good wishes also go out to Ian Townsend who has unfortunately been in hospital for five months and we wish him a speedy recovery.

Deb. Buttery, Virginia Dickinson.



## ORIGINAL POETRY AND PROSE

### A JOURNEY IN A CONVERTIBLE

With the hood right down  
I was riding high,  
The sun was out  
And not a cloud in the sky.

My hair was brushed  
By a stream of air.  
Brushed over the 'screen  
And around it came.

The road was sticky  
In the summer heat,  
Like a layer of toffee  
So sour, yet sweet.

The wheels were drumming  
Upon the road  
In an endless humming  
As if in a mood.

This is the only ride  
When I feel free.  
A journey in a convertible  
Is the one for me.

Cawdron, L.3.

### GOOD INTENTIONS

On wintry mornings when I open my eyes  
To cold howling winds and dull grey skies  
It takes me a long time, I must confess  
To leap out of bed and begin to dress.  
To school I begin my tortoise-like walk  
Feeling cold, damp and miserable—I can't bother to talk,  
And think, oh! thank goodness that summer is near,  
I'll leap out of bed, oh never you fear,  
Bright and early for school I shall be  
Full of fun, and joy and gaiety.  
But now summer is here and winter is dead,  
I'm sorry to say, I still hate leaving bed.

Patricia Pratt, L.3.

## LONELINESS

He was crouched behind the parapet,  
Lonely.  
Waiting to kill or be killed,  
Lonely.  
Thinking of home sweet home,  
Lonely, very lonely.

Not a man in the trench that he could see,  
Lonesome.  
No sleep for twenty hours,  
Lonesome, very lonesome.

He was bored with this deadly war,  
Loneliness.  
This was the word he felt,  
Loneliness.  
The worst word on earth for him,  
Loneliness, to hell with it!

E. Uglow, L.V.B.

### THE WORLD AND LIFE (AND DEATH)

The record says, "What a wonderful world".  
Think of war and the wonders lost,  
Faithful dog on the carpet curled,  
But to keep him—what a cost.

People cry—"Money for the ill",  
While overseas wars make men of boys,  
Others sit back and watch the kill,  
Their kids on the floor play with war toys,  
Some flirt death just for the thrill.

Then comes the catch,  
They're all let off the latch,  
Six foot under,  
Never again to blunder,  
But why still fight—why don't we ever learn?

T. Bickmore, L.V.B.



## A VISITOR

The house was still and desolate,  
Nothing could be seen,  
No one even heard the gate,  
Or what had passed between.

The door was gently opened  
And something crossed the hall,  
It entered the door at the end,  
But then nothing was seen at all.

There was a tapping on the wall,  
And a window opened wide,  
A shadow dark and tall,  
Had nowhere else to hide.

It darted through the window,  
And ran across the lawn,  
Because it did not want to show,  
Its face before the dawn.

Lorna Shearer, M.1.

## KING IN A CAGE

Long shaggy mane, large padded paws,  
Soft and flat with five sharp claws.  
Beady eyes of a browny hue.  
Not me, you.

Striding about, issuing growls now and then.  
Looking in and out of his den.  
The more I looked the more he grew.  
Not me, you.

Rough brown coat, and swishing tail,  
He looks like a prisoner in his jail.  
Who shall feed him, me or you?  
It's only a lion in a zoo.

Sheila Boston.

## SHIPS ON THE SEA

The sea goes on for ever,  
Around the world and on,  
And with it go the ships,  
From England, France and Spain.

Trade ships, cruisers, steamers too,  
They come from port or quay,  
They carry wares or people,  
And often just a crew.

White ships, black ships,  
Going round the world,  
From port to port with timber,  
Cloth and jewels fine.

Sometimes the sea is rough,  
And the ships are tossed about,  
And often it is calm,  
When the ships go out.

But the weather hardly matters,  
To ships, however big,  
And so the ships go sailing,  
Around the world and on.

Vicky Weller, M.1.

## THE PUBLICITY

The latest book of my poems has not been selling very well—in fact 122 of my personal friends and relations tell me they have bought it, but the publishers say only 84 copies have been sold. So the general public seem to have received it rather coldly.

"The trouble is," said Edith, "that nobody has ever heard of you, and those who have, do not want to, again. You need a little advertisement. Let people know that you exist and you write poetry, they will all rush along to the libraries and ask for your latest book."

"But I cannot just put an advertisement in the newspaper saying I am a poet."

Edith thought for a moment and then said that she had a bright idea.

"Why not put an advertisement in *The Times*," she said, "saying that you recommend as butler in a small family a man who has been in your employment for twenty years?"

"But I have not had anybody in my employment for twenty years," I said. "And I have never kept a butler of any sort, as you know very well. And how could I sell more copies of my poems by pretending that I wanted to find work for a non-existent butler who has not been in my employment for twenty years?"

"You are not very bright this morning," said Edith. "Don't you



know that the most successful sort of advertising is the sort that does not look like an advertisement? You ought to do something like this." She got a piece of paper and a pen and wrote the following:

"Mr. P. Smith, the poet (author of Raspberry Bushes and Other Poems), strongly recommends as butler in a small family his present head man, who has been with him for twenty years."

"The idea is not bad," I said, "but I refuse to do anything so dishonest, because if the plan did not work, it would mean money thrown away. I will not do it myself and I forbid you to do it."

In fact I had rather liked her idea and I thought that when I absolutely forbade her to do it, she would pay the money herself and send in the advertisement. I could then speak to her severely of disobeying my orders, save money and sell more books.

For some days, she did nothing, although I was careful to remind her that I had absolutely forbidden her to send in the advertisement. I reminded her several times in a day hoping that this treatment would produce a desirable effect. Although I looked in *The Times* every day, the advertisement never appeared. Edith went away to stay with a sick aunt and I forgot all about this matter.

Then came the event of The Man with The Dog. One morning after I had had my breakfast, I saw a man and a dog. He was a big man and the dog was a big dog, and they both stood outside my front-door and made noises at me.

"I will take the money now," said the man in a bad-tempered voice.

"What money is this?" I asked politely. "Something due for milk supplied?"

"Rubbish! I want two quid for the dog!" he said, in a typical Sussex accent.

"I don't want the dog," I said. My house was rather lonely and the man a big sort of man, so it would be wiser to buy it.

At last I bought the dog because Edith wanted a dog anyway. I gave the dog some meat and locked him in the kitchen. Suddenly the bell rang and I found two men on the step, both with large dogs.

This time I did not argue. I just shut the door and went and looked at myself in a mirror. I was worried. I went up to the bedroom and looked down the road leading to the station. I saw six men with six big dogs.

Then the solution of the problem came to me, and I looked at the Lost and Found advertisements in *The Times*.

"Mr. P. Smith offers £2 reward for the return of his faithful dog Tom, who first awakened the ideas in Faithful Eyes in his new book of POEMS."

Edith said afterwards that I had not told her she must not put in an advertisement about a "dog"!

(The dog has made an awful mess in the kitchen by now!)

S. Sane, M.3.

## BIOLOGY

The bell rings  
The end of break  
All pile in  
For heaven's sake.  
Don't slam that door  
One window's broken  
We don't want more,  
Registration.  
Don't shout at me,  
What's next lesson?  
Biology?  
Yes, I think so,  
No, Miss Bolton,  
Oh! too bad,  
Well let's go then.  
Along the corridors  
Up the stairs  
We stand and chatter  
Usually in pairs.  
Go in! Go in!  
Some people yell  
All rush in  
Phew! What a smell!  
All sit down—  
Who's nicked my stool?  
Some cries what today?  
Not cutting up eyes!  
Ugh! I can't watch it,  
Makes me sick!  
No that's the cornea,  
Don't be so thick!  
The bell rings  
Half the lesson gone  
Double lessons  
Seem to last so long.  
"Print on diagrams!"  
Oh blow! I forgot,  
Is that right?  
No it's not.  
The second bell rings  
Oh! do hurry,  
But I haven't finished!  
Not to worry.  
On the way out  
We have a freak,  
'Cause Bio's over  
For another week.

Elizabeth Kent, L.V.A.



## NIGHT SUN SERENADE TO THE MOON

The sun was up and shed its light,  
Although the middle of the night.  
The fish were dancing on the sand  
Although the sea was far at hand.  
The bats were watching I.T.V.  
Although the bats will never see.  
The birds were singing out of tune  
To try and serenade the moon,  
Although the moon was still not there,  
The birds sang on, they could not care.  
All through the night this went, till soon,  
The night sun passed and left, day moon.

Julian Breeds, M.2.

## STRANGER ON THE SHAW

Once upon a time in Xanadu there was a 1910 Fruit Gum Company run by Scott, Who was a Walker and liked Beatling along Sandie Shaws. Along This Shaw was one Union Gap which was covered with Rolling Stones. In this gap lived certain Hermits, who were thought to have been descended from some Animals called Monkees. Their leader Herman sent them out Seeking Grapefruits with which to make their Marmalade. Scott had been Moving with supple Action for 100 yards when he Herd what he thought to be Small-Faced Troggs eating Cream.

"Ha! Ha!" said our Clown. "Wouldn't it be nice to get on with our neighbours." So this is what he did. He ran across a Dusty Springfield until he met a Partridge, who was called Sleepy Joe.

Just then along came a Young Girl called Cilla Black (but this was no Love Affair) for she told Scott that if he wanted to make friends with the Troggs he must go back to Square One and find a Beachboy who would introduce him to them.

When he found a Beachboy called Dave Dee, Scott told him what he wanted. "Congratulations!" said the Beachboy jumping up and down on the 'Stones. And so that was how Scott met the Troggs on the Sandie Shaws.

Christine Hales and Elizabeth Kent, L.V.A.

## NIGHT

Day recedes,  
Night descends,  
Colours fade,  
And all merge into brooding darkness.

Stars of light,  
Suspended.  
Probing headlamps  
Seeking sparkling cats' eyes.

Figures loom,  
And thin gnarled hands,  
Shining grey,  
Reach out,  
Ominous.

Owl's hoot,  
Obliterated by growl of passing car,  
Blending with shy laughter of lovers.

Then silence.  
Deathly, creepy,  
Swish of wind,  
Softly rustling through leaves.

Echoes  
Of footsteps  
On broken twigs.

