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# “RYA”



MAGAZINE OF RYE GRAMMAR SCHOOL

AUTUMN  
1951



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## "RYA"

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No. 21

Autumn 1951

Vol. 7

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*The Magazine of  
Rye Grammar School*

*New Series*

*Editors:*  
Olga Clark

Rosemary Peirce  
J. Mason

D. Monk  
J. Wood



were actually observed creeping stealthily through the woods armed with hedge stakes in the vicinity of Peasmarsh. Guides were seen boarding buses with blackened faces and feathers in their hair.

\* \* \*

A Mock Election was held on October 25th. Candidates for the five parties delivered fervent speeches and supporters produced large propagandist posters and brandished inflammatory banners displaying Left Wing policy.

\* \* \*

In the middle of term we were honoured by a visit from that distinguished naturalist Miss Frances Pitt, an extremely active and interesting person with an inexhaustible stock of fascinating information and anecdotes on flora and fauna. She showed some excellent films of her friends and experiences among her furred and feathered acquaintances, which proved popular with everyone.

\* \* \*

The A.T.C. have started an Aircraft Modelling Club, examples of which are to be seen under construction in the Bio. Lab.

\* \* \*

Owing to a series of most unfortunate incidents, which have constituted a breach of privilege on the part of the School Committee, its Constitution has been withdrawn and will be newly granted, in a revised form, in the forthcoming Term.

\* \* \*

#### Congratulations to—

Barry and Milham for their feat of endurance in gaining second in the Adaptability Test of the Sussex A.T.C., in which they travelled from Hove to Newcastle and back in 40 hours, with 7/6, a snack, a capacity for "sticking it," and lots of luck;

M. David on being created a King's Scout, the first in this area for several years;

Barbara Wilson on obtaining a State Scholarship;

R. Wood, N. Godden, J. Farrow on their County Scholarships;

All those who gained the first new General Certificates of Education, making history in the School;

Olga Clark and Stunt on being made School Captains;

P. Blackhall, P. Crouch, S. Saunders, N. Saville, Larkin and Monk on being made prefects.

\* \* \*

Lastly, Goodbye and Good Luck to Peter Barry who is leaving us to go to the Hastings School of Catering to study Hotel Management.

#### A.T.C. ADAPTABILITY TEST

Setting forth one fine day in 1951 from school with intrepid hearts and dauntless courage, two sterling 'types' of No. 3 Flight 304 Squadron A.T.C., made themselves part of a country-wide competition that was unique, to say the least.

Equipped with the barest necessities, that is competence, physical fitness and confidence in their own ability, plus a nominal sum of seven and sixpence each, they left that citadel of learning, R.G.S., on Friday, September 28th at 18.00 hours approx.

Theirs was no easy task. It included the getting as far away from Rye as possible in any direction and by any means of transport from air liner to 'shanks pony' and back to the King Alfred Baths, Hove, Sussex in 45.5 hours.

Leaving Rye by means of a private car, which, to use a hikers' colloquialism, they 'hitched' on the top of Rye Hill, they travelled about ten miles before the driver and his car ceased to be going 'their way.' Then, midst protestations of 'thanks very much' and 'bon voyage' they parted company. By this time our two stalwarts had decided to head north, and with the cry 'the pole or bust' ringing on their lips they duly started to 'leg it' in that direction.

Their immediate aim was to get across London and on to the Great North Road by 21.00 hours. From the outskirts of Tonbridge, which they had reached by means of several dubious mechanical conglomerations, they were given a lift in a private car driven by a pleasant young man, to Victoria Station. Quickly transferring themselves and their effects to the Underground they travelled across London and with the verbal assistance of a Cockney flower-seller, they arrived on the Barnet By-pass at 21.30 hours at a cost of 2/6 each. By this time it was completely dark and the only illumination was that of the star sheen and a very pale moon. Another blatant fact that was making itself only too apparent, was the decided drop in the temperature.

Not many minutes later, thumbs that were beginning to feel the strain of the unaccustomed use to which they were being put, successfully signalled a large removal van which jolted to a halt some twenty yards in front of them. Quickly running forward with renewed enthusiasm the two friends explained their position to the driver, who calmly announced the he was going practically all the way to Newcastle, and if it was of any help to them they were quite welcome to ride with him. This they consented to do, and piling into the spacious driving-cab they were once more on their way.

A feature of this part of the trip, and indeed of all the trip, was the good, bad and indifferent tea that was consumed



at regular intervals. Similarly the intermittent fog which was prevalent, resulted in the rapid acceleration and deceleration of the van, a deceleration which on one occasion, was almost not rapid enough.

At approximately 03.00 hours on Saturday morning, the driver, no doubt overcome by the tea and concentration required to negotiate the fog, decided that a ten minute rest was appropriate. By 06.00 hours, the van was once more under way, and remarkably good progress was made. By midday on Saturday the two had arrived at Chester-le-Street, some ten miles south of Newcastle. Here they bade farewell to their newly made acquaintance and caught a bus into Newcastle. At this stage, more than a little difficulty was experienced with the language of those far-away places; a difficulty which was, however, surmounted as indeed were all their difficulties with not a little luck and a modicum of guesswork.

Arriving at Newcastle at 12.30 they enquired of the nearest policeman the exact location of his H.Q. and, on receiving the necessary information, promptly utilized it by making a bee-line for that station. Before the portals they paused, and a discussion followed as to who was to lead the way in. After much argument and discourse one young cadet, putting on a bold front, vigorously entered the revolving door and two seconds later emerged as vigorously as he had entered. After this slight setback, an entrance was effected, this time together, and two timid souls presented themselves, along with other sundry characters, before the duty officer, for the express purpose of having their official card signed and stamped.

Leaving the police-station with thankful hearts both for services rendered and for their freedom, they quickly availed themselves of the social amenities of Newcastle by spending two-pence and having a wash-and-brush-up, of which they were in sore need.

Once more boarding a somewhat dilapidated bus and using the return half of their tickets, they arrived back at Chester-le-Street at 01.10 approx. From thence onward they started walking and "hitching," heading South. Arriving on the main Newcastle-Darlington road, they were somewhat amused by a lift they received in a fifteen-ton truck travelling at a snail's gallop, or so it seemed, and driven by the broadest Scots-speaking Scotsman yet encountered by the two "Erks." Thus they moved some six or seven miles South, slowly, but surely, and at times acutely embarrassed by their inability to understand the flippant conversation of their 'chauffeur.'

From two-thirty, when they had bidden farewell to their 'speeding' Scots pal, until 20.00 hours, the travelled at times slowly, and on rare occasions with much haste, towards their ultimate goal Hove in Sussex. As will probably be realised, clad only in their somewhat questionable uniforms, any appreciable change of temperature immediately affected their personal comfort and by this time the setting of the sun was certainly having an effect. However, in her own inevitable way, Fortune was smiling upon the wayfarers, for with the cold came a most welcome "hitch" in the form of an open lorry. This took them from Retford to Baldock a distance of some 130 miles, to within forty miles of London, in four hours. On arrival at Baldock the two by now frozen adventurers were more than somewhat amazed to find themselves in the company of some eighteen other servicemen who had made use of the same conveyance. Disembarking, they purchased at an all-night cafe, refreshments in the form of a steak-pie, a jam tart and a cup of tea at the cost of 1/1.

