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“RYA”



MAGAZINE OF RYE GRAMMAR SCHOOL

AUTUMN

1952

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"RYA"

No. 24

Autumn, 1952

Vol. 8

*The Magazine of
Rye Grammar School*

New Series

Editors :

D. Monk

J. Wood
Valerie Jupp

J. Mason
Shirley Stevens

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EDITORIAL

Many of us started the term with some trepidation, for this was the first of the new multi-lateral scheme, but we found no smocks in the cloakroom, no cattle in the cycle shed, no cream on the apple-pie; of course there seemed to be a great many new people, perhaps the school was rather noisier, but on the whole things went on as they have for years.

The weather may have helped. The naked foundations of the new class-rooms have by now been clothed in tradition, so the new pupils have been nourished in the bosom of the old buildings: the followers of more traditional subjects have become accustomed to them, and next term, when they come, black and begrimed from the blast furnace, or bestrawed and seedy from the stables, they will create no sensation.

The fact that an extremist member of the Arts VIth has been threatened with lynching means little: a little friction is inevitable when tradition is disturbed by innovation. A slight irritation is a good thing; it dispels complacency and ultimately creates the harmony of understanding.

THE EDITORS

OBITER DICTA

At the beginning of term we welcomed three new members of staff. Miss Lumb who has come to us from Goronionzi School, Southern Rhodesia to teach History and Divinity; Miss Murray, coming to her first appointment from Lady Mabel Physical Education College, Yorkshire, to take physical training and hygiene and to assist Miss Cashmore with the Guides; and from Loughborough College, Mr. Hawes who has come to instruct the new technical students in woodwork and metalwork, and also mathematics and science. Welcome and Good Luck to you all.

We were sorry to notice at the end of term the absence of Miss Murray and Mr. May, owing to their being in hospital, and we wish them both a speedy recovery.

Unfortunately, Games and P.T. have had to be suspended since half-term owing to the polio epidemic in the district, and on behalf of the school we should like to extend our sympathy to Marion Reed, Jean Newick and John Beckingham. We wish them all a speedy recovery.

We should like to than Mr. Blacklock, Mr. Sharp and Miss Wethey for the lectures which they gave on the Olympic Games, 1952, Nigeria and Guiding in America respectively. They were given during games-time and were enjoyed by all.

At the Day Conference held on Wednesday, October 15th, the various aspects of Local Government were presented to us in three very informative lectures, and those subjects not covered

in the course of these lectures were dealt with afterwards by a Brains Trust, who answered questions contributed by the various Discussion Groups. We should like to thank the Headmaster for arranging such and enjoyable day.

We extend a warm welcome to Mlle. Lassiauve who has come to us from Auviégne to continue her studies in English and to take French oral classes. We hope our somewhat doubtful French accents have improved as a result !

Congratulations to :—

Mr. Jacobs on completing his twentieth year as Headmaster at the Grammar School. We offer you our very sincerest thanks for everything you have done for us and we hope you will continue to help and guide us for many years to come.

D. Monk and Sheila Saunders on being made School Captains.

Pat Greenhalgh, Anne Lloyd, Ann Bunkin, Christine Carter, Valerie Jupp, Bellhouse, Hodgeson, Cornwall and Curtis on being made Prefects.

D. Monk on being accepted at Reading University and K. Cornwall on obtaining a place at Goldsmith's College.

No. 3 Flight of 304 Squadron, A.T.C., on becoming 2274 Squadron.

D. Caister and M. A. Laurance on obtaining their Private Pilot's Licences, A. R. Jary on winning a Flying Scholarship; D. Hodgeson and R. G. Curtis on being the first in the Squadron to gain the Advanced Training Badge.

D. Jackson on taking over the Scout Troop so capably.

Sybil Warner and Saville M. on passing their Grade V music exams, Saville with merit; Marion Saunders and Marguerite Baker on gaining Grade IV; Small J. and Gaye Bellhouse, Grade II; Jean Morrison, Grade I with merit.

Lastly, Goodbye and Good Luck to Peter Wareham who is leaving us to study Art and Drama at Worcester College after completing his National Service; Helen Gage who is going to Carshalton, Surrey, to train as a nurse; Robert Bourne who is joining the rank and file of the Metropolitan Police Cadet Force; Margaret Wells who is hoping to study confectionery; and finally Menique Lancelle who is returning to Paris after her short stay at R.G.S.

Commemoration Service, October 8th, 1952

This year the Preacher was the Rev. Peter Cooper who was a pupil at the School from 1935—1938 and now holds a curacy at Ealing, London.

The Service, conducted by the Chairman of the Governors, the Rev. Hilton-Wright, began with the Introit "O Lord God" by Buck. The lessons, read by the School Captains, Sheila

Saunders and Derek Monk, were from Ephesians IV ("I therefore the prisoner of the Lord") and the Book of Ecclesiasticus ("Let us now praise famous men and our fathers that begat us")

After the Choir had sung as an Anthem J. S. Bach's "Now thank we all our God," the Rev. Cooper preached a thoughtful sermon. The service ended with an appropriate hymn for such an occasion, Vaughan-Williams' setting of "For all the Saints."

A.T.C. REPORT

At long last, after much correspondence among high official circles of the Air Ministry, No. 3 Flight of 304 Squadron is now no longer so. Towards the end of the term it was officially known that the boys in light blue at R.G.S. had impressed the officials of 61 Group H.Q. sufficiently to become 2274 Squadron A.T.C. and thus a long and memorable attachment to 304 (Hastings) Squadron has been severed. Since our formation many years ago we have been a Flight of the Hastings Squadron and Sqdn./Ldr. Alder, the C.O. of 304 Squadron, has written and congratulated us on our achievement and has sent his sincere good wishes for our future success.

The hut has been completed and it provides an excellent lecture room together with an office and an armoury.

WARNING TO "ERKS"

The N.C.O.s are itching to acquire a fatigue party to sweep, scrub and polish the floor, clean out both fires, dust and tidy the C.O.'s office and clean all rifles in the armoury !

Field Day saw the 'Flight' at West Malling where flying was enjoyed by everyone in an Oxford and for the luckier ones in a Tiger Moth. At least it was enjoyed by all cadets whose stomachs remained in their rightful places. Only from an aeroplane is it possible to look above you and see an island in the Thames. Apart from this some useful instruction on G.C.A. (ground control approach) and control tower procedure was had.

Four pairs of Cadets entered for the annual adaptability test this term and Ford and Wise did well to come second by getting some distance over the Scottish border. Wareham, Wickersham, Weeks and Tubbs reached a distance of 40 miles beyond Newcastle, while Laurance and Swan preferred the West coast and reached Burnley.

During the term Cadets Wareham, Weeks and Tubbs attended a week's gliding course at R.A.F. Detling but were unfortunate in having poor weather. However, Tubbs gained his 'A' and 'B' gliding Certificates and Wareham and Weeks hope to gain theirs in the Christmas holidays.

Following Cpl. Philcox's example last term, Cpl. Laurance and Flt./Sgt. Caister have both completed Flying Scholarships and

have thus gained their Private Pilots' licences and their A.T.C. "Wings." Cadet Jary still hurtles through the atmosphere as he continues his training. Special mention must be made of Cpl. Laurance who has also been successful in gaining an Overseas Flight to India which will last several weeks. Perhaps he will bring back an elephant as squadron mascot! Who knows?

Unfortunately Sgt. Stone leaves us this term to serve in the R.A.F. His service has been invaluable especially as drill instructor, and the squadron owes much of its smart, general bearing on the parade ground to Sgt. Stone whose favourite phrase was "Wake up! you dozy lot!". Warcham also leaves us to do his National Service, and he has proved his worth to the Squadron. We wish them every success in their future careers.

