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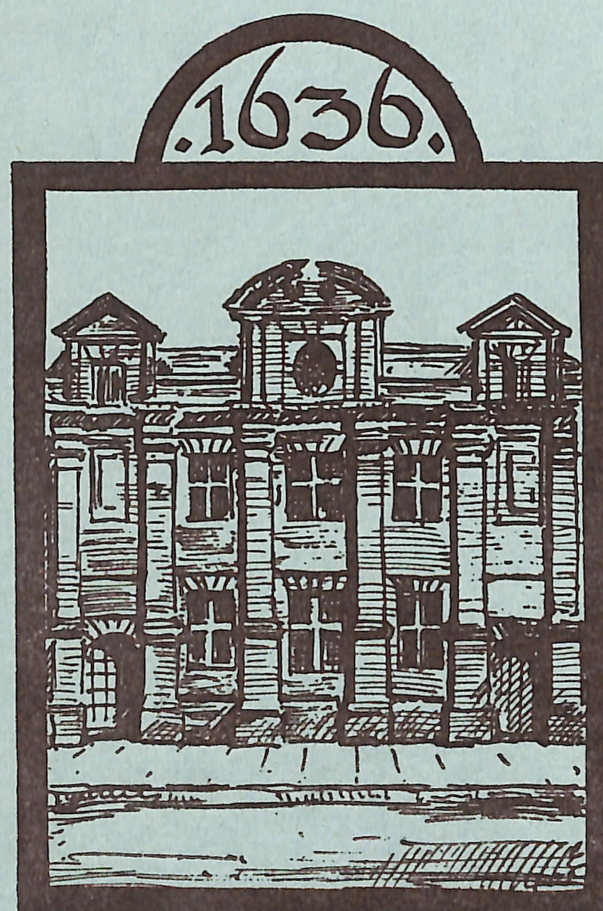
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“RYA”



MAGAZINE OF RYE GRAMMAR SCHOOL

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"RYA"

No. 22.

Spring, 1952

Vol. 8.

*The Magazine of
Rye Grammar School*

New Series

Editors :

Olga Clark
Rosemary Peirce
J. Wood

Barbara Wilson
D. Monk
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EDITORIAL

H. M. King George VI. 1936 - 52

In these days, when the personality of the monarch is brought closer to us than ever before, it has been our great fortune to have passed our most impressionable years under the rule of George VI.

While the glamour attached to the person of the sovereign must inevitably have affected us, it can truly be said that the place which the late King held in the affection of his peoples was not won by any exploitation of tradition.

His Majesty's example was a universal inspiration, and to the youth of this age of strife, his death was a solemn revelation. That the divided world could be united, even for a short time, in tribute to a man of such noble qualities, perhaps holds a hope for the future.

Let us then look back with gratitude to the life which won the respect of the world ; and with pride and loyalty go forward under our new sovereign, our Liege Lady Elizabeth ;

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

THE EDITORS.

DE REBUS VULGARIBUS

As always the Spring Term has been a comparative void : the excitement of the last furious days of the Christmas Term and the galaxy of seasonable entertainment are bound to be followed by a dull anti-climax, illuminated first by the personal agonies of the Upper School Examinations and then by the crescendo of hectic theatrical preparations ; the latter is amply treated elsewhere.

* *

The School Committee, furnished with the revised form of its constitution, has once more approached the difficulties of selected suggestions for the notice of the head-master. Several observers have been heard to remark upon the drastic cuts in representation, but it is too early fully to estimate the advantages of these innovations.

* *

Field Day this term has been passed in the usual activities. The Red Cross Cadets sat for their Junior First Aid examination.

We were pleased and surprised to view the luxuriant growth of beard which appeared on the visages of two old Scholars from London University at the end of the term when they visited us.

* *

On the last Tuesday of term a film show was presented to the school. Its programme, which was enjoyed by all, consisted of "The Chiltern Hundreds" and two cartoons, a David Hand "Fantasia on London" and "The Reckless Driver."

* *

The school is very grateful to another old scholar, Mr. James Gasson of Rye, who has presented us with a new Union Jack—a fitting start to a new reign. Mr. Gasson was a great sportsman in his youth—he played football for Sussex—and has always been interested in the School games. When some years before the war we started our Annual Swimming Sports at Hastings, he presented a Shield for swimming which is still competed for. Thank you, Mr. Gasson!

* *

We offer congratulations to :—

Our A.T.C. unit on being highly commended by Air Chief Marshal Sir Guy Garrod at a recent inspection at Hastings. He congratulated the whole squadron on its smartness of appearance and bearing ;

Those members of the Red Cross Cadets who recently passed their Junior First Aid Examination ;

Susan Dobbie (with Merit) and Marion Saunders, on passing Grade III. Associated Board Examination in piano playing ;

All those who received General Certificates of Education for the December examinations ;

M. Stunt on being accepted as a student of Agricultural Chemistry at Reading University ;

Barbara Wilson on being accepted as an English student at University College, London ;

Margaret Crowther, Pamela Blackhall, Margaret Carter, and June Fellowes on gaining places in training Colleges ;

Percy Allen (1929-35). After gaining his Higher School Certificate here he went as a student to Reading University where he gained 1st. Class Hons. in Geology ; he was then

appointed Lecturer in Geology at Reading, later became a Lecturer at Cambridge University whence he has just been appointed Professor in Geology at his old University of Reading.

* * *

Charles Longley (1885-92).

Charles Longley was a pupil here in the days of Mr. Hinde. He was a very well known figure in Rye and played a leading part in many of the Town's activities. After being apprenticed to Mr. Hilder in the ironmongering trade, he went to London for further training, and returned to take over the business of Mr. George Ellis. He played for Rye at both cricket and football, he was a Deacon and Organist of the Congregational Church for many years, a member of the Rye Musical Society, and sang in many of the musical shows produced before the War by the Rye Players.

We extend our sincere sympathy to his widow and to Mr. and Mrs. Tom Longley.

SCHOOL COMMITTEE REPORT

At the first meeting of the term the Headmaster presented the revised Constitution to a house consisting of all previous members. He said that the old committee had proved too unwieldy for really satisfactory results.

The new constitution, which had already received the acquiescence of the assembled VIth Form, was analysed carefully, each article being put to the house for approval.

The second meeting showed the working of the newly-formed committee. Various suggestions were put forward. The Middle School pressed urgently for some seating in the playground (evidently the youth of today feels the strain of intellectual hardship). Another suggestion put forward was that the School should institute Educational Visits abroad. The most urgent problem was that of the crush in the bicycle sheds. It was felt that in view of the ever-increasing numbers in the school the matter should be taken to the governors together with the suggestion that the school would see to the construction of new bicycle accommodation.