By two o'clock Sunday morning they were once more on the road, this time in the company of two other cadets in the same 'racket.' They were extremely fortunate in getting a lift at that time of the morning in a private car that took them the remaining forty miles, through the fog to London, setting them down at the North end of the Edgware Road at about 3.30 a.m.

Crossing the deserted metropolis on foot, they arrived back at Victoria round about five in the morning. Here they somewhat uncomfortably slept until about 6.30 when they took a train to Causdon South at a cost of 2/- each. This completely removed them from the confines of London which were not conducive to good 'hitching.'

They were now some 35 miles from Hove, a distance which they had to cover in nine hours to keep within regulation time. This they easily accomplished, arriving in Brighton at about 9.30 on a Sunday morning, which, to put it mildly, was hot. Owing to their early arrival they found themselves with some six or seven hours to kill. This they did by "kipping" on the beach; and by 3.30 p.m., though feeling somewhat scruffy, they presented themselves at the official rendezvous.

Here they were provided with a "slap-up" feed and a very much-needed bath. Unfortunately they were beaten by two cadets who had, no doubt, by fair or foul means, travelled several miles further North.

Thus was concluded a week-end of experiences and thrills that are not to be encountered in the monotonous routine of everyday life.

P.R.J.B. et J.E.M.



## APPLIED QUOTATIONS

"Life is a jest, and all things show it,  
Once I thought it, and now I know it."

—Traditional

A VISIT TO THE HEADMASTER . . . . ?

"Though this may be play to you  
Tis death to me."

ACTOR IN THE SCHOOL PLAY

"And both were young  
And one was beautiful."

—Byron

DOUST AND MONK

"With one hand he put a penny in the urn of  
poverty ; with the other took a shilling out."

—Goldsmith

A HOUSE TREASURER

"Society is now one polished horde  
Formed of two mighty tribes—

The boors and bored."

—Byron

THE UPPER SCHOOL

"Now haud yor tongue, baith wife and carle !"

—Scott

AN IRATE TEACHER-HUSBAND.

"Odi profanem vulgus"

—Horace

THE SENTIMENTS OF THE ARTS Vith

"Hark ! from the tomb a doleful sound"

—Shakespeare

CHOIR PRACTICE

"Forgive me if I boast, but once you know my  
qualities, I can retire into a brilliant humility"

—Christopher Fry "The Lady's Not For Burning"

WOFFINGTON

"No man is the wiser for his learning !"  
SEE ! !

## "CO-EDUCATION ?"

Co-education has good points, but I think, more bad ones. It does teach you to be fairly considerate to the opposite sex and helps you to know what the latter is like. Having teachers of both sexes lets you hear men's and women's viewpoints, and helps you to have a broader outlook. It encourages fraternisation with the other sex—and this, I personally do not like overmuch !

Nearly all over the school, a boy cannot talk to his friends in peace without a lot of giggling girls hovering over him ready to pounce, and listening to his conversation even.

I do not like co-educational schools because I detest females of the less-refined type of which there seems to be very many here. Not being the handsome, dashing type of young bachelor I am not bothered by them much, except for the members of the female Upper School who "think I'm sweet" and whose company I keep solely because they amuse me and help to while away the time. I experience enough of the less intelligent type in my larger sister whose sole aim, it seems, is to aggravate me. If I went to a boys' school I think I should see enough of her in the holidays to satisfy me

In some ways I wish I had stayed in the little suburban villa in the quiet suburban street "10 minutes" from London, for, if I had passed the examination there, I should have gone to a co-educational school, but one where the girls and boys are separated and in different buildings. It is where so many of my old friends go now. The discipline would have been stricter and the cane would appear more often, but I should have been among real boys, unsoftened by the everyday contact with young girls ; and to be among real members of your own age and sex is, I think, the real essence of life in your early "teens." You may not get so much food in a "non-co-ed" school, but there is always the "Tuck Shop," any expenditure in which will always prove a good investment.

J.G. M.2.

## "YO THERE !"

Non existence, warmth, light, understanding, a raucous yell—

"Wake up, up there !"

"Uumm, O.K."

"Don't you dare go to sleep again."

"Yes."

O wonderful bed, the only place on earth where you can leave the humdrum existence of life and slip into fairyland or a hideous nightmare.



"Are you getting up, up there?"

Twenty to eight!

What! Only ten minutes to do everything in. A mad rush to the bathroom, slinging on clothes, brushing hair and teeth, to emerge looking like a rag-bag with the seams undone. Having mastered the science of swallowing a boiled egg, three wedges of bread and butter and coffee in a minute, you hare up the drive, trailing satchel, music, knitting and an undone folio, only to find the dog has followed you. Down the road lurches the taxi known as Euphemia or "the hearse." She has either bronchitis or water in the carburettor and coughs at every 100 yards or so. You clamber in and endure a gruelling account of a visit to the dentist, someone's mother's new hat, and the fact that they've already run over a cat. Suddenly attention is turned to a boy energetically chewing a large, cold, green apple. You cringe at the thought of it at that time in the morning.

We pick up four more, and with hockey sticks out of the window and people sitting on laps, and those underneath gasping for air, Euphemia groans her way up the hill. We pick up another, loaded with enough bags, boots and luggage to require a pantechicon. Euphemia has a fit of the vapours. She bulges, quakes and the doors won't shut. We rely on Providence to bring us to our destination.

R. Peirce.

### THE TOWN ON THE HILL

The setting sun reflects its light  
In a myriad of crystal windows.  
The little town climbs steeply up the hill,  
Round which a century ago  
The sea's rough waves washed angrily.  
But now the sea's forsaken her part  
And travelled far away, and left the town  
Stranded, midst marshes  
Stretching far and wide.

And yet the sea's not quite forsaken the town,  
For still the river flows.  
And up her lazy current glide  
White ships from distant shores.  
And in the ancient port, where once the Sussex men  
Stalwart and brown of frame, built oaken vessels,  
Nought but fishing smacks, and foreign ships  
That come and go on fickle tide.  
And now the river leave, and turn  
Up cobbled streets, narrow and overhung

By gabled houses, black and white.  
And as we go, perchance we'll see  
A smuggler with his keg of rum,  
And then he's gone.  
'Tis but a trick of light, a shadow o'er the sun,  
And we go on,

And we go on,  
On to the Church atop the hill,  
Landmark in the days of yore.  
But now sweet voices ring  
No longer muffled by the wild sea's roar.  
Rest for a while inside the Church—  
This haven for the storm-racked soul.  
Kneel in this peaceful solitude  
And gaze on the windows, clear and pure  
Through which the sun shines gently down,  
Catching within its sunlit shafts  
The dancing dust. And then the organ sounds  
Softly, the player touching the keys he loves,  
Not knowing himself heard,  
We catch the music of his inner soul.  
The music swells and fades away,  
Like unto us, when on death's bed we lie  
And make one final effort to retain our life  
Then softly drift away.

Come, ere he knows that we have heard;  
Close the door gently, and leave to him  
The shadows and the peace.  
And weary traveller, you must go  
Back to the world's eternal din.  
But, ere once more  
Along life's weary road you fare  
Turn and linger sadly o'er  
This little town,  
Silhouetted clear against the rays  
Of evening's rosy light.