As always we are indebted to Flt./Lt. Mitchell whose untiring work has helped the smooth running of the Flight, and to Mr. Robinson and Mr. Elliot we offer our sincere thanks for the time they give in instructing the Flight.

An A/C. R.I.

GUIDE REPORT

This year all the keen Guides have joined together to form the 2nd R.G.S. Company, under the leadership of our Captain, Miss Cashmore, and Lieutenant, Miss Murray. There have been six ordinary Patrols and an extraordinary Senior Patrol. All through the term we have had a Patrol Competition, Scarlet Pimpernel Patrol winning it. During the Guide Meetings we have mainly worked for our tests. Field Day was held in two parts. A number of Senior Guides went on their 1st Class Hike, the remaining Guides went to Peasmarsh district. At the beginning of the term, Rye & District Guides held a Fete at School. It was a great success; the District Funds benefitted by about £17. Owing to certain reasons, for the latter part of the term we had no Guide meetings. But towards Christmas we began preparing for our Annual Christmas Party.

CAMP, 1952

This year to save some expense we decided to camp fairly near home. Eventually we procured a site at Ruckinge, near Ashford. On August 1st we set off for camp, the majority cycling and the remainder travelling in the lorry with our equipment. We arrived before mid-day, and after eating our picnic lunch, we pitched camp. On one side of the camp site there was an enormous wood which gave us a plentiful supply of firewood throughout the stay.

One of the highlights of camp was a sports competition. Every one practised hard and there was keen competition in every

event. The coveted prize, a basket of food, was won by Madhatter Patrol. After the organized sport a further sporting event took place, from which the Camp Commandant emerged looking slightly dishevelled.

We all thank Maggie for organizing such a marvellous official midnight feast. On Sunday everyone, except the privileged few, went to bed early. At approximately 11.45 we woke the rest of the camp, and after many groans from the sleepy-heads, we set off for the wood. By the time we reached the clearing we were all really awake and thoroughly enjoyed the expedition.

On behalf of all the campers we thank Miss Dann, Miss Cashmore and Miss Vincent for all the hard work they put in to make this year's camp such an enjoyable one.

Pat Greenhalgh
Sheila Saunders

SCOUT REPORT

It was unfortunate that more changes had to be made in the Troop this term, the most important being the appointment of Jackson as Scout Master, and the re-arrangement of the Troop into two Patrols. On Field Day the patrols travelled by bus to Udimore or Guestling, receiving instructions to reach Brede by one o'clock after attempting some strenuous activities. The afternoon was spent in carrying out some unusual Scouting activities on the District Commissioner's farm.

Our activities this term included a Night Wide Game on Leasham, complete with fireworks, a training course for patrol leaders during the half-term, a visit to Healey's shop to see the televised version of the Gang Show, much first class work done on Saturday afternoons, and the introduction of Hobbies periods in the Troop meetings. The most unusual activity has been handbell ringing, and, after much practice, a team of Scouts will be ringing carols around Rye this Christmas; the collection to be in aid of Dr. Barnardo's Homes. Other plans for the holidays are a Troop party and a visit to the Boys' Own Exhibition. It is hoped to install electricity in the Scout H.Q. during the holidays.

We hope to obtain eight new recruits next term in order to bring our numbers up to a reasonable figure, and if anyone is interested he will be welcome any Friday between four and six o'clock.

RED CROSS REPORT

At the beginning of the term the Red Cross Society was able to greet its new members with news of great success. This was

that all probationers and cadets who sat for the Red Cross examinations had passed. Among the probationers, Dawn Baker's zealous work won her top marks in the Home Nursing exam, and a much coveted prize awarded by Mrs. Sales. Janet Houchin's hard work brought her top marks in the First Aid exam, Part I and II. These achievements were due to the patience and helpful guidance of Mrs. Sales, Mrs. Broderick and Miss Kingdon, whom we should like to thank very much.

At the beginning of this term the probationers started a course on Child Nursing, and the Cadets a course on Home Nursing. These courses were unfortunately cut short by the outbreak of infantile paralysis at half-term, but it is hoped that they will be resumed at the beginning of the Spring Term.

Pam Barton

HOUSECRAFT SOCIETY

The Needlework Society has now become the Housecraft Society. We began the Term by making Games Bags for the new pupils. This took several weeks owing to the large number of orders. Several useful things for the benefit of the School have been completed, including the covering of a valuable book, and the dyeing of some bean bags. A few members have been very busy renovating and altering household garments, but as usual many members have found nothing better to do than their own knitting.

SALTCOTE PLACE

In September, when the House entered its third year, our number increased to thirty-nine. For the first few weeks of this term Miss Smith, our Matron, was obliged to rest after an operation, and we were pleased to welcome in her place Miss R. Green, an old scholar.

On March 19th, the Bishop of Lewes confirmed six of our girls in the Parish Church. They had attended preparatory classes given by Canon Wilson, who is now preparing more girls for Confirmation. They are now regular communicants and take great interest in the Guild of St. Richard. Five of our girls were members of a team of bell ringers who rang on Commemoration Day.

Two excellent concerts have been given by the girls this term, and much talent has been revealed.

A large party visited the local cinema to see "The Importance of Being Earnest." We had arranged to go to the W.I. Concert but were prevented from doing so because late nights have been forbidden this term.

This year the House decided to have its own Christmas cards printed, and we have already sold 200.

On Saturday, 13th December, we had a House Party. It was organized by the staff, who decorated the house and waited upon us.

We are all very grateful to Miss Collings who is always ready to give advice, assistance and sympathy when needed.

GIRLS' GAMES REPORT

The beginning of the hockey season proved very promising and the standard of the 1st XI team was improving greatly. The results of our three matches suggested a very successful season. Out of the three matches played we just lost the first and won the other two. It was unfortunate that, owing to medical reasons, all games were stopped for the second half of the term and thus all our other fixtures were cancelled. The team has included:— C. Vollans, S. Saunders, A. Lloyd, P. Crouch, J. Bateman, A. Doust, J. Clark, E. Dobbie, P. Greenhalgh, J. Houchin, H. Webb, J. Baker and M. Wise.

Bexhill—Lost 1-0. Hastings—Won 2-0.

Ashford High—Won 4-0.

The 2nd XI hockey team have played only one match against Ashford High which they lost 6-1.

The under 15 Netball team in their one match were most successful. Their result was 22-18 versus Ashford High.

Two matches were played by the under 14 Netball team, both of which were lost, but with more practice and match experience better results should be obtained.

M.W.

DEBATES

Juniors

Masters took the Chair

The first motion, proposed by Warne and Polhill, and opposed by Steward and Alford, was that "Comics do harm to your English."

This debate was made notable by a speaker new to the School and therefore to the traditions of reserve and "toujours la politesse" of the House, who with a brutal frankness found all too rarely in modern debate, reminded the audience that the Form positions last Interim of the two opposers hardly supported their view that reading Comics does your English no harm! (We refrain from printing what their Form positions were). The motion was carried by a House very sensible of its responsibilities as "Grammarians" to uphold only the best in modern literature. It would recognise, however, the middle two pages of the "Eagle" (sectional views of locomotives, ships and aircraft),

ensued on the suitabilities and unsuitabilities of various soap powders now thrust before the public eye in the form of hideous advertisements posted up on hoardings. Yet, despite the opposition the motion was carried. J. Larkin was chairman.

