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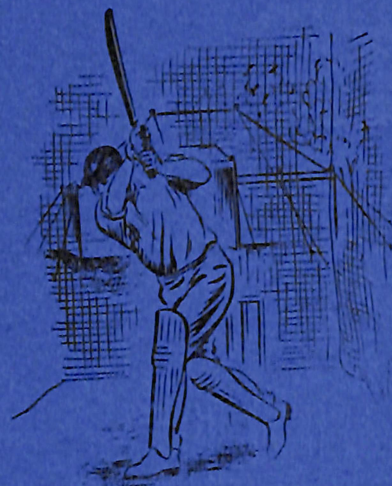


MAGAZINE OF RYE GRAMMAR SCHOOL

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“RYA”

No. 25

Spring, 1953

Vol. 9

*The Magazine of
Rye Grammar School*

New Series

Editors :

D. Monk

J. Wood
Valerie Jupp

J. Mason
Shirley Stevens

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EDITORIAL

There was once an old man, so wise and so tolerant, that he was listened to with great respect, and he gathered round him the youth of the age and said, "My children; a list of dates bores you, so you ask 'What is the use of history?' Now if it had been a list of chemical symbols, there would have been no question of complaint; you would have said 'Everything is scientific now, so they must be useful.' But I would say that from a thousand of you, there may come one man of science—and the rest of you with your twenty symbols will not have the slightest effect on this scientific world of yours. I do not say that a few dates will bring forth a philosopher from among your thousands, but look back, see what these dates mark, have the grace to recognise what your forefathers have done for you—and there we shall have a thousand thinkers."

Gentle reader, though it be hid by such a very moral bushel, the light is there. For history is a hundred lessons showing man trying to live as mankind; and failing as many times because of one thing; one problem—where lies the final authority?

James I and the apostles of Divine Right maintained that the authority of the monarch is of God, and unquestionable, but when kings forgot that they held of God, and remembered only that they were responsible to no one on earth, the creed became questionable, and questioned. Then came the doctrine, "the will of the people": what is the people?—a majority with unrestricted power over the rest, or a collection of conflicting individual wills—an anarchy.

There must be something above human passions, within which the rights of minorities can survive together with the free play and constant change of a political majority, and it is this "Legitimacy, which comes only when the rulers agree to respect and the ruled to accept some common principle. It is an element of confidence and certainty in the national life which makes it possible for a country to be governed, even in a crisis."

In the British world, where democracy rules, this principle has been achieved. There is common to the great political parties a loyalty to the law of the constitution; there is common to the peoples a confidence in the authority, and a certainty of its continuity, of the Crown. M. Siegfried writes, "Everyone knows that the Sovereign is the prisoner of no party, and that there can be no question of a 'King's party.' Thus it is that when a matter of national importance is at stake, the Crown can intervene with unchallengeable moral authority."

Heredity is the law most suited to a society of many religions and many politics; life training is essential to the proper function of a monarch, and long experience is invaluable. "Lord

Palmerston said the same thing to me fifty years ago, and I told him he was wrong, as I tell you now," said Queen Victoria.

These are but the practical advantages; they are no more relevant of the strength of the Crown than are the scaffolding and the souvenirs and the salesmanship are of the real nature of the Coronation.

"The Queen can do no wrong." Here is the real sanctity of the Monarchy, for the Sovereign in her constitutional function is the law, her only powers are legal ones, are the exercise of the Constitution. Without her there is no law and no Constitution.

Republicanism is not a game, not a youthful waving of Phrygian caps on cricket stumps, but the weapon of those who would fill the void caused by the fall of the Monarchy with a sinister anonymity, a damning abstraction, a soulless thing demanding utter obedience: the 'State,' which denies morality, is the end of human hope.

For our souls' sake we must hold to our traditions; for our hearts' sake we would not let them go. We need a focus for national emotion; in a monarch it is there; we need a national example; in our monarchs we have found it. The system may be illogical, our loyalty may be inexplicable—God save it!

We are going further. Through the accident of a name we are going to compare one age with another; draw inspiration from old glories for the achievement of new. It is quite incomprehensible to some, but it helps us to shout "God Save Elizabeth—Queen!"

OBITER DICTA

Congratulations to the following for securing places at Universities and Training Colleges:—

- J. Wood—Exhibition at New College, Oxford
- D. Hodgson—for a place at Brasenose College, Oxford
- D. Monk—Reading University
- R. Curtis—King's College, London University
- J. Beales—King Alfred's Training College, Winchester
- D. Batehup—Loughborough Training College

The new A.T.C. H.Q. was officially opened on the 13th of March by Air Chief Marshal Sir Guy Garrod. A full account appears in the A.T.C. Report.

A happy holiday to Joy Baker and E. Dobbie who are paying a first visit to France over Easter.

We were glad to see that the Cup won by the Junior Girls at the East Sussex Schools Sports at Bexhill last July appeared on the platform in time to spur us on to further efforts in this year's Inter-Schools Sports. They are being held in Rye this year, too.

On Wednesday, February 11th, the Upper School with Forms M5 and M6 enjoyed a visit to the Regent Cinema to see the film

"Cry the Beloved Country."

Congratulations to all those who won football and hockey colours: and to Elizabeth Dobbie in passing her Grade V Associated Boards Piano Examination.

The Social, Tea, and Concert of Winning Items from Speech and Music Competitions held for the first time immediately after the Prize-Giving was a great success, and deserves to be repeated next year.

A very hearty welcome to Mr. M. West, B.Sc (Manchester), who joined us this Term to take over Biology. He has already begun to play an active part in the general life of the school. In the Staff Hockey Team he showed a very good turn of speed—on the wing, too! We wish him the very best of luck and hope he appreciates this warmer and drier and less industrial corner of England after the wetter and bleaker North.

SCHOOL DIARY

Spring Term, 1953

JANUARY—

- Thurs. 8th—Term began
- Sat. 10th—Guide Party
- Wed. 21st—Sixth Form Meeting
School Committee
- Thurs. 29th—Speech Day

FEBRUARY—

- Mon. 2nd—U.S. Examinations began
- Wed. 11th—First Interim
Sixth Form Meeting
School visit to the film "Cry, the Beloved Country"
- Mon. 16th—Half Term
- Tues. 17th—Half Term
- Sat. 21st—Parents' Association Social Evening

MARCH—

- Wed. 4th—Sixth Form Meeting
- Mon. 9th—Marking of Entrance Scholarship Exam.
papers
- Wed. 11th—Second Interim
- Sat. 14th—Hockey International at Wembley—
England v Belgium
- Thurs. 19th—School Play "Twelfth Night"
- Fri. 20th—Ditto
- Sat. 21st—Ditto
- Tues. 24th—General Studies Examination
- Wed. 25th—Sixth Form Meeting
School Committee

Thurs. 26th—Field Day

Fri. 27th—Debates

Hockey—Girls v Boys

Mon. 30th—Cross-Country Finals

Tues. 31st—Hockey 1st XI v Staff

APRIL—

Wed. 1st—Term ended

SCHOOL COMMITTEE REPORT

The School Committee has discussed a variety of subjects this term. At the first meeting, the female element of the committee proposed, with characteristic charm and persuasiveness that there should be a social evening to mark the Coronation, and it was not surprising that the suggestion was carried unanimously. A suggestion urging for inter-Sports meeting with the Modern School was received warmly, as was also a suggestion that the VIth form should acquire the prospectuses of suitable Colleges to be kept in the VIth form room.

Two proposed constitutional amendments were dealt with in a discreet and praiseworthy way by the Committee.

The second meeting proved to be the livelier of the two. Several admirable suggestions were received with regard to the spending of the £10 in hand. The most important proposition suggested was that the Music Competition should be separated from the Speech Competition. The main reason for this suggestion was that often two different Houses won each competition, but on the aggregate points only one House received any recognition. A suggestion that the money collected by the "pound" should be presented to the Sports Fund, provoked much argument. It resolved into a contest between the Library Guild, who now receive the money, and the Sports Committee. Both sides produced unquestionable evidence that they were the most deserving cause, but finally the vote was cast in favour of the Sports Committee. A welcome suggestion was that there should be some token given for outstanding performances in Cross-Country running. It was felt that "colours" were impracticable as it was not an inter-school sport, as were cricket and football.

On behalf of the Committee, I should like to express our gratitude to the Headmaster, who always receives our suggestions sympathetically, and deals with them fairly and wisely.

J. Larkin

CROSS-COUNTRY RUNNING REPORT, 1953

The finals were held on the last Monday of the Term, March 31st. Only one point could be gained beforehand by each person, and for this purpose a reasonable standard was set for

each course so that most average runners could gain a point before the finals.