J. L.

CROSS-COUNTRY RUNNING

On Monday, March 31st the Annual cross-country running finals were held. Standards this year were altered and only one point could be obtained beforehand instead of the three

standards which were set last year. It was thought that this would provide more excitement on the actual day as the standards only counted a low percentage of the total amount of points, thus ensuring that the final decision would not be certain until after the finals.

Much rain had fallen during the weekend and the courses were in poor condition, but in spite of this the times were quite good. Teams of six from each house competed in each race; the Juniors setting off first, followed by the Middle School and lastly the Seniors.

Senior

- | | |
|-------------------|--------------------|
| 1.—D. Caister (P) | 2.—D. Philcox (S). |
| 3.—D. Boots (P). | 4.—P. Wareham (P). |
| 5.—A. Jary (M). | 6.—J. Beales (M). |

Time : 34 mins. 3 secs. Record 30 mins. 11 secs.

Middle School

- | | |
|---------------------|------------------------------|
| 1.—A. Sorensen (S). | 2.—J. Tidy (P). |
| 3.—P. Small (P). | 4.—R. Saxby (P). |
| 5.—J. Barnes (M) | 6.—J. Davis. D. Osborne (M). |

Time : 25 mins. 30 secs. Record 22 mins. 15 secs.

Junior

- | | |
|---------------------|-----------------------|
| 1.—I. Fitzhugh (P). | 2.—Pelham-Knight (P). |
| 3.—L. Stapely (M) | 4.—D. Fuggle (M). |
| 5.—Catt (P). | 6.—D. Kimpton (M). |

Total : M.—220½. P.—219. S.—128½.

HOCKEY REPORT

At the beginning of this season we welcomed Miss Cashmore, who has proved a sound hockey coach, under whose guidance the standard of our team has greatly improved. During the season we have played six matches of which we won five and drew one.

We also entered the East Sussex Tournament at Bexhill but were unfortunate in losing three games.

The season has been quite successful although several matches had to be cancelled owing to the inclement weather.

Olive Smith, Margaret Crowther, Dawn Baker, Pat Crouch, Margery Wise and Anne Lloyd have played consistently well.

The team has included C. Vollans, S. Saunders, A Lloyd,

The team has included C. Vollans, S. Saunders, A. Lloyd, R. Peirce, J. Baker, M. Wise, J. Fellows, P. Crouch, D. Baker,

R. C. P.

FOOTBALL REPORT

The 1st XI this season has been one of the youngest for several years. Those among us who had played in the triumphant teams of the 1949-50 and the 1950-51 seasons, started with some misgivings as to whether we should win any games at all. We were, however, greatly relieved when we won the first match of the season, and in the middle of the season, the team proved its worth by beating Eastbourne G. S. and then Hastings G. S., two far more experienced teams.

The defence has played steadily throughout the season, and much of our success in later months was due to this fact. The forward line has been strong enough to make openings against the best defences, but we lack a forward with a good enough shot to convert these openings into goals. I cannot, as previous captains have done, pick out any particular players to congratulate as there are no individualists, and we have always accepted success or failure as a team. The team has been : D. Batehup, K. Cornwall, M. Tubbs, N. Hickman, J. Larkin, B. Bellhouse, D. Caister, B. Morris, E. Pye, G. Weeks and P. Stone; while D. Boots, P. Wareham and J. Swan have also played.

The result of the 16 matches played was : Won 8; drew 1; lost 7, with 49 goals for and 41 against.

J. Larkin.

Colours have been renewed to J. Larkin, D. Batehup and E. Pye, and awarded to K. Cornwall, D. Caister and P. Stone.

With so many young players in the team, we have been fortunate in having such a fine Captain as J. Larkin, who, by his encouragement and his own sound positional play, has given the rest of the players the necessary confidence, and welded them into a good team.

S. H. A.

1st XI RESULTS

Date	Opponent	Results
September 22nd	—Eastbourne T. S. (A)	Won 3-2.
October 3rd	—Goudhurst (H) ...	Won 5-0.
October 10th	—Hastings G. S. (A) ...	Lost 0-2.
October 16th	—Eastbourne G. S. (A) ...	Lost 2-4.
October 27th	—Ashford G. S. (H) ...	Lost 2-3.
November 14th	—Bexhill G. S. (H) ...	Lost 1-4.
November 28th	—Bexhill (A) ...	Lost 0-3.
December 1st	—Ashford N. M. S. (H) ...	Won 4-3.
December 15th	—Ashford N. M. S. (A)	Won 3-2.

December 18th—Old Scholars (H) ...	Lost 3-8.
January 30th—Eastbourne G. S. (H) ...	Won 4-3.
February 6th—Hastings G. S. (H) ...	Won 1-0.
February 13th—Goudhurst (A) ...	Drew 3-3.
February 23rd—Eastbourne T. S. (H)	Won 9-0.
February 27—Goudhurst (H) ...	Won 8-2.
March 5th—Hastings G. S. (A) ...	Lost 0-4.

2nd XI RESULTS

The team has been chosen from : P. E. Wareham (Capt.), J. Swan, M. Standen, W. Folle, R. Bourne, D. Emery, B. Thompson, D. Boots, J. Milham, D. Philcox, D. Jackson, M. Laurance, H. Jempson. Four matches were played ; we won two and lost two, with 19 goals for and 11 against.

Date	Opponents	Results.
October 3rd—Goudhurst 2nd XI (H) ...		Won 7-0.
January 30th—Eastbourne G. S. 2nd XI (H)		Lost 1-7.
February 13th—Goudhurst 2nd XI (A)		Lost 1-2.
February 27th—Goudhurst 2nd XI (H)		Won 10-2.

JUNIOR XI RESULTS

The team has been chosen : P. Stone, J. Hackman, D. Lee, F. Jones, M. Mills, J. Barnes (Capt.), B. Monk, D. Fuggle, P. Fuggle, P. Small, M. Ditcher, R. Catt, N. Axten, J. Tidy.

They have played 10 games ; Won 3, Draw 1, Lost 6.

Date	Opponents	Results
September 22nd—Hastings G. S. (H) ...		Won 4-2.
October 6th—Southlands (H) ...		Lost 2-4.
October 20th—Bexhill G. S. (A) ...		Won 2-0.
October 27th—Ashford G. S. (H) ...		Drew 5-5.
November 17th—Southlands (A) ...		Lost 2-3.
December 1st—Ashford North M. S. (H)		Lost 2-5.
December 8th—Bexhill G. S. (H) ...		Lost 1-2.
December 15th—Ashford North M. S. (A)		Won 8-1.
February 9th—Hastings G. S. (A) ...		Lost 3-6.
March 1st—Hastings G. S. (H) ...		Lost 3-4.

HOUSE MATCHES

Seniors : Peacocke 4 ; Sanders 1.
Meryon 2 ; Sanders 1.
Meryon 4 ; Peacocke 1.

Juniors : Meryon 5 ; Sanders 1.
Peacocke 2 ; Sanders 1.
Meryon 1 ; Peacocke 1.