Waves.  
Gently lapping on an empty shore.  
Broken mirror  
Of myriads of stars and silver moon  
On moving dunes  
Of water.

Christine Jones, L.V.A.

## THE CANDLES

Emily was alone, crying in her room, she was feeling sick of life. Today was her birthday, but she felt unhappy and bored with life. For on this day she had been jilted.

She now thought in despair that she would be left a spinster for the remainder of her life and to be lumbered with the looking-after of her elderly parents. Presently her mother entered the room and told her to come downstairs as the party was ready. After a few minutes Emily managed to pull herself together and tottered downstairs, where her relatives and friends were waiting for her. As she entered the room a cake met her eyes. Inscribed on the cake was "Best wishes on your birthday". The candles were burnt low and now it was time to blow them out lest they should burn or damage the cake. Emily drew in a deep breath and blew out all of the thirteen candles!

Beverly Creed, L.V.C.



## STUDENTS

These species live mainly in herds and are usually owned by a college or university. They come in various shapes and sizes but common to all (I hope) are two legs, arms, eyes and ears although there are some exceptions. Most students seem to have a rebellious streak in them probably inherited from their notorious ancestors who preceded them. Some do not care for a very social life although they will have their fun sometimes. Rag Week is an excellent example of a student's fun and games. Protest marches are continually happening; walking up to Harold's front door and waving a piece of paper seems to be "in", whereas waiting politely for an invitation is definitely "out". Saying "Excuse me" when one wants to overcome a human obstacle is also "out". Instead one uses one's elbows, legs, etc., and charges through. Students are regularly issued with a magazine which is adequately entitled "A Student in His Strength". The magazine is issued quite regularly for the nominal charge of 3d. and for all would-be students I would place your order soon.

L.V.A.

## WATER

Running, glistening,  
Ever flowing onward to the sea.  
Tumbling, bubbling, mumbling, grumbling,  
Wishing to be free.

Dripping, splashing,  
Ever washing, over all the land.  
Gurgling, bubbling, rippling, sparkling,  
Cleaning every hand.

Wiping, scrubbing,  
Ever helping everyone in need.  
Rinsing, rubbing, singing, ringing,  
Watering every seed.

Bobbing, thundering,  
Ever causing fear in every place.  
Frothing, foaming, rolling, crawling,  
Looking just like lace.

Onward going, always flowing,  
Ever to be heard.  
Crashing, falling, raging, surging,  
Over all the world.

Elizabeth Pearce, L.V.A.

The light of day is a glaring light,  
The sun's last rays are hard and bright  
The sky is striped with reds and pinks  
Until the burning sun last sinks.  
Then comes another softer light,  
The cold moon's silvery glow of night.  
The pale beams stretch across the land  
Silver hills and silver sand.  
And when the moon has had its turn,  
The orange sun begins to burn  
The silver sea is turned to flame  
And now the sun shines down again.

Merryn Beard, L.V.A.

## THE LAST SUNSET

I remember it was gloriously sunny all that day, and Sussex basked in the summer sun. I had had a hard day at work and wanted to relax completely and read a new book, and so I decided to go for a long walk in the country.

I started off at quite a pace down our lane, which wound like a smooth, navy-blue river between steep banks, topped with large, shady trees. After a while I slowed down as I felt lazy in the golden sun of the evening, and I became happy and content in the beautiful green countryside lit up with gold from the sun, which had already sunk near the horizon. My worries and anxiety retreated into my subconscious.

I crossed a stile into a field, and came to a low hill of cropped grass. A path led over the hill, and I walked along it. As I neared the top I noticed that there was a man sitting on the slope facing the setting sun. He had what I can only describe as a regal, kingly look, although he did not have the pompous, callous look which royalty often have. His profile was clearly outlined against the orange sky, and he sat up straight, though not stiffly, and managed, strangely enough, to seem calm, relaxed and at ease, at the same time. When I reached a certain distance from him, he must have heard me, for he turned his head and gazed at me.

I shall never forget that moment. As soon as I saw his eyes I recoiled slightly—they were completely and utterly blue with no whites and no black pupils. They reminded me of the eyes of young deer. They seemed to contain great depths of feeling, and were gentle and wise.

I can only describe the rest of his face as ordinary, although there was something about it that was unnatural—something I could not quite pin down. Perhaps it was the inhuman smoothness of his unblemished skin, which was perfectly coloured, or the exact symmetry of his features, which made me uneasy.



I took in all this in a few seconds, and then pulled myself together sufficiently to say, "Good evening. I, er, I hope I'm not disturbing you in any way?" I would not normally have added the last remark to a stranger who was sitting and doing nothing, but this man seemed to command respect and reverence, and I felt, somehow, that he was not just sitting there to pass away the time.

He answered in an even, fluent voice, "Good evening. No, you are not disturbing me at all". He said this in such a precise, correct way, that I thought he might be a foreigner, and then he turned back to gaze at the sun again. I noticed that he never blinked once.

I had the feeling that he was waiting for something to happen. "Are you expecting anyone?" I asked.

"I am waiting for the sun to set," he said, and conveyed to me the notion that something strange was going to happen when the sun set.

"What will you do when the sun sets?" I asked.

"I shall collect my children, for my father has entrusted them into my care," he said, and then he surprised me by saying, "Please will you leave me now?"

I was puzzled but not at all offended or angry at this rejection, a fact which is strange when I think of my usual impatience. I left quietly, and went to sit under a tree, where I read my new book in the light of the dying sun, in the final ten minutes before the End of the World.

Virginia Hill, L.V.A.

## WHERE ARE WE GOING?

Oh for Peace! Pure Peace, in this world of now,  
How good it would be for us all; you, me,  
We, together, forever, without loud  
Crashings and crumbling of bloody battles,  
Fought frequently, furiously, endlessly,  
On and on, down narrow streets without end.

Look! Look! Just look at this, our world, today;  
Black, white; right, wrong; all alone, together.  
Who knows, or cares, or thinks, or links this world  
With the whirlwind world of tomorrow? We?  
We're alone in this mad muddy mess, all,  
Each one, drunk in his own dreary, dazed dreams of himself.

Murder? Death? Mock deaths, right up to the hilt.  
Oh man! Back, back and beyond, too far we've gone,  
But it is done, dark dreaded dank death.  
Pure princely Peace: Cease your foul felt frowning,  
And float down to us poor fools, far, far down.

Marianne Reed, L.V.I.A.

## SONNET

(with apologies to Petrarch)

How beautiful thy face, how cold thy smile;  
Thou art so far above me in degree  
I cannot gain thy love or thy pitee,  
Though I should use full many a clever wile.  
I would not thy pure spirit dare defile  
By forcing my base presauce upon thee,  
But ah! that thou wouldst but regard me  
And let me be in thy presauce awhile.

To please thee would I die, oh, many a time,  
To please thee would I any deed attempt,  
That I might feel elation so sublime  
Knowing I had thy love, not thy contempt.  
Alas! it cannot be, e'en now the chime  
Of church bells tolls my death, and thou'rt but dreamt.

Anon.

## UNREQUITED LOVE

I

I loved my friend,  
I nursed my love,  
It grew and blossomed,  
Its roots deep in my heart.  
From my heart it drew its food,  
It sapped my strength, and still it grew,  
Its fruit ripened into idolatry  
And still I loved my friend.  
My tree of love,  
Idealised, idolised love,  
Spread its roots into my very soul,  
And sucked it dry.  
But there was no answering love,  
No pair to my tree.  
Instead a cold wind of contempt  
Which shook my tree:  
The wind grew in strength,  
And in its wake  
Came fierce storms of sarcasm,  
Despising, blighting frosts,  
And in the final cataclysm  
My tree, my love, my very self  
Was torn up by the roots,  
And as it fell, the roots tore at my heart  
And at my soul,  
And left them ravaged.



When love has been killed in me  
 I too am killed—  
 I feel I can never love again.  
 But despite myself, my soul heals,  
 And once more seeks a seed of love  
 For it to nurse and feed.  
 Once more, heart, soul, being,  
 Feed and tend the new sapling of love;  
 Once more it is storm-broken,  
 Once more my being is ravaged  
 And sends up its plea for peace,  
 For comfort, to its god,  
 My mind.  
 "How long must I suffer so,  
 How long, O Lord, how long?"  
 The cruel god replies  
 "For ever. The torment of love  
 Is eternal, all-pervading.  
 All must suffer its pain;  
 Nothing can save you, O soul,  
 Until you meet a soul  
 Vibrating with answering love.  
 Then will the pain turn to joy,  
 The unrequited love be requited."

Anon.

Through the battle of voices, there was one saying: "You are wrong. It is not here. Search elsewhere." The voices ceased and there was no sound save for the whispering of the stars and a cold, rasping wind blowing to extinguish this spark of life.

The mud was cold.

Coated and crusted, hard and dry, symbol of the fate that is wilderness. Once again the voice cried, "It is not here, search elsewhere", and the wind formed the words into ice, whereupon they sank into the distance, jangling discordantly.

It was warmer.

The wind was fading, grass grew, and the flowers came out. She was there, who man had worshipped, but never seen. "Yes, you are right. It is time to search elsewhere. Come."

The white road stretched straight before us. Around a halo of light and silence. It was darker near the edges of the road and the voices were more insistent, cajoling, painful. Those who slipped off the road joined the cry of the world. We passed by a fanatic, the emblem of love reversed, crawling into a ditch, sobbing greedily. The darkness closed around him. A tall, long-bearded

man, eyes blazing, searched endlessly in the twilight. A lost soul stared down the road, back the way he had come.

Yet as we walked, confidence grew, the road grew wider and one by one the voices ceased save for one or two curses from the night. But even these desisted and at last the gates were there. Bastions of light.

The doors were open.

Once inside, harmonious colours played against the sounds of beauty. Crystal-smelling fruit bowed trees of energy towards the singing ground. A thousand and one fountains tinkled, while fear ran underground. Banks of colour lit by a morning sun which would never set, came into being and then faded. Gentle giants played amongst the tombs of the living, finding something new each game.

We would have stopped for ever, but she said, "It is not here".

We entered a building where pumas spoke among the grasses, grown from the seeds of love within us all. Past and on we went, into the seventh chamber where all was silent, and all was good. No music of the trees or voices echoed round this happy room. In front, on a raft supported in liquid gold was what I had come to seek. I had found myself.