Each House entered a team of six for each run and shortly after break the Juniors set off, followed by the Middle School with the Seniors last. Conditions under foot were extremely good but a wind of near-gale force ruined the chances of those who wished to set up new records. However, some good times were recorded. Sorensen must be congratulated on winning the senior race in very good time. Elkins did well in winning the Middle run and Haffenden set up a new record for the Junior course.

Results—

Seniors 1—Sorensen (S) 2—Caister (P) 3—Curl (S)
4—Tidy (P) Winning time 33 mins. 5 secs.

Middles 1—Elkins (P) 2—Barnes J. (M) 3—Pellett (S)
4—Fuggle D. (M) Winning time 26 mins. 18 secs.

Juniors 1—Haffenden (M) 2—Kimpton (M) 3—Jarvis (M)
4—Edwards (P) Winning time 15 mins. 34 secs.
(Record)

Results

	Standards	Seniors	Middles	Juniors	Total
1 Meryon	26	65	60	76	227 pts.
2 Peacocke	25	44	61	54	184 pts.
3 Sanders	15	62	50	41	168 pts.

1st XI FOOTBALL REPORT

Despite having to field reserves in several matches the 1st XI has had a fairly successful season this year. Of the eleven matches played, five have been won, three drawn and three lost. Our defence has played consistently well throughout the season, having conceded only fifteen goals. The forwards started rather shakily, but improved as the season progressed and scored eighteen goals in the last three games.

Batehup has proved, without doubt, that he is one of the best goalkeepers the school has ever had, and he has been a firm foundation on which to build the team. Cornwall and Tubbs are two robust hard-kicking backs who can always be relied upon in a difficult situation. Hickman and Bellhouse have terrier-like qualities as wing-halves. Hickman is a very thoughtful player, while Bellhouse seems to overflow with energy. Caister and Fuggle are two very clever wingers, but both must centre the ball earlier instead of allowing the opposition to recover. Weeks has worked hard at inside-left, and is the team's highest goal-scorer, while Morris has made many goals with his accurate passes.

The centre-forward problem has still to be solved. Barnes, Curl, Small have played enthusiastically in this position, but centre forwards are born, not made. Swan has been a sound reserve goal-keeper, and it seems a great pity that he should be wasted, but he has never ceased to train hard and play enthusiastically.

Colours have been awarded to Tubbs, Hickman, Bellhouse, Morris and Weeks, and renewed to Batehup, Cornwall, Larkin and Caister.

The team has been selected from—D. Batehup, K. Cornwall, M. Tubbs, N. Hickman, J. Larkin, B. Bellhouse, D. Caister, B. Morris, G. Weeks, P. Fuggle, J. Swan, R. Curl, J. Barnes and P. Small.

Our thanks are due to Mr. Allnutt for his hard work and encouragement throughout the season. J.L.

Larkin has again captained the side well, and proved a very sound and constructive centre-half. S.H.A.

1st XI

Results

Eastbourne T.S.	...	Home	Won	6—1
Eastbourne G.S.	...	Away	Lost	1—2
Ashford G.S.	...	Away	Lost	1—4
Eastbourne G.S.	...	Home	Won	3—1
Hastings G.S.	...	Away	Drew	1—1
Bexhill G.S.	...	Home	Lost	1—3
Bexhill G.S.	...	Away	Drew	1—1
Goudhurst School	...	Away	Drew	2—2
Goudhurst School	...	Home	Won	11—0
Eastbourne T.S.	...	Away	Won	5—0
Old Scholars	...	Home	Won	2—0

Other Matches

Ashford North	...	Home	Won	5—2
Homewood	...	Away	Won	7—3
Goudhurst 2nd XI	...	Away	Won	3—0
Goudhurst 2nd XI	...	Home	Won	6—3
Southlands	...	Away	Lost	2—4
Southlands	...	Home	Won	4—1

Junior XI

Hastings G.S.	...	Home	Drew	4—4
Bexhill G.S.	...	Home	Won	4—3
Bexhill G.S.	...	Away	Lost	2—5
Ashford G.S.	...	Away	Won	4—0
Ashford North	...	Home	Won	2—0
Hastings G.S.	...	Away	Lost	3—9
Homewood	...	Away	Won	3—1
Hastings G.S.	...	Home	Drew	0—0
Southlands	...	Home	Won	5—2

HOCKEY REPORT

This season has been quite successful and the standard of our play has steadily improved. All except one of the last year's forwards had left and we started off with four new forwards. But with constant practice the team have learnt to combine well and our results have come of team work, and not of individuals. Out of the seven matches played we won four, drew one and lost two, scoring twenty-four for with ten against. Anne Lloyd, Pat Crouch, Judy Bateman and Jane Clark have played consistently well throughout the season.

The team has been—C. Vollans, S. Saunders, A. Lloyd, J. Baker, M. Wise, H. Webb, P. Crouch, J. Bateman, D. Clarke, E. Dobbie and P. Greenhalgh.

Colours have been renewed to Anne Lloyd, Pat Crouch and Marjorie Wise and have been awarded for the first time to Judy Bateman and Jane Clarke.

Results

Bexhill	Lost	1—0
Hastings	Won	2—0
Ashford High	Won	4—0
Ashford High	Won	3—1
Convent Holy Child	Lost	4—1
Hastings	Drew	2—2
Folkestone	Won	9—0

We entered for the East Sussex Schools' Tournament where we had improved greatly on other years and we were commended on this. Of our matches we won one and lost two.

The matches against the Boys and the Staff proved the most enjoyable. Against the boys we lost 2—0, and against the Staff we lost 6—0.

The 2nd XI, under their captain Eunice Diaper, have only played three matches. On the whole the team have played well, but they do not play together often enough.

Results

Ashford High	Lost	6—1
Ashford High	Lost	3—1
Hastings	Won	4—1

M. Wise

As 1st XI Hockey Captain, Marjorie Wise has set a very good example by her leadership. She has organised weekly team practices and much of the improvement is due to her captaincy.

As Captain of the 2nd and Under 15 XI's, Eunice Diaper and Anne Lovell have both been very reliable. G.M.C.

NETBALL REPORT

The netball teams this season have been fairly successful. The passing has quickened but must be more accurate. The attack and shooting improved very much as the season went on but marking must be more definite. B. Axten and M. Stoodley must be congratulated on their shooting for the U. 14 Team which improved considerably at the end of the season. The U. 15 Team played steady games throughout.

The Under 13 Team has been taken from the following—
J. Mitchell (capt.), S. Costin, S. Smith, S. Lauder, A. Sewell, B. Axten, L. Grout, G. Butts, A. Wood, M. Bourne, T. Johnson and G. Bellhouse.

Results	Lost	Won	Drawn
	1	1	—

The Under 14 Team has been taken from the following—
V. Mitchell (capt.), C. Morris, J. Morrison, J. Turner, A. Wood, M. Stoodley, B. Axten, J. Newick, G. Butts, R. Goddard, M. Roberts, J. Cole and J. Mitchell.

Results	Lost	Won	Drawn
	1	2	—

The Under 15 Team has been taken from the following—
J. Rainton, C. Layzell, M. Jempson, D. Higginson, J. Smith, J. Turner, C. Morris, V. Mitchell, G. Hewitt-Taylor (capt.) and A. Lovell.

Results	Lost	Won	Drawn
	2	1	—

G. Hewitt-Taylor

We owe our greater success in netball this year to the co-operation and energy of the captains of the Under 15 and 14 Teams: Gillian Hewitt-Taylor and Valerie Mitchell, who have put in considerable work
B.M.

SPEECH DAY

Originally arranged for October 1952 and twice postponed because of the polio outbreak, it was held at last at the Regent Cinema on January 29th. We take this opportunity of thanking Mr. Laurance and his staff for their kindness and co-operation.

We regretted very much the absence of the Chairman of the Governors, the Rev. Hilton Wright, who was prevented by illness from taking the Chair. His place was taken by another Governor, Miss Warren, who gave the afternoon an excellent start in a charming speech full of shrewd humour. She said that as everyone would have to "clock out" by 3.45 p.m. to make way for the next audience, she would proceed without more ado to call on the Headmaster for his Report.

The Report has to cover a lot of ground in a short time. It is difficult to know, amid all the numerous activities of a school year, which things most deserve attention, but the Headmaster always manages to give a very full and yet well-balanced account of the main events of the year. He pointed out the Scholastic successes which have been particularly good, including six places at Universities, two at Schools of Art and Music, and four at Training Colleges for Teachers. He then remarked on the difficult conditions now existing in the School through lack of classrooms. The School was built originally for 150 and now tries to hold 350. The existing classrooms were all designed for classes of 30—35 and no provision exists for small 6th Form groups working for University Scholarships and the Advanced Certificate of Education, the most important part of any Grammar School's work. The Hall, which seats only 180, has to act as a Gymnasium and it is not even big enough for this purpose.