Total Points :

Meryon 7 points ; Peacocke 5 points ; Sanders Nil.

THE UNDER 15 NETBALL REPORT

This season the team has not been very successful. We have played four matches of which we lost two and won two. Four matches were cancelled.

The team consisted of : G.S.—D. Higginson ; A.—M. Jempson ; C.A.—J. Smith ; C.D.—J. Turner ; G.D.—A. Levell ; D.—J. Rainton ; C.—G. Hewitt-Tayler.

Reserves : M. Abel, V. Mitchell.

G. Hewitt-Tayler (Capt.).

" THAT HOCKEY MATCH "

The end of the Spring Term and the Easter Holidays are already things of the past. To them can be added that hockey match when Staff gave battle to eleven young " Amazons " and Old Father Time. To the writer, who is putting down these recollections the day after, that game, if not vivid in his mind—due to many " circles " he found himself running in during the match—is still felt in his bones. No doubt another article on this match will appear somewhere else in this magazine, written by one of the girls who took part or by a frozen spectator who bravely stamped the line. This article will not, I am sure, convey to the school the " feelings " of the Staff who took part, nor their thoughts, before, during, and after the game. This, then, is my object in writing this article.

I accepted the invitation at once to take part in this match when approached by Miss Cashmore. I could afford to, because the game was not to be played for another month or so, and if I felt " windy " before then, an excuse could easily be found. A few of the Staff on being approached immediately tried to look their age and succeeded in doing so, for Miss Cashmore did not press them for long. My wife was rather amused when I told her of the proposed event but ceased to be amused when I asked her to find, wash and darn my football socks and shorts.

" The typical Spring weather " which set in the day before the match was due to be played brought an air of relief to those in the Staff-room who had promised to take part, and one or two who found strength in the weather were heard to remark that " It was a pity the match would have to be cancelled." Miss Cashmore soon put an end to any hopes of a cancellation by remarking the following morning that if the snow failed to clear we would have to play with a red ball ! and a quarter of

an hour before the start some of us began to change, very conscious of the warmth of the Staff-room and the contrasting atmosphere outside.

Even at this late hour one master was heard to remark "If anyone feels like ratting, I'll join him." What our thoughts were before leaving the security of the Staff-room can only be imagined, but in a brief moment of nerves I pictured the many members of the lower and middle schools to whom I had given black marks and detentions that term, and heard quite clearly the howls of delight every time I missed the ball. Mr. May's chief worry seemed to be whether the wearing of a pair of army boots was covered in the hockey regulations.

My recollections of the actual game are very few. I can remember running about in what felt to be a pair of diver's boots; a hammering in my chest, the noise of which might have been heard in the work-shop; using my stick rather like a scythe (apologies to all who came in contact with it); a frightening moment when a ball, which on leaving my stick appeared to be swallowed by Margaret Crowther, just missed her, and lastly the sweet but overdue sound of the final whistle and that cup of tea in an easy chair in the Staff-room.

H. T.

Vith FORM DISCUSSION

Owing to the general feeling in the Vith Form, it was decided to abandon the customary end-of-term debate in favour of an informal discussion. It was felt that here the lack of main speakers would prove an incitement to the rest of the form, the power to open the discussion and the responsibility for sustaining the interest falling upon the whole house.

The discussion took place on Friday, March 29th. The motion was "That this House considers that the Country Child is at a disadvantage for life," and Olga Clark, the Girls' Captain, was in the Chair. Contrary to general expectations, the discussion was soon in full swing, with few long silences, and Mr. Darby and Mr. Robinson made valuable contributions towards the even flow of ideas. The pervading opinion seemed to be that dialect was a disadvantage in the search for employment, but that it should nevertheless be preserved. There was also much discussion about country, as opposed to town, education. Another important point raised was that the country child, owing to his outdoor life, was far healthier than the town child, who spent most of his leisure hours in the cinema. When the vote was taken the motion was defeated, although there were a significant number of abstentions.

D. M.

RECITAL — THE KNUSSEN TRIO

On Thursday, January 24th, a recital of instrumental music was given to the Lower and Middle School by the Knussen Trio. The programme presented by this select little group included items designed to exploit and show off the characteristics peculiar to each of the instruments: violin, viola, violoncello and piano.

The recital began with a trio for violin, 'cello and piano, "Three Poor Mariners" by Quilter. Then Mrs. Knussen gave an explanation of the structure and function of the stringed instruments. The first illustration of the different kinds of music played was a group of three solos for the violin: "Gigue" by Bach, a Minuet by Mozart, and the Pizzicato from Delibes' "Sylvia" which was played with great skill and dexterity. This was followed by another trio: a Minuet by Beethoven. Then came two piano solos: a programme descriptive piece by the contemporary French composer, Ibert, "The Little White Donkey," much enjoyed by the youthful audience, and Chopin's Valse in E Minor.

During the interval the instruments were passed round for inspection and examination, of which opportunity the children took full advantage. For most of the boys, the great thrill was to be allowed to draw the bow across the strings of the 'cello, often with excruciating effect! The girls seemed more interested in the range and virtuosity of the violin and viola.

After the interval came a viola solo. The mellower and slightly more sombre tone of this instrument was turned to good effect in the Wolstenholme Allegretto. Another trio followed, the Roger Quilter arrangement of "Drink to Me Only."

Then it was the turn of the 'cello. Two solos were played, "Harlequin" by Poppé and the lovely, though somewhat hackneyed "The Swan" by Saint-Saëns, which in this exquisitely sensitive performance regained all its original freshness and beauty. I was very struck by the quality of true 'cello tone which this player drew from his instrument in both pieces of music.

The recital ended with another trio, the Haydn "Rondo," in which the three players revealed their very fine artistry and virtuosity.

Olga E. Clark.

MUSIC SOCIETY CONCERT

The idea is to give a Termly Concert of serious music, calling for talent upon Staff, Old Students, pupils and any others interested in the School and music. This first concert given in the School Hall at 8 p.m. on Thursday, February 12th made a successful beginning to what we hope will become a regular fixture.

Songs by Puccini and Greig were most attractively sung by Vera Larkin (soprano), and she was joined by J. Larkin for some enjoyable duets. Olga Clark (mezzo-soprano) sang some Purcell and Vaughan-Williams in good style, and the Senior Choir gave three madrigals, one of which was the formidable "Sweet Honey-Sucking Bees" by Wilbye, which they managed creditably, if not perfectly!

As a contrast to these vocal items there were some clarinet and piano sonatas by Mr. J. F. Burke and Mr. W. E. May. The "Sonata in F Minor" by Brahms was an ambitious work, very seldom heard, but well rendered. A concerto by Tartini for clarinet, and Chopin's "Fantaisie-Improptu" rounded off a well-varied programme.