Next D. Monk took the chair. The motion was from the Upper Sixth :

"That this House thinks that the State in its own interests, should limit the powers of self-expression." Hodgeson Snr. rose to propose the motion. Amid howls and shouts of "No !" and "Rubbish !" he delivered his speech, retiring a little the worse for wear. Then his most eloquent opponent C. Melchers rose to his feet, not amid howls but cheers and clapping from a certain section of the Arts Sixth. He gave a somewhat inflated speech, but retired from the fray still smiling and ready for more. When the House was thrown to debate, a heated argument was soon in full swing. A see-saw discussion between J. Wood and J. Mason caused a minor distraction and when it had abated a further lively ten minutes were spent before the bell rang. Perhaps the Upper School were pleasantly surprised, and not so bored as they had anticipated !

MUSIC SOCIETY

To begin the term we prepared two anthems for the Commemoration Service, "O Lord God" and "Now Thank we all Our God" by J. S. Bach. After this our chief work on Thursdays has been the preparation of carols for the Carol Service at the end of term. In addition to some of the older and better-known carols, like "O Little Town" and the "Sussex Carol," we have much enjoyed the new ones "The Virgin's Lullaby" by Eric Thiman and "Watt's Cradle Song" by H. Sumsion. We are very grateful to Miss Diaper for all her assistance and leadership and to Madge Wood and Monk for their good work as accompanists.

On December 3rd at a Concert given in the School Hall in the evening, the Choir (V. Jupp, C. Carter, J. Baker, H. Gage, E. Jempson, S. Warner, E. Diaper, E. Dobbie, M. Small and J. Small) sang three carols very well, and two other members, new to the school. S. Button and S. Swan, made a very successful first appearance in two duets, "Come, gentle Spring" by Haydn and "There is a Garden" by John Ireland.

When the Carol Service is over we shall look forward next term to preparing songs for the School Music Festival to be held at Lewes at the end of March.

W.E.M.

CONCERT

At the concert given in the School Hall on December 3rd, carols were sung by the choir, two members of which sang duets.

Miss Margaret Hutchings, L.R.A.M., A.R.C.M., had a great

deal to do with the success of the concert. She gave an excellent renderings of the "Impromptu in A flat" by Schubert, "Clair de Lune," by Debussy, and a "Romp" by York Bowen, the last a modern piece, being especially well received. In addition to her solos she joined Mr. W. May in some piano duets, "Three Spanish Dances" by Moszkowski, and to conclude the concert, the "Saltarello" (4th Movement), from Mendelssohn's "Italian Symphony," a particular lively piece of rhythmic music to which the duettists did full justice. They appeared to enjoy it very much themselves, anyway, and the piano did also, if we can judge by the way it rocked !

Mozart's "Symphonia Concertante in E flat" was a most interesting work to include in the programme. It is one of the happiest of his works. Mr. C. Pooley (violin), Mr. J. F. Burke (clarinet) and Mr. W. May (piano) gave it an enjoyable performance. It is a work which presents many technical difficulties and, since Mozart was sparing in his use of notes, what you play "shows." It speaks well for the performers therefore that they overcame these points of technique sufficiently well to give the audience such an enjoyable performance.

Finally, Mr. C. Pooley, with Miss Hutchings at the piano, gave us a Handel "Sonata in A" for violin and piano. This again was an excellent performance.

One should mention that some of the School had had a "preview" of much of his violin music, for at odd hours of the day, in the dinner hour and after School, the strains of music had been heard coming from the Biology Lab., inside which a purposeful figure could have been seen bowing away at frightful scale passages and cadenzas.

THE MUSIC COMPETITION

This year's competition produced some keen and close rivalry which ended in another win, narrow but well deserved, for Sanders House.

We were lucky to have again as Adjudicator Mr. Peter Temple, who with great skill and musical discernment discharged his difficult task and at the same time did an excellent morning's teaching, for at a moment when competitors have just finished playing or singing, they are often in the right condition to heed constructive advice. We hope that as many as possible managed to absorb the excellent criticisms given to them. Mr. Temple explained at the outset that he goes first for the "general impression" given by any performance. As time went on it became clear that he placed great importance on Interpretation. As a result, some competitors received shocks. The piano duet "Death of Ase" by Grieg, Mendelssohn's "Spring Song," and a Nocturne by Chopin were all marked down, although very competently

played, because the first was played too fast and therefore sounded quite gay, while the last two were played too slowly, and so sounded most mournful !

Then again, Monk's very capable playing of "Finlandia" by Sibelius was marked down because it is not really piano music at all, but a piano "transcription" of an orchestral work. First place was deservedly won by Valerie Jupp for a very good interpretation of Mozart's "Fantasia in C. minor" (a very difficult piece technically, incidentally). This was pure piano music, as was Madge Wood's piece, which gained her second place.

These judgments gave food for thought for all our budding pianists, no doubt. Interpretation, the correct reading of the meaning and spirit of any piece is all-important. Accuracy of notes is not enough, but only the servant of your idea of how the piece should go. You fail to hold your audience if you play too many wrong notes. You fail equally badly if you play all the right notes, but play a Funeral March like a Jig !

A very encouraging feature this year, upon which Mr. Temple remarked, was the fact that each House had its own accompanist for all solos and choirs. This gave excellent practice in the art of accompaniment (a most valuable art, too) to Valerie Jupp, Madge Wood and Monk. Monk is by far the most experienced of the three and he did noble service for his House. Valerie and Madge, who shine more as soloists, did excellent work also and no doubt learned a lot from the experience. Accompanying is a most satisfying art, but is can only be learned by experience.

Mention must next be made of Sanders House Choir which had been very well trained by Bellhouse upon the best "Abbey traditions" (dare I say !), so that their performance was a finished and very enjoyable one, with light and shade, and real meaning. Meryon Choir under Larkin was the most ambitious of the three choirs. In order to give variety to the "Skye Boat Song" they tried all manner of groups of singers. It was a most creditable idea and the right one, too, even though it naturally created technical difficulties which they did not fully solve. It is to be hoped that next year's Choirs will be similarly adventurous.

Peacocke, under Wareham, had to be content with third place but their performance was a very good one, I thought. It lacked "Interpretation" (light and shade) but their tone was (to me) the best of the three Choirs and their diction delightful.

Another very good feature was the outstanding performances of two newcomers to the School, Sylvia Button and Sylvia Swan both of M.I, who won the 14-16 and under 14 solos respectively. Their singing won very high praise from the Adjudicator.

Results :—

Solo under 13—S. Robbins. Ashbee. M. Read.
Solo under 14—S. Swan. M. Stoodley. J. Hale.
Solo 14-16—S. Button. M. Bear. J. Cole.
Solo over 16—V. Jupp. M. Baker. C. Carter.
Boys' Treble—Small. Kimpton. Fitzhugh.
Vocal Quartet—M. Baker, J. Clarke, B. Wing, J. Payne.
Vocal Trio—M. Baker, Small, Bellhouse.
Piano Solo under 13—I. Rosco. G. Beeching. J. Smith.
Piano Solo 13-14—A. Wood. S. Swan. V. Mitchell.
Piano Solo 14-15—M. Saunders. J. Smith. Monk.
Piano Solo over 15—V. Jupp. M. Wood. Monk.
Piano Duet—E. Diaper, E. Dobbie.
Sanders 150. Meryon 142. Peacocke 129.

THE CAROL SERVICE

Following last year's precedent the Carol Service this year on December 17th, was held in the Parish Church. Once again the choirs and soloists realised to the full the advantages of such a beautiful setting, and the congregation joined with the "sweet sounding in the choir" with a true and joyful Christmas spirit.