Apart from this his report was an optimistic one.

Flt./Sgt. Caister gave the A.T.C. Report and said how much the Wing owed to the leadership and enthusiasm of Flt./Lt. P. Mitchell. They were all very proud of having become a separate Squadron.

When the prizes had been presented, the Hon. Ruth Buckley, Chairman of the East Sussex C.C. gave a talk to the School. This was a very thoughtful address in which she gave four rules for happiness—

- (1) Accept what you are
- (2) Make the best of yourself and your abilities
- (3) Look, listen and learn, even from people you don't agree with! Be ready to change your views if necessary.
- (4) In everything that happens to you try to find happiness. Very often even suffering can give happiness and the greatest souls were often those who had suffered most and came to peace through suffering

An encouragingly large number of the parents then adjourned to the School where, over a bumper tea, they were able to meet the Headmaster and Staff in a very useful hour of informal conversation in which such topics as John's or Mary's future prospects could be aired.

At 5.15 p.m. we all went across from the Dining Hall to hear a Concert given by the winners of the Speech and Music Competitions. In previous years this Concert has been given on another evening, but it was decided this year to try the experiment of holding it on Speech Day when many of the parents would

already be in Rye, and so make a separate evening journey unnecessary. This idea proved to be a successful one. The tea and Concert gave a very happy rounding-off to the afternoon, so that we hope to do the same next year.

JUNIOR DEBATES

The House assembled in the School Hall at 11 a.m. on Friday, March 27th. The Chair was taken by Kitchener of L3. First subject—"That children should be allowed to work (for money) in the Holidays" was proposed by Polhill and Day, opposed by B. Barden and S. Costin.

Polhill drew a horrible picture of the evils that would set in in the home where the children have nothing to do save go to the pictures, raid orchards and break up the place generally. Some girls said, however, that you do not need any work outside; there was plenty to do in the house helping mother. And you don't need the extra money, which you would only waste anyway on the pictures! Many speakers thought that hop-picking is real work, but that brain work at School is not really work at all, but just one of those evil necessities which afflict youth until school days end. We would remind them that brain workers usually earn a lot more than agricultural labourers, however, so be careful you choose an inside job when you leave school, otherwise you may not even earn enough to go to the pictures more than once a week! Motion carried by a large majority.

Second debate was that "Homework should be abolished," proposed by Greenhalgh and Ellis D., opposed by Boon and Ashenden. The proposer said the homework was bad because it didn't leave you enough time to listen to the B.B.C. or to watch T/V. Terry produced a difficult query: "What would the homework class at school do if homework were abolished?" No one could answer this apparently insoluble problem. Several speakers gave a high moral tone to the debate by maintaining that homework was a Good Thing because it kept you out of mischief! No doubt their parents would agree to this. An interesting point of view was given by Lynne Grout who said that if they all attended properly in Class the homework wouldn't take them nearly so long and the grumblers would have very little to complain about.

The length of time actually taken was discussed in detail and something near the truth finally emerged. The gentleman who gave us a pitiable tale of not arriving home until 6 p.m., having tea, doing 1½ hour's homework, bed at 8 p.m., so no time to get outside even in the summer evenings; he had to cry down when his times had been altered to 5.30 p.m., 9 p.m. and 1 hour's homework!

Another interesting idea was the possibility of fitting tables on to the Dengate's buses so that the pupils could do their writing on the way home. For various reasons known best to the pupils concerned, this idea was deemed interesting but somewhat impracticable. No amount of logic or good sense could prevail in this debate which was carried 60 : 18, we are sorry to relate.

The third subject, "That it is cruel to keep blind dogs," produced some very good and serious considerations. Proposed by Terry and H. Sheffield, opposed by J. Burton and S. Foulsham.

The general feeling was that blind dogs are no more incapable of enjoying life than blind people, and the motion was lost by a very large majority.

Lastly came the subject, "That honesty is the best policy." Proposed by Hance and B. Attwood, opposed by Knight and Evans, this debate was of a more frivolous tone. The opposers could not convince us that it was as easy as they said to rob mail vans and live thereafter in ease and luxury. What about burglar alarms in the mail vans? What about the "long arm of the law?" What about dinner, too? as the bell put an end to the debate at 12.15 p.m. The House showed once again its innate good sense and worthiness by carrying the motion by a reassuring majority, though whether from the dictates of conscience or wholesome fear of burglar alarms we would not like to say.

M.5 and 6 DEBATES

Valerie Ann Harding was Chairman for the opening motion, "That a Dictatorship or Totalitarian State is preferable to a Democracy," which was proposed with vehemence and much eloquent gesticulation. The proposer elucidated the alleged faults of unlimited free speech and corruptness of democracy by extracts and lurid cuttings from a certain national newspaper, which male back-benchers devoured eagerly. This speech, if disconnected, was undoubtedly the most earnest of the day, but the deliverers must remember to address the House and not an undefined spot on the back wall.

The opposition speech was sound but unconvincing. The proposition seconder, inspired by the highest motives, graciously declined to take up much of the House's time, and made a speech notable for its extreme brevity. The seconder for the opposition violently attacked the proposing speech and afterwards commented, "I bet you wouldn't like to live in Russia."

The motion being opened to the House, a blank silence ensued, eventually broken by Miss Cashmore, who asserted that such a debate would not be allowed under totalitarian domination. Much to your correspondents' disgust, there were only three other

speakers from the floor, and, without exception, all directing heated attacks on the proposition. The outcome of this disgusting show of bias and prejudice on the part of the majority of the House, was a defeat by umpteen votes to one.

The next motion "That food in tablet form should be substituted for cooked foods" was debated under the chairmanship of J. Tidy. It proved the most popular debate of the whole morning and substantiated the old maxim, "that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach." The proposer gave a rather mediocre dissertation in favour of less cooking for the weary housewife, and saving of time.

The leader of the opposition used that overwhelming argument already quoted above. As one of the proposers suddenly backed out of the debate his place had to be filled by a member of the House, who made an admirable impromptu speech, one of the best in the debate.

When the motion was thrown open to the House shrivelled stomachs and gastric juices impregnated the atmosphere and the rest of the House enjoyed contradictory statements on the subject, from the Biology and Physiology Staff. At this point the Domestic Science mistress deemed it appropriate to cast a spanner into the works, and by so doing, added considerably to the general confusion. After this tangle of tubes and tablets had been sorted out, the vote was taken and the motion was defeated.

There was a motion "That this House believes in the supernatural," which was defeated, B. J. Monk taking the chair, but a poltergeist has clogged the pen and memoirs of your faithful, if redundant correspondents, rendering them unable to report fully on the same. However, we wish you a fond, if painful, farewell, in the hopes that in the next debates, the House will not meddle in the affairs of the ethereal.

P.J.H. and J.S.G.

REMOVE DEBATES

The first motion was "That this House thinks that boys should wear brighter clothes." Andrée White, proposing the motion, told the boys that it was their duty to wear brighter clothes. She thought that we had not yet recovered from the Industrial Revolution when clothes had suddenly "gone dull." Gould, opposing the motion, delivered his speech in a series of wonderfully complex sentences, which would have done credit to a Sixth Form orator. He warned us that if we wore brighter clothes we would be in danger of becoming as degenerate as the Americans,

When these two speakers had been ably echoed by their seconders, the debate was opened to the House. After the usual silence had been broken by Madge Wood, who thought that boys' clothes were bright enough already, many ideas were put forward. Janet Payne thought that men's clothes would become brighter if, and when necessary. Morris pointed out the assumption of many people, that if clothes became brighter they would necessarily become gaudy, was a mistaken one. Wise gave a rather lurid description of an apparently well known figure who is to be seen around Rye. When the vote was finally taken it was exactly even and so the Chairman cast his vote in favour of brighter clothes.

The second motion was "That this House believes in Ghosts." The proposer, Jane Tuely, thought it rather difficult to question the accounts of many reliable witnesses who have, from time to time, claimed to have seen ghosts. Madge Wood, opposing, thought that any ghosts, which were not merely imagined, could be explained by scientific means. Anthea Doust, seconding the motion, read us a long extract from a book about ghosts which she declared, illustrated perfectly the points put by the composer.