Our thanks are due to all the performers who worked hard and successfully in the preparation of the music, and we hope to hear from them all again in the near future.

THE SHOEMAKER'S HOLIDAY

This year we were fortunate enough to receive two accounts of the School Play. The first is by The Chairman of the Governors, the Rev. Hilton-Wright, and the second by our old Producer, Mrs. Curran.

This is an excellent piece for a school play. It is good straightforward robust farce, with many amusing situations and numbers of amusing quips that keep the audience on the laugh with—as the saying goes—"never a dull moment." All that is required, in fact, is to keep the fun going and enter fully into the rollicking spirit of the author. The play makes no pretensions of any literary merit and the rhyming lines are more of a jingle than of the rhythm of poetry. The production succeeded admirably in bringing out the humour and excitement of the play, and showed an expert knowledge of stagecraft. It was aided too, by some well-contrived and nicely painted scenery. The lighting, if it did not display much subtlety in its effects, was very adequate to the occasion. The audience evidently enjoyed themselves hugely, and gave the players much help by their enthusiastic applause.

The play evidently had been well rehearsed and, except on one occasion moved with almost clockwork precision. Another time it might be worth while to try the effect of an omnium scene, with only one interval, so that the story is not held up—as it must be by the constant change of scene, even though the backstage folk were extremely rapid in their scene-changing.

Some liberties might also be essayed with the text of the last scene to relieve it of the banality with which the play is brought to a very halting finish. The performance of Master Hammon was outstanding. The actor contrived to bring an air of reality into an almost impossible part that might well daunt an experienced professional actor. The player of Firk has an undoubted flair for low comedy. He must be careful to remember that acting is an art, and that natural ability may go sadly astray if not subjected to stern discipline. Firk is given so many capital quips, many of which were thrown away instead of being given their proper value. Simon Eyre was played with vigour but his gestures were commonplace and meaningless. His wife threw herself into her part with zest, but also threw herself about so much that many of her lines were lost. The part of the Earl of Lincoln was played with some distinction, and Hodge and Dodger were clear and articulate in their diction. On the whole it must be said that the diction was not good. The lines needed to be spoken at a fast pace, but it is possible with practice, to speak both rapidly and distinctly. Some improvement may be looked for in this direction next year. In conclusion a word of praise should go to Master Hammon and Jane for their delightful little love scene which rang very true and was moving in its simple charm.

Mrs. Curran writes :

This was an exceedingly enjoyable show, well staged and attractively dressed, and acted with a verve and enjoyment which were sufficient in themselves to make the audience happy. There were some very good performances, and all the parts were capably handled, with sincerity and keenness compensating in a few cases for inexperience and lack of training.

The old hands will accept criticism from me as their old friend and producer. They must beware of letting their hard-won ease of manner and ability to move naturally on a stage, make them forget that movements must be studied and according to plan, positions must be remembered and kept, and lines must be spoken with sufficient precision and timing to enable the audience to realise the meaning without an effort. We really had to guess at some of the words, which was a pity, as it meant a loss of laughs which would have come easily if we could have

heard all that was said. And a producer has a right to expect his actors to keep to the movements and positions which he has worked out with some care—I have a strong suspicion that if I had attended two performances instead of only one, I should not have seen the same moves and positions each time. Am I right? So these “most dear actors” must act with a little more restraint and discipline, and speak a little more slowly, and remember the chalk lines which have proved helpful in the past!

Now criticism is over, and praise follows. Stone, Pamela, Wareham and Larkin are all old actors now, and I was very proud of their excellent performances. Wareham was especially good, giving a character study which never once lost one ounce of the added weight nor a month of the added age. Doust, Joy and Shirley played their parts well—the two girls with a very pleasing charm and sincerity. Monk gave Sir Roger Oakely the necessary agitation, and Laurance as the Earl of Lincoln showed himself to be the owner of a voice and ease of manner which he must cherish but not over-emphasize. N. and M. Saville, Olive Smith and P. Stone made satisfactory debuts—Olive, and the other girls too, must try to move with more grace, with tiny swift steps, and a swing and sway of the long skirts.

Weekes and Swan were very good in their small parts, and Melchers acted with sincerity—he must try to relax a little, and he will find it helpful if he breaks up his speeches into shorter phrases. Bellhouse as Hodge was undoubtedly the best of the newcomers, and well up to the standard of the old hands. His speech, movements and gestures were all in keeping, and yet unobtrusive, and the laughing end to one of the scenes was beautifully done.

My thanks to all for such a good show—and for being so kind in joining with the Headmaster in giving me some of the credit. I was very proud, and congratulate Mr. May and everyone concerned in the success of the “Shoemaker’s Holiday.”

Stella Curran.

SCHOOL PLAYS—AS THE PRODUCER SEES THEM

In the far-off days of my youth when I went to a concert or a play, I sometimes wondered why the orchestra needed a conductor, and why, when the piece was ended, he should turn round and bow to the audience when so obviously the orchestra had done all the work, and all he had been left to do was to wave his arms in time with them, mop his perspiring brow at

times, or push back his long hair out of his eyes when his excessive fervour brought it down over them.

I noticed similarly at the end of plays there were calls on the first night for “the producer” when all the cast was lined up after the final bow. In answer to the call, two types of producer might emerge from the wings—(a) appeared with a rush, as though he had waited too long for recognition. He always wore a bright red (or blue) shirt, a bow-tie, and a cigarette-holder. Once on the stage, he made up for his hours of inaction in the prompt-corner by speaking loudly, and at length.

(b) Came forward only when he had been pushed on by the scene-shifters. He was a quiet little man, soberly dressed, spoke shortly and modestly, and having bowed, tried to shelter behind the nearest piece of scenery. The cast always seemed to have a warm spot in their hearts for him however, and applauded him as though to say: “Poor man, you have been a saint to bear with us through all the rehearsals, and but for you the play would never have got on the stage at all. You are a long-suffering and patient ass, but we appreciate your hard work.”

It was not until I produced a play myself, however, that I realised how long-suffering a producer has to be. In an ideal world, perhaps, there would be very little need for a producer. The actors would know their lines by the third rehearsal. But in real life some of the cast do not know their lines even at the dress rehearsal. Sometimes a player doesn’t know them at the first public performance, which is such fun for the rest of the cast who have to pick up their own parts without the correct cues from him. The ladies are, of course, excepted from this criticism. They are more conscientious than the men, and often know their lines for the second or third rehearsal!

In an ideal world, again, all the cast would fall on the producer’s neck and kiss him when he tells them the next play they are to act. In real life they fall on his neck and beat his brains out! The play is the worst they have ever read, no plot, no characters worth playing, no atmosphere, the author was drunk when he wrote it or shut up in a lunatic asylum, no audience will pay to come and see it. It’s a flop, a hopeless failure. Forget it. Take it away. They know of a better one? Good Heavens, yes. Hundreds. Such as? Babel ensues. The producer learns that A. wants to play an aristocrat in the French Revolution (a “Scarlet Pimpernel” part), B. an old man, C. an 18th century dandy, D. a young Irish girl in a County Down cabin, E. a once famous actress fallen on hard times, F. a Samoan dancer (she has some ‘tan’ left from last summer), G. would like to try herself out as Juliet (“Romeo and J.” is set for “Advanced” next summer).