The order of service was as follows :—

Hymn :	Once in Royal David's City	Combined
Reading :	St. John 3, 16—17	Headmaster
Carol :	How far is Bethlehem ?	Senior Choir
Reading :	Genesis 22, 15—18	P. Wareham for the A.T.C.
Carol :	Virgin's Lullaby	Senior Choir
Reading :	Isaiah 9, 2, 3, 6, 7	P. Barton for the Red Cross
Carol :	O little town of Bethlehem	S. Button & S. Swan
Reading :	Isaiah 11, 1—6, 9	R. Hodgeson for the Scouts
Hymn :	Hark the Herald Angels Sing	Combined
Reading :	Isaiah 40,3-5	G. Hewit-Taylor for the Guides
Carol :	Watt's Cradle Song	Senior Choir
Reading :	St. Luke 1, 26—33	S. Saunders for the Prefects
Carol :	Cantique pour Noël	Saltcote
Reading :	St. Luke 2, 1—7	Geoffrey Smith for the Old Scholars
Carol :	Sussex Carol	Senior Choir
Reading :	St. Luke 2, 8—16	Miss Warren for the Governors
Hymn :	While Shepherds Watched	Combined
Reading :	St. Matthew 2, 1—11	Rev. A. D. Wing for the Parents
Carol :	Ding dong merrily on high	Senior Choir
Reading :	St. John 1, 1—14	Miss Turner for the Staff
Hymn :	O come all ye faithful	Combined
	Prayers and Blessing	

To the Rev. O. E. Brooks for so kindly allowing us to use the

Church, to Miss Diaper and Mr. May for their hard work and the time they have spent in coaching us, and to Monk who has so ably and uncomplainingly accompanied us, we should like to say "Thank you very much, and we hope you enjoyed the Service as much as we did."

A member of the Senior Choir

THE SPEECH COMPETITION

Owing to the increased number of pupils, it was impossible to hold the entire Speech Competition before the whole school, as in former years, but it was divided up so that the Lower, Middle and Upper school held their respective sections separately.

The theme was "Sussex" with some excursions into Kent, and some general literature which could be applied to Sussex. It ranged from the supposed beginnings of Sussex, with an excerpt from Genesis read by L.1, to the recitation by U.VI of John Donne's sonnet "The End," which represented the prophesied end of Sussex.

The Lower School showed interest by intelligent reading and flawless recitation. The most pleasing item was the rendering by L.3 of Alfred Noyes' poem, "The Highwayman." This was recited well by all three competitors, and especially by Carole Stallard.

The Middle School section of the Competition was the largest and consequently there was more range in the standard of speaking. Two notably good items were the recitation by Tessa Johnson of "The Smugglers' Song," by Kipling, and the reading by Joan Baumber, Gillian Hewitt-Taylor and Hole of an excerpt from "Distinguished Visitors at Lamb House," by H. G. Wells.

The Upper School, of course, were expected to give the best performance, and on the whole they came up to this expectation. The outstanding item was John Arlott's poem "Brighton." It is a difficult poem to recite, written as it is on the seamier side of life in Brighton. The Competition ended with John Donne's sonnet and a speech on Sussex.

The speech, a fitting end to this competition, was the reply to a toast of "Sussex," and was deservedly won by a sincere speech from J. Larkin.

We would like to thank Miss Warren, who adjudicated the Lower School and Mr. Michell the Middle and Upper School sections. The final result was a win by a narrow margin for Meryon.

J.D.B. U.VI

Results

Part I—Lower School

- | | | |
|-----|------------------------------------|-------------|
| L.1 | The Beginnings—from Genesis | Hance (M) |
| | "The South Country"—Hilaire Belloc | M. Reed (M) |

- | | | |
|-----|---------------------------------------|-----------------|
| L.2 | Weather Change in the Channel—Kipling | N. Carr (P) |
| | "In Romney Marsh"—John Davidson | S. Foulsham (M) |
| L.3 | Dungeness—Richard Church | Baker (M) |
| | "The Highwayman"—Alfred Noyes | C. Stallard (M) |

Part II—Middle School

- | | | |
|-----|--|----------------------|
| M.1 | The Dens of the Weald—A. Collins | V. Wilson (M) |
| | "Sussex"—Kipling | Roberts (P) |
| M.2 | The Drowning of Old Winchelsea—R. Holinshed | |
| | | M. Suren (P) |
| | "A Cinque Port"—John Davidson | F.—— (M) |
| M.3 | Queen Elizabeth at Northiam—Kipling | M. Roberts (M) |
| | | M. Stoodley (P) |
| | "The Smugglers' Song"—Kipling | T. Johnson (S) |
| M.5 | The Rother Valley—Hilaire Belloc | Smith (S) |
| | "The Run of the Downs"—Kipling | A. Rattigan (P) |
| M.6 | Distinguished Visitors at Lamb House—H. G. Wells | |
| | | J. Baumber (M) |
| | | G. Hewitt-Taylor (P) |
| | "Adlestrop"—Edward Thomas | C. Layzell (P) |

Part III—Upper School

- | | | |
|--------|--|----------------|
| Remove | A Painter's View of the Marsh—J. Piper | |
| | | Morris D. (S) |
| | "The Weald"—V. Sackville-West | M. Wood (P) |
| | | B. Wing (S) |
| L.6 | A Jamesian Sentence—E. F. Benson | Saville (P) |
| | "Brighton"—John Arlott | S. Stevens (M) |
| | | J. Owen (P) |
| U.6 | "The End"—John Donne | J. Baker (M) |
| | A Speech on Sussex | Larkin (M) |

FILMS

The boys of the School received an unexpected treat on Friday October 17th, when Lt. Commander Buckley visited the School and gave a most interesting and authoritative account of the Navy and its work. His lecture was followed by a most stirring film which taught our aircraft experts in the School more than a little about the newest types of naval aircraft used by the Fleet Air Arm.

Three days later the Headmaster was able to show, by an opportune stroke of luck the film of "Louisiana Story," one of those amazing "Documentary Films" made by Robert Flaherty. The adventures of a little boy with his raccoon, and of his struggle with the alligator were followed with breathless excitement. A number of children did not understand what the high steel tower, and all the noise and banging associated with it, were about. It was a genuine picture made on the spot, showing how a deep boring is made to reach the oil, which may be as

much as 10,000 feet below the surface of the earth. The film was pointing the moral that modern science may be noisy and discordant, but that it is often safer than the quiet placid life of nature as lived by a boy in his canoe on a backwater of the river Mississippi where hideous alligators may lurk just below the surface of the stream ready to lash into demoniac energy when the chance of a tasty meal happens to come within reach of their jaws. The boring of the oil well sounded noisy and dangerous, but it was actually far safer than those large jaws !

It is difficult for the hardened cinema-goer, used to speed-cops and "follow that car in front, son" to slow themselves down sufficiently to go at Louisiana's speed, but they had managed to decelerate after some 20 minutes or so, and some had relapsed into a coma after half an hour of the crawling speed of Louisiana's life.