After the debate had been opened to the House we heard an assortment of ghost stories, which were at intervals exploded by the scientists among us. One speaker was condemned as being "typical of the Arts side" when he said that he preferred to believe in ghosts rather than have them exposed as a series of ratios and formulae. Ford seemed rather doubtful about one of Miss Dann's very interesting accounts, and after our store of pet theories and ghost stories had been exhausted the vote was taken. The motion was carried by 28 votes to 8. P. Small was Chairman for both debates.

D. Morris

Hockey Match—Staff XI v School

Social and climatic conditions were both kinder this year than last when some members of the Staff team had to be forcibly detached from the fire in the Common Room and driven outside to face a bitter East wind and a hostile crowd! This year as the more youthful team ran out lightly on to the field of combat the East wind was absent with a warmer Westerly as its deputy, and the most vociferous section of the crowd (the part who can terrify even the staunchest player!) seemed to be with us rather than "them." A quick glance round the touch-line confirmed our suspicion that this unexpected support came from some male VIth Formers, inspired more by anti-feminine motives than good feeling towards those whose nerves and brains they had relentlessly exhausted through the Term. Possibly it may have been a well-meant gesture of thanks to us for all our labours over marking their homework. Whatever the base motives which prompted

the cheers, they were welcome, but if they thought that possibly the Staff were more exhausted than the pupils (who work so much less hard than the staff, as you know), and therefore needed more encouragement, they were sorely mistook.

Indeed the great feature of the Staff team this year was its spirit of élan (gusto), its abounding exuberance which time after time swept through the School XI like a knife through soft butter. This was in turn due to the leaven of youth in this year's Staff team. It was not necessary, as last year, to call upon the services of veterans like your scribe. The average of this Staff XI must have been little more than 25-26, as compared with 35-36 last year.

"Armed with what youth, strength, skill and wrath can furnish man withal" (Twelfth Night III, 4), the Staff could really have dispensed with the sartorial aids to victory which they employed once again. Last year the wind did give some excuse for the queer assortment of coloured pullovers and sweaters, and even for "long-uns." But the weather gave no such excuse this year. Be it simply recorded therefore, as some extenuation of the failure of the School Team to withstand the exuberant onslaughts hurled against them, that costumes ranged from All Blacks XI (Mr. Thompson) to All Whites (Miss Diaper, Mr. West), laced with cricket à la mode from Mr. Darby whose cricket boots lent aesthetic lustre to the whole proceedings. So too did his stylish batting style with the hockey stick which he employed on the lines taught by the best cricket coaches—left elbow well up and a straight swing and follow through.

Mr. Thompson at back had less chance to shine than last year simply because the defence had very little to do. When his services were required he gave them without stint, however, emulating to some extent the well-known "All Blacks" ferocity of style. After he had just missed braining Sheila Saunders, the rest of the School team gave a wise, wide berth to his flailing stick. This cleared, as it were, a welcome, wide space in the danger zone round the Staff goal.

Mr. Elliott in the centre had a triumphant match, scoring five of the side's six goals. His play was delightful to watch in its speed and precision. After a time whenever he got the ball near the School goal one closed one's eyes and just waited for the "clonk" as the ball hit the board at the back of the goal. He was ably assisted by all the forwards, by Miss Murray and Mr. West, and special mention must be made of Mr. Hawes who, although playing his first game at hockey, showed a pretty turn of speed and an accurate knowledge as to the locality of the goal.

Miss Cashmore played a storming game. The adjective which comes to my mind is "ubiquitous" for she seemed to cover large areas of ground in an incredibly short time. Even amongst the speed and energy of this youthful Staff XI her dash and exuberance stood out, as, backed up by Miss Murray, she set going many of the attacking moves.

To one brought up in the Association game, and ignorant of hockey (therefore ignoble and ignorable, you may think if you wish), it seemed that the School Team liked to coax the ball down the field with a series of lady-like pushes, whereas the more brutal Staff players hit the ball hard and far, then proceeded with dash (and Mr. Elliott's indispensable services) to chase it, until it came to rest with that aforesaid "chonk" at the back of the School goal.

The writer is conscious that he has not imparted to the field of play that slope in both directions which affords such a good opening gambit ("The School kicked off against the slope"). Truth to tell, after a prolonged study of the field and the use of many meteorological instruments he came sadly to the conclusion that the field is as near flat as dammit. This meant a heavy loss of style in the opening sentence which had to begin "Social and climatic conditions . . ." but may have set a precedent in proving that you can play on a flat field. For all inaccuracies in knowledge of the love and aesthetic of the game of hockey he takes sole responsibility. He ends on a note of unholy glee in the thought that "'twas a famous victory that put the School to rout!"

W.E.M.

"TWELFTH NIGHT"

In years of dearth when a Dramatic Society can summon up no more than an actor or two, a play like "Hamlet" or "Macbeth" might be considered, but "Twelfth Night" can only be played when you have a wealth of acting talent. This is because there are in it at least eight first-rate parts, and even the smaller parts have enough significance to make them well worth studying. Even the priest who has to spend so many afternoons as a spectator, has his moments of triumph when he holds the stage with those noble lines, "Since when my watch hath told me, toward my grave I have travelled but two hours." To do this confidently in the clerical attire of 1850 and without a tonsure, was no mean feat, yet Swan managed it!

J. Barnes on his first appearance in the School Play made the most of what seems on paper to be a most innocuous line where the Officer says to all concerned: "He knows I knew him well." In the early rehearsals he lacked confidence in this line because he was never sure to whom he was supposed to be talking. This

always gave to his words an air of aggrieved truculence which we found fascinating, and he managed to preserve this air of grievance even when he had decided that the words were addressed to all interested parties on the stage. We omitted those momentous lines between Viola and Sebastian when they are discovering each other's identity; Viola: "My father had a mole upon his brow." Seb.: "And so had mine." Neither would ever summon up sufficient gravity to command respect or a hearing for those lines, so they were jettisoned.

"Twelfth Night" is a wonderful mixture of poetry and broad comedy. We felt that we must assist the poetical scenes as far as possible by lighting and scenery, so for the Duke's Palace we tried out a smaller stage, giving an added idea of depth by bringing forward the back "wall," and employing a large doorway in it for all entries. The dais helped a lot too by giving a second level to speak from. This lighting and staging then gave enough atmosphere to the opening scene which opens with Orsino's words: "If music be the food of love, play on."

Wood gave a very good, unhurried start to this important and poetical scene. His chief fault was a tendency to break up the lines occasionally by too many pauses, but it may be argued that what he lost in rhythm he made up for in clarity.

The most gripping and beautifully acted scene in the whole Play was that between Olivia and Viola, when Olivia has sent away all the servants, and resolves to hear the Count's messenger alone. They built up a fine tension in this scene, culminating in Viola's cry: "And make the babbling gossip of the air cry out 'Olivia!'" Olivia rounds it off with: "You might do much," which spoken *pp* was more effective than a *ff* would ever have been.

The comedy scenes took longest to rehearse, because comedians are born, not made. So much depends upon his sense of timing, that instinct for holding back the vital key-word, keeping the audience waiting for it, and releasing it at the exact moment. Many actors come to the word or phrase too quickly, some delay it a fraction too long. As every audience varies in the time it takes to anticipate a joke, the comedian goes by instinct. He can keep a slow, afternoon audience waiting far longer than a fast one. When Aguecheek says to Sir Toby "To be up late—is to be up late," the length of the pause depends upon the actor sensing how long the audience will wait for the last five words. "Ay, he does it well if he be disposed: he does it with a better grace, but I do it more—natural." "Natural" is the key-word here for which the audience are waiting.

In Mason we found a natural comedian who had many of "the good gifts of nature" so far as comedy goes. He did not discover this talent until a week or so before the Play, I believe, but it is such discoveries that make amateur theatricals so exciting.

The part of Sir Toby Belch is a difficult one to portray. In the hands of some actors he becomes no more than a fat, drunken old fool, whereas he is more of a hearty Elizabethan gentleman, over-fond of his pint, maybe, but nevertheless a gentleman of breeding, vitality and ready wit, always ready to poke fun at Aguecheek (whom he really likes very much), and infuriated in a very human way by Malvolio's arrogant manners. "Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?" Bellhouse made a very good job of an all-important role, and managed to convey a good deal of all this. He used his voice well, and spoke with distinction and force.