The reader will have realised long since that it is going to be a little difficult to fit all these characters into one and the same play! So when order has been restored, the 'team' sit down and begin to read the play mentioned by the producer before the little uproar. Most of them are now in a highly-wrought condition however. Although A. is actually reading the part of an Elizabethan shoemaker, he still imagines himself to be a French aristocrat nearing the guillotine, from which point of vantage he will soon be able to make his great speech, "It is a far, far better thing I do . . ."

F. is actually reading the part of a kitchen-maid and all she has to say is "Yes, Ma'am; please Ma'am, Mr. Conway has called, and could you spare him a moment; very good, Ma'am." And somehow these prosaic words don't fit in with what Lulu would have said on that Samoan beach, besides the clothes are different!

It is some weeks before the cast realise that the play they are reading contains many good characters whose parts well repay study. It is still longer before they realise that there actually are possible "dramatic moments" in the wretched play. It is not until the dress rehearsal, of course, that they realise that they have got to produce those dramatic moments of tension, and must begin, therefore, to consider how to achieve these desirable results.

Yes, dear reader, to the player all plays are inadequate. No play has been written which really gives their acting powers full scope! Offer Mr. A. the part of Hamlet, you reply. Very well, we will. Then what do the rest of the cast say? "A play with one main part, all the rest mere puppets. Away with it," say B., C., D., E., F., and G.!

Producing the school play was nothing like this, of course. Not much, anyway! It had its moments however: Saville as the King, and Monk as Sir Roger Oateley found they could not produce hearty stage laughs to order, and so they cut them out, to the relief of everybody! Bellhouse found he could, and his side-splitting guffaws helped a lot in the more boisterous scenes. Both he and Monk improved as actors every time they went on the stage.

Stone (Minor) dropped a heavy pewter mug on Dame Marjorie's toe in the first performance. Two amazing things

followed: (1) she did **not** speak to him as the original Dame Madgy undoubtedly would have done in 1600. (2) No beer was spilt, not even cold tea.

A few people saw the hat which Monk wore as Lord Mayor; only once however. Like the laughs, it was jettisoned by general accord. However, any people who saw Act I. on Thursday and are still wondering what the green umbrella was, know now. It was the Mayor's "hat"!

Then there was the huntsman's horn "off-stage," which would not sound on Friday night. And after all those learned talks on "wind-wind instruments" too! Really the player should have been able to manage better!

Have you heard the story told by a well-known actor-producer? In the back row of seats there is a quiet little man who slipped unobtrusively into his seat just before the curtain went up. He didn't want to come out anywhere tonight actually. He wanted to sit by the fire and listen to the wireless. But his wife would keep nagging him so much that he was driven out. The pictures were full, he didn't want to drink, so he came in to see this play just to see what it was like. It's only done by amateurs, and probably no good anyway. Never mind, he got in for 1/3d., and can come out at the first interval.

Now, said the producer, if you can keep that little man to the end of the play, and can go even further and make him forget his nagging wife, you have done your job as actors.

To me the most enjoyable thing about the School play was the way in which the players improved at every performance. This happened as they came to understand, through acting it, what the play really means and how true to life many of the characters and scenes are. In any work of art the sum of the whole is greater than the sum of the parts; by which we mean that at some stage in the production, a power from outside enters into the play. Any great play will eventually, if the players are sufficiently intelligent, take control of things itself, so that the actors are carried along by a power greater than themselves, and thereby reach heights normally beyond their own skills. In our own humble way I felt that we achieved this in the Saturday night performance. I sat in the prompt-corner, but had nothing whatever to do. The play "ran" us all, and the whole cast excelled themselves. Whatever the shortcomings of technique, we all felt and knew that the play carried the

audience with it, and that "little man in the back row" would not have wished to go at the interval.

Why are "Hamlet," "St. Joan," "The Rivals," "The School for Scandal," and their like, great plays? Not because the English text books quote them as such and analyse the motives and characters of Hamlet or St. Joan with great thoroughness and skill. They are great plays, surely, because if you go to see them, you are enthralled by them, forget for an hour or two where you are, are carried away by their drama, interplay of characters, the beauty of the poetry. Everytime a great work of art is acted, it comes alive and thrills the audience. And if the audience is carried away by it, then the players must be far more so. And who is likely to know more about the dramatic situations, the poetry or the minds of the characters, than the players themselves who have had to study them for weeks?

A second-rate play can be acted with great technical skill by accomplished professional actors and can thereby give entertainment to the audience. Many highly successful modern plays are of this type. Often when leaving the theatre one hears, "What clever acting that was in Act II by Mr. X.," which to me proves that the play is superficial, because the audience come out from it conscious of clever technique, whereas when the audiences came away from "Journey's End" or "St. Joan" they were very quiet and said nothing about acting technique. To me it always seems that a great play like these will produce adequate, or even great, acting from amateurs because of its depth. The play is in this case greater than the players. Too many people today go to the theatre to see Miss X. and not the play, or to hear Mr. Y. play the Beethoven Violin Concerto. What they really want to hear is Y.'s virtuosity, not Beethoven's music. Amateur actors do well, therefore I think, to perform great plays, because when we put ourselves out to attempt such plays we shall receive assistance from the play itself and not have to rely solely upon our immature technique.

In conclusion may I say a special word of thanks to Mr. Thompson who designed and made all the scenery with such skill, and who helped thereby so much to give us the Elizabethan atmosphere. Only those of us on the stage know also how much the smooth running of the play was due to his presence "behind the scenes" all the time, and to the quiet, workmanlike efficiency of his team of helpers, of whom none gave better service than Elizabeth Dobbie in her key-role as "call-boy."

W. E. May.

ON THE DEATH OF HIS MAJESTY

Thou, Muse, whose inspiration conjured up
From dormant store the poetry of Man,
The sombre depth of tragic play, the neat
And flippant wit of farce, the epic tale,
The sharper wit of cynics, nice conceit;
Breathe on this page and guide this waiting hand,
Inspire one other verse—an elegy,
Upon the death of one of noble birth:
Come, praise his reign and mourn with us our loss.
A man born not as king, though to be known,
Crowned yet humble, quiet in majesty,
This was his lot; can we not make,
Now that the drums are quiet, one last farewell
To him, our late loved sovereign, King George.
He, in a world divest of regal pomp,
Governed by drab republics and sustained
With numbered vote and State assemblies, stood
Alone; heir to an empire greater than of Rome;
Born, though, of Teuton blood with Albion mixed;
A man of dignity and quiet grace
He came to rule a dukedom, found a crown;
His was the honour of the second place.
To fill an empty throne he led his queen
And, with that other Chatham, braved the storm
Of those tempestuous lonely years of war
When, as before, in solitude we fought
To save the sacred spark of freedom's isle
Against the iron flood of Hunnish might
Which washed on Flanders' battled mud and through
The pleasant land of France; but man and fame
Are transient and mortal, and this King
Will be forgotten soon; new storm-clouds lurk
And loom with angry shape across the sky:
The night-pressed traveller rests no thought upon
The lovely sunset's blush, but hastens on.
So we, in troublous times, with careless shrug
Obscure the priceless past, experience rare,
In trying to discern the future's face.