Valerie Jupp

### "A LIFE STORY OF A SHILLING"

It was a dark and gloomy day sometime in late December that I was minted along with many other bright shining shillings. It was only a matter of hours before my friends and I were taken to a bank and put into a bag with other new coins. A few days later a well-dressed man entered and had a pound's



worth of silver. I, with nineteen other shillings, was put in his pocket. The other coins there were not half so shiny as I and my companions. Later that day I was given to a shop assistant in exchange for a large and glossy magazine. Here I was put in a till where, to my surprise, there were other coins new and gleaming, but no shillings. By now my sparkle had worn off a little, but I was still the superior coin in the till. Then it must have been quite a few weeks later, I was taken out and slipped into a soft scented hand-bag, where I nearly became nauseated with the sickly, heady perfume, which was at first a rather pleasant contrast to the stuffy, musty smell of the till.

I was not destined to stay long in this luxurious retreat. I was rudely disturbed a day or two later, and snatched out and pushed through a small slit, only just big enough for me. I dropped into a large dark box where I was astonished to see only fellow shillings. I learnt later that I was squeezed into this box in exchange for a supply of gas to the house. I remained here for a very long time—it seemed an eternity. I thought I should never get out, and was just becoming resigned to my fate when, one day, there was a rattling of keys and a scratching outside the meter. Suddenly we were all poured out into the light. We were put into a bag with many other strange shillings. We stayed there for only an hour, for I was soon emptied with my companions into a huge iron box which was put into a cold, dark room. I found later that we were in a safe. This is where I am at the moment, waiting and hoping to be released again very soon for some further adventures in the future.

Ford, M.4.

### THE COUNTRYSIDE IN SPRING

'Tis Spring, and o'er the countryside  
Sweet smelling flowers open wide,  
Up above you hear the birds sing,  
Down in the wood the bluebells ring.

Tucked in a bank is a robin's nest,  
The cuckoo never seems to rest ;  
From dawn to dusk we hear his song  
"Cuckoo, Cuckoo !" the whole day long.

Flowers and birds must look their best,  
To greet lovely Spring, their guest.  
The days grow longer until June,  
Sing then to Spring a happy tune.

Elizabeth Covey

### SPEECH COMPETITION

The theme of this year's Speech Competition was "Winter" and this produced some very varied and interesting items on winter's many facets.

The standard of the speaking was very high the whole way up the school, and the school, as the audience, showed remarkable discernment in their reception of the different readings and recitations.

In the Lower School, from the generally very good performances, two were outstanding. These were the notably clear reading by Christopher Saville in L.3 of the Christmas Story from St. Luke's Gospel, and the wonderfully sensitive recitation by Cecilie Morris, also in L.3, of the 15th Century Carol "Madonna and Child," made more remarkable by the faultless delivery in the Medieval English diction.

The Middle School's group produced such widely diverse extracts as the "Retreat from Moscow" from Hardy's Dynasts and Thompson's "To a Snowflake." An amusing piece, much enjoyed by the audience, was the description of the immortal Mr. Pickwick "on Ice" by Dickens ; this was read well by all three competitors, Jennifer Southerden coming first.

The selections for the Upper School produced three "pieces de resistance." These were the reading of an unseen piece of prose by some member of L.VI, in which Larkin gave the most intelligible and comprehensive reading ; an extremely modern poem, "The Thames in Winter" from the "Waste Land" by that doyen of modern English poetry T. S. Eliot. The three competitors had had no previous coaching and each delivered her own particular interpretation ; Barbara Wilson, Olga Clark and Rosemary Peirce gave three very different renderings, O. Clark coming first. Finally came the Sixth Form speech for which the school was eagerly waiting. Departing from the set theme its subject was "A Speech of Welcome to the New Members of the Staff." The three speakers gave amusing, contrasted speeches. Each produced some "fireworks" and the time-honoured joke of "Jacob's Ladder" was brought out again, and although it has now worn a little thin through constant wear, it still produced a good laugh. Stone and Pye both used notes for which they were criticised, but Saville N. delivered his speech without any such aid, and, with his excellent platform manner and the happy inclusion of a quotation from Dr. Johnson, deservedly won first place and received high commendation from the adjudicator.

The adjudicator gave general and individual criticism to the competitors, one fairly general criticism being that many, particularly in the Lower School, are inclined to emphasis unimportant words, thus spoiling the sense. Though this was not



a bad fault, showing concentration on clear diction, everyone must guard against it and take great care to project the sense and thought of a piece to the audience. She said the general standard was very good, proof of careful training.

Congratulations and thanks are due to Mr. Darby and the English staff for their hard work in production and for coaching the children. Our very best thanks also to Miss Mitchell, Senior English Mistress of Ashford G.S. for Girls who carried out most ably and eloquently all the work of adjudication. Her criticisms and comments were very wise ones, and she managed to impart many helpful ideas on the meaning and interpretation of the set pieces. She said how well they had been chosen, too.

Peacocke finally won the competition after a close contest, Meryon came second and Sanders third.

O.E.C.

### SUMMER CAMP, 1951

At the first camp meeting this year, I was confronted with the terrifying question "Would you like to be Q.M.?" After some hesitation I said I supposed I would.

As the date of camp drew nearer, preparations were made rapidly. Menus were planned, orders were sent to the local tradespeople, equipment was packed and sent on in advance. I was assured that there was no need to worry about the cooking, everything would be all right when we got there. I thought otherwise, and frantically searched through camp recipe books for some hints.

At last came the fearfully awaited morning. I was wished farewell, and the hope was expressed that I had enjoyed my last decent meal in civilisation. Other, more sympathetic friends wished me luck.

After a tiring train journey and then a walk of nearly two miles, all up hill, we reached our elevated camp site, somewhere in Cheshire. Dusk was falling and plans where to pitch the tent were rapidly made. Then it was discovered there was a shortage of tents, for some unknown reason. But finally we were all crowded in for our first night. Nothing untoward happened, except that my school hat suffered disastrously through some junior, known as Loony, sleeping on it.

Next morning, three of us tried to cook the breakfast on two miserable primus stoves. This was not altogether successful, but all enjoyed their meal. After this we really got to work putting the camp in order. In spite of the hard work there were still twenty-six of us left at the end of the day.

The success of the cooking throughout depended primarily on the commonsense of the Cook Patrol. One notable occasion when this was lacking was when the cooks let a pudding boil

dry with smoke issuing forth and then poured cold water over! About an inch had to be cut off before the pudding could be served.

One morning, the cooks resolved to have breakfast punctually at 8 a.m. Preparations were under way when suddenly someone screamed. The farm dog Nigger had devoured a considerable amount of the egg about to be scrambled! The juniors were warned with dire threats not to tell—"What the eye does not see etc. . . ." in fact. Everyone ate their breakfast with serene unconciousness of this event.

One Saturday night there was a terrific storm, and about 1.30 a.m. one tent had to be taken down. After getting drenched at this job, three of us decided we ought to see if the store tent was still standing. We climbed down to it—the camp kitchen was about eighty feet below the sleeping quarters, found it fairly safe there, and decided some refreshment was needed. We cut thick wedges of bread, plastered them with butter and syrup and proceeded back to our tent. We were sleeping with the Commandant, so we naturally took a slice back for her. It was very welcome, but the next morning she was heard to remark that her bed was very sticky.

These are only a few of the events which occurred during our Camp in Cheshire. We all appreciate that its success was due mainly to all the hard work put in by Miss Dann. We wish to thank her and we hope she will take us camping again.