Tom Corbett, L.VI.A.

## DESOLATION

Once the soft rays of the sun  
 Illuminated a green and fertile land,  
 Now with desolation—  
 Comes an infinity of sand.  
 Once winds raged round the mountains,  
 Swept waves high up in the sea,  
 Now the isolation waits—  
 Waits for eternity.  
 Once tall concrete houses glowed,  
 In a neon-lighted town,  
 Now the cities are destroyed,  
 And the houses all burnt down.  
 Once animals and flowers,  
 Were at liberty to live,  
 When man was only infantile,  
 And ready to forgive.



## THE ARTIST

Watch, tall, slowly pacing floors of monotone,  
 Within a world of fantasy and light,  
 Seeing them all before you and in your own distaste,  
 Painting them out with all the dark of night.  
 Walk, eyes fixed in blank and endless stare,  
 A happy blue hypnotic state of mind,  
 Then in your custom fading into calm oblivion,  
 To curse yourself and any future time.  
 Looking down on all the mass around you,  
 With an air of royalty and sin,  
 Turn away and leave the questioning assembly,  
 Trying with society to fit you in.  
 See, standing tall, the gaunt and lonely pessimist,  
 Convinced that nothing ever turns out right,  
 For you a life in misery and sad indifference,  
 Painting the lovely day out of the happy night.  
 Cynically laughing at the world and at your friends,  
 And at the race you can't be forced to win,  
 Remembering too late to bear conviction,  
 While it's you who cannot sink—  
 It's your friends need help to swim.

## THE BED OF KNOWLEDGE

I am safe, I am secure; lying in a bed of knowledge. Complete in every way, I know all. But the bed rocks. One leg is incomplete, and although I know all, and I know that the bed is incomplete, I don't know why! Maybe I shouldn't know why. So that leg's too short, big deal! Shove a book under it! But I've only got paperbacks . . . and the bed's still rocking. So you're an artist! So I can paint myself a new complete leg to my bed of knowledge (paperback books burn—fire hazard). So I will paint myself a new bed-leg, but, as usual, my art fails me, and the bed still rocks. Not enough to throw me out, but enough to make me get up, and think about buying a new bed. But I know that's impossible, it's the only bed that fits my room. "It's the only bed that fits you, you great long streak of . . . !" All right, I know, I know! I know all. I know that the leg's too short, but still I don't know why.

"But hold on, you've not finished yet." I know, but how did you? If the bed of knowledge knew all, and more, such as maybe I have one leg shorter than the other, would the bed collapse and leave me on the floor?

"Android", U.VI.

There once was a school in a town,  
 Whose occupants wore blue and brown,  
 But on the defensive  
 It went comprehensive,  
 And now it is all upside-down.

## SCHOOL PLAY—MARCH 1968

### "THE CRUCIBLE"

"The Crucible" was performed by the School Dramatic Society under its director Mr. Gaunt on March 28th, 29th and 30th in the School Hall.

The play, dealing as it does with a witch-hunt and with the resultant mass hysteria, and accusation and counter-accusation in a town in 17th-century America, makes great demands on any company undertaking to play it. It is essential, if the portrayal of hysteria is to succeed, that the play has its quieter passages, none the less menacing for that, so that the high notes of hysteria be thrown into sharper relief. It is also essential that the hysteria be not overplayed so that what is deep tragedy becomes very near to farce for the spectator. Moreover it is essential for the producer not to direct the play in such a way as to make the action of this play historically exceptional. He must convey the feeling that mass hysteria can happen and does happen outside the Salem of 1692; in other words that the characters are for the most part ordinary people caught up in a wave of dangerous and misguided thought. Herein lies the lesson of the play, whose events have been re-echoed on more than one occasion in recent history.

In all the respects noted above this production was a success. Partly, I believe, this success was due to the fact that most of the leading characters were experienced actors and their confidence came from this. Some of the success is due, I am sure, to the fact that they were playing a play which appeals to the imagination, and written in a language, a very forthright language at times, which they could understand, without their having to pay attention to the metre of blank verse and to long circumlocutions. I thoroughly enjoy Shakespeare but I have seen few successful school productions.

It would be almost invidious to single out any individual performance in this production, for apart from a certain nervousness in the opening scene, resulting in hurried words, all was most praiseworthy. Yet this would be more than unjust to several performances which deserve individual notice. Peter Ewart as John Proctor played with great feeling a far from easy role, all the more telling because of the convincing submissiveness of his wife, played by Denise Dean, who nevertheless, did not allow this submissiveness to become purely passive and devoid of character.

However, to my mind, especially deserving of mention are Grant Parrott as the Rev. John Hale, and Chris Williams as the Deputy Governor Danforth, and for this reason; when they were on stage they had the ability to take charge of the action and play it at their speed; they dictated the play and interpreted confidently their different roles.



This should not detract in any way from the fact that this was essentially a team effort, and into that team fitted unobtrusively, and therefore with considerable competence, the sections concerned with lighting, scenery, make-up and costumes. This was a performance with which Mr. Gaunt could be justly pleased, and which should have been a reward for the great effort which he and his team expended prior to and during these performances.

B.V.S.

## THE SIXTH FORM VISIT LONDON

On Saturday, March 23rd, two coaches of Sixth Formers, accompanied by Miss Getley, Miss Allen and Mr. White, left Rye at 9 o'clock on a visit to London. Unfortunately, as we approached the outskirts of London, one of the coaches broke down and the occupants had to find their own way into the City. The other coach arrived in Trafalgar Square at 12 o'clock and we were left free to amuse ourselves during the afternoon. The party split up, some wandering down Portobello Road, some shopping and some sightseeing.

The party met up again at 5 o'clock in the foyer of the Queen's Theatre, Shaftesbury Avenue, where we were to see a new Peter Ustinov comedy, "Half Way up the Tree", starring Robert Morley and Ambrosine Philpotts. This was the story of a "way out" family the father of which returned home after many years overseas to discover his daughter pregnant, but unmarried, his son a "hippy" and his wife in love with his greatest friend. He solved his many problems by becoming a "hippy" himself and living half way up a tree with an unknown Malayan girl. The comedy was a great success and enjoyed by all.

After the play we spent another hour in London, most of us having a meal, before the coach left at 12 o'clock.

We should like to thank the school captains for arranging the visit.  
Yvonne Richards, L.V.I.A.

## SPEECH DAY

Our address on Speech Day is normally given by a member of the Ecclesiastical or Educational world, but this year we had the pleasure of an address by Mr. P. G. Hall, Labour Relations Officer for Esso Petroleum. Mr. Hall talked mainly about the great work in his world which he said is both exciting and rewarding. He also explained that it was very important that young scientists do not set their hearts on becoming famous inventors and doing research, but should work on improving the things already known.

Mr. Pattison took the chair for this occasion as he had done the previous year. He said that it was a very great honour for him to be chairman at "Rye Grammar School's" last Speech Day.

He then went on to say that the name of the new school "Thomas Peacock" ensures that "Rye Grammar School" will not become completely dead, Thomas Peacock being our founder.

Mr. Buttery told us that so far the 60 ex-members of Rye Secondary School seem to have settled down here. He said that 17 pupils had already received definite or provisional places for university, and 12 pupils have places for various colleges. He gave his congratulations to John Hooper, who has gained an Open Exhibition to St. Catharine's, Cambridge.

The school choir, under Miss Benton's instruction, gave a marvellous performance, singing four folk songs, one being a Danish lullaby and the other three, Yugoslavian.

Finally, on behalf of the School, I would like to thank not only the speakers but all our governors and staff who have put so much work into making the last Speech Day of "Rye Grammar School" a success.

Prizes were presented by Mrs. P. G. Hall.

Marianne Reed.

## PRIZE LIST 1966-67

### LOWER SCHOOL

**Form Prizes:** Angela Alford, Jane Burke, Sally Blow, B. Cawdron, S. Chamberlain, Ruth Kendall, P. Mercer, C. Phillips.

**Speech Prizes:** C. Barham, Judy Killen, Amanda Reynolds, Victoria Tremeer.

**Handwriting Prizes:** Judith Bilsby, Frances Cox, Nicola Williams.

### MIDDLE SCHOOL

**Form Prizes:** Hilary Dann, D. Henbrey, Susan Holland, Christine Jones, Caroline Neil, S. Nesbitt, M. Smith, Vanessa Smith, E. Uglov.

**Speech Prize (Mr. and Mrs. W. Purrington):** Marilyn Purrington.  
**Prize for Progress in First Three Years (Mrs. Barclay):** Elizabeth Weaver.

**June Gill Memorial Prize for History:** N. Chamberlain.

### UPPER SCHOOL

**Form Prizes:** G. Ashdown, G. Batchelor, Gillian Bonner, Jane Cole, J. Fisher, A. Gotts, P. Hammond, M. Hall, R. Robinson, I. Sheddon, D. Smith.

**Metalwork Prize:** J. Austin.

**Engineering Drawing Prize (R. Reynolds, Esq.):** D. Chesson.

**Prize for Progress in Fifth Year (A. Penny, Esq.):** Jane Coleman.

**Tunstall Memorial Prize for History:** Kay Baldock.



Miss E. A. Turner's Prize for "O" Level English Literature:  
Yvonne Richards.  
George Hickman Memorial Prize for "O" Level Mathematics:  
Elaine Williams.  
Old Scholars' Prizes: Pauline Elliott, Mary Geaney.

### SPECIAL PRIZES

#### Prizes for Best Contributions to Rya

	Deb. Buttery, Virginia Dickinson.
Anne E. Beevers Cup for Domestic Science	Maureen Adams.
Domestic Science Prize (Mrs. Wethey)	Carol Coleman.
John Larkin Memorial Prize for Public Speaking	G. Parrott.
Prize for Singing (J. W. Foster, Esq.)	Judith Holmes.
Newton Prize for Reading	Vivian Townsend.
Prize for Art (Mrs. Charnley-Kerr)	Lark Kozakiewicz.
Prize for Woodwork	C. Healey.
Prize for Divinity (Miss Prentice)	Gillian Rootes.
General Studies Prize (H. B. Douglas, Esq.)	Susan Ritter.
Chairman's Prize for Science	N. Savage.
The Mayor's Prize for Geography	Nicole Pelling.
Prize for English Literature (Miss Warren)	Susan Apps.
Prize for French	Carol Springford.
Prize for Latin (Mrs. Binnie)	Pamela Blair.
Prize for German	W. Russell.
Alan Smith Memorial Prize for History	J. Hooper.
Walter Colvin Memorial Prize for Mathematics	E. Guiver.
Molyneux Jenkins Memorial Prize for Mathematics	N. Savage.
School Captain's Prize	D. Hobson.
The Trollope Award	Susan Ritter.