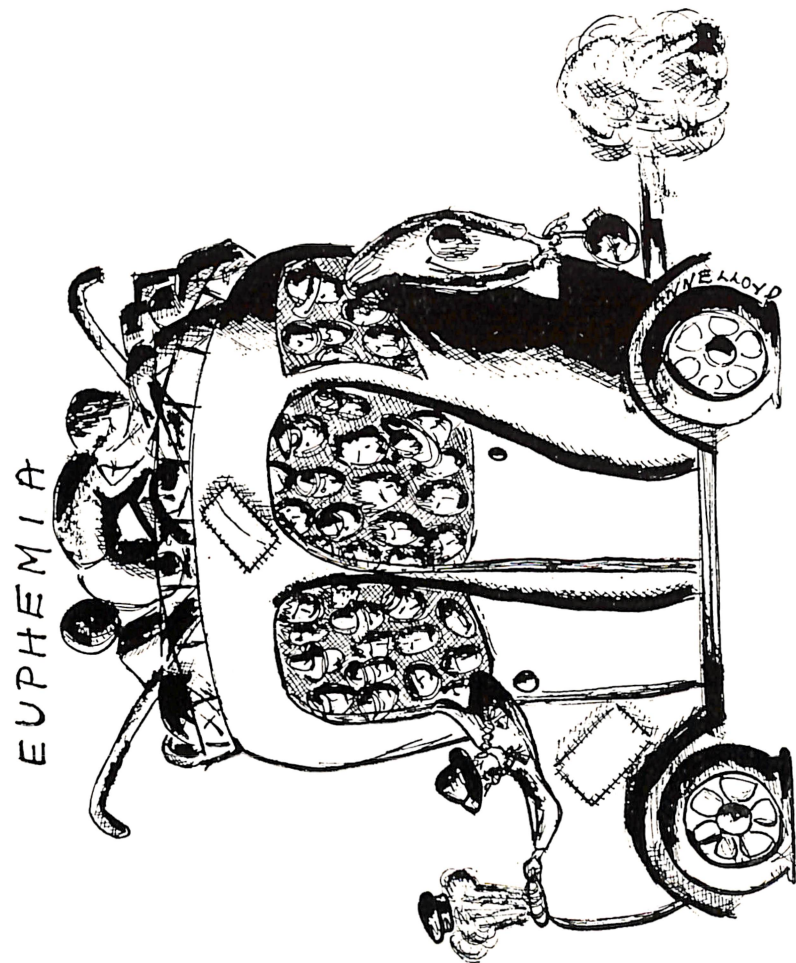
On Tuesday, November 9th, we were treated to a most fascinating cinematic exposé of the evils resultant upon neglect of the health of the feet, and on the Wednesday following we were shown by the Reverend Drewett a film dealing with the influence of Christianity and Medical Science on the North-West Frontier.

As compensation for the cancellation of the Christmas parties, the School was shown on Tuesday, December 16th, the Sid Field comedy, set vaguely in the time of the Civil Wars, "Card-board Cavalier," with Margaret Lockwood as Nell Gwynn. It was supported by a Western, which was received with varying feeling, "Trail to Gunsight."

WHERE THE MONEY GOES

An outline of the use of the School Fund during the Autumn Term, 1952

	£	s.	d.
Games	18	11	9
Help to Pupils	6	15	2
Printing (Programmes, invitations, etc.) ...	10	18	10
Books (including additional grant for library)	12	17	6
Bookbinding material	9	17	3
Dining Hall Mural—expenses incurred by pupils working on mural, cost of materials, etc.	4	10	7
Miscellaneous—(including minor local purchases, hospitality for visiting lecturers, films, etc.)	13	8	10
*School Magazine	2	8	0
	£79	7	11
Contributions from parents, Autumn Term 1952	81	2	2



*School Magazine

	£	s.	d.
Scholars' payments ...	15	16	6
Old scholars ...	1	18	6
Advertisements ...	15	10	0
School Fund ...	2	8	0
Cost of production ...	35	13	0

N.B.—A larger contribution will be required from the School Fund for the next two terms, as the income from advertisers is spread over three issues, the effective figure being £5-3-4 per issue.

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS—

ONWARDS

On, on, on !
 Ever into the distance of the great and mighty future
 Youth marches forward—
 With flames beneath its feet.
 Flames from the souls of men who died
 For life !
 For life as great as man could make it,
 Yet what use now, these fallen orators of life ?
 This youth which follows after
 Changes their words
 To suit the prophecies of its own age.
 And the flames are quenched
 Only to rise again
 As this age passes on.

Valerie Jupp, U.VI

BELLS FOR THE COMMEMORATION SERVICE

For the first time in the long history of the R.G.S. the Parish Church bells were rung by members of the school's own Bell-ringing Society for the Commemoration Service.

As I walked up the rickety steps of the Church tower on Commemoration Day I wondered what people would think when the bells ran out "loud and clear" as we hoped they would. My knees felt very shaky, and I tripped over the mats on the floor of the ringing chamber. Everyone looked very solemn.

Then came the word to raise the bells. The boys raised the heavier one and the girls the lighter ones. Once the bells were up we could start ringing, and Jackson, our leader, told us to take it slowly and to keep the bells clear of one another. We found that our ringing was better than it had been at any

practice, although it was not perfect, as we were only beginners.

When we first stopped ringing for a break we found that there was a newspaper reporter in the ringing chamber, but there was no time to waste, so once more we took hold of the ropes. As this was our first attempt we rang only "Rounds," but next time we hope to ring something a little more complicated. As the last sound died away we all heaved a sigh of relief—the thing for which we had practised so long had been achieved.

The team consisted of Derek Jackson, Michael Laurance, John Barnes, Peter Knapp, Jack Moore, Pat Forster, Christine Vollans, Anthea Doust, Pearl Andrews and Ruth Carey.

THE MUSIC COMPETITION

On the day of the Music Competition, which was Wednesday, September 29th, there was a marked state of tension, and all the competitors were going about the school looking rather green, especially those younger ones who had not taken part before. There had been people feverishly practising in our form-room (room 6) and in the hall, in the early morning before school, at long break and after school.

Mr. Temple who judged the competition was very helpful and he did not say too much about the competitor's faults, which so many adjudicators are apt to do. The Lower, Middle and Upper School competitions were held separately, owing to lack of accommodation in the hall, which was a pity because it was possible to hear only one's own section of the school. The competitors all worked hard and achieved good results, for, as Mr. Temple remarked, the standard was much higher than the previous year.

J. Burton, L.2

RIVERSIDE

Clear open sky and a gentle breeze at the riverside,
Trees swaying gently to and fro, the sluggish water
So slow to swirl with the tide on the turn
A mysterious breeze to confide its secrets in dark-green pines
Cresting the farther slopes, signs of dusk drawing near
As geese in a gaggle veer away from the tree-tops,
Wheel and turn as the crimson orb sinks low,
And gaps in the trees show the broken line of a fence,
And night steals stealthily o'er warm-flushed fading sky.
Now the dizzy flight of the moth begins, the owl flits abroad
On silent wing, noiseless save for the sudden whirl of wings
O'er the branch of a fir, alights to merge with the shadow,
Sombre and gathering fast in the shades of oncoming night.
Soon the myriads of stars will quite bespeckle the cloudless sky
And then, homewards shall I, rapt in the mysteries of thought.

Shirley Stevens, L.VI

I call to thee across the space that lies
Between us now and keeps thee from my eyes
But like a tired swallow on the sea
Words fall, and die, unheard alas, by thee !
No tone of mine can reach thee now, beloved,
No sound of human voice will bridge the deep,
Only my spirit calling through the darkness
May stir a smile upon thy lips in sleep.

Janice Owen, L.VI

BY PLANE TO EAST AFRICA

When I taxied off from London Airport in a B.O.A.C. "Hermes" for Nairobi, E. Africa, I was surrounded by an atmosphere of complete luxury, with a very comfortable seat and a steward and air-hostess within call if I needed them. I wondered how I should feel when we were airborne, but was surprised to find that I could feel no movement save the vibration of the engines.

It was strange to watch houses and streets becoming smaller and smaller until I could look below and see miles of countryside spread out just like a map. I was thrilled when the steward told me we were passing over Dungeness; I looked for Rye, but could not see it.

The next place of interest over which we passed was Dieppe, then Paris and so on to Geneva. We crossed the Alps, a truly magnificent spectacle. We were not flying very high, and I could see little chalets nestling in the snow-clad mountains.