The part of Feste, the Clown, is perhaps the hardest of all, for he seems to be not one man, but many; now philosophical ("Truly sir, and pleasure will be paid one time or another," he says to the Duke); now shrewd and witty ("The more fool, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven." and "My foes tell me plainly that I am an ass, so that by my foes sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself"). Into his mouth, too, Shakespeare has put some of his loveliest songs, and the final one, "When that I was a little tiny boy" makes a beautiful conclusion to the Play. It is rare indeed to find an actor who can suggest all the different parts demanded by Feste's nature and trade, and to sing the songs as well. So we were lucky to have someone of Larkin's experience and voice to fill this difficult part, and to fill it so ably. His singing was of high standard, absolutely true, and on pitch throughout. His defect is a tendency sometimes to rush his words, and this is a fault he can, and must, cure. For the rest he gave a finished performance, and added much to the success of every scene of which he was a part.

Monk had a smaller part than in the "Shoemaker's Holiday" last year, but he held the stage very well indeed in his important entry in the last Act where he spoke his lines with such vigour that he brought new life into the closing stages of the Play, which is probably what Shakespeare intended, for the winding-up and pairing-off at the end of the Comedies can become tedious. It is not easy, however, to come on "cold," so to speak, late in a play, when all the rest of the cast are nicely warmed-up and going strong, and to carry conviction. Monk did this difficult feat very well.

Bridget Wing made a promising first appearance in an important part, as Maria. She had no easy task to hold her own in the scenes with people of more experience, but she did so very well. Diction clear and vivacious. Like some of the others she must learn to act all the time she is on the stage, and not only when speaking.

Malvolio is, perhaps, the best known character in the play. Mr. Wolfitt plays it in London in his own production, so it obviously offers much scope to be an actor. Melchers improved his interpretation at every performance, I thought. He has that most difficult box-hedge scene to negotiate, an actor's solo, if there ever was one, with a descant of three voices from behind the hedge. This scene scares many actors because of all the technical problems involved in so long a set speech. Melchers tackled the difficulties involved with a good deal of skill and some real natural acting ability, and I think he managed to convey a good deal of that extraordinary, sometimes incredible, character Malvolio. The three behind the hedge "did their worst," which grew steadily funnier every night, although they never quite knocked the hedge over.

Sutton showed promise as Fabian. It is a part which grows more important towards the end of the play. His diction was excellent, and a bright, vivacious eye and manner gave life to the scenes he was concerned with. Beware of Napoleonic folded arms!

Ford and Morris D. made good first appearances. They spoke clearly and intelligently and looked suitably attractive, gracing the archway at the back. Like Maria, they must remember to act all the time.

A producer's thanks to Joy Baker for playing a small part so well. Not many actors can stand still and add to the general effect of a scene by their mere presence on the stage. It takes skill. Joy has it.

A final word of general criticism of the performance came from many people who saw the Play, and agreed that the actors obviously understood what they were portraying. This is no mean feat when you consider the weight of prejudice against Shakespeare in the minds of so many generations of children, who have had to "do him" as a set book at School. Possibly some of the actors, too, were amazed how much meaning they could extract from Shakespeare's lines as they came to study them in detail, line by line, and then to speak them.

W. E. May

"Twelfth Night" March 19th, 20th and 21st

CAST

Orsino, Duke of Illyria	J. Wood
Curio, gentlemen attending	D. Morris
Valentine, on the Duke	M. Ford
Viola, sister to Sebastian	Shirley Stevens
Sea Captain, friend to Viola	J. Barnes
Sir Toby Belch, Uncle to Olivia	B. Bellhouse
Maria, Olivia's gentlewoman	Bridget Wing
Sir Andrew Aguecheek	J. Mason
Feste, a Clown, servant to Olivia	J. Larkin
Olivia	Valerie Jupp
Malvolio, steward to Olivia	C. Melchers
Antonio, friend to Sebastian	D. Monk
Sebastian, brother to Viola	G. Weeks
Fabian, servant to Olivia	G. Sutton
Priest	J. Swan
Officer	J. Barnes
Servant to Olivia	Joy Baker

Produced by Mr. W. E. May Asstd. by Miss H. Dann

Stage Manager—Mr. H. N. Thompson

Business Manager—Mr. J. W. Bagley

Properties—Elizabeth Dobbie

Scenery by—Mrs. M. E. May, K. Cornwall, Caister
and the Arts and Handicraft Societies

Lighting by R. Curtis

Make-up—Mrs. M. E. May and H. Morton Smith

Costumes—Chas H. Fox Ltd. (London)

Cover Lino cut—J. Gage

A new departure this year was a special matinee performance in the School Hall on Wednesday, March 18th, when 200 children from the Primary and Modern Schools showed by their enthusiasm that they thoroughly enjoyed themselves. We hope to make this an annual fixture.

A.T.C. REPORT

And it came to pass that . . . Yes indeed it did come to pass. To the strains of martial music, and the tramp-tramp-tramp of marching feet of embryo airmen (not to mention rain, sleet and snow) and in spite of the date FRIDAY 13th our Headquarters was duly declared OPEN! We were honoured and privileged to welcome Air Chief Marshall Sir Guy Garrod,

R.A.F. who kindly performed the ceremony "of the keys." Until a matter of minutes prior to zero hour (1515 hrs.) it appeared that we would have to "lay on" the wet weather programme. Alas, all the "spit and polish" in vain! A hasty conference was called to decide how to cope. While this was going on, the rain ceased, the sleet stopped, the snow thawed and the sun shone—Wiggo chaps, the show goes on!

The Squadron paraded by Flights and all was ready. First the "Guard of Honour" was inspected by the Air Chief Marshall, and then the remainder of the Cadets, Sir Guy being accompanied on his tour of inspection by the Headmaster, S./L. S. Alder and the Squadron Commander Flt./Lt. P. Mitchell. On completion of this part of the ceremony, Sir Guy Garrod, in company with the V.I.P.s and a host of parents and friends of the cadets, proceeded to the Headquarters, and after declaring the same open, went inside and had a good look round, admiring among other things, the Cups and Trophies won by the unit for various events in the field of sport. This was followed by a March Past (to the tune of the R.A.F. March) of the Squadron led by the C.O., after which the Air Chief Marshall addressed the cadets, complimenting them on their good turn out. In his address Sir Guy stressed the need for a strong, efficient Air Force of young men of the right type—possessing a spirit of adventure.

Tea was then taken by all present, during which Sir Guy Garrod moved around speaking to many of the parents and guests. Among those present were Air Vice Marshall Stone (President of the Squadron Committee), Sqd./L. S. Alder, (D.I.O.), Sqd./L. Speed, (School Liaison Officer), the Commanding Officer of Rye R.A.F., Flt./Lt. W. Bailey, Major Lee and members of the Committee. Judging by remarks from the many guests, the day appeared to have been well spent—then the rains came—oh, yes, and the snow and the sleet and the sun went.

Welcome and congratulations to Mr. Thompson on his joining the Squadron, and gaining a commission with the rank of Pilot Officer in the V.R.(T.), as Equipment Officer and congratulations to Adv./Cadet R. Curtis on being awarded a "Flying Scholarship."

Good luck to our Flt./Sgt.—W. Caister, and to Ldg. Cadet Jary who (at the time of going to press) are due to take their Aptitude Tests for a Cadetship into R.A.F. College, Cranwell.

Our sincere thanks to the Headmaster (Chairman of Squadron Committee) for all he has done—and continuing to do for us; to Mr. E. Robinson, Mr. Elliott and particularly to our latest

"capture" Mr. Hawes, who has been carrying out the duties of Hon. Adjutant—he has proved a pillar of strength to the unit.

Hurrah! for Sgt. M. Laurance, who has now safely returned to the fold after an interesting and exciting five weeks visit to India as a guest of the Indian Defence Ministry. Laurance proved an excellent "ambassador" of the A.T.C., as we knew he would. Hurrah! and thanks to anyone else whom I may have overlooked.
C.O.

Overheard—

"What's in all those packing cases and parcels that keep arriving marked A.T.C.?"

"Dunno' chum, ask Hodgson—or maybe the Equipment Officer might know."

The Music Society's Visit to the Lewes Music Festival

On Wednesday, March 25th, the members of the Music Society, with Miss Diaper in charge, went to Lewes for the annual Music Festival. We caught the 9.38 a.m. train from Rye and arrived at Lewes at 10.40 a.m. When we reached the Town Hall, the first competition in which we took part was sight-reading. Some of us had not done any sight-reading for at least two years (the last time we went to the Festival), and consequently we were mildly astonished when the conductor told us that we were the best that she had yet heard.