### House Competitions 1966-67

Athletics	Bishop Shield	Meryon.
Basket Ball		Sanders.
Cricket	Heron-Wilson Shield	Meryon.
Crosscountry	Merricks Cup	Sanders.
Football	Dunlop Shield	Meryon.
Gymnastics (Boys)	Schofield Shield	Sanders.
Gymnastics (Girls)		Sanders.
Hockey	Old Scholars' Shield	Peacocke.
Netball	Hepworth Shield	Peacocke.
Rounders		Peacocke.
Swimming	Winterbottom Cup	Meryon.
Tennis	Lady Maud Warrender Shield	Peacocke.
House Championship		Meryon.
Speech	Gwynne Shield	Meryon.
Music	Wareham Cup	Meryon.

### Entry to Further Full-Time Education

Susan Apps	Goldsmiths' Coll., London.
Judith Archer	City of Leicester Coll. of Ed.
J. Bayley	Trinity Coll., Oxford (History).
Norma Beaney	Eastbourne Coll. of Ed.
Pamela Blair	School of Oriental & African Stud. (Chinese).
Jennifer Butler	Philippa Fawcett Coll., London.
P. Chapman	Leicester Regional Coll. of Tech. (App. Bio.).
Edwina Cottle	Oxford Coll. of Tech. (Book Production).
Shirley Court	Coll. of All Saints, Tottenham.
Lynn Crosbie	Dartford Coll. of Ed. (P.E.).
K. Dean	Coll. of Air Training, Hamble.
A. French	Northumberland Coll. of Ed.
E. Guiver	Hull University (Maths.).
Eleanor Jarvis	Wall Hall Coll., Watford.
C. Healey	London Coll. of Furniture, Shoreditch.
Lark Kozakiewicz	Ravensbourne Coll. of Art and Design.
Claire Laker	The Polytechnic, Regent St. (Languages).
Diana Lovell	Goldsmiths' Coll., London.
N. Marshall	Nonington Coll. of P.E.
Lynn Morgan	Manchester University (Russian).
Mary Neeves	Poulton le Fylde Coll.
Alex Newcombe	St. Osyth's Coll. of Ed., Clacton.
W. Perry	Bingley Coll. of Ed.
Susan Ritter	University of Kent (Humanities).
Anna Rogers	Wall Hall Coll., Watford.
Gillian Rootes	University of Reading (History).
T. Rothwell	Westfield Coll., London (English).
N. Savage	Bedford Coll., London (Maths.).
D. Smith	Southampton University (Maths.).
Cherryl Tottenham	Padgate Coll. of Ed.
Susan Weeks	Wall Hall Coll., Watford.
Marian Weller	Bingley Coll. of Ed.
Judith Whyatt	Leeds Coll. of Commerce (Librarianship).
Gillian Winterbottom	Leeds Coll. of Commerce (Business Stud.).

### MUSIC REPORT 1968

The main musical event of the Spring Term was the House Music Competition, reported by Eileen Odell:

"This year there was extra competition with the addition of Rother House. Although they did not have entrants in every class, they did very well in the ones they did enter, showing themselves very promising for future years. There were no additional items this year, and the competition lasted for the morning only. As last year, the adjudicator was Mr. Ades, the County Music Organiser who kept everyone in suspense by waiting until after the last item before giving any results. Meryon were the winners.



with Peacocke second, Sanders third, and Rother fourth. Credit must be given to Janet Foster (Meryon) who gained many points for her house by winning both her piano and vocal solos. Thanks must be given to Mr. Ades for giving up his time to judge the competition, and to Miss Benton, for arranging it and for all the help she gave to the captains."

In the same term, the School entered the Hastings Musical Festival for the first time, with resounding success. A recorder group entered the duet and trio class, and gained Merit certificates. The School Choir did exceptionally well to win the Mixed School Choirs class, gaining 87 per cent and an Honours certificate. The vocal quartet likewise came first in its class with 87 per cent and an Honours certificate. The Rye Madrigal Group, the bulk of whose members are at this school, won their class under the aegis of Anthony Pape.

For the first time, we had an end-of-term concert, which featured winning items from the Music Competition and also several instrumental items. As in the music competition, Janet Foster was star of the show, adding a clarinet solo to her other triumphs. This was because instrumental classes are now taking place at school. Instruments taught are the violin, clarinet, flute, trumpet, French horn, trombone, and piano.

This year Mr. Michael Watts, of the Scottish Symphony Orchestra, came to the School, and gave an extremely enjoyable recital of oboe and cor anglais music. He was accompanied at the piano by Mr. Ades. Another recital was by Mr. James Blades, who demonstrated various percussion instruments, and gave a talk on the origins of music.

During the course of the year, many people from the School have been to concerts by the London Philharmonic Orchestra at Hastings. There have also been trips to Brighton to hear the Vienna Boys' Choir, and to Eastbourne, to see the Bolshoi Ballet. In September, several lucky people from school will be going to the last night of the Proms.

Altogether, we have had a very full year of musical activity, and we hope to continue to have more recitals and outings in the future.

### CAROL SERVICE 1967

Many friends, parents, and old scholars, as well as pupils, attended the 1967 Carol Service at the Parish Church, held on the last day of the Christmas Term. The service began, traditionally, with "Once in Royal David's City", with the first verse as a solo sung by Virginia Dickinson, the second verse sung by the choir, and the congregation joining in at verse three. The Vicar then intoned the Bidding Prayer. Alternate readings and carols then followed, and the choir sang several items, as well as the congregational hymns. One item, an arrangement of "Away in a Manger" from Philip Pfaff's Carol Suite, was sung to an orchestral

accompaniment, and another, "Myn Lyking" had a violin obbligato played by Andrew Simmonds. Judi Holmes sang "The Three Kings" against a 16th-century chorale sung by the choir. The readers were, Mr. Robinson, Judith Humphries, C. Phillips, Hilary Moon, M. Collins, Katie Bell, G. Parrott, Denise Dean, P. Ewart, and Mr. Silver.

To end the service, the Vicar gave the Blessing, and the choir sang "Gloria in excelsis deo", which is rapidly becoming as traditional an ending for our carol service, as "Once in Royal" is a beginning.

Our thanks go to Miss Benton, for training the choir and instrumentalists so well.

V.K.D.

### THE EASTER OPERA COURSE 1968

This annual event took place this year at our own school, although the preparatory weekend was at Stafford House as usual. There was an exceptionally large contingent of ten people from this school, and these were, Judi Holmes, Gill Hembury, Virginia Dickinson, Neil Barnes, Christopher Breeds, David Johnson, Janet Foster, Marilyn Purrington, Julian Breeds, and Alan Sinden. We were joined by young musicians from Hove, Lewes, East Grinstead, Bexhill, and other such remote settlements, with whom we integrated to form a second local opera company, the other being Glyndebourne. Between them, Mr. Ades (County Music Organiser) and Mr. Steer (previously principal bass at Covent Garden, Sadlers Wells and the Carl Rosa), our conductor and producer respectively, chose Gounod's very dramatic opera "Romeo and Juliette" as this year's production. This was rather handy, as we were able to borrow one or two items of costumery from the School wardrobe, which were used in the School play last year.

So demanding was the production that our attentions were required during the evenings on most days. However, we were so absorbed in our work that it was a pleasure to labour such long hours, and the residential students always had the luxuries of Leasam House to retire to (whatever they may be).

When both the music and the staging had been combined and rehearsed, the climax of the course came with the performance, in front of an audience so large it was almost frightening, as they outnumbered the cast three to one. This very appreciative audience saw our whole week's work poured out on stage in scenes of festivity, love-making, violence and tragedy.

Once again, the School had great success in providing five soloists. They were: the fiery Tybalt (Neil Barnes), the just as fiery Mercutio (Christopher Breeds), Gertrude, the nurse (Marilyn Purrington), the cheeky Stephano (Virginia Dickinson), and Gregorio (Judi Holmes).

We were greatly helped by having such an excellent pianist as Miss Smith as our accompanist. A. Gotts and J. Fisher were able



lighting assistants, and David and Mrs. Bensusan did everything from make-up to coaching in fencing for the duel scenes. These people, together, of course, with Mr. Ades and Mr. Steer, were appropriately thanked after the nth curtain call.

As proof of our success, we have been asked to perform the opera again, at the Lewes Arts Festival in November. C. Breeds.

### ORCHESTRAL COURSE

During the Easter holidays, an orchestral course was held at Hassocks, the children attending being resident at Stafford House. Four pupils of this school attended, who were Judith Bilsby and Nicola Williams (flute), and Andrew Simmonds and Mark Glyde (violin). The large orchestra was almost overwhelmed by the huge brass section, but after a week of hard practice, they were somewhat subdued! There were only five desks of first violins (both R.G.S. violinists were in this élite group) who had to battle strongly to overpower the fifteen desks of second violins.

After a week of intensive rehearsals, a concert was given before a packed audience of enthusiastic friends and listeners. The programme included a Cherubini overture, part of the "Italian" symphony of Mendelssohn, part of Schubert's Symphony No. 8 the "Unfinished", and other smaller works.

Though the course meant hard work, it was a big success and everyone enjoyed themselves. Mark Glyde, M.2.

### PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY REPORT

Membership of the Society has been good this year and we were pleased to welcome new friends from the other half of our school for the first time. Due to the great influx of new members some time was spent in the Autumn Term introducing them to the common techniques of processing.

Mr. de Sainte Croix gave us a most interesting, and for the less wealthy, encouraging, evening when he discussed and compared the advantages of colour and black and white photography.

Towards the end of term, Stephen Pern imparted his considerable knowledge of the art of portraiture and the following week members were able to try their own skill using the lighting facilities of the school stage.

A record attendance marked the much awaited visit of Mr. Tweedie whose practical and amusing talk on Insect Photography was thoroughly enjoyed by all present.