In the afternoon we touched down at Rome, where we had tea. We stayed only an hour, during which the plane was refuelled. Leaving Rome at 7.30 p.m. we were served with a four-course dinner, after which we were told to try and snatch some sleep, as we were to arrive in Cairo at midnight.

At Cairo, where we stayed for an hour, I went into the café to enjoy some ice-cold orange juice. The atmosphere was very hot, even though the big fans were switched on. Once more on our way, the lights inside the plane were switched off, and I was able to sleep.

At six o'clock next morning I was awakened by the air-hostess to be told that we were just about to land at Khartoum, where we should have breakfast. It was light when we arrived there, and my first impressions were not very flattering. The airport seemed to be situated miles from anywhere in what appeared to be desert. We breakfasted there, then set off on the last stage of our journey.

Looking down on the country below I saw how much more flat and arid it was becoming. We were told to look out for Lake Rudolf, but it appeared very small when I saw it.

We landed at Nairobi at 12.15 p.m., and my father was there to meet me. My home was not in Nairobi, but in a small town called Arusha, 185 miles away, which we reached by car at about 10 p.m. We had to travel across the great Athi plain, where I saw my first animals in their wild state—zebras, buck and giraffes.

My father intended me to see as much of Africa as possible in the time, and in all I travelled about 1,300 miles by car. We visited the Kenya Animal Reserve, the location for the filming of "Where no Vultures Fly." During the day we travelled some 100 miles round the Reserve and saw many different animals—elephants, rhinos, zebras, giraffes, baboons and ostriches.

Among the other places we visited were the Ngorongoro Crater, the Kikafu River on the foothills of Mt. Kilimanjaro, and the Masserani Dam. My visit ended with a trip to Mto-wa-Mbu, where we went lion-shooting. We saw about five lionesses and one lion, shooting two of the lionesses. This was one of my most exciting excursions.

On September 27th I flew back to England with happy memories of a holiday which had proved both educational and enjoyable.

Ann Lovell, M.5

WORSE THINGS HAPPEN AT SEA

The sea was rolling all about,
From the ship there rose a shout,
The mizzen-mast came crashing down,
And tangled wreckage lay around.
In the galley the French cook stood
Busily stirring the Christmas pud,
He had a job to get about
Because he suffered from the gout.
He stirred his pudding with a wish,
Saying "I do not want to feed ze fish."
And hearing orders from the bridge
Dived for safety in the fridge.
"Hurry you lubbers!" the bo'sun cried,
"We'll never make port for Xmas-tide.
If you want to hang up your little stocking,
You had better clear up this mess so shocking."
Just then appeared up in the sky
Santa and Rudolph riding by.
They threw up an anchor; rather comic,
And reached their port at speed atomic.

N. J. Hance, L.1

CYCLE TOUR

On Thursday, 7th August, at nine o'clock, four of us set out from Rye for an eleven day tour of Somerset and Devon. Our

first stage was to Brighton and we pitched camp for the night in pouring rain, near Shoreham bridge overlooked by Lancing College. Next day our route was along the north side of the Downs, passing through Steyning, made (in)famous by a certain member of the Upper School, Midhurst, where we saw the Cowdray Park polo grounds, and Petersfield. We camped for the night on the rather bare plateau outside Winchester. We spent the next morning exploring Winchester, and in the afternoon we climbed up on to Salisbury Plain, via the typical Hampshire villages of Nether, Middle and Over Wallop. After spending the night in a barn with some ancient sowing machines, we crossed the bare open Plain, with its military camps and tank runs, visiting Stonehenge, which was surprisingly smaller than we had expected.

That afternoon we entered Somerset, and passing through Frome and Shepton Mallet, we camped in a beautiful little hamlet outside Wells. The next morning we visited Wells Cathedral, seeing the unusual architectural structures, and the clock with its famous quarter-boys. We then visited Cheddar Gorge, but we were greatly disappointed, for it had been commercialized and had the garish atmosphere of a sea-side resort. During the afternoon we crossed the Bridgwater Marshes, catching a glimpse of Wales across the Bristol Channel, and we camped for the night in the Wantock Hills.

The next day we encountered the most picturesque scenery of the whole tour. Our route lay along the Exmore coast road and with the sweeping beauty of the moor on one side and the rugged grandeur of the cliffs on the other, all bathed in glorious sunshine, the scene was one of inexpressible beauty. We passed through Porlock and Lynmouth and as we toiled up a 1 in 4 out of the latter, we little thought that this village of bubbling cataracts, rocky streams and steep overhanging cliffs, would in four days be devastated. The following day we visited Clovelly, which is a village of half-timbered shops and houses, clustering about a narrow length of cobbled steps, which run steeply from the cliff-top to the shore, where donkeys are the only form of transport.

Leaving Clovelly, we crossed into Cornwall, and took the main road to Okehampton. We travelled through the middle of Devon, passing through the market towns of Halsworthy and Hatherleigh, and it was on a farm in this region that we had difficulty with the dialect and some plumbing of ancient vintage. We passed through Okehampton next morning on the edge of Dartmoor, and took the main road to Exeter, encountering a new form of Transport Café which possessed only two cups and three glasses. Passing through bomb-stricken Exeter, we took the coast road to Lyme Regis, thinking, in all innocence,

that this was the quickest route, but after struggling up four 1 in 5 hills we were rather disillusioned. We passed through Lyme Regis next morning in torrential rain which lasted all day, and then headed for Dorchester. Voicing uncomplimentary comments on Dorset gradients and weather, we entered Dorchester and found that the roads were now surprisingly flat. That evening, after traversing seven miles of Bournemouth suburbs, we found an old granary in which to spend the night.

The next day we set out for Brighton, passing through the beautiful New Forest, and getting completely lost in Southampton. That night we camped on the same site at Shoreham, and traversed the last few miles to home the following day.

Our accidents were one puncture, two brake cables, and one broken pedal. The whole tour was completely enjoyed by all, although the weather was not all it could have been, but nevertheless we all had a very enjoyable holiday at the cost of two pounds ten shillings per person.

D. Jackson, U.VI

A FLYING SCHOLARSHIP

I had been awarded a Flying Scholarship and needless to say I was thrilled at the idea of becoming a pilot. Nevertheless, on the day I made my way to Shoreham Airport I felt rather nervous, and I wondered rather vaguely what the flying would seem like during the 30 hours flying time allotted. Not that I had never been airborne before but because flying in an Anson is not unlike riding on the top deck of a ten-decker bus, if there was such a thing, and I knew that flying instruction would be totally different and would require unceasing concentration. They say that people are either born to fly or not. I wondered which category I would come under.

I reported to the C.F.I. (chief flying instructor), or rather the only flying instructor, and I must admit that my previous ideas of the man who would teach me to fly did not tally with the man to whom I was speaking. He was barely five feet tall, grey haired, bow legged and sixty two years old, and I thought that maybe he could teach me the art of camel riding quite as well as that of flying. However I was somewhat cheered when I heard that he had taught the famous Alcock to fly and that he had been a crazy flier in his time.

I was shown over the aircraft, a Miles Magister, which I was to fly. The two open cockpits were arranged in tandem, and you can talk to one another by means of the intercom.

My first few flights seemed really enjoyable. I was shown how to fly straight and level, to do simple turns and how to climb at the correct speed and glide at the correct angle, and so far so good. I was doing fine. My instructor seemed really helpful, but you must realize that all the time he had been "on the

controls" with me and his voice as it came over the intercom was telling me exactly what to do.