After this we went into the large Hall where we practised some songs with the massed choirs. Then we sang our two set pieces which were "Come to the Fair," and "Waly, Waly." The Adjudicator said that we were slightly under pitch, but that nevertheless we were a very good choir. We went to the Park for lunch where some of us sat beneath the trees by the stream. Then we returned to the Hall for the Concert, which began with the massed choirs' singing of "Come you not from Newcastle?" "May" and "Jesu, joy of man's desiring." The conductors were Dr. Herbert Howells and Iris Lemare. Following this, Ronald Smith played four pieces by Chopin. The massed choirs then sang "Come to the Fair," and "Old Abram Brown." Unfortunately we missed the remainder of the concert as we had to catch our train home. However, it was a most enjoyable day, and our thanks must go to Miss Diaper who organized the visit and conducted our songs.

POEM

. . . las l'hiver pour les champs n'estqu'un bien court sommeil,
Chaque matin au ciel reparaît le soleil
Mais qui sait si la tombe a son printemps encore
Et. si la nuit poue nous s'allumesa l'aurore ?

(Saint-Beuve)

Autumn is the poet's season—softly sad
Sentimental mist, haze in the morning blue,
Harvest gathered, ploughing in the pregnant earth,
Dry smoke acrid on the valleyside copse;
Hinting rotten age and vergil in the slipshod leaves
Careless of memory, crowding into consciousness,
Choking the sensitive to sorrow, bitter-sweet;
Seeing glimpse of infancy,
Flashing childhood images,
Smell damp rotting in the sunken lanes;
At evening early, when the sinking sun
Lies in the fiery west, bleary, red and big,
Drowning the pain of his last week of office
In a flaming debauch, while the tall sky grows,
Till the raw respectability of the morning after,
Haggard and weak, with a wintry hang-over.
In the dim woods at evening lazily lapse,
The soul of the summer, silently fall
To a natural Lethe on a stagnant pool;
Dry bone symmetry of dead-grey branches,
Etching the white, seems symbolic of despair;
Horrible, hellish, in its yearly passing,
Insidiously mentioning that man dies too;
Mocks safe in the knowledge that Spring never fails
Engineering doubt in the certainties of Summer,
Laughs in the luxury of three short months,
And the bulbs in its bosom, prenatal stirrings.
God, give us guarantee, quicker deadened hopes
And inspire in us confidence in our own Rebirth
Man's mortality mocks at the end of his day,
For tomorrow, sneers Evening, shift for yourself.
Listen, the Deity whispered, and hear
The Promise of Eternity, warbling clear;
A nightingale somewhere on a roadside spray
Passionately urging Faith, the only way.

John Mason

Hockey—England versus Belgium

At 9.5 a.m., on March 14th, a Group of Rye Grammar School students assembled at the well-known station. Here we caught the train to Wembley and while on it we decided to support the Belgian team. After a pleasant journey we arrived at Wembley Stadium. As we had about two hours to wait before play began Miss Cashmore decided that after we had been shown to our seats and been given our tickets we would be free to go where we liked. We were entertained before play by the bands of the R.A.F. and W.R.A.F.

When the play began at 3 p.m. we cheered the Belgians enthusiastically, but unfortunately our hopes were dashed to the ground. There was a quick bully-off and within two minutes the English forwards had broken through the Belgian defence and scored a spectacular goal. Again and again this happened with the same result. The Belgians tried repeatedly to reply but their efforts met with no success. Our foreign visitors were a fine team and whenever they were able to get the ball, the English team were forced to fight hard. Play was fast throughout and although the final score was 11-0 in England's favour, the play was not so uneven as might be supposed.

We should like to thank Miss Cashmore and Miss Murray for all the trouble they took to organise this eventful trip, and we hope that our future play will show some consequent improvement.

NOCTURNE

The quiet world now takes a rest,
The moon a silent vigil keeps.
The world like this is at its bes,
It seems much kinder as it sleeps.
The moon and stars will disappear,
The sun may shine and birds will sing;
But men will hate and some may fear,
Our wars and strife this terror bring.
We do not care what pains we cause
As long as we our pride keep still.
Why don't we from our anger pause,
And help the men whom we would kill ?

David Morris

lines 3 and 4 the poet's life was hardly a happy one
 lines 5 and 6 note the conjunction of hopes and fears,
 certainties and uncertainties
 lines 9 and 10 a reference to the verbal persecution of the
 poet by some proud boys he knew
 line 12 there is no record of the poet actually killing
 anybody, but we know he had a nasty
 mind sometimes.

A WAVE

What history has a wave ?
 Just one ferocious slave
 Of that great and mighty kingdom, the sea.
 As it breaks upon the shore,
 Can you see a foreign war
 Between the Grecians and the Trojans on the sea ?
 Can you see the galleys sinking,
 Or Helena a-winking
 At Paris while he's sinking in the sea ?
 Now please forget no more,
 As a wave breaks on the shore,
 To think of whence it's come and where it's been

L. A. Bannister, M.2

THEY . . .

Silent,
 They walked, side by side
 Along the rough cart-track
 Between the woods.
 On either side the banks,
 Green and cool,
 Invited them to rest
 Among the ferns,
 And moss,
 And celandines.
 But they walked on.
 Within the woods
 A blackbird piped,
 Throwing away his heart
 Upon the air.
 They did not hear.
 Somewhere a lonely heron
 Craa-aked,
 Marring the beauty of the twilit dusk,
 A rabbit crossed the path,

Nose twitching,
 And his ears
 Laid low along his back
 A flight of rooks
 Settled among the trees,
 Cawed to each other,
 And were still.
 A hedgehog grunted in the ditch,
 And the midges rose,
 Dancing,
 Above the earth.
 And an owl hooted
 Among the trees which sighed.
 Then a single star
 Shone
 In the blue, green-silver sky.
 But they did not stay.
 On.
 Into the distance.
 Out of sight

WANTED—SCHOOLTEACHERS

As I begin to write this article I bear in mind two things; the first, that at least the first paragraph will be read by practising schoolteachers, and the second, that maybe the whole effort (and I say that word from the bottom of my heart) will be read by young people who are eligible to be coaxed into the teaching profession. Well, the first section of the audience may sneer if it likes, but I **am** enjoying myself, I **am** enjoying the teaching practices and for the first time in my life I am beginning to understand physics. All this, of course reflects to a large extent on the City of Worcester Training College and so it will be no effort to say **nice** things about it to encourage the second section of the audience.

W.T.C. is a mixed college, noted for its "rural bias," offering the usual two year courses for infants, primary and secondary modern aspirants, a three year course in domestic science and third year courses in Rural Domestic Economy, Rural Studies and other rural oddities. Besides your basic course (infant, junior or secondary modern), you take one or two "main subjects," not with the intention of developing into a "specialist teacher" but more as an additional interest. Outside the course there is a wide range of societies—from Farm Club to Folk Dance, from Forum to French Circle. Basketry, basket-ball, badminton, puppets, pottery, ping pong are a few of the many activities, and as each Student's final assessment includes work

and play, it is wise to try and fit in somewhere. That is not difficult; the difficulty arises in not getting involved in too many facets of college life so that the academic side suffers (Sixth form dramatists, Scouts, A.T.C. Cadets please note).

So much for the official "gen." What is a day in college like? Take my Thursday. I'm up at 7.30 (considered early by many, late by a few) and am at breakfast at 8, having bought my "Chronicle" and searched the letter rack for first mail. At 9 a.m. all the students of my "year" undergo a lecture on History of Education in the Hall. At 10 a.m. we recover in the canteen with the aid of coffee (on the house). At 11 a.m. I have to be at the Physics Lab. for two hours theory and practical. As part of the General Science course, the emphasis is on teaching technique, on the assumption that you already know most of your background information. Lunch follows at 1 p.m., after which it is the custom to be invited by, or invite (preferably the former—my room's in a terrible mess and we've only one teaspoon) a nice young lady student to coffee. Assuming that you are able to drag yourself away before 4.30, the afternoon is yours for shopping, sport, work (essays, projects, insects and flower collections, etc.) or washing shirts. The art is, of course, to remark how quickly shirts get dirty these days, to the young lady or ladies with whom you are taking coffee and then, providing that she/they take/s the hint, you can concentrate on one of the other afternoon activities.

At 4.30 I have two hours in, or around, the Biology Lab. acquainting, or reacquainting myself with *orytolagus*, *lumbricus*, *rana*, *spirogyia* and Mother Earth. This works up an amazing appetite for dinner at 6.30. It is then that clubs and societies begin to meet. Thursday for me means Naturalist's Society at 7 and then the Forum (Debating Society) at 8. There are refreshments in the canteen (also "on the house") until 10 p.m. when the college rule comes into force. At this hour the sexes retire to their own sections of the residential blocks, and at 11, silence invariably reigns fairly supreme.