John Mason.

" APRIL LANDSCAPE "

It has just stopped raining ; all around me dull green fields and purple-grey woods not yet in leaf frown back at the dark sky which, covered with clouds, is still weeping on the other side of the hill. The cows leave brown hoof-marks of mud on the sodden ground as they walk in a long line to the farm for afternoon milking. I walk on with a certain sadness in my mind—it has been like this for many weeks now ; cold, wet ; and were it not for a few primroses, one could almost imagine that all life, save that of men, sheep, and cows, had rotted and died in the sterile, sticky clay.

Coming to a gate I stop, and, as I look out across the valley to the wooded slopes on the other side there seems to be something different, something out of place in this wet, grey, scene of winter ; at the top of the hill, where an old marl-pit has changed in the course of time to a tree-ringed pool, there are patches of yellow. While I look, seeking in memory for some recollection of a year ago, the sun breaking through the clouds in sloping shafts of light, catches by some strange chance this very patch on the hill, and I remember ; there, caught in a misty spotlight are bushes of ' pussy-willow ' heavily powdered with pollen. Yet they seem like the small rounded flames of an altar fire before a mighty service. Behind me, an unseen choir of robins and song-thrushes burst into a joyous anthem, the cows look up, and all Nature makes its first communion with Spring.

Nicholas Saville.

" AUF WIEDERSEHEN ! "

'Tis dawn !
The birds a heav'nly chorus sing,
Swift and swallow soar on high ;
Stormcock hails the flushed sky
With fluting note ; while plaintive cry
From tumbling peewit fills the air.
And this clear morn is my farewell
To downland, marshes, moor and fell.
Leave all behind for evermore
And sail to some unfriendly shore,
To suffer misery, contempt, disdain—
Auf Wiedersehen !

Shirley A. Stevens. L.VI.

" THE OLD MILL "

Yonder it stands, on a lonely hillside,
Forgotten by all.
The sails are still, no more they'll whirl
In the breeze, nor creak in the wind.
Inside 'tis still, damp and musty.
Spiders run into the dusty corners
And cobwebs hang everywhere.
Here is a black beetle—there another—
All where once was industry,
But now the stairs are rotten, decayed,
Unsafe to tread on. Only the mice
Scamper across the top floor—all else is quiet,
Lonely and sad. So it stands
Against the crimson sunset,
Black upon the lurid sky,
While birds wheel home across the marshes,
And fades into obscurity as night falls,
And so it is forgotten by all.

S. Warner.

" THE LANE "

Down the twisty, grassy lane
The leaves are turning green,
And even when it pours with rain
There are flowers to be seen.
The violet nods its pretty head,
And hides among the grass
In order to avoid the tread
Of those who chance to pass.
Stirred by the breeze, a waving plain
The little blue-bells ring ;
And further still along the lane
One hears the cuckoos sing.

Susan Smith. L. II.

THE FOURTEENTH AND FIFTEENTH OF FEBRUARY

A cold breeze blew down the river, the water shivered and slapped against the embankments. Shrouded by the slight foggi-ness of the night, the Gothic roofs and towers of Westminster loomed distantly far across the river.

Big Ben struck twelve and we moved forward a few paces.

The roar of motor traffic had slowly died away, but on this night the city was to have no peace, for through the streets echoed innumerable footsteps.

Again we made a slight advance.

A continuous stream of people passed us, hurrying to join the end of that immense line, which stretched from Westminster, along the river and over to the southern bank.

Another advance.

Half the street lamps had been darkened for some time, and the sound of traffic had gone. Two o'clock struck as we reached Westminster Palace, and, like a ghost, a grey-cloaked cavalryman strode away into the mist. As we neared the small doorway which led into Westminster Hall the crowd became quieter, but outside in the courtyard newsboys were shouting the morning editions, a noisy Cockney was touting hot pies, and the footsteps echoed on.

Far away, down a great flight of steps, the gentle light of candles shone in the quiet dimness, gleaming on the helmets of the guards, flashing from the gems of the Imperial Crown. We came slowly down onto the great floor of the Hall, to where the catafalque rose on the purple-draped dais. Around were scattered uncountable tiny nosegays, tributes as devoted as that of the beautiful wreath of white blooms, which rested upon the coffin. With stately ceremony the guard was changed, yet no sound disturbed the solemn peace and dignity of the vigil. Filing past, each paid homage, and went on; out into the London night.

The sound of Big Ben, striking half-past two roused us from the first subduing effects of an experience, which, in spite of its briefness, was extremely moving and perhaps even mystical.

From Westminster the great line, as deep as ever, still stretched out of sight, but we walked away, along the processional route. People were already gathering, and we continued down the Mall and through St. James' until at last we found a suitable vacant position.

In February a pavement is not an ideal bed, not even in the West End, and so we slept very little. Even this rest was disturbed by the noise, which increased with the hours; mounted police and trios of constables were eternally patrolling the route, and people were continually arriving to take up their positions.

By seven o'clock we stood among the early thousands, at eight we were almost crushed among the tens of thousands; the route was triple-lined by troops and police. Cars began to pass, bearing the representatives of the nations; the route was cleared; then came a long silence.

Far away we heard the lament of the pipes.

J. Wood.

"A MIGRANT'S FLIGHT"

To the South we flew from Moscow
On a cold and frosty morn.
While resting by a river bank,
The peace of night was torn.
Flashes of light showed in the bush,
Swiftly we flew away,
Leaving some of our friends behind,
Ne'er more to see the day.
On and on, ever on we flew.
Each night saw us nearer,
Till far below us shone the sea;
Soon the Nile was clearer.
Some weeks we spent along its shores;
Soon our stay was ended;
With thoughts of Moscow and our home,
Northwards our way we wended.

P. W. Robinson. L. 2.

"A FAILURE"

A failure on life's highway,
One of the "might-have-beens,"
With my wordly wealth upon my back
And a pocket full of dreams.
I care not what the world may say,
Nor how the days fly by,
As long as the road's beneath my feet,
Above my head the sky.
I smell the breath of wood-smoke
As it floats across the breeze,
The scent of newly-mown hay
That's cut like breaking seas.
So I laugh at you rich landlords,
Who call me "Vagrant, tramp,"
For I live as good a life as you
Although in a different camp.
I could have been a great man, too,
In business or in art.
But what's the good of riches
When there's misery in your heart?
So I'll go down life's highway
As one of the "might-have-beens,"
As long as I have for companions
The countryside and my dreams.