I soon found myself practising landings and take-offs or what is known as circuits. My instructor became more strict and by then he seemed to think that I should know most of what I had been taught and I was pulled up for every slight mistake which I made. No longer did he stay on the controls with me but he just sat in his cockpit and let me do the flying. If there had been anything which would have pleased him I should have liked to have known what it was. All the time the slipstream curled round my neck, down the back of my flying suit right down to my feet. I felt miserably cold, my brain was almost numb, and the whole time my instructor was bawling over the intercom—"Get your nose down, watch your height, trim your tail, keep your eye on the revs, and now turn in to land." I barely heard him but automatically I cut my engine and kept the nose up to let the speed drop. When the A.S.I. indicated 80 m.p.h. I put the flaps down and the nose dropped into the gliding attitude. I turned towards the airfield and immediately I realised I would undershoot. I saw my instructor shake his head which was just visible in the front cockpit and almost despairingly at not being able to please him, I was slow to react until I was nearly deafened by—"Open up your engine you ——fool!" I slammed the throttle forward, the engine roared with power. I eased the stick back and we did our best to miss some telegraph wires, and then safely over the boundary. I throttled back and put the nose down again. The ground rushed up to meet us and I levelled out gently. I thought it would be a perfect landing but not so, we were still 6 feet off the ground instead of the correct 6 inches.

At what I thought was the correct moment, I stalled the machine. There was a deathly hush and then we dropped. The undercarriage creaked and groaned as we struck terra firma and we bounced many millimeters into the atmosphere only to return to the former and eventually rattle to a halt. My instructor still bawled at me and more or less convinced me that I was useless. I wondered if I would ever make a pilot. I was relieved when he said that we would have lunch and try some more afterwards, at least it would be a rest.

It is a common joke that flying instructors always choose a time after a meal to do some aerobatics and mine was no exception. I was put through a solid hours spinning and stalling after lunch followed by more circuits. I had done about 6½ hours flying, and by then, although I had tried hard, I seemed to be a failure. That afternoon I felt sick from the aerobatics and for once in my life I hated flying. Then after having done several circuits my instructor said to me, "I'll taxi in and get out and

you can go solo. You can do it if you want to—I know you can”. This came as a surprise but it regained me my confidence. I did it alright and it was a glorious experience not to be able to see that head in the front cockpit and no longer be told off for making mistakes. From then on I flew solo for most of the time. My instructor came up with me on rare occasions to teach me some new manoeuvres and then he would tell me to practise it alone.

The time went too quickly after that and I found that it had been worth all the trouble. A cross country flight to Thruxton where I landed, on to Portsmouth to land again and then along the coast to Shoreham; after this a general flying test with my instructor and I found I had gained my Private Pilot's Licence.

With the spare hour which I had left on October 17th I flew home to see what Rye and particularly R.G.S. looked like from up top but not satisfied with that I finished with a low level “beat up” of the school at 100 feet, but hold your tongues about that—regulations state that there shall be no flying below 1000 feet over built-up areas !

D. A. J. Caister

How many childhood memories, sweet themes,
Lost in the swelling concert of our lives
Return a haunting echo to our ears :
So in the desolate grey winter's eclipse
A dream of generous summer past translates
The fading vision of a tufted copse
Where cold wet fingers reach to sullen clouds ;
Ours is a fatal winter, moaning month,
Our summer glare, once spent, is over, dark
And blind, our lives are onward pressing, dim,
A journey never seen again once done.
God give us grace to grasp what joy we can
That when our year is travelled we may sit
And firegaze on summer's lushness gone.

John Mason

DUSK

The dusk thickens, and the crows make wing to the rooky wood
And the roaring tractor stills its busy pace across the darkening fields.

There by the farm a twinkling light shines out
And night the peace and calm contentment shields.
O God, why to this ordered state of man
Should come such evils to pollute its good.
Why, where now there lies a still and happy land
Should sickening chaos turn it all to blood ?
The answer is not here : but still

We live and fight and die
For that dear freedom which we call our own
And yet is not here : and we must wait and search for evermore,
For that lost flower of peace that once had grown.

Mark Saville

On being away from School during an Autumn Term

It was just one of those comfortable sort of illnesses which involved no more than keeping warm. I chuckled to myself every morning behind a breakfast tray at the thought of the rest of the school turning out into the bitter November cold.

Enforced idleness of this kind usually gives one an opportunity to get one's reading up-to-date. Although I read and re-read innumerable old Meccano Magazines and Eagles, I soon found two or three days of this brought boredom.

Looking for alternatives, I found what proved to be a real treasure. Some fond relatives, must have been years ago, had evidently produced it at Christmas, no doubt with the hope of keeping me quiet. It was the sort of thing that one glances at on receipt amongst all the many more exciting parcels at that season. Now I viewed it in a different light.

Most people, young and old, enjoy cutting out and pasting together to make something which is displayed for a while, gathers dust and before long helps to kindle the fire. But this was different.

A miniature theatre with plays and pantomimes to perform. Mr. J. B. Priestley was sufficiently interested to write a special play, “The High Toby” for it, not to mention Mr. Shakespeare's “Hamlet.” Surely neither Mr. Darby nor Miss Turner would think that I was wasting my time. What a comfortable thought.

Alas, I have recovered all too quickly for “High Toby” and “Hamlet,” but two or three miniature plays are now in production. The critical dress-rehearsals passed off with only one or two minor hitches. If the lights fused and Sir Claude Chanticleer fell out of the tree into the jaws of Mr. Fox it will not happen again I hope. My brother and I gave the first public performance on the evening before my return to school seemed inevitable. It was so well received by the critics that we are fired with determination to get “The High Toby” or “Hamlet” under rehearsal for Christmas.

Thanks to the breakdown of the heating system at school considerably more progress has been made, but I am sure those leaking pipes will be mended only too quickly.

The days passed quickly, cutting out, sticking on, mounting on wood, learning the stage directions and devisings coloured lighting for the various sets.

One cannot hope for it to happen again, but if it began to
snow and snow and snow . . .

Peter Robinson, M.2

THE WOODS AT MEREWORTH

If on a summer's afternoon you wish to 'scape
The toil and bustle of the humdrum world,
Then come with me—I'll lead you to a place
Where peace eternal reigns the whole year through.
There you may walk content by murmuring streams
That trickle on their way. Or if you choose,
Sit on a mossy bank and marvel at
The beauty of the sun upon the leaves
Which rustle slightly in the breeze.
The calm tranquility is emphasized
By a distant tractor's hum;
While on a bough nearby a joyous bird
Carols his sweet notes, and other birds
Join in the chorus, swell the symphony.
Sweet purple heather grows here in profusion
Amidst the peaceful setting—so unlike
The rugged Scottish hills, its natural home.
A dragonfly flits past with flashing hue.
Soft ferns sway gently with the breeze ;
The bracken golden-hued with curled fronds
Whispers secrets to the birds and trees.
In spring the beds of virgin primroses
Lie undisturbed amongst the glossy moss ;
And little violets show their modest heads.
And in the autumn one can gather nuts
So sweet and ripe that heavenly ambrosia
Could not be sweeter. E'en lusty winter
With his blustering winds cannot disturb
The beauty of these woods, he leaves a snowy mantel,
And the trees are edged with frost ;
But the beauty still remains.
This little paradise unspoilt by man
Can never die—for beauty cannot die,
And so there lives eternity on earth.

Sybil Warner, L.VI

TAILPIECE

No parties, no games ;
Bed early, remember !
No campfire, no flames,
No P.T. . . .

November,

Defunct in dismay
Our spirits won't quicken
This bleak Christmas Day
As we deal with the chicken.
Despondent, (our Yule log
no more than an ember),
Deflated
Demoralised,
Devitalised, . . .
December.