The outing this year will be to London, which we believe to have great potential for photography.

The absence of Ian Townsend has been felt by us all and we wish him a speedy recovery.

Finally, I should like to express our gratitude for the unfailing help and encouragement of Miss Getley and Mr. White throughout the year.

### LOOK BACK IN AMAZEMENT

When the contractors were demolishing part of the old buildings, they found some historic documents hidden behind the foundation stone. These included a copy of *The Times* dated Monday, May 27th, 1907. Even as early as 1907, journalists were writing "China for the Chinese"; the battle for Irish Home Rule was in progress and reports on the maltreatment by peasants of cattle belonging to a Mr. Nathaniel Luttrell formed the leading article. Other front page news was French rioting over the state of the wine trade, and American elections. Seamen were demanding a pay rise and had been addressed by a certain "Mr. H. Wilson, M.P." (unfortunately H. stands for Havelock, not Harold). Their demands, by present-day standards, are minimal: they wanted 10s. a month more, to bring their wages up to a total of £5 *per month*. In fact, newsworthy subjects seem to have changed amazingly little in the past 60 years. There are, however, differences. Spain was still a monarchy, and so was Russia, though in both cases the news was that anarchists were trying either to assassinate or depose the ruler.

The "Situations Vacant" column gives an insight into home life at this time:

Wanted "Housemaid, for flat, used to waiting at table and on lady. Age 20-30. Wages £28-£30 (per year!). Two in family, five other servants". Nowadays, an establishment with one living-in servant is unusual, let alone six.

Another interesting document was a booklet "The Rye Grammar School Scheme, 1884-1906". In this we are told, among other things, that the examination for entry "shall never fall below the following standard, that is to say: Reading; Writing From Dictation; Sums in the first four simple rules of Arithmetic, with the Multiplication Table".

Oh for the days of easy exams.!

A memorandum from Ellis Bros., dated May, 1907, gives their telephone number as "10 Rye". Evidently they were pioneers in the use of new machinery.

Two copies of the School Magazine are among the papers—one for Christmas Term, 1906, the other Easter Term, 1907. They contain School Notes and Games Reports and a few original contributions. Either one story and an improving book review, or, two stories and a travelogue on mountain climbing. Either way, they seem painfully dull. One interesting point is a quote in the School Notes, "The Headmaster asks parents to kindly burn all old School caps and not give them away. The cap being a distinctive badge, it is not nice to meet little boys in worn out G.S. caps". One other point—the new buildings then cost £4,000, ours now are costing £200,000.

A more interesting book is *Deacon's Almanac* for 1907—price one penny. This is a compendium of useful local information, such as who belonged to the Rye Fire Brigade, and who the Councillors



were. It also contains street directories for Rye and the surrounding villages, and a wealth of fascinating advertisements. One could buy a pair of spectacles for threepence. There are also articles such as "How to play the piano well", and a page of ghastly proverbs from Italy, calculated to madden and frustrate—*The world belongs to the phlegmatic . . . Gluttony kills more than the sword . . . Every wind does not shake down the nut* (who said it did?) . . . *All are not saints who go to church*. A page of this stuff is enough to drive one to manic rage.

To turn to more peaceful things. There is a School List for May 27th, 1907—it shows 46 pupils and three staff, including the Headmaster. Most came from Rye and *environs*, but one came from London and two from the Seychelle Islands.

I hope that when our new buildings are eventually demolished, people will find equally interesting papers dated 1968.

V.K.D., L.VI.A.

## LEASAM HOUSE REPORT

This year has been a year of improvements at Leasam, several new buildings have gone up on the farm, including a new workshop and Lamb and the members of his "group" have converted an old disused cellar into a discotheque. The bonfire held last November, despite the pouring rain was as usual a success and the evening was enjoyed by everyone. It was rather nice to see a large number of Old Boys at the bonfire.

But in the spring Mr. Green had the misfortune to be unwell and was incapacitated for six weeks. During this spell, however, we only had one incident which was when all the sheep got out of the barn one night during lambing. The House was roused and proceeded to round up the ewes. Despite this setback, however, the lambing percentage was up on last year, surely a compliment to the boys' sheep handling abilities. In the field of sport the House as usual was well represented in all sports at all age groups. I feel that Moody and Broomfield should be congratulated on winning Hastings Youth Cup medals when playing for the East Guldeford youth team. This week has seen the departure of our caretaker and cook for the last two years: Mr. and Mrs. Hyde. I'm sure everyone is sorry to see them go as they have been friends to everyone. This week also sees everyone hecticly picking up early potatoes which is the last big job before harvesting, bringing this School Year to a close.

Ian Shedden (Head Boy).

## SPEECH COMPETITION

The afternoon of the Speech Competition was as usual devoted to the Upper School plays and the four excellent productions proved most difficult to adjudicate.

Rother, the new house, produced their first play ever, the "Passing Glory" under the direction of Anne Williams. Christine Ferrari organised the costumes. There were no male parts and the story consisted of the arrival of Joan of Arc at a hostile château, where she succeeded in winning the inhabitants over to her cause. The play contained little plot or action but with Elizabeth Cox giving a convincing performance as Joan the Rother House cast managed to carry it off very successfully considering it was their first play. We hope that this will encourage them in future years.

Meryon House, in contrast, presented a melodramatic comedy with a small cast directed by Jeremy Pern. An enthusiastic detective, played by Stephen Pern proceeded to solve the mysteries surrounding the attempted murder of Sir Charles Popham, played by Jeremy. John Hooper played the villain and after some hilarious scenes with Judith Holmes, playing the housekeeper the whole mystery was eventually solved. This was very well performed and entertaining and obviously enjoyed by the audience.

Sanders House, under the guidance of Christopher Williams, performed his original play entitled "Recounted from Wrong Song". The script was hilarious even to the extent that at some times the cast was laughing as well. Nevertheless, Christopher excellently portrayed a sinister Chinaman and with Digby Hobson as Commander Cohen and Carol Springford as his fiancée the play was very successful.

The final play was a comedy presented by Peacocke. Four scenes re-created the theft of the month of March. An intriguing bedroom scene showed the crime leading to the conviction of the criminal, culminating in an uproarious style in a courtroom. The script was written by Alan Milnes who also produced and took the leading part in the play. With a supporting cast of Sally Woodhams, Michael Webb, Richard Boston, Neil Barnes and many others the play proved a great success.

A great deal of hard work was obviously put into all four of the plays but the final decision placed Peacocke first, Sanders second, and Meryon and Rother taking third and fourth.

Julia Rudkin Jones.

## SALTCOTE PLACE REPORT

We began the year by welcoming seven first years who will be the first boarders from Saltcote to attend the Secondary Modern School. Three others also joined us in September and since then we have had three more arrivals who I hope have by now completely settled down and will enjoy their stay.

At Christmas we said goodbye to Carol Springford who left to spend two months in Italy studying the language and the culture before going to Durham University in September.

On our return to Saltcote after the summer holidays we were



all extremely sorry to hear of the death of our assistant matron, Mrs. Manser, who had shown us so much kindness and affection during her stay, and I am sure we shall all remember her for many years.

In place of Mrs. Manser we have had first Mrs. Mayne then Mrs. Rundquist who is with us now and will, I hope, continue to be so for some time. In December we gave two parties: an excellent dinner, for which we must thank the kitchen staff and Miss Scott, followed by a "skit" performed by the Sixth Form for the School Governors; then on the following day the Sixth Form arranged a party for the rest of the House. Both proved to be successful even though the humour of the "skit" was more to the taste of the pupils than the Governors.

Our Garden Party, the former Strawberry Tea, went very well again and everyone appeared to enjoy it. We were ably entertained by the ex-school group, The Soul Desire, who even succeeded in getting the staff to join in the dancing, then, of course, there was the delicious tea, arranged this year by Mary Phillips and Jill Wake.

At the Sussex Athletics Peta Kent-Nye came second in the discus while Leda Hodgson and Elizabeth Whale did well but weren't placed in the 880 yards.

Throughout the year we have been collecting for "War on Want", a charity promoted by the Lord Mayor of London, for which we have been given an Absent Guest plate.

I should like to take this opportunity of thanking Mrs. Agulnik, Miss Stevenson and Miss Scott for their invaluable help throughout the year.

Anna Hodgson (Head Girl).

### ROTHER HOUSE REPORT

House Mistress:	Miss Dann.
House Master:	Mr. Jones.
House Captain:	Jeanne Capron.
Secretary:	Deborah Clements.
Treasurer:	Vicki Duclos.

Rother House, for this year, is composed mainly of third and fourth year pupils transferred from the Modern School, so that this small number makes it impossible for us to enter all the School events. In those which we have entered, we have tried hard and obtained good results.

In both the Speech and Music Competitions we were not able to participate in all sections, but we obtained a few victories although we came last overall. In the sports events the junior teams always did well, but owing to a lack of senior pupils were not able to enter the competitions properly.

Finally, we would like to take this opportunity to thank Mr. Jones for his valuable assistance during the past year.

Deborah Clements.

### MERYON HOUSE REPORT

House Master:	Mr. Allnutt.
House Mistress:	Miss Benton.
Head of House:	Anna Hodgson.
Boys' Captain:	R. Strange.
Girls' Captain:	Barbara Elphick.
Treasurer:	R. Turner.
Secretary:	Denise Dean.

Prefects: E. Brookes-Dowsett, J. Pern, S. Pern, J. Hooper, Anna Hodgson, Barbara Elphick, Denise Dean, Judith Holmes, Christine Jury, Barbara Hook, Ann Batchelor.

Although this year appears to have been comparatively uneventful we have managed to make our presence felt. Thanks to the energetic efforts of Chris Breeds and Judi Holmes we won the Music Shield again. Sports Day proved equally successful and we did in fact win the Athletics Shield although, due to inexplicable circumstances, our victory was not realised until the following day.

This year's collection will go to the Kidney Foundation. The House has certainly shown a more generous spirit than usual and no doubt it will be appreciated.

Thanks go to all those who helped organise the activities of the House and especially to Mr. Allnutt and Miss Benton for their co-operation.

Denise Dean.

### SANDERS HOUSE REPORT

House Master:	Mr. Darby.
House Mistress:	Miss Getley.
House Captains:	M. Adams and C. Williams.
Treasurer:	S. Delamare.
Secretary:	R. Parkes.