S. Saunders

### MUSIC COMPETITION

Round about Half-Term events came thick and fast. The exuberance of the School General Election was followed suitably enough by the high explosives of Rye's Guy Fawkes night. Then back to School for the Speech Competition which was followed in less than a week by the Music Competition.

We were very glad to secure again the good services of Mr. Peter Temple to act as adjudicator, for we knew we could rely on him for sound judgment and skilled advice. Nor did he fail us although he had a lot of competitors to hear between 11 a.m. and 1 p.m. on November 7th.

The Vocal items were heard first. The winners were:—

Jean Oliver (under 14)

Olga Clark (over 14)

J. Small (boy's treble)

Pamela Blackhall and Ann Pares (Duet)

E. Dobbie, E. Diaper and Larkin (Trio)

House Choir: Sanders. Olga Clark, conductor

Monk, accompanist



This Choir gave an exceptionally good rendering of both of their songs and were a credit to their trainer. Monk's playing of a difficult piano part in "The Kangaroo" was outstandingly good, too. Altogether this was the best choir effort for several years.

Piano Solos attracted many entrants. The winners were:—

Joan Hole (under 13)

Madge Wood (under 15)

Olga Clark (over 15)

Olga Clark and D. Monk (Duet)

Olga Clark played Mozart's "Fantasia in D minor" with understanding and skill, and her Khachaturian duet with Monk won a well deserved encore and approbation from the adjudicator who is allergic to piano duets really!

In his summing up, Mr. Temple said he thought that the standards as a whole were good and encouraging. The Vocal Duet and Trio did not (save for the winners) reach such a good standard as the solos. Here was something to improve on next year. He spoke highly of Olga's mature singing of "When love with unconfined wings" and of her House Choir. John Small's singing of "Ask if yon damask rose" was also very good. In both of these cases experience gave the winners that "little extra something," but the losers, Pamela Blackhall, Valerie Jupp, Kimpton and FitzHugh did very creditably and may have better luck next year.

Mr. May welcomed Mr. Temple at the start but warned him he would have to endure a Piano Duet whatever his feelings about this form of music-making. At the end, in thanking him heartily for his skilled and considered judgments, he pointed out that both of them seemed to have been able to retain a sense of humour in spite of teaching music to children. It was probably a case where one had to, or go mad!

The orders were:—

Sanders—765

Peacocke—720

Meryon—675

### THE CAROL SERVICE

From the moment when the Vicar most kindly gave us permission to hold our Carol Service in the Parish Church we determined to make the best use we could of the opportunities offered by so beautiful a setting. The chance to make "sweet singing in the Choir" gave us all something to work for. So for a month or more the Junior and Senior Choirs practised hard to attain some standard of "finish" in their carols. On the Monday previous we ran through all of them in the Church so as to get used to the acoustics, and also to give Bernard Baker

a chance to accustom himself to our tempos. His assistance here and at the Service on Wednesday, December 19th was of the utmost value to us, for accompanists as skilled as him are very rare.

Since nearly half of the School took an active part in the Service as singers or readers, the seating arrangements presented a problem but eventually we managed to seat all the choir comfortable, and the amount of movement was cut down to the minimum so as to interfere as little as possible with the smooth alteration of the nine lessons and carols.

Representatives of Governors, Staff, Parents, Old Scholars, Guides, Scouts, A.T.C., Prefects and Red Cross read the lessons. Mr. May conducted the carols.

The Service began most beautifully with John Small singing the first verse of "Once in Royal David's City," the whole school joining in at the third verse. Later on Olga Clark sang "O little Town" with great skill and beauty. Miss Collins produced a very good choir of Saltcote House girls who sang a little known, but very fine carol "Three Kings from Persian Lands." A small choir sang Walford Davies' arrangement of "The Holly and the Ivy" unaccompanied and made the most of the rare chance to enjoy the sound of sweet singing in so resonant a Choir as this. The 70 Juniors from under the shape of a giant Xmas tree did their part nobly too as though conscious of the fact that carols are heard to the best advantage when sung by young voices in such a setting. With six boy soloists they made "Past 3 o'clock" and "Wassail" full of joy and life. The Senior Choir by contrast sang "Blessed withouten Match" and "The Angels Sang" with restraint and very good tone.

At the end when we came outside, the Xmas tree against the Town Hall gave a pleasant seasonal feeling, and we hoped that we had created for an hour something of beauty and worthy of the occasion, for surely no season has produced so much "simply beautiful" music as Christmas.

The parents and friends who had been invited to the service turned up in such good numbers that they nearly filled the Church, and gave us a most encouraging start to what, we hope, will be an annual event; and a most appropriate ending to the Autumn Term.

### SECRETARY'S LAMENT

How I wish I hadn't done it, how I wish I hadn't come  
To slave here at Rye Grammar School until my nerves were  
numb;  
How I wish I'd never seen the place and never heard the voices  
Of the Idas, Roberts, Eunices and Christophers and Joyces:



For a secretary leads the very dickens of a life,  
 He doesn't merely type and open letters with a knife  
 But is chivvied from the morning till long past the closing bell—  
 He is office-boy and errand-boy and whipping-boy as well.

Must find Jones, must find Brett,  
 Must find Larkin, and let  
 Mr. Allnutt know all about Hobbs ;  
 And then I had better  
 Give Saville this letter,  
 And then do a thousand odd jobs.

How I hate the staff and pupils—Lower, Upper School and  
 Middle ;  
 How I wish I had a stokehold warm and quiet, like Mr. Biddle,  
 Where I'd sit and brood and plan a lot of things I dare not

mention  
 And gloat upon the thought of little wretches in detention—  
 Little wretches who at busy times come knocking at my door  
 And, when I go to answer it, don't wait to say what for ;  
 Or scream outside my window . . . though if I should chance  
 to sight them  
 I'll send them all on Thursday to the dentist, just to spite them.

When I'm halfway up stairs  
 You can bet it occurs  
 That the telephone bell starts to ring.  
 By the time I get down  
 With a snarl and a frown,  
 It stops—I could stamp on the thing !

How I hope you all have nightmares, how I hope you get the  
 cane ;

How I hope you fail in all exams, and later fail again ;  
 How I hope you blow your heads off when you're in the  
 Chemmy Lab

And never get as far as London, Oxon or Cantab.  
 Oh, the Warehams and the Weekeses are the bane of my  
 existence

And the Stunts and Pyes and Monks infuriate by their  
 persistence

In breathing and existing ; and I cannot help but fidget  
 At the dreadful high-pitched giggles of some Barbara or Bridget.

But perhaps one fine day  
 I'll discover a way  
 To live without having to work ;  
 Then I'll leave this confusion  
 And live in seclusion  
 As sure as my name's J. F. Burke.

The following article is by Alderman C. A. Gafford, who was a pupil of the school in the late 70's and early 80's. After a lifetime of public service in the locality, he has recently retired. For many years he has been a member of the Rye Town Council and some years ago had the honour of being appointed an alderman. A short note appeared about him in the Spring number of "Rya" in connection with the laying of the foundation stone of the new school.

Alderman Gafford tells me that when he was an apprentice in the High Street just after leaving school, he remembers the grandfather of Angela Bayley, one of our latest pupils, Mr. Edward George Bayley, who on leaving the Grammar School was apprenticed to Mr. Smith, the chemist.