Valerie Jupp.

THE DESK

It was during the days when they tried to fool me into believing that Santa Claus actually existed. I came downstairs one frosty Christmas morning, and found it waiting for me. "It" was a beautiful desk, not like those dreadful things in Room Five on which you do waist-reducing exercises every time you write, but those in Room Six, only mine had a cupboard as well. A blue card lay on it telling me it was mine "for being a good girl at school, from Father Christmas." The desk, which was empty save for an exercise-book, a pen, pencil and two bottles of ink, occupied a position in front of the window.

I was delighted with it, and had no time for my other presents. I gradually filled it with more pens, pencils and books, but no more ink because I accidentally tried my hand at interior decorating on the carpet, and in my endeavour to destroy all circumstantial evidence with a handkerchief, the stain somehow extended to the curtains. Hence all such liquids were forbidden in spite of stamping of feet and the falling of hot tears.

Suddenly I reached a careless age (I'm still in it), and whenever things needed putting away, I just pushed them in the desk. Eventually it reached the limit of its capacity; the lid often refused to shut and the hinges almost broke under the strain. At this point, various articles began to appear on the surface and the purposes of the desk ranged from a dirty-linen basket to a dressing table.

More tearful scenes arose when, because of the clutter, the desk was moved from in front of the window and placed in a less noticeable position from the view of passers-by. In spite of all my efforts to give it annual Spring-cleans (on which occasions I swore all clutter would be disposed of) somehow it all went back, for sentimental reasons, mostly.

Today, as I look at my desk, my eyes meet with a jumble of purses, handbags, paint-boxes, Bond Street cosmetics, hair-brushes, brilliantine, knitting, spongebags and old Ryas." Inside, the occupants range from souvenirs of the 1948 Australian Cricket tour to precious nylons with ladders glued up with irremovable nail-varnish.

I trust you are left with the impression that my desk is a most valuable article of furniture, unrivalled as yet by anything scientists, inventors or atomic research workers can produce, or even by this modern utility furniture.

P. Crouch.

"THE CUCKOO"

The Cuckoo sings his merry tune
On every hedge and tree;
All through the morning, noon and night
He sings a song to me.
He tells me that the Winter's past,
And Spring at last is here;
He welcomes in the beaming sun,
And lovely flowers appear.
But when he sings his song so gay,
We know he'll disappear;
Still he won't be far away,
For he'll be back next year.

J. Doust. L.2.

ON PUTTING A HOPELESS CASE BEFORE THE SCHOOL COMMITTEE

(Being the Exploration of a Style)

The newest revolutionary,
With ideological sword,
Demanding undemocracy,
And power for the Lord,
Trampling on the fool-mob,
Championing the few.
His hope is the rule of ability
Confident in firm authority,
Careless of popular perjury,
Independent of vulgar majority.
What deadened apathetics;
Sinking in this morass
Of cheapish Marxist ethics,
Merging in the common mass,
Fearing new responsibility—
For this Revolutionary!

"LITTLE CROSS-PATCH"

You needn't tell me I am naughty,
I know that as well as you—
But I shan't come in and say I'm sorry
Just because you tell me to.
I know I shouldn't sit in the garden
And yell till all the neighbours stare,
Making myself a frightful nuisance—
But I won't come in—so there!
Holding this frown makes my forehead ache,
I'm sure I look an awful fright,
I really want to come and kiss you—
And if you smiled at me, I might. Elsie Clark. M.1

WINCHELSEA AND CUMBERLAND

As a Cumbrian domiciled (for the present) in Sussex, I was not a little interested to come across an historic link between the cultured South-East and the barbaric North-West!

Cooper, whose History of Winchelsea, published in Hastings in 1850 is the standard work, records that in February 1298, Edward I required the services of the barons and commonality of Winchelsea, and directed them to assemble at Skymburnese. Cooper describes this as Skymburness (Kirkcudbright) near Carlisle. Now the Skinburness to which he refers, is without doubt on the English side of the Solway Firth, some 20 miles from Carlisle, and about ten miles west of the entrance to the eighteenth century canal, which made Carlisle for a time into a thriving port.

The outstanding personality connected with Winchelsea was Gervase Allard, whose tomb is to be seen in the Church. He became Admiral of the Cinque Ports' Navy in 1303, and three years later was required to proceed to Skymburnesse to support the land forces based on Carlisle.

The Cinque Ports were called upon in 1314 for help against Robert de Bruce, and again in 1327 to help Edward III. to impress the Scots during the peace negotiations.

Perhaps next time I am in Carlisle I may be able to do a little research and find out whether the Winchelsea ships behaved themselves better than they are reputed to have done on occasions in home waters.

E. Robinson.

"THE LINNET'S NEST"

Down in the gorse in early Spring
I found a linnet's nest.
It was a small and dainty thing
In which a bird could rest.
The nest was lined with fluffy down
To keep it snug and warm ;
Four white eggs just tinged with brown
The mother kept from harm.
And as I gazed upon this sight,
Enclosed in peace and rest ;
I felt a thrill of rare delight,
To see this wee bird's nest.

Relf. L.2.

MEMORIES OF R. G. S.

With Alderman Gafford, I have pleasant memories of my few years at the Rye Grammar School. It would be about 1876 when I faced the ordeal of satisfying the Magistrates that I was able to read, and was duly passed into the old school in the High Street to be taught the three R's. by the esteemed master, Mr. Easton. He was a good man and had the welfare of his pupils at heart all the time ; he used the cane when necessary, in my case it often was necessary !

My desk at School was near a window where I had a good view of the church clock, and I am afraid that toward 4 p.m. I watched the clock far more than my lessons (could that have been a forerunner of the clock-watching that many workmen indulge in today ?).

A very anxious day for me was the day when the Magistrates came down and put us through the mill to find out if we were improving. I never took many prizes, but when they came to judge the best reader I was pronounced A.1. In my life's work in the Salvation Army, to be a good reader has been a great asset. I had to leave school at 13 and start work, and for some six years was a basket-maker, then the advent into Rye of the Salvation Army changed my whole outlook on life, and I dedicated my life to the work of the Salvation Army, and now at eighty-two I am able to look back and feel satisfied that I made such a choice.

I trust my experience may help someone else to a right decision about their life.

Major Kimpton (63 years in the S. A.).

AMERICAN COMMENTARY

A long and interesting letter has been received from Ernest Fuller who was at the School back in 1890, and who is now in America. He writes :

" I remember while living at 32 Mermaid Street (I could not have been over six or seven years old) the election excitement on 'Free Education' and some of the noisy arguments about paying to educate 'other people's kids.'