Although the House was not bursting with talent this year, we have had our share of success.

After last year's disappointment, Williams led the House to a fine win in the Speech Competition, even though his second play achieved as much success as the first, but next year . . .

Narrow victories in the Music Competition, Football and Cross Country followed, but so far this term the House has not distinguished itself at all, although the Tennis, Cricket and Swimming have yet to be played.

Financially, this year has been a disaster. It is only to be hoped that as Britain evens out her balance of payments, the House collections will improve.

Our thanks go to Mr. Darby and Miss Getley for all their encouragement during the past year.

Richard Parkes.



## PEACOCKE HOUSE REPORT

House Mistress: Miss Stevenson.  
House Master: Mr. Thompson.  
House Captain: Susan Kinnes.  
Girls' Captain: Gillian Hembury.  
Boys' Captain: Richard Robinson.  
Secretary: Richard Boston.  
Treasurer: Eileen Odell.

Prefects: G. Hembury, S. Kinnes, L. Nesbitt, Robinson, Boston, Bull, Milner, Shedden, Webb.

At the end of the Summer Term, we said goodbye to Miss Allen, our previous House Mistress and welcomed in her place Miss Stevenson.

It was decided in the Autumn to carry on supporting an elderly man living in Rye, by giving him small presents from the House collections. However, he died at the end of the year and we are now supporting an elderly lady in Peasmarsh. At Christmas, a Christmas cake and some cosmetics were sent to her and she has received several visits from people living locally especially Elizabeth Kent and Carol Langley.

There was no lack of House spirit in sporting events and the girls did well by winning the House Netball and Hockey Shields. Although we failed to win the Athletics Shield, congratulations should be given to Ian Shedden for winning the Senior Boys' Shield for the second successive year, and to Susan Kinnes for winning the Senior Girls' Shield for the third successive year.

This being the last year of Peacocke as a House (due to the Comprehensive Scheme), we wish all our leavers success in the future and special thanks must go to Miss Stevenson and Mr. Thompson for their unfailing help and encouragement throughout the year.

Anne Ashenden.

## A.T.C. REPORT

In the last issue of the School Magazine, mention was made of the determined efforts to provide the Squadron with a new 25 yards rifle range, the old in danger of being demolished to make way for new School buildings.

The range is now finished, thanks to the efforts of both parents and cadets and has been in use for some time.

The standard of shooting within the Squadron continues to improve, and, having qualified fairly easily in the preliminary round of the Battle of Britain Trophy during the Winter Term, the Squadron team then went on to produce their best-ever score

in the final, finishing sixth out of well over 100 teams who had entered.

This year's team consisted of W.O. R. Cheesmur, F./Sgt. T. Bull, Sgt. H. Jones, Cpl. N. Thompson, Cadets N. Coton, B. Jones, N. Jury, S. Robinson, C. Clark and N. Hales.

All members of the team rose to the occasion, firing some of their best cards and mention must be made of Cadets Clark and Hales, who, although comparatively new to the Squadron and with little experience of competitive shooting, produced two of the highest scores of the evening. Both are natural shots and should provide a large part of the backbone of future teams for some years to come.

Shooting within the Squadron has, until recently, centred round the lighter .22 rifle. This year, Sussex Wing announced a competition for squadron teams with the heavier .303 rifle, two teams being entered by No. 2274.

Realising the shooting potential within the Squadron, the C.O. was confident that both teams could do well, providing that experience of the heavier rifle was obtained beforehand.

Two shoots were therefore organised at Lydd this term, one being run as an individual championship. This was won by Cpl. Thompson in extremely gusty conditions.

Results of the Sussex Wing Team Championships are now known, the "A" team of the Squadron coming first, and the "B" team second. Little competition was experienced from the other squadrons entered and, as the afternoon wore on, it was simply a question of which of the Rye teams would finish first. At six o'clock that evening both teams were level and it wasn't until the last practice at 300 yards that the "A" team finally settled the issue.

Both teams were selected from those who represented the Squadron in the Battle of Britain Trophy with the inclusion of Cadet S. Ritter and the exclusion of Sgt. H. Jones, with ear trouble, and Cadets Hales and Clark who have yet to gain experience with the .303 rifle.

Flying and gliding were again well attended at R.A.F. stations Manston and West Malling with an additional visit to R.A.F. Thorney Island where the cadets were taken aloft in one of the new Hercules aircraft recently acquired for the R.A.F. Support Command.

Field Days are normally held at R.A.F. stations but during the Spring Term the C.O. thought that the time had arrived for a change and accordingly arranged a visit to the South Wales Borderers, stationed at Lydd.

The morning was taken up with a demonstration of the Regiment's anti-tank weapons, signalling equipment and finally a visit to the mortar range where, much to the delight of the cadets, they were permitted to witness live firing.



In the afternoon, the cadets were taken to the long ranges at Hythe where, after brief instruction from Army personnel, each cadet fired the automatic rifle and 20 rounds from a light machine gun.

Aero-modelling continued in the woodwork room under F./O. Sealy during the winter months, the younger cadets being assisted by Cpls. Clark and Thompson.

Many of the gliders have now made their first flight, and, if shooting has become the main interest during local training, flying these models is now running a close second.

Disappointment was felt by all concerned when the Easter camp, to be held at R.A.F. Shawbury, was cancelled only a few days before departure due to foot and mouth disease in the area. Spirits are now back to normal for a further camp has been arranged at R.A.F. Lindholme, the Bomber Training School of Strike Command. This will be attended during the Summer holidays.

As for individual achievements during the past three terms, pride of place must go to F./Sgt. Bull, who, having been awarded a Flying Scholarship, completed his flying training at Cambridge and was awarded his "wings".

A number of cadets have continued with the Duke of Edinburgh's Award Scheme, and, since the last issue of the magazine, Sgt. M. Marston and Cpl. Thompson have gained their Silver certificates and Cadets M. Smith and S. Robinson have been awarded their Bronze. Sgts. Jones and Marston, also Cpl. Thompson, are nearing their Golds and we wish them the best of luck for their Expedition to be held in the Peak District under the guidance of the Boys' Brigade.

Recent Gliding Wings have been gained by Sgt. Jones, Cpl. P. Clark, and Cadets N. Coton and S. Ritter.

Each year, certain cadets within the Wing are selected for a camp in Germany. This year the cadets will stay for a week at R.A.F. Gutersloh, and, as the result of interviews held by the Wing Adjutant, Cpl. Thompson and Cadet Coton were selected from the School Squadron.

The Summer Term has still a lot to offer and we are looking forward to our annual visit to R.A.F. Newhaven for our trip to sea. May it be a little calmer than during our last visit when Cpl. Clark, as helmsman was determined to add to the up and down motion of the sea, by a side to side motion of the helm.

As ever, our thanks go to Maureen Adams and Mary Phillips for providing the "char and wads" during canteen. Well done Saltcote Place who have so well provided this service in the past as well as the present.

## REFLECTIONS OF A WEEK'S WALKING

After the first scramble it was obvious we were in for some hard work in our week's walking in the Lake District. We were not put off, however. Thoughts of brisk mountain climbing, good food, good weather, and swimming in a mountain stream were not to be displaced that easily.

Then the first midges came. Dive-bombing from 1,600 feet and they soon had everyone showing a fine crop of bites. Tents were barricaded, candles lit, and fly spray bought. The defence struck back, and the littered corpses of midges made up for the obvious direct hits on faces and limbs. Round one to us. The next round came with those who found blisters after their first climb. Watching people in camp was like watching them walking barefoot on glass. Their feet hardened and round two was won by us.

Next round was the walking. Rear views of a certain member of staff disappearing over the next mountain brought murmurs of despair to the lips of those in the rearward ranks. After that came the shock of survival rations. All that energy out of a small bagful of food, but we managed somehow. After the leader's encouraging pep talk on why we needed a climbing rope on a mountain walk, much enlightened, we realised we enjoyed being led up hill, down dale, by not quite perfect navigation. But no one worried over the odd extra mountain climbed. As always the basic slog was relieved by the constant chatter and joke-cracking that never quite died even on the most gruelling stretches.

Then came the rest-day, unbelievable relief. We then discovered to our disappointment that the boatman captaining our ship refused bribes, threats, and encouragements to overturn the staff who were in rowing boats. Not surprisingly he took over his command again after letting one of the party loose on the steering wheel.

By this time the weather decided to give in to the rain and wind that had been threatening during previous days. So on Thursday, with flagging spirits, we tramped with loaded packs the route to a certain town to discover the joys of eating a packed lunch under a groundsheet. Packed together, several people even ate their food! When the town was reached, the proposed expedition which should have taken place was forgotten. So all the equipment was lugged back to the road and civilisation again. Then we heard rumours that people actually walked these mountains for fun. Various comments were made, these have since been censored.

The most interesting climb was an 800-yard climb up a gully with everyone telling everyone else what to do.

We returned every night to Mrs. Tookey's infallible cooking, which was a relief to everybody and morale soared. Nothing will be said of the staff's condition after excursions to the village.

On the whole everybody enjoyed the trek, but no one would ever admit it.

R. D. Bickmore, L.V.B.



## 1st RYE SCOUT REPORT

The year set off to a good start by entering two patrols in the District Camping Competition on July 12th and 13th. They came first and second, winning the Charles Howe Shield and qualifying for the County Competition. At the presentation Colin French was awarded his Queen's Scout badge.

On July 29th, the Troop again visited the International Scout Chalet at Kandersteg, Switzerland, staying there for two weeks. Also on July 29th, Colin French represented the troop at the World Jamboree at Idaho, U.S.A. He camped in the Rockies for ten days, and later flew to Kansas City, where he stayed with an American family for another ten days. After a short visit to New York he flew back home to London Airport.

On September 13th and 14th, the troop represented the District in the County Camping Competition, where a patrol came 16th out of the 26 patrols competing.

At the beginning of December, Colin French received his Queen's Scout certificate from the Chief Scout at the Guildhall, London.

In April, David Stoodley was awarded his Queen's Scout badge, being the sixth boy in the troop to be so awarded.

On April 28th Colin French attended the St. George's Day Parade at Windsor Castle. During the Whitsun Holiday, two of the Seniors took the troop to Stone, where they had an enjoyable camp lasting for four days. The Seniors have just finished making their second canoe, and now look forward to a good summer's canoeing.