I have been invited, as an old scholar of the Grammar School in the High Street, to record a paragraph for your magazine. I am obliged to go back to the years 1877 to 1880. My first connection with the school was on a Monday morning when I had to appear at the Town Hall before the magistrates. I was given a Testament to read, the passage being the first chapter of St. John. The clerk stopped me very quickly, and after consultation he told me to attend at the school the same afternoon.

On entering the school I was at once told to read the motto over the door—"Aut Disce Aut Discede," which I interpreted as "get on or get out," which was naturally a fair instruction for a start.

I found Mr. Easton, the Master, a very affable gentleman but at the same time exceedingly stern. If any boy upset him the cane came in useful, or perhaps he would consider something more drastic: it was most unfortunate for the boy if this happened, as he might be kept in on a Wednesday or a Saturday, these being our half-days. Mr. Easton would sentence him to stay in until five o'clock without any food, and would punish himself by staying with the boy. On the other hand, if he found you getting on well with your work he was most sympathetic and helpful. He was most particular on the point of the boys' behaviour out of school.

Holidays were very scarce, so if we thought to ourselves that a half-holiday was necessary we would choose something such as a Royal birthday, and at five to nine in the morning two boys would wait upon the Mayor, who readily received them. They stated their errand, with the result that the Mayor would consider the question, and at five to ten he would appear in the school to enquire how matters were going on. Receiving a favourable reply, he would say, as though by an afterthought, "By the way, today is such-and-such an occasion, so you had better give the boys a half-holiday today." No one gave away



the names of the boys who had interviewed the Mayor.

I remember on one particular occasion we had prepared a paper chase under Leasam, up to Peasmarsh Church and then to the main road of the village, where we had a game in the road. I can assure you we were tired out on arrival home, but thoroughly enjoyed the outing.

I left school when I was thirteen and have been in employment my whole life until two years ago. There are in Rye today four of the old boys who appear in the 1880 photograph, namely: Mr. C. Clark, Ferry Road; Mr. A. Jarrett, High St.; Mr. A. Kimpton, High St. and myself.

C. A. Gafford

### PARENTS' CONCERT

This concert has, partly in answer to popular demand, become an annual institution. It consists of selected items from the Speech and Music Competitions.

The Concert this year was notable for the inclusion in the programme of the School Orchestra, making its debut to the public. This small but select group of five very different instruments won deserved applause for their hearty performance of Handel's March from "Scipio." In response to public demand they played an encore, the Allegro from Handel's Water Music, after which they retired, blushing with pleased modesty, and as far as the audience was concerned, crowned with laurels.

After this auspicious opening, the programme, introduced by Barbara Wilson, went with a swing. The speech and music was divided into three groups of Lower, Middle and Upper School. Apart from the solo efforts, the concerted items included the Sanders House Choir singing their two songs; the Meryon House vocal singing two delightful Elizabethan madrigals, and the final item, the Sanders piano duet "Dance of the Rose Maidens" from "Gayaneh." Here the announcer ran into some difficulty with the composer's name. For the benefit of those present, it was mis-printed in the programme as "Kataturian" instead of "Khachaturian," pronounced exactly as spelled.

The parents were a very appreciative audience and they evidently enjoyed the evening's programme.

O.E.C.

### THE MOCK ELECTION

After a short but intensive campaign in which posters of varying skill and appeal covered all available notice-boards (and tended at one time, until curbed, to cover walls not originally intended as notice-boards), the School met in the Hall on Thursday, October 25th to hear their prospective candidates state their policies and answer questions (if and when possible).

The meeting was very well conducted, and was successful in giving the youthful audience some insight in the great game of politics. It was, of course, not without its moments of humour. Few successful meetings ever are; deadly serious meetings rarely accomplish anything worthwhile. Most of the speakers, facing an audience for the first time, acquitted themselves very well.

Miss Carolyn Allen, the Socialist candidate, gave the meeting an interesting start with her opening remark—"Members of the Staff, Ladies and Gentlemen . . . !" Since the Staff did not vote afterwards, the Conservative M.P. was unable to profit by the votes of those who considered themselves somewhat hardly dealt with in this remark.

The Liberal candidate, Miss Pam Barton, was introduced next by her seconder, Mr. M. Saville whose aristocracy of manner and speech brought back memories of happier days for Liberalism when the great figures of Gladstone, Aberdeen and Palmerston dominated the political stage. Miss Barton's speech was very well framed and couched in language of some eloquence and restraint. One rather deprecated, however, her over-obvious bunch of carrots held out to members of the teaching profession who, in regard to promises of higher pay, can only say they have "heard that one before!" But her speech, ending with a peroration in true Liberal style, assured us that Liberalism inspired confidence, believed in economic security, recognised all classes and look to the future.

The Conservative candidate, Mr. Saville major, was possessed of a good platform manner, he knew his facts and most of the answers, and expressed his policy clearly and forcibly. He was helped, no doubt, by the sympathy of the meeting which one could feel was largely on his side anyway. To this extent the pupils echoed the political sentiments of their parents, and the result of the real election outside proved this later. But his confident manner and obvious knowledge of the facts deservedly won him much support.

When the Communist party took the stage next, the heat and passion, which always lie beneath the surface in politics, showed themselves for the first time. Even as Comrade Jary rose to his feet cheers and counter "cat-calls" disturbed the serenity of the afternoon. Quiet being restored, Comrade Milham, in explanation of the fact that he was reading his speech, explained it was because it had been written conjointly by all the members of the Communist party in the School. This feat was received tolerantly, but tension began to mount when he was unable at times to read his Comrades' writing, and when it appeared that sometimes a sentence begun by one Comrade



had been finished by yet another ; we felt this was carrying democracy too far perhaps.

Mr. Darby, the Chairman, then called upon the fourth party speaker and reminded us very aptly that these Independent spirits were represented, naturally enough, by ladies. Miss Barbara Wilson in a few well-chosen words introduced her candidate Miss Rosemary Peirce, whose speech contained much food for thought and was admirable in its logic. She said how degraded politics had become through the perpetual squabbling of the main parties and then she outlined the new Independent programme. This offered encouragement to private enterprise which put national interests before party politics, and meant to keep what is best in past tradition and legislation.

But logic of any kind, and even worse, the slightest hint of intellectualism are, of course, anathema to the great British public, and one was not surprised that the School treated these new ideas with the healthy indifference the Englishman always reserves for such. They gave them a very fair and considerate hearing but did not take them too seriously. So one was not surprised that the Independent Party came in bottom of the poll.

Most interest was crowded into the twenty minutes of question time left at the end when "heavy fire" was concentrated on the Communist Party. To begin with, Comrades Jary and Milham lost some "face" when, in a question of Russian foreign policy, Comrade Milham faltered in his Imperialistic stride and had to refer the matter to his Comrade who he explained, with obvious pleasure to escape himself, was the "foreign affairs expert." But the Comrades gained confidence very creditably as the barrage intensified, and the more crafty the questions, the crisper and more dogmatic became their replies. But not so crisp as the answer given by Saville (Minimus) when Comrade Milham said, "I presume we are all agreed that people who have been in business longest know it best." "No," replied Saville.