Easton, Pennsylvania, where we are now living is the scene of Fenimore Cooper's books, 'The Last of the Mohicans,' and 'The Deerslayer,' but now sadly changed, being quite a dirty manufacturing town. The present town was originally called

the 'Forks of the Delaware' . . . the main Delaware River is the boundary between Penn'a. and New Jersey whose northernmost county is named Sussex County. In 1680 copper was mined in Sussex and hauled by wagon to New York."

Ernest Fuller keeps up many interests and he encloses articles and letters sent by him to American journals on such diverse subjects as mineralogy, dew-ponds, and tree-grafting. Some time ago we printed one of his articles about a nearby town called Bethlehem first settled by the Moravians in the days of William Penn.

He sends his greetings to the Headmaster and the Old School, and we are glad to have the chance of sending back to him our greetings and our best wishes for his health and happiness in this year of grace, 1952.

RYE GRAMMAR SCHOOL PARENTS' ASSOCIATION

The Parents' Association are arranging to hold a Fete on Saturday, 26th July. They hope to repeat their success of two years ago when sufficient funds were raised to provide new stage curtains. The object of this year's effort is to complete the provision of new curtains for the Hall.

July 26th is the date also of the School v Parents Cricket Match, which will take place this year on the field in front of the School. There will be the usual stalls and sideshows. Please note the date—July 26th. AEH.E.R.

OLD SCHOLARS

Pride of place goes this term to Sidney Vincett and Percy Allen. The former has been made Deacon at Rye Baptist Church and has been paid the honour of being elected President of the Rye Free Church Federal Council. Percy Allen, who left the school in 1935 to study Geology at Reading, has recently been elected to the chair of Geology in his university. At one time he was lecturer at Reading but lately has been lecturing at Cambridge whence he was called by Reading to return. It isn't often that a small grammar school can congratulate an old scholar on becoming a professor. We very much hope we shall

see Professor and Mrs. Allen at school before long. It was good to see so many of the family at the play.

Congratulations also to George Hickman, who has obtained his R.A.F. commission and is off to Canada for his pilot's training. George always felt he could get a commission the hard way, and his faith in himself has been justified. As these notes are being written Tony Low is graduating from Cranwell. Best of luck to him!

R.G.S. teachers seem to be in great demand in their schools for producing plays. Following Pat Barfoot, we hear from Pamela Whiting producing at Ashstead, and Graham Smith has also produced one-and-a-half one-act plays. Eileen Stoodley, Phyllis Doel, Muriel Gill and Mary Frostick are all in the final stages of their training and have written for testimonials. Mary in her teaching practice says she got the greatest thrill out of teaching algebra to small boys. The L.I's of England had better look out!

Audrey Chamberlain has finished her secretarial training and obtained a post with Hughsons, Ltd. of Northiam. It is to be hoped she'll speed up the projected work on the entrance to the boarding house. She informs us that Robin Dent is now learning Russian, and gets every week-end off except one in nine when he is on guard. Colonel Chamberlain thinks the army is now more 'featherbed' than farming is. One who does not agree with this is R. Morris, writing from Eaton Hall, who finds life there extremely strenuous both mentally and physically. He enjoyed "Rya," particularly the poetry.

A letter has come from Howlett in Malaya. Life overseas has converted him and he hopes to go abroad after his service. In the meantime he is much enamoured of the Gurkhas among whom he is working. "Apart from their fighting qualities," he says, "they have a superb sense of humour."

A letter at long last from Joe Mewse, now a Major in the Parachute Regiment at Suez. He is horrified to find so few names he recognises in "Rya"—this is not surprising, since he 'went down' in 1940 after a few weeks with us at Bedford. He's been in the Ismailia battles and helped to keep shipping moving through the Canal. The Army has converted him from Soccer to Rigger. He enquires after Mr. Broome and sends a message to him that his cricket has improved greatly. He hopes to visit us soon and has half-promised an article for "Rya."

Bernard Apps writes an interesting letter and points out that his Company (the Phoenix) is an Assurance, not an Insurance one. But he does not explain the difference! He lives in a flat and does his own domestic chores, and regrets he didn't do more Domestic Science at school! Roy Frehner is doing research work in Agriculture and thoroughly enjoys himself in a mansion with gardens designed by Sir Edward Lutyens. He now prefers Buckingham scenery to Sussex, and his Head of Department, Dr. Bardsley claims to originate from Rye. Another letter from McKendry, in Northern Ireland with his ship: he hopes to meet Mr. Douglas. Phyllis Doel writes to say she's making full use of her drama in teaching practice with small children, while a welcome letter came from Elsie Lapworth now working at University College Hospital. She likes the work there and was surprised to meet L. Allen and B. Dawson in a corridor. A long and interesting letter from D. G. Alford with H.M.S. Belfast in Korean waters. He's been promoted to P.O. in the engine-room and hopes to go very soon on a two years' engineer's course, where he will have the chance of a commission. He has had his share of excitement and has visited a lot of places such as Tokyo. Christmas Carol service reminded him of end of term at school.

Keith Thompson is all agog to leave the R.A.F. and start his course at Worcester. He is getting premature release so that he can start to time, but has to forfeit his terminal leave. Eve Rogerson brought news of Dick Shearcroft and Winnie, and of their latest, Adrian, being baptised in the snow. Dick tried to get to the play, he having been a member of the 1938 cast, and so did Violet Vincett. John Adcock is now married, lives in Hastings and works in Bexhill. A long letter from John Pulford who on leaving Oxford joined the Inland Revenue. Now he is engaged on the somewhat ghoulis task of extracting revenue from the dead.

My personal thanks to those old scholars who are building up the financial stability of "Rya" by subscribing. The first one came from Peter Swaine all the way from Korea. We still want more regular subscribers if "Rya" is to be perfectly safe.

Subscriptions for three magazines or more, have been received from Dorothea Barclay, Miss Brown, Rae Varley, Capt. Swayne, Ernest Fuller, R. Frehner, Pamela Whiting, G. V. Weller, Major Mewse, Muriel Gill, C. Godden, R. J. Morris, Ivan Smith, M. I. David, A. W. Law, P. J. Gutsell, W. H.

Goodwin, D. Thomas, N. Godden, Doris L. Smith, N. Hackman, Audrey Chamberlain, D. Clayson, Elaine Watts, G. Paine, Lilian Barnes, O. W. Scofield, E. J. Paige, Peter Hickman, K. W. Cook, Pauline Orsbourne, P. J. Shearer, R. Peacock, K. Howlett, Joy Traynor, B. Hatter, B. Apps and J. Pulford.

Thanks to all the above for their readiness to help. May I appeal here for any other Old Students interested to send in 4/6d. for a year's subscription to the Magazine.

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