At present we are without a Scout Leader as Peter Chapman, Alan French, and Bill Perry (A.S.M.) have gone to training colleges. We also regret the loss of our Scoutmaster, Mr. G. Taylor, owing to illness, but we are hoping that someone will come forward to help us, as we would hate to see the end of the 1st Rye.

R. Turner, L.VI.A.

## INTERNATIONAL SUMMER SCHOOL 1967

July 7th, 1967, was the first day of a two-week International Summer School held at Stafford House, Hassocks, and three Sixth Formers from Rye Grammar had been selected, after interview, to join the school as part of an English group. Notably, this was the first occasion any members from Rye had been accepted for the annual course. On the 7th, Christopher Williams, Richard Boston and myself joined six more Sussex pupils and began our duties as hosts to 35 students, both boys and girls, from Czechoslovakia, Germany, the Netherlands and France. The fortnight was designed to teach everyone about the varied aspects of Britain, with many discussions and visits, both formal and informal.

The first evening everyone collected in the coffee bar trying to cope with interminable introductions. Why, we were asked, does Britain have economic troubles? Why does it always rain in England? We endeavoured to answer! In a remarkably short time everyone knew everyone else and many new friendships were being made. During the first week, in soaring temperatures, we visited the Brighton law courts, Lewes police headquarters, Sussex University and Hassocks Secondary School, to illustrate the lectures on law, government and education. A day in London proved a great experience for our guests and we English took small groups independently round parts of the city before a visit to a B.B.C. "pop" show during the evening.

Weekends were spent very sociably with archery instruction, Downland walks, volleyball and tennis matches, while one hilarious Sunday kept us busy playing cricket. A second trip to London started at the Greenwich Maritime Museum and continued with a cruise up the Thames to Westminster. An afternoon at leisure preceded a West End play at the Queen's Theatre. The most memorable evening was the final evening. Our Czech friends entertained us first with piano and vocal recitals. The Germans led us all singing a song they had composed and finally our English item consisted of four comedy sketches taking a light-hearted look at British institutions. Dancing continued well into the night!

It was very hard to at last say goodbye, but perhaps it was only temporary. We have all received invitations to visit Czechoslovakia and Germany this summer, so August will see many reunions. It is certainly true to say that the course must rank as one of the most enjoyable and beneficial periods in all our lives. Without any doubt, it came close to being the ultimate in education.

A. Milnes, U.VI.

## RED CROSS REPORT

We were very pleased to welcome eight new cadets at the beginning of this year. At the first meeting, a committee was formed to deal with various matters which arose during the course of the year. We all attended lectures on Mothercraft given by Mrs. Sutton, and were very grateful for the use of Mrs. Westlake's baby for practice. We also prepared Baby Bags, to be sent to disaster areas. Later in the year, we took the Mothercraft Exam., Part I, and everyone passed with good marks. In the Christmas Term we did some carol singing at the Clinic for members of the Monday Club. Then, in the Spring Term, eight cadets were enrolled by Mrs. Mair, who also presented the certificates to those who had passed their Mothercraft Exam. This ceremony was followed by tea, prepared by the cadets.

During this term, we attended Home Nursing lectures, given by Miss Spinks, followed by an exam, which everyone passed. The



cadets played several hockey matches against the Rye Scouts this year, and although the Scouts won, the Red Cross team put up a good fight.

The Saltcote members attended the annual Youth Service at the Baptist Church, and all cadets attended the Remembrance Service.

We all thank Mrs. Westlake for her help and guidance throughout the year, and greatly appreciate all the work she has done for us.  
Jane Cole, L.V.I.A.

## 2nd RYE GIRL GUIDES REPORT

This year has proved to be one of the Company's most successful. Membership, which now includes members from the Modern School has risen sharply.

In the past year Susan Guy obtained her 1st Class badge and four members their 2nd Class badges.

This year has seen great changes in the Guide Movement. In March a party was held at school for Guides and Brownies in the Rye district, and the new programme was officially launched. Each Guide and Brownie received a large colourful handbook packed with ideas for activities.

For the first time our Company entered the Hastings Music Festival, in the Camp-fire Class. The Guides had to present a seven-minute programme of songs. Out of four companies, the School Company came first, to win the Mrs. Marson Silver Challenge Cup.

The Company has again been present at several Church Services including St. George's Day, Commonwealth Youth Sunday and Remembrance Sunday, at which one of our Guides laid a wreath on behalf of all the Guides in our district.

During the past year we have said goodbye to our Captain Miss Points who left us in July to go to Canada.

Miss Benton is now Captain of the Company, and we have been most pleased to welcome Miss Moss as our Warranted Lieutenant.

Finally the summer will again see the Guides camping. This year they will be joining with Guides from Guestling and Hastings, in a district camp at Warehorne, near Ham Street, Kent.

## SPORT

### FOOTBALL REPORT

With the departure of Mr. Holness and the arrival of Mr. Woodward, football has undergone several changes. I believe the first XI has been conscious of the difference in coaching, particularly concerning our attitude in the field. Mr. Woodward experimented

by playing regular defenders as strikers and this paid off if one considers that Wickenden, Cheesmur and Strange scored five or six goals between them. Regular startling performances by Sheddon, Strange, Webb, Fuller, Nesbitt, Cheesmur, Turner, Broomfield, Crouch and Boxall have enabled Moody, Dickerson, Easton, Goodlet, Gurton and Kemsley to make satisfactory introductions to first XI football. Our best performance was versus Ashford (2-1), and the worst result was at Folkestone (1-7) with a weakened team. But though this season has been erratic to say the least, it was an enjoyable one.

The second XI football team was not so successful, winning three out of their eight games. This was supplemented, however, by the tremendous enthusiasm shown by the team. The team was chosen from, Cotterel, Barnett, Moody, Easton, Jury, Breeds, Kemsley, Goodlett, Williams, Parrot, Uglow, Strange, Harvey, Hobson, John, Keen, Dickerson (captain).

The Under-16 XI began the season with a resounding 5-0 away victory over Brockhill. The winning trail was abruptly cut short when the team went down 1-0 away to Homewood Secondary School. The other two matches were both against The Grove Secondary Modern School and both resulted in defeat for Rye.

The Under-14 XI lost most of their matches. This was probably due to the fact that members of the team are at different schools making practice difficult. The top scorer was Prebble; Barham, Freeman, Cox, Medhurst, Glazier and Sinden also scored. Their best match was against Homewood, Tenterden which was won 2-1. Colours were awarded to Healey, Cox, Williams, Fuggle and Capps.

All the teams would like to thank Mr. Woodward for his coaching and encouragement.

## CROSS COUNTRY REPORT

Largely due to weather conditions and the foot and mouth epidemic the Intermediate Boys' Cross Country fixtures were reduced to two, the East Sussex and the Sussex Grammar Schools' Championships. Rye were placed 15th at East Sussex and seventh at Sussex. Members of the Intermediate team were able to hold their own against the Seniors, Dickerson, Turner, Barnett, Gordon-Jones and Keen all coming in the first seven in the School Cross Country. Bedford, who won the Upper Middle Cross Country, Woodruff, Meades and Collins also ran in the Intermediate teams.

Due to two postponements, one in December and one in January, the Senior team had only one outing this season. This was the East Sussex Championship at Heathfield. The team ran well, coming 16th in a field of 22 teams.



## HOCKEY REPORT

**1st XI.**—P. Lee, J. Wake, B. Preece, G. Williams, E. Whale, A. Ashenden, M. Geaney, S. Kinnes, B. Elphick, D. Murrell, J. Kent.

**2nd XI.**—C. Ferrari, K. Bell, G. Saville, J. Keyte, J. Cole, L. Prior, G. Barden, G. Hembury, R. Kinnes, V. Johnson, E. Ewart.

The 1st XI have had a very successful season. Out of eight fixtures, we won five, one was lost and luckily only two matches were cancelled. Glynis Williams, Elizabeth Whale, and Barbara Elphick attended the East Sussex Junior Trials at Eastbourne in October, but unfortunately none were selected for the County team. We have played the Staff quite frequently, and due to the absence of their star player, Mr. Holness, we have managed to defeat them on several occasions.

The girls were challenged to a match by the Gentlemen's XI (Upper VI Boys!) which surprisingly resulted in a draw. The peak of our achievement was reached this term when we played in the East Sussex School tournament at Chelsea College of Physical Education, Willingdon, on March 2nd. We came first in our section, with the highest number of points after being defeated in the final last year; it was a very triumphant team that brought the Shield back to R.G.S.

The 2nd XI have also had a successful season, managing to win most of their matches. They were not able to play very often, as the majority of the team also play for the under-16 XI who had a large number of fixtures.

The Under-16 XI consisted of, P. Lee, C. Saunders, J. Saville, L. Prior, S. Barnes, J. Keats, G. Barden, P. Kent-Nye, R. Kinnes (captain), S. Chapple and E. Ewart. The team reached the semi-final in the East Sussex tournament but were eventually beaten by Hove.

On March 9th a party of girls visited the International Women's Hockey Tournament, England versus The Netherlands, and had a most enjoyable day.

Colours were awarded to, B. Preece, B. Elphick, D. Murrell, S. Kinnes, G. Williams, J. Kent and E. Whale.

## BASKETBALL REPORT

It is to the credit of this Under-16 side that they managed to overcome a disastrous run of six defeats, at the beginning of the season, and progress until achieving a storming victory over St. Richard's School, Bexhill. What was, two years previously, the School's most successful basketball side, losing only to Bexhill Down School, consisted of just seven skilful individuals. It is noticeable that six of that Under-14 side are still in the team, which this season finally blended together to prove a very competent force.

We hope that next season they will achieve even greater results

than they have done in the past. The team: M. Crouch, P. Easton, G. Ford, R. Kemsley, D. Moody, S. Nesbitt and S. Shoesmith.

This year's Under-14 basketball team was a good team, but at times relied too much on hope. In terms of matches, the season was unsuccessful, but a few of the matches were lost only very narrowly. The players were very enthusiastic, and morale did not drop when defeat became apparent.