This David and Goliath interlude was keenly enjoyed by all, especially when a large heap of earth was introduced into the Hall by a questioner, in order to find out how it could be shifted by the party which had made such dogmatic assertions on the absolute equality of everybody. Comrade Jary rose nobly to this emergency and with a characteristic wave of his hands, and a toss of his shoulders that metaphorically disposed of the whole mound, stated that some would shove it N.W., and some S.E., it didn't matter, it would soon disappear !

Pye and some others were also concerned about all this "equality business," and we were assured that it is happier to work in Siberian salt mines than to doodle in Dartmoor, living

in luxurious idleness on a government "grant" (no self-respecting Russian would tolerate such idleness), and that higher education is quite unnecessary because relevant knowledge is handed on from father to son. Once a plumber, always a plumber, in fact !

Saville (Major) gave some good logical answers to various Socialist probes, and one was not surprised he deservedly headed the poll when the results were announced to a vast throng in the playground from an upper window next day.

A moving and eloquent appeal for Liberalism was launched from the floor of the House in the closing minutes by Larkin, who asked a rhetorical question to answer it himself. The Chairman stood firm, however, and we were denied the chance of a lengthy and eloquent oration on the real spirit and purpose of Liberalism.

The House rose at 3.30 p.m., and was ushered into the voting lobbies for which three classrooms did duty. By 3.50 the votes had been cast. The final results were:—

N. Saville—Conservative	: 139
Carolyn Allen—Socialist	: 58
Pam Barton—Liberal	: 25
J. Milham—Communist	: 23
R. Peirce—Independent	: 14

W.E.M.

### "TA-KIANG"

"I was only in China once, that were enough, too. I never did reckon much on these yaller peoples, so I never bothered much wi'em. But one day they brought an old Chinaman into our place, an I were told ter sort of comfort 'im till he died, an he looked darn near it.

It must've been about an hour later ; I could see with 'alf an eye he was lookin' for the Pearly Gates, but my eye caught his glance; and looking at 'im I seemed to understand 'is story. I 'ad a sort of look into his life, and in those last few moments we two, one yaller, one white, who could not speak each other's language, had understood each other's wishes and desires. Then with his eyes still on me, he faded out.

That night, for no particular reason, I couldn't sleep, and around midnight, still for no reason, I got up, dressed, and left the barracks. I walked fast through the well-lit "civilised" side of the town heading towards the native quarter. I passed from light to shadow, from the broad highways into the back alleys, where the few lamps glowed dimly and cast black shadows, past sailors and their pick-ups in the odd corners, past the notorious chinatown opium dens, which everyone knew existed, but no one could prove it. Deeper and deeper through the mazes until I came to an unaccountable stop.



I went through the garden enclosing a large house which was rather surprisingly at the end of the town. I saw the fig-tree—yes, I knew it would be there—and climbed it. Its branches clicked against a window, and after a few moments manipulatin' the catch, I climbed in. I strode silently across the room, rather boldly and without fear of knocking 'gainst any unseen object, then after half opening a door—I waited.

It did not seem long before someone came padding along the corridor outside. I rose on the balls of my feet, waiting to spring—then relaxed again. It wasn't my man. Shortly afterwards, another came up and this time—I sprang. I struck the man across the side of the neck with my forearm, at the same time sweeping his feet from under him, I felt, rather than heard, the bones in his spine click open. I laid him down and walked away.

There was no report of any murder from that area on that night, and after a fortnight's 'ard drinking, I dismissed the whole thing as a dream.

A year later, in England, I opened the letter, and there, in good English was written a message:—

"Through you, my brother's sin did not take place,  
and my ancestors did not suffer disgrace.  
Accept the blessing of Ta-Kiang!"

P. Stone

### "OUR MICK"

Happy the cat which does not stray,  
Which has no taste for bird or chick,  
Which is not in the neighbours' way—  
As was our Mick.  
Which is content with milk and bread,  
An things he need not snick,  
As then he is not wished dead—  
As was our Mick.  
He will not lie in dark cold grave,  
Drowned by the aid of a heavy brick,  
Beneath the oak in the greenwood nigh—  
As does our Mick.

K. Paine

### COMMEMORATION DAY

This day is always unique in the School Calendar, for it is almost the only true School day in the year. It gives a sense of that long tradition and continuity, so important and impressive in any educational establishment.

The address this year was delivered to a large and representative congregation, by the Vicar, the Rev. O. E. Brooks, who

took as his text an extending rhyming metaphor, the original of which hangs on the South wall of the Church. This ingenious motto compares the human character to an edifice, and each separate trait to a material used in building construction.

The lessons were very well read by Major Ney, the founder of the Empire Youth Movement, and an Old Scholar of this School, and by the School Captain, Olga Clark. The School Senior Choir led the singing of the hymns and psalm 84, the service ending with Walford Davies' "God be in my head," and then the Blessing.

### SALTCOTE PLACE

At the beginning of term we were very pleased to welcome three new members of staff, Miss Collings who is our House Mistress, Miss Vincent, our Assistant House Mistress and Miss Cashmore. There are also ten new girls, nearly all juniors.

In November, Miss Cashmore started a Scandinavian dancing class for the Juniors. This has proved extremely popular, and the girls are becoming very proficient dancers.

At the end of term, the girls, assisted by the staff, produced a Nativity Play to which the staff from school were invited. The bell-ringing society followed the play by an exhibition of hand-bell ringing. All the boarders, coached by Miss Collings, sang a carol at the end of term Carol Service in Church.

In conclusion, we wish to thank Miss Collings for all she has done to get the house running smoothly. We are also very grateful to Miss Vincent and Miss Cashmore for all the time they have spent on House affairs.

### MRS. ALAYANDE

This term we welcomed Mrs. Alayande—a visitor from Nigeria—to Saltcote. She came to England to study Domestic Science, to help her to run the boarding house attached to Ibadan Grammar School, of which her husband is Headmaster.

During her stay she gave us a most interesting talk on Nigeria, describing life generally, including schools, food, occupations and climate. She demonstrated how the Nigerian women dress, and showed us some work done by Nigerian craftsmen, concluding the lecture by a film-show of photographs of her home.

We were very sorry to lose her at the end of this term when she went to London to continue her studies. She hopes to return to Nigeria in February to rejoin her husband and three children. So on behalf of Saltcote—Best Wishes and Bon Voyage.

C. Allen



## A.T.C. REPORT

This term has been an eventful one in the existence of No. 3 Flight 304 Squadron. Despite this, however, training has gone on as usual, thanks to the kind assistance of Mr. Robinson and Mr. Elliott who have done much to give the Flight its excellent name in A.T.C. records. Flt./Lt. Mitchell deserved the highest praise for his untiring work on behalf of the Cadets. Sgt. Thomas has mirrored their work and achievement in being accepted as an Officer Cadet, R.A.F. College, Cranwell. Due to his leaving Cpl. Stone was promoted to Sgt. and Leading Cadet Philcox to Corporal. These, together with Flt./Sgt. Caister, have assisted in the training of "The Erks."

The aforementioned events included the Adaptability Test, Field Day and the A.T.C. Party.

The Adaptability Test was more a feat of endurance than adaptability, and three pairs of Cadets entered from Rye, all three upholding the Flights good name. It was on this test that Milham and Barry learnt to "crawl," but more of this from the almost victorious victims themselves.

Field Day gave everyone a chance to practice their much neglected G.C.T. (this, for the suspicious, means Ground Combat Training). However, in spite of rook-scarers and trickery, parties under Flt./Sgt. Caister and Sgt. Stone failed to carry off the Cpl's trousers, as a token of unconditional surrender. Consolation and destructive revenge was taken upon unsuspecting rabbits and auto-cycles.