The absence of rules in a mixed college is thought by many to be quite unusual and very surprising, but for people who are to have charge of others in a very short time it is assumed that they are able to conduct themselves in a manner acceptable to the community. This works admirably and the conduct at Worcester is admitted to be better than at places where rules are displayed at every corner.

Each Autumn and Spring Term the entire student-body boards buses to carry out teaching practice for three weeks in surrounding schools. I believe there have been students from another college at R.G.S. recently and so there is no need to

say what happens. For me, both practices have been very happy times; my first was in a Camp School where I came across boys from very bad homes in Coventry, living in the country; some at fifteen could hardly read or write. My last T.P. was done at a country Grammar School very similar to R.G.S., so you will see that I am getting a good variety.

Next term there will be plenty to do. All the first year's work must be finished off and then there are the exams. Besides this I hope to be scoring for the 1st XI Cricket just as I sat in the pavilion at R.G.S. doing the same job three years ago; I shall play tennis as I played tennis at R.G.S. three years ago; I shall represent my personal group on the College Committee as I sat on the School Committee three years ago. I hope I do **not** fail in Physics and Chemistry as I did three years ago!

Yes. I am enjoying work and play at Worcester. There's a grand spirit of friendliness, co-operation and optimism there that I hope exists in every Training College. I wouldn't change my place there, I feel it's giving me the best possible start to teaching Science in a Modern School. If I fail to "make good" it won't be Worcester's fault.

T. Chersoon

WITH LAURANCE IN INDIA

I had the honour to be chosen as one of the four A.T.C. Cadets to visit India last January at the invitation of the Indian Government.

Arriving at the R.A.F. Home Command, I was introduced to the other members of the party. It appeared that twelve cadets had been chosen; four from the Army, Naval and Air Force Cadet branches, and that we would be under the leadership of a R.A.F. officer. Before leaving Home Command we were wished "bon voyage" by many high-ranking Air Force officers, a foretaste of the type of people we should be meeting later on.

We left Lynem in Wiltshire early on a very dismal January morning in a "Hastings" of R.A.F. Transport Command. The weather cleared whilst we were over the South of France, and our first view of the Mediterranean was one which upheld its famed glorious blue. But the weather deteriorated again, and the less experienced members of our party suffered from degrading attacks of *mal d'air*, causing the R.A.F. to be insulted by the statement, "We would rather go by boat!" but they soon improved once the coast of Africa was crossed, and flying low over Libya we could see neat date plantations amid the parched reddish-brown earth. We landed at Idris, near Tripoli, and after what seemed an incredibly short night, we took off again, our destination—Iraq.

Flying over the North African desert was rather boring, but it was enlivened by the fact that yours truly was allowed to take over the controls. Passing over Egypt, one could see the real influence of water with the terrific contrast between desert and cultivated land. Flying on we passed over the area where the lost tribes wandered, and after seeing the aridity of the country I am not surprised.

We landed at Habbanyia. This is a R.A.F. camp situated in the middle of no-where, but life was very pleasant due to the very good amenities there. The next day we flew on over the Persian Gulf and the Arabian Sea, where we saw for the first time the Arabian feluccas, lonely little dots on a vast sea. Then we flew over Karachi and had our first glimpse of the Indian sub-Continent. When we landed at New Delhi we saw many officers, and batteries of photographers. After formal greetings had been exchanged, the officers took us to our quarters for our stay in Delhi. It appeared that we were the guests of the Ministry of Defence, in particular the Cadet Branch, and most of our activities were connected with our Indian counterparts, who were all a delightful set of fellows, and with whom we had many enjoyable times. We were now joined by two Australian cadets, so now it was truly a Commonwealth camp.

Whilst in Delhi we were inspected by many people, the President, Chiefs of the Armed Forces, Pandit Nehru and many other personages; not that all our time was taken up with work, for we toured most of Delhi, even the poorer parts, where one could see the stark realities of poverty. On another day we visited the Indian "Cranwell" to see their impressive parade visited the Indian "Cranwell" to see their passing out parade.

On Republic Day we watched a very impressive parade and then as part of the celebrations we went to an exhibition of folk-dancing. Lady Mountbatten was present and we were introduced to her. This brought to a close our stay as a party in Delhi; we separated into pairs and went to stay in private homes. Our hosts gave us all magnificent times, showing us all the inner life of this the central Capital of India.

When the party regrouped we left Delhi and went up into the hills to the Indian equivalent of Sandhurst at Dehra Dun. We stayed there for four days having a very enjoyable time shooting and climbing up mountains to hill stations at seven thousand five hundred odd feet. The Academy challenged us to a game of soccer; unfortunately we accepted and left the field the losers by 4 goals to nil. Hardly surprising when one considers that over half our team were rugger players and I was forced to play in goal! But when we departed we left behind much goodwill and many new friends.

We then flew to Jaipur (the Pink City of India). It is famed for its ivory and brasswork, and we had many enjoyable hours bartering for dubious bargains. Most of the time however, was taken up with touring the city, seeing its modern amenities, and comparing them with the glories of past civilizations.

Leaving Jaipur, we flew to Agra. We saw the Taj Mahal, looking as beautiful as all the picture postcards show it, in its quiet setting of canals and gardens. We toured the desert City of Futlepore and visited Agra Fort, seeing the impressions made by British cannon during the Mutiny. On leaving Agra we returned to Delhi, where we were given a farewell party by the Indian Government. From Delhi we flew to Bombay. On arrival we realized how hot India could really be and we looked enviously at cool bathers, whilst we went on a whirlwind tour of the City. But the next day we were able to go swimming in the Arabian Sea and sunbathe on a sun-drenched beach, with agonising physical results for some. But then we had to leave Bombay in a R.A.F. aircraft. We flew home via Karachi, Habbanyi and Idris, all well known places to us by now. We visited Tripoli one evening, and the next the party disbanded, and I was home in England again. Looking back it seems rather like a glorious dream, but there is one thing I shall never forget—Indian curry.

M. Laurance, L.VI

THE ACTOR'S LAMENT

Putting on a Play is rather like building one of those castles of sand near the sea, for, like them, it has but a short and precarious life, although it looks very grand and brave for a while. The waves come in all too soon and overwhelm it, and it is gone. Just as our Play seems to melt away in the brief hour or two on the Monday morning after, when those busy people come in, dismantle the lighting, and whisk away all the scenery into store for another year. All our fond illusions of "This is Illyria, lady," of Sir Toby, Aguecheek, Feste and Malvolio disappear like dreams and needs an effort of the imagination to recall that not many hours previously they did in fact strut that very stage, proclaim their poetry and their humour and transport us for an hour or two to that Illyria.

While the Duke's Palace and Olivia's garden existed as scenery on the stage there lived, too, that world of illusion which seemed so real and important to the actors while it lasted, because it demanded so much from them of their mental and nervous energy. Now Sir Toby, Aguecheek and the rest of all these rich human figures seem to have stolen back inside the covers of the Play books from which, for a few hours, we were able to drag

them and to give them a life, precarious maybe, but vital enough to us while it lasted.

Few things are sadder than the empty theatre ten minutes after the Play or Concert has ended. The players are all gone, the music has been collected from all the stands, the piano closed down. It seems unbelievable that only a few minutes before in that same Hall and audience was thrilled by music from a great orchestra. Yet the play on the stage, or the music from the orchestra, cannot have been vain shadows although they seem so soon to have passed away and gone. All that creative thought and beauty, the life story of a character in the play, concentrated into the short span of an hour or two, cannot but make a deep impression, often an abiding one, on the audience.

Yet this is small consolation to the actor at the moment when his little world has been dismantled and his Illyria "put into store" until next year. He finds it hard for a few days to adjust himself to the humdrum world again. The old, well-worn daily routine seems to have little meaning to him for a while. His only solace is that when the rehearsals start for next year's play he will once again have the thrill of bringing to life some more Malvolios Violas or Olivias. A world which holds Hamlet, Sir Peter Teazle, Anthony Absolute, Lady Sneerwell, Hardcastle, Falstaff . . . and hundreds of others, is an exciting world. Bringing such great characters to life is an arduous and exacting task, but he knows that the rewards offered make it well worth while.

"THE MESSIAH"

A performance of Handel's great Oratorio was given by the Hastings Choral Society under Edmund Niblett at The White Rock on Good Friday evening. It was pleasant to see so many pupils from the School in the audience. The 6 p.m. bus from Rye contained quite a number, and others joined us on route at Winchelsea and Guestling. Members of the 6th Form were to be seen in the Pavilion supporting pillars at the side, scores in hands. Others, who had booked much earlier, looked down from more expensive balcony seats. But whatever the seat (or "stand") everyone agreed it was a thrilling performance.