## GIRLS' TENNIS REPORT

Owing to bad weather at the beginning of the term, we had only played two matches at the time of this report. But despite the bad start, the results against Hastings High School and Ashford School were encouraging—the 1st VI winning both matches, and the 2nd VI, although losing to both schools, certainly put up a good fight.

Unfortunately, matches against Convent of Our Lady, and Bexhill Grammar School were rained off, but a match against Ancaster House was postponed until later in the term. Matches were also played against Charters Towers, and Ashford Grammar School, but the results were not known at the time of going to press.

Two tennis couples will, as usual, represent the School at the Sussex Schools' Tennis Tournament to be held in July, and we hope to be able to send another two couples to play in the Under-16 Tennis Tournament, also in July. We hope that they will repeat last year's performance in so far as qualifying for the finals, and perhaps we might win this year; unless Hove Grammar School reach the finals again!

We also hope that our annual visit to Wimbledon will not be spoilt by our typical British summer weather, and that the whole day will be as enjoyable as last year!

Finally, we would all like to thank Mrs. Mills for her support and guidance throughout the term, and we hope her short stay with us has been bearable!

**1st VI.**—(1) B. Preece, M. Adams; (2) J. Cole, A. Ashenden; (3) S. Kinnes, G. Hembury.

**2nd VI.**—(1) B. Elphick, C. Sherwood; (2) J. Kent, Y. Richards; (3) M. Geaney, E. Lovelace.

Reserves: L. Bennett and P. Kent-Nye.

Colours awarded to, B. Preece, J. Cole, M. Adams and S. Kinnes.  
Briony Preece (Captain).

## NETBALL REPORT

This year, both the Under-14 and Under-13 netball teams have had a most enjoyable, if not particularly successful, season.

The Under-14 team, playing with their usual enthusiasm, won



two matches and lost five, with one outstanding win against Ashford, beating them by 20-2. A particularly exciting match against old rivals, Ancaster House, ended in a narrow victory for Rye, 10-9.

Team.—A. Alford, J. Bilsby, S. Blow, G. Fulluck, W. Giles, S. Kinnes, G. Nesbitt and V. Ritchie.

The Under-13 team met some strong opposition and won one of their seven games this season, against the Convent of Our Lady.

Team.—J. Beeching, J. Burke, R. Chapman, S. Clarke, P. Gorham, J. Griffiths, L. Moss and J. Roberts.

We would like to thank Miss Bolton for coaching us and giving up so much of her time. G. Fulluck (Captain U-14).

## ATHLETICS REPORT

### Girls' Report

This year Sports Day was held on May 16th. As usual the weather was not very good. There was a strong wind blowing and at all times it looked like rain. But in spite of the unfavourable weather all the competitors did very well and the spectators very courteously stayed on until the end. This year we had a new house competing, Rother, which although managing to win several events was not eligible for the Sports Shield.

The prizes were presented by Mr. Allnutt and they were as follows:—

Intermediate Girls, Angela Alford. Senior Girls, Susan Kinnes. The winning House was Meryon.

At the East Sussex Schools' Athletics Meeting on May 25th the weather again was bad, in fact it rained the whole day. Several girls managed, however, to qualify for the Sussex. They were, Susan Kinnes, Peta Kent-Nye, Christine Ferrari, Elizabeth Whale and Leda Hodgson. At the Sussex Sports Susan was first in the long jump. Peta was second in the discus, and Christine was placed third in the shot.

On the whole this has been a good athletics season and I would like to thank Mrs. Mills for all her help and encouragement to us all. Veronica Johnson.

### Boys' Report

Individual winners in the boys' athletic field on Sports Day were:—

Senior School, Ian Shedden. Middle School, Eric Uglow, David Goodlett, Guy Bedford and Martyn Gurton (all equal).

In the East Sussex meeting at Wadhurst School seven of our boys won their events and went on to the Sussex Championships. The boys were Ian Shedden, Malcolm Harris, Michael Webb,

Robert Strange, Barny Fuller, Jeremy Eales and Peter Easton. Peter Easton must be specially congratulated as he was competing with his arm in plaster.

At the Sussex Championships Ian Shedden won the shot-put and Mick Webb and Robert Strange came second in the triple jump and hurdles respectively. Through his tremendous jump Mick Webb has fought his way through to the All-England Championships. This will complete our successful, although rather wet season.

Geoff. Boxall.

## OLD SCHOLARS' NEWS

*Janet Armitage*, from Broad Oak, who has been a children's nurse with a private family for several years, is now Matron of a new Children's Nursery run by Westminster City Council, and will have a staff of four.

*John Ashenden* married Susan Lancaster, from Udimore, this year.

*Richard Ball* is working as a Livestock Supervisor for the Milk Marketing Board, at their Head Office at Thames Ditton.

*John Barnes* has now moved from San José, and is working with the National Semi-Conductor in Danbury, Connecticut.

*Heather Bather* is in her final year at King's, London, reading Modern Languages. She spent the last Academic Year in Germany.

*Bryan Beeching* is still with the Société Generale, the French Bank in London. He is married and has a son.

*Peter Chapman* is at Leicester College of Technology, doing a two-year course in Applied Chemistry.

*John Clark*, Icklesham, is partner in an Eastbourne Boutique.

*Pamela Coleman* is now married to Derek Hanwell, and living in Rye.

*Roger Datchler* has completed a three-year course at Loughborough, and gained a 1st Class Honours Diploma in Creative Design. He is now married, and teaching woodwork in a Leicestershire School.

*Diana Dolan*, of Bodiam, has emigrated to Canada; she is working at a hospital at Brantford, Ontario, as a Speech Therapist.

*Pat Excell* is a partner in the Family General Stores at Winchelsea Beach.

*Shirley Fleming* is working in Rye Borough Council Offices.

*Mrs. Furnell* (née Eileen Munday) is living in Canterbury where she teaches full-time. She is married with one son.

*John Gage* has a Ph.D. in Art History, M.A. (London University) and a B.A. at Queen's, Oxford. He is now lecturing at Norwich University.



*Erröl Girdlestone* obtained 2nd Class Honours at Oxford in Music. He is teaching part-time for the Inner London Education Authority, and is Musical Director for the British Council, and the I.L.F.A.

*Margaret Godfrey*, of Broad Oak, is in Montreal, dress designing for an American firm.

*Mrs. Sybil Gow* (née Warner), is Branch Librarian for Hollington.

*Hilary Hamilton* has moved from the headquarters in London of the Tropical Products Institute, to their branch at Culham.

*Nick Hance* is at the A.E.R.E., Harwell. He is married with a baby daughter. Others at Harwell are Jeff Hobbs, Jon Wingfield, Kate Foulsham, Jim Terry, and Mary Dick.

*Michael Hills* has completed his Banking Examinations.

*Colin Hills* is a Third Officer with Shell tankers, and is greatly enjoying it.

*Elizabeth Jempson* is now Mrs. Pollington, and lives in Crowborough.

*Chris Johnson*, has a 2.I. in English at King's, Cambridge.

*John Leahy*, of Wittersham, is in the Accounts Section of Chemidus Plastics, Ashford.

*Karen Levitt*, is at Leicester College of Education (second year).

*Mrs. Locke* (née Ann Fellows) is shortly moving to Udimore, where her husband is a Farm Foreman. They have a son and a daughter.

*Judy Message* has been teaching in the Southern U.S.A. for two years, and is now off to teach in Zambia for three years.

*Lindsay Moth* is in Vancouver, where she is Personal Assistant to the Sales Manager of an American clothing company. She has taken up ski-ing, and enjoys Canada very much.

*Elizabeth Ogle* took an Honours Degree in Marine Biology at Queen Mary College. At present she is working for a firm which "caters for all the best private parties in London".

*Bob Pankhurst* is stationed at Maidstone with the Kent Police. Paul Vincent and Michael Grisbrook are in the East Sussex Police.

*Ron Peacock* is living in Springfield, Virginia, and has three children.

*Anthony Polhill*, who is married, is living in Toronto. He recently became Head Chemist of Industrial Adhesives.

*Mrs. Janet Sharples* (née Button) is living in St. Albans, and has two children.

*Derek Simpson* is now office manager of the drawing office in Wellington, New Zealand. He and his wife now have an adopted son as well as their own daughter.

*Clive Skinner* is finishing a four-year course in Russian at Manchester University. He will then do a year in V.S.O. After this he hopes to become an International Salesman for the David Brown Corporation.

*David Smith* is working for a maths. degree at Southampton.

*Margaret Stewart*, is married, living in Cambridge, and has a baby daughter.

*Peter Swaine* is teaching at Park House School, Newbury.

*Mrs. Swaine* (née Ann Jones) from Rye, is living in Rye and has a daughter.

*Janet Upston* has just returned from New Zealand, and other far-away places.

*Jennifer Upston* has become a nurse. She is married to Ted Caister and is living in Rye Harbour.

*Mrs. Ward* (née Margaret Bidauld), who used to teach in the Falkland Islands, is now in Sevenoaks.

*Peter Wareham* has been teaching in a Comprehensive School, where he was in charge of a theatre centre. He then lectured in Speech and Drama at St. Mary's College of Education, Cheltenham. Now he is lecturing in Drama and Stagecraft at Trent Park College of Education, Herts.

*Audrey Wisdom* is teaching English in Spain.

*Mrs. Wootten* (née Pat Crouch) from Staplecross is living in London, and has a baby daughter.

As in past years Will Dunlop has done an excellent job in the Rye Grammar School Old Scholars' Association. The latest news bulletin gives interesting accounts of all the activities of the Old Scholars' Association.

This year's Annual Reunion was held at the George Hotel in April starting with the Annual General Meeting followed by dancing into the small hours. This was also attended by many members of the staff, as it was the last day of term.

The annual Old Boys' Football Match was played against the School in April, and also played was a successful hockey match earlier in the year.

Over 40 members and friends were at the annual Informal Social Evening at the Albert, Victoria Street. A good sign for the future was the large number of recent leavers who attended, but some of the "regulars" were missed and we hope to see them next year. The evening was generally enjoyed.

We lost two of our most popular younger members in the Hither Green train disaster, in Richard Spencer, from Baldslow Down and Mrs. Dianne Read (née Dianne Williams), from Rye.

We are grateful to the two personal friends who wrote about them to us, and who wish to remain anonymous. In addition to the many members who wrote individually to their parents, letters of sympathy were sent to them on behalf of all its members.