The A.T.C. Party triumphed over the Committee, M.C. and everything in general (including nothing in particular) and was held to be a success, proving that the boys in light blue can be equally successful both at work and play.

Other points of interest are ; that the R. G. S. Flight tied with an Eastbourne Sqdn. in the sale of draw tickets in aid of A.T.C. funds, but Eastbourne were beaten in an inter-Sqdn. football match in which 4 of No. 3 Flt. Cadets played; Leading Cadet Barry in one of his flashes of genius (rare and seldom feasible) suggested the formation of an aero-modelling club, and in his inimitable style, which will be sadly missed next term, began chopping, chipping and generally ruining the first model.

That this term has been so successful, is no doubt greatly due to the canteen staff, who, last but by no means least, must accept the thanks of a very grateful Rye Grammar School Flt.

An A.D.I.

## SPEECH DAY

The setting of Speech Day is now too familiar to need description, and this programme did not depart from its decorous and traditional pattern. The reports from the Headmaster,

from representatives of organisations, the speeches and the votes of thanks were, this year, enlivened by a number of small incidents, trivial in themselves, but combining in a most interesting way with the general formality of the proceedings.

The pedagogical pleasantries with which the Headmaster and the Chairman of the Governors are wont to regale each other have a precedent, but who could have foreseen that a gentleman on the platform would quite hilariously refuse to accept who was the School Captain. This same gentleman could not have appreciated the consternation he caused by segregating Miss B. Wilson (who had previously distinguished herself by receiving a most ostentatious number of books from Mrs. Armstrong) from the great mass of "Governors, Staff, Ladies and Gentlemen."

Since the school had been previously informed that the cinema was to be vacated by 3.45, some alarm and mistrust was aroused by Mr. Armstrong's announcement, at 3.40, that he had been asked to speak for twenty minutes, but in spite of the repetition of "Jacob's Ladder," the popular fallacy that Civil Servants are dusty pedants was quite dispelled.

The result of the last year's work is already known, and it only remains to congratulate everybody concerned in Speech Day, 1951.

J.W.

## NEEDLEWORK SOCIETY

Most of this term has been taken up with making games bags for all the new pupils. Since there were so many of them it took a number of weeks to complete them all. The Library table-cloths, sorely in need of repair, were renovated at the urgent request of the Library Guild. Apart from this, a few members have been practising mending household articles, others have continued their work begun in lessons. The rest have formed a knitter's circle, occasionally helping with the necessary jobs.

S.S.

## SCOUT SUMMER CAMP

This year, our summer camp was held again at Broadstone, with the object of smartening up our camping. It was very unfortunate that Mr. Douglas was unable to attend, as it was his last camp, but it is to his credit that the Troop had such an excellent camp, highly commended by the Bailiff.

We assembled at Headquarters at 9 a.m. of July 26th. Contrary to all expectations it did not rain, the lorry was on time and it did NOT break down. We loaded the lorry in



record time, and by 10 a.m. we were on our way. At 12.30 we had arrived at Broadstone, just before five scouts who had resolved to cycle there. Only five of us had been to Broadstone before, but this did not deter us from pitching camp quickly in the hot summer weather which only Broadstone can provide.

In the evening, we were visited by the new Bailiff, who answered to the name of Bert, and he told us among other things that he could get us to hospital in twenty minutes, should the need arise!

The week passed very quickly, with inspection of a very high standard every morning. We held two afternoon Wide Games, a Night Hike—a novelty for many which went extremely well, and one afternoon Hike. An afternoon was devoted to exploration of Forest Row and East Grinstead; and on Monday, an aerial runway was constructed over a gully near the camp. Four seniors went on a two day hike round the district, sleeping out without tents on a rather wet night. On Saturday evening our Troop ran a Camp Fire for the whole site, which ten troops attended; we also held a Troop Camp Fire on the last night. It rained as usual on Sunday, but we attended an open-air service in the morning. In the afternoon an unusual and vigorous set of "Camp Sports" was held, the Snipes being the champions. It was obvious that the great attraction was the swimming pool, for the two swimming parades a day were well attended.

On looking back now, various incidents come to one's mind:—the first roast which was half burnt black and half raw—Griffen finding the aerial runway unsafe—Jackson getting mixed up with "Power and Production" in a camp fire skit—Fennel's attempt to make Creamola with cold milk—Hackman's failure to throw a plate more than six inches in the Camp Sport—the administering of "The Mug," a cup of cold water, to anyone showing a bad spirit—Mr. Bagley singing "My baby has gone down the Plughole."

As we left Broadstone, we could not help thinking how well the camp had gone, and we cannot thank Mr. Douglas enough for all the training and encouragement he has given us. We hope that in the future years our successors will keep up this standard. Thanks are also due to David who acted as T.L. and supervisor, and to Mr. Bagley who helped in so many ways before and at camp to make it a success.

P.S.—We learnt from the Bailiff, on departing, that he could now get anyone to hospital in ten minutes.

### REGIONAL SURVEY

Every Thursday afternoon during the last term, various forms in the Middle School have employed themselves diligently

in studying both the natural and ancient history of Rye and the surrounding marsh.

Roughly half the group have spent their time in the more popular old buildings such as the Church and Ypres Tower on historical research, exploring, making detailed examinations and recording the results of their research. Some of this group study the interiors of buildings, others the exteriors, collecting and taking photographs.

Another group "go fishing" and study river and pond life. They write that they "find fish, then kill and dissect them." Apart from this grisly operation they try to discover "how the fishes eat and live."

Yet another small group appears to have been occupied in collecting and pressing all sorts of grasses, for what purpose, the writer of their report does not seem to know.

The final sub-group have shown great enterprise in collecting a census of cattle. As one who is scared stiff of cows, I can only admire their intrepid courage. Their recordist states that "their work is to find out the various breeds and which is the most popular!" It seems that they have so far covered the area from Rye to Camber Castle.

### THE LIBRARY GUILD

The Library Guild has, during the term, continued to fulfil in its wonted manner, its normal functions. A few select volumes, notably 3 of Margaret Irwin's brilliant historical novels have been added to the shelves. But the most effective and constructive piece of labour has been the constant moving about of the Librarian's desk and the fiction shelves for the improvement of working conditions, at the suggestion or request of first one and then another senior frequenter of the Library; many a lay figure, on entering this haven of quiet study and retirement has been struck by the changes wrought by this energetic organisation.

### OLD SCHOLARS' NEWS

Letters from Norman Godden—a 'poor Fresher' he calls himself, of King's College, London, and from Cyril, hoping still to join F.A.A. From Robin Dent, disappointed in his first shot for a commission, but still hoping. Pamela Brett wrote to say that she had finished the first part of her training for children's nursing at Woking. Since then she has visited us at School and goes to Bristol in the New Year for the second part. Sheila Houlston is Biology Mistress at Chatham Girls' Grammar School. Contrary to expectations she finds she enjoys teaching, and as she is realising the difficulties she will in time doubtless become a first-class teacher of Science. She is not very pleased to be



addressed by the present generation of Magazine Editors as S. Houlston, Esq. !