The Hastings Choir improves every year they do the work, and sang the Choruses with complete assurance, ready "attack" and good intonation. We were pleased to note among the basses in the back row the figures of Mr. G. Hawes and Mr. W. E. May.

The soloists were a very good "team" indeed. Hervey Allan sang the bass arias for the second year in succession and got a very warm reception after his magnificent singing last year. He more than lived up to his reputation. His command of the music

and the audience was complete. He made light of the technical difficulties of the triplets in "Why do the Nations?" and the verses in "The Trumpets shall sound." He had a wide range of vocal tone and dramatic power far beyond the normal standard of oratorio soloists. His singing of "Behold, I tell you a mystery; we shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed in a moment" was a wonderful piece of musicianship which brought a deep silence to the Hall.

Eric Greene, tenor, was also excellent. He is famous for his Bach singing and for over 20 years he has been first choice for all the London performances of Bach's "St. Matthew Passion" where no-one else can sing the part of the Evangelist with such ease and beauty. It is nine years since I last heard him, but he seems to have increased in volume without losing anything in beauty of tone. Joan Fullerton (Soprano) and Kathleen Joyce (Contralto) both had rich voices and gave fine renderings of "I know that my Redeemer liveth" and "He was despised."

To hear, or to take part in Handel's "Messiah" is always a moving experience. Personally I have never been fond of the "Hallelujah Chorus" which seems to me trite and lacking in invention, but the great bass arias "Who may abide?" "Why do the Nations?" "The Trumpet shall sound" and some of the less popular choruses like "Let us break their bonds asunder," "He trusted in God," "Their sound is gone out into all lands" and "For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive," all these are never failing sources of wonder. Truly no other musician could achieve such wonderful effects by such apparently simple means. "Messiah" still fills the Church or Concert Hall.

THE YOUTH HOSTELS ASSOCIATION

So few young people in this part of England seem to know anything about the Y.H.A. that an old member who has been able to see many of the wildest and loveliest parts of England and Wales through the Y.H.A. feels it a duty to set out the nature of the movement.

A summary of some of the Regulations may give the clearest and best description.

Youth Hostels are for the use of members who travel on foot, bicycle or canoe; not for motorists.

No one may stay more than three consecutive nights in the same hostel.

Youth Hostels are closed from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. each day.

Lights-out and no talking in dormitories between 10.30 p.m. and 7 a.m.

No smoking allowed in dormitories.

No alcoholic liquor permitted in a Hostel.

Each member must carry out such duties as are assigned him by the Warden, before he leaves the Hostel (these duties range from washing-up to sweeping and cleaning the place generally.

You can have a large cooked breakfast for 1/6, and a three course supper for 2/-.

If you prefer you may cook your own meals at a price of 2d. per day for gas.

Nightly charge for bed is 1/- (up to 16) and 2/- for persons over 16.

Annual membership subscription is 5/- (16-21) and 10/- for those over 21.

You must have a sheet sleeping bag. Blankets and mattress are provided by the Hostel. A sheet sleeping bag can be hired for 1/- a night or, cheaper still, buy your own.

The hostels are generally old country houses, some of them of very great beauty. They accommodate about 20 per night in the smaller ones, 80 or more in the larger.

The nearest ones to Rye are at Canterbury, Dover, Alfriston, Blackboys (Robertsbridge) and Goudhurst.

In areas like the Lake District, N. Wales and the Peak District the hostels are in most beautiful surroundings. Usually you can walk from one to the next in a day's journey.

When the evening meal is over the crowd of travellers gather in the Common Room and swap experiences. You will learn that Hostel A actually luxuriates in hot water for washing, that the Warden at B gives you nasty jobs to do, that Hostel C is renowned for its inaccessibility, and so on. Most of the cyclists (who outnumber the walkers usually) will be poring over 1-in. or ½-ins. ordnance maps, working out the morrow's ride. Most of them are "old hands" at the game, though still in their teens, and will know that in N. Wales 30 miles is a very good day's run.

To all those who want to see something of their own country (the most beautiful in the world) and who are healthy enough to be able to cycle or walk a few miles each day, I would say, "Go to it!" Write to our own Region for further particulars.

The address is—

Y.H.A. Secretary, 22 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1.

WHERE THE MONEY GOES

An outline of the use of the School Fund during the Spring Term, 1953

	£	s.	d.
Games	10	0	
Help to pupils (inc. £5 loan to be refunded)	5	11	2
Printing (School Programme)	4	15	0
Books and Pamphlets, etc.	2	1	5
Hospitality	1	13	5
Boy Scouts (grant to visit exhibition; heater for Scout Hut)	3	1	6
Part expense of visit to film	6	3	0
Speech Day miscellaneous expenses	3	14	11
Miscellaneous (reframing school photograph, badges for prefects, flowers, minor local purchases, etc.)	8	9	9
*School Magazine	16	18	3
	£52	18	5
Contributions from parents, Spring Term, 1953	67	15	3
*School Magazine—			
Scholars' payments	16	5	3
Old scholars	1	15	0
Advertisements	2	5	0
School Fund	16	18	3
Cost of Production (inc. postage of copies to Old Scholars)	£37	3	6

OLD SCHOLARS' NEWS

Only Bill Goodwin (looking much better after his recent illness and looking forward to resuming his course at Brighton Technical College, A. W. Law, Monica Partleton, N. J. Glass (Greensettler) and Nicholas Saville among visitors managed to sign the Old Scholars' Book during last term.

Quite a batch of recently qualified nurses at the Royal East Sussex, Daphne Gill, Rita Oyler, Beryl Brakefield. Lilian Barnes. Congratulations to them all and in particular to Daphne and Rita who gained prizes. Jessica Rendall also hopes to qualify later in the year. The Headmaster recognised Pauline Pankhurst on a recent visit to see John Beckingham though she was wearing a mask!

Other recent visitors have included Clayson, who has passed his Oxford Modern Language Moderations with distinction in Latin; Gillian Pratt who will soon finish her librarianship course at Birmingham, and the recent Training College entrants June Fellows and Pamela Blackhall.

A feature of recent correspondence has been the emphasis on "old stagers," though most of them won't relish the term. J. Mewse who was mentioned in the last issue has now obtained permission from the Ministry to complete his training by spending one year at St. Luke's, Exeter. John Ford writes to say he will soon be married and hopes to get a post in the Hastings area. He is still in the Hospital Service, having left the R.A.F. in 1949. He gave no news of Betty. Kitty Dibley writes to say she has married and that they both want to leave London. Kitty has specialised in the heroic work of teaching sub-normal children. Further news of Tony Smith is that he hopes to be accepted by Queen Mary College, London, while a letter has come at long last from Trevor Pollard who, after finding business unsatisfying, has joined the Colonial Department of the Institute of London University and hopes to go to Nigeria in August, either to teach, or more probably, for administration. Like so many others he confesses to marriage and also tells us that Marson, Beale, Andrews and Ray Oxley are also married. Ray manages the Seaford and Newhaven Branches of the County Library while Beale is in the Lewes Labour Exchange

A chance remark at Speech Day led to a letter from the father of Ian Hepworth who is now in South Africa. After leaving the Royal G.S. Worcester he first of all joined his father's bank, then served in the Fleet Air Arm for a long

period in the Pacific, obtaining a Mention in Despatches. Going out to South Africa he joined the industrial Finance Corporation of South Africa, held a responsible position at Salisbury covering N. & S. Rhodesia and recently has been promoted to a highly responsible post in Johannesburg. Mr. Hepworth has kindly offered us a prize for next Speech Day.

Alan Shearer has taken on his cousin Peter's job in Iden, so we may see more of him now. Ivan Smith has written more than once about his college life and hopes for the future. Just on going to Press the news has come that he has received a post at an old rival school, Southlands at New Romney. Patsy Payne also hopes to come back to Kent or East Sussex. Having been for two years on the edge of the Black Country, she is quite sure she wants to leave the horrors of industrialism 'for the clean fresh air of the country.' In Birmingham she has met Gillian Pratt. A long and interesting letter came from Robert Bourne a recent leaver for the Metropolitan Police. He finds the class work at his Training School easier than at R.G.S. He has done so well that he has been sent to help in the Solicitor's office at Scotland Yard, an interesting job. Another recent leaver, Helen Gage, has settled down well to her training at Queen Mary's, Carshalton and has met Barbara Brett.

Finally special mention must be made of Richard Avery, who, on his visit to the neighbourhood from Canada, found it a great joy to come to his old school. He was full of recollections and promised to write them down for us after his return to Canada.

K. C. BECKERSON

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