R. J. Morris is nearer his goal of Sandhurst, as he is now an officer cadet at Eaton Hall, Chester. Paige writes from Reading to say that he and Helen Gill are engaged. He is preparing himself for domesticity by mending shirts in his time off from study. He gives news of all the other Old Ryers at Reading and also tells us that in London, Helen, in her spare time, is studying for her Social Science Diploma.

A long and interesting letter came from Norman Glass. In his last term at Cranwell he had been very kind to Thomas, in his first, and he also gave us news of Lewis (now finished his work on the Prentice), embarking on his final year. Law, he says, is doing very well in the Cranwell Cross Country Team : he thinks he would even give Peter Webb a fright. At the end of term Glass visited the school. In January he joins a squadron for advanced jet training, leading eventually to a night fighter squadron. With him on his visit was Monica Partleton—they are now engaged. Monica is training at college for infant teaching.

After only a few weeks in the R.A.F. a very informative letter was received from M. David. He couldn't get to Speech Day as, being one of the eight smartest men in the Flight, he was chosen for special duty on the passing-out parade. He seems fortunate in the mixture he is with—various religions and politics and all prepared to argue constructively. David is of course hobnobbing with entertainers and even with a Yorkshire fast bowler. He writes very appreciatively and understandingly of what R. G. S. has done for him. "The knowledge that you have had a full education at a good school gives you confidence in yourself, especially in a service like the R.A.F.. For the present pupils of R.G.S. I would give but three words of advice: 'Consider yourself lucky . . .' Lucky to be receiving without perhaps consciously appreciating it, a full and generous education." David is now in Scotland with the R.A.F. Regiment. It was a great joy when he did come on leave to arrange for the District Commissioner to present to him, before the School, the King's Scout Badge. Further news coming to hand as we go to press is that he has just played the name part in the station concert party's production of 'Cinderella'—"somewhat changed to suit R.A.F. tastes." The show was a great success and is to be repeated.

D. Thomas informs us that it is all hard work of various kinds at Cranwell, but he does not as yet find the academic standards a strain. He also visited us at the end of term, together with J. Farrow and R. Wood of University College, London. George Hickman, with the R.A.F. in the Isle of Man,

had to make use of Scouting experience in crossing a swollen stream.

Patricia Payne writes full of interest for her course at Shenstone T.C. near Kidderminster. She hopes to teach in a Modern School and is specialising in Geography and Needlework. She gave us the news that John and Stephen Pritchard are both now in Australia. Bernard Baker is adding the French Horn to his musical accomplishments. He's also been writing carol music, accompanies the University Choir, and is Assistant Secretary of the Musical Society. Baker was a great help to Mr. May at our Carol Service at the end of term. Thank you ! Audrey Chamberlain wrote to report progress in her commercial studies. She will soon be taking examinations. Michael Collins writes to say he is joining the R.A.F. and hopes to train for Aircrew. He has joined Hastings A.T.C. Doris Smith is now in Hambros Bank, Holborn, and gives us news also of Margaret Clark, who has cleared her first nursing hurdle. Pat Lewis wrote from Cranwell giving news of Thomas (they are both in the same squadron) and wishing luck to the next candidates. Clayson was delighted to hear of Barbara's scholarship—he gives a wealth of interesting comment on the situation in the Middle East (he doesn't mean the H.M. to be gruelled for lack of matter in General Studies) and also on the friends he is making out there and the conversations they have.

Congratulations to Hartill on his very good result in 'Inter.' including a V. Good in Botany. Ten years after leaving school, Geoffrey Ashdown is now the youngest sergeant in the London Police Force. He is also married and has a fine daughter. Soon he hopes to take his examination for Inspector. He says that he sees John Bates and Keith Bullen only occasionally, as they are not in his district. But he hopes they will all eventually meet at the Yard ! K. Standen wrote to tell us of his progress at the Post Office Research Station at Dollis Hill. He attends the Hendon Technical College and has already passed the first year of his national certificate course in Electrical Engineering. Drusilla Parry is now a Wren and is training as a telegraphist on H.M.S. Mercury at Petersfield. A letter from P. Allpress speaks of a successful term at Bicester Grammar School. He came tenth in his form and is looking forward with mixed feelings to the Rugby Football season.

Several of the above have visited the school recently ; others are the son of Heather Bristow (here 1933) who took a cine-film of the school including the Head Master and his dog ; Joan Guess (Mourat) with children now living in Bromley. Joan was the first pupil admitted by the present Head Master. P. J. Curtis, in a responsible position in the Civil Service, goes back to the Jenkins regime ; Geoffrey Paine, now working in



Rye, came to offer his help with the magazine on the advertising side, and all three Standens together—Doreen (now Robinson and living in London), Cecilly (still at R.E.S. Hospital) and Kenneth. At the moment, with the latest arrival, there were five Standens all breathing the air of R.G.S. together! Derek White, now commissioned pilot in the R.A.F., brought the good news too, that he was accepted by Reading University. Next day he visited the A.T.C. and it is strongly rumoured that one Cadet at least will not lightly forget him! Keith Cook celebrated his liberation from the R.A.F. by coming to Rye and offering more timber for the workshop. He hopes to enter an estate agent's firm in Hastings. The two Frosticks came in very recently; Mary is doing her training year at Reading and Elaine has got through the first part of her Art Teacher's diploma course. Philip Mead of the strenuous Bedford days, visiting Lunsford, was brought to school by Will Dunlop. He is now with a firm of agricultural chemists and lives near Nottingham. L. Watts has been in to see us more than once recently. He is now in London with the P.O. Engineering Department. Ken Rook tells us he is going to Nigeria.

Christmas Cards have been received with thanks from the following:—Noreen Laird (nee Baker, now the mother of a little girl), Helen Rook, Julia Smith, K. Thompson, B. Baker, Paulina Metianu, Sheila Houlston, Pauline Orsborne, J. Pulford, B. Apps, B. Hatter, E. Paige, Rae and J. Varley, Gerald Burt (still up at Oxford), Joyce Braley, B. Lupton, B. Dawson, Audrey Chamberlain, Ivan Smith, Helen Gill, Doreen & Cecilly Standen, N. Godden, R. Frehner, Dawn Messeter, R. Burnett, Barbara Griffen, Stella Killick, Joy Bateup, Elsie Lapworth (now at U.C. Hospital), Lucy Smeeton (H.M.S. Harrier), Pat & Rosalie Green, Patsy Payne, Beryl Brakefield, Doris Smith, Winnie & Len Allen, Kathleen Mitchell, R. Morris, Janet Holdstock, Lilian Sayers (from Melbourne); J. Mewse (now Major in Parachute Regiment), D. Clayson, P. Bryant—all in the Suez Canal area; Jean Pope, Gillian Pratt, Rosemary Ray (congratulations to brother Richard, a near old scholar, on becoming Lord of the Manor of Brede), Pamela Whiting, T. Saunders from Singapore, M. Barclay, Barbara Brett, Daphne Weeks (now at the Hospital for Sick Children), T. Pollard (more news, please), Geoffrey Alford and Peter Swaine—both in Korea. (Geoffrey's shows his ship with a lovely background of Korean hills, Peter's taught me some military history). Jim Munn from Nigeria; Miss Fairbanks, the Beltons, the Douglasses, Miss How, Miss Glenister, Yvonne Letouzé, Annie Soulié and finally the Berks, who are still in Salisbury, Rhodesia—their card was designed by Ernest Berk himself.

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