J. F. Burke

News from Old School Magazines, 1909—1911

A selection of extracts from old School Magazines is given here below. We think comment is unnecessary, for you will make your own :—

Summer 1909—"We have now a large number of cyclists in the School, and the evening runs make a welcome change from the incessant, though very necessary, cricket practice.

With a new School so perfectly fitted and equipped as ours, it is only to be expected that we should at first attract a large number of visitors: in fact, the Board of Education has, in more than one case, advised Educational Authorities to visit us before undertaking the building and equipment of new schools.

Nellie Haydon and Herbert Dunster, scholars in the school, successfully passed the Qualifying Examination for Pupil Teachers in May. After this Term they will join the Staff of the Rye Council School.

Summer 1910—

Subject Reports

Needlework—During the year gloves and mittens were knitted by the younger girls, and fancy pinafores and camisoles made by the elder girls.

Form III. Geometry—The work is entirely practical, with the object of deducing simple geometrical truths. A good beginning in cardboard modelling has been made.

Drawing in Form III was for the most part confined to silhouettes and plants; while in the lower forms attention has been to straight lines and simple curves, with due attention to proportion.

By the courtesy of the Mayor of Rye (Councillor J. Adams) a few of the elder girls enjoyed on Monday, 11th July, a trip up the Rother in his steam-launch at the invitation of Nellie Jenkins, who provided a picnic tea at Newenden.

School Caps.

We would earnestly request parents to burn old School Caps and not give them away. It is not in the interest of the School that the gamin of Rye should be seen in Old School Caps.

Summer 1911—

Free Place Examinations

The annual examination for Free Places was held on July 6th. There were eight places offered for competition, for which 10 girls and 22 boys entered.

The Examiner reported that the papers worked were of a very poor quality indeed.

Christmas 1911—

The Play—One dull, damp November evening, a party of 18 girls and boys, under the guardianship of a Mistress and an Old Boy, betook themselves to Hastings. We were a merry party, bent on enjoyment, in fact the boys in the next compartment to the one I travelled in were overcome with hilarity, in a positive abandonment of mirth. But there was good reason for their excitement! Were we not going to the Theatre? And was it not for most of us our first visit to the play? And it is hard to believe that even the most hardened playgoer could resist the bewitchment of Puck and the fairies in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." So we were all agog with expectation, which Mr. F. R. Benson's Company amply fulfilled.

Christmas 1912—

Theatre Notes.

On Thursday, November 14th, a party was arranged by the Headmaster to see Milton's "Comus" and the "Comedy of Errors." There being no late trains from Hastings, a conveyance was engaged. Fifteen of us, in the care of the Headmaster and Miss Clarke, met at Wright and Pankhurst's at 5.30 and were soon on our way, a very merry party. Rye was soon left behind and then the fun began. One boy had thoughtfully provided himself with a tin whistle, and two solos were given, to the great amusement of the party. The time passed all too quickly, we found that we had reached White Hart Hill when it seemed as if we had only been on the road half-an-hour. It was evident, that although the two horses had taken us up the well-known "Winchelsea Hill," we could not expect nor wish them to take us up this one. So everybody got out and walked. At the top we clambered into the conveyance, and we reached Hastings in good time, so that we had no rush to get to the theatre where the play began at 8 o'clock.

OLD SCHOLARS' NEWS

Patsy Payne at Shenstone is specialising in Geography and Needlework. She prefers village children to the town variety. Richard Shearcroft (1935-40) wrote from York. He hopes to design large structures for I.C.I. and his family look forward to living in Redcar. Robin Shepherd is to be congratulated on obtaining his National Certificate in Civil Engineering, a fitting reward after many journeys to Brighton. Another National Certificate, in Electrical Engineering, has been won by K. Standen who has studied at Hendon Technical College. The last news of Clive Turner was that he was undergoing (correct word I believe) Marine Commando Training near Plymouth and expects to go to Egypt. Tony Smith has been accepted by C.A.C.T.M. He will go first to London to complete his B.Sc. degree after which it will be 2 years theological training at Oxford or Cambridge. In the meantime he's earning a lot of money testing motors. Maurice Stunt sent details of his work at Reading with advice for those contemplating studying Agriculture there. He had met Paige and White. Gordon Braine has been appointed Chief Assistant at the Portsmouth Library. He and Dinah are solving the housing problem by building a place of their own.

Mr. Broome, all will be glad to hear, has recovered from his illness and is happily engaged on research work into Monmouth's rebellion. 'Riz' a Methodist he's very concerned at finding himself in one of the highest of High Anglican parishes with a history back to the Oxford Movement. Stanley Chappell wrote from Cyprus and Egypt. He was very busy but looking forward to release in December and a restart in more constructive work. A long letter came from Keith Thompson very full of his life and work at Worcester Training College though he misses the parades and the 'spit and polish.' He is specialising in Science, has learnt to study again and has joined the S.C.M. He enjoys the complete freedom allowed in the College.

Olga Clark, as we should expect, writes and speaks enthusiastically of the Guildhall School of Music. She has had to travel daily but expects that won't go on for long. She met Norman Godden in the Tube. She leads a busy life what with her singing, the piano and going to Concerts at the Albert Hall and Royal Festival Hall, in particular the Vaughan Williams birthday celebration. John Milham is also in London and attends the Poplar Technical College. He finds the homework a greater burden than ever!

P. D. Webb wrote from Somerset and the Headmaster promptly sent him Mr. Broome's address. He has visited many places of historical interest and is trying to interest his new Station in athletics. He is also attending evening classes in medical laboratory technology in preparation for his return to civil life and hopes to join the Scientific Civil Service. Robin Sutton wrote from Nairobi where she has rejoined her old school. She writes on such diverse matters as big game and Latin and had a most interesting voyage, Timothy's turn next! Tony Brett is at the Army Apprentices School at Arborfield and says he likes boarding school life. Nicholas Saville, now in a new University, classifies himself as a miscellaneous undergraduate! He is obviously enjoying not only his Mathematics but the social activities as well. We can well believe that he would put up a good show in the Fresher's Debate and he is another of a long list of undergraduates grateful for the preparation he received in the Sixth. Brian Hatter writes of the geographical advantages of Calshot over Northwood (where he is now). He has met Stunt and Wood and gave the news that David has decided to stay in the R.A.F. Regt. at least another year.

Both Barbara and Pamela Brett have called at school recently. Barbara has completed her training at Carshalton and is now Reg. S.C.N., while Pamela at the end of her time in Bristol has passed her National Nursery Examination. Hugh Fennell now at the Skinners School Tunbridge Wells writes to say that he expects to be 1st or 2nd in his form at the end of the first term there and on the strength of it wishes all his old friends at R.G.S. a Happy Christmas. Monica Partleton at the Philippa Fawcett T.C. is in her last year specialising in infant teaching. In one of her teaching practices she met a small boy who bit his toe nails!

Marie Phillips (Hoad) from her own village lives just opposite the College and she also gives the news that Glass is stationed near Salisbury. An extract from a long letter from R. Avery, once of Peasmarsh now in Victoria B.C. is given elsewhere. Dawn Baker writes to say that she has obtained a post with a firm of Chartered Accountants in Hastings, Valerie Symonds has passed into the Civil Service, while Carolyn Allen (who sent a fine book for the library) is trying to obtain a post in a public library.

Among recent visitors to the School are George Hickman just returned from Canada where he passed out 1st in his Pilot's Training Course. He hopes to obtain a permanent commission. Kenneth Howlett from Malaya, who hopes to obtain a post abroad. R. Peacock who has since been commissioned in the R.A.F., George Roberts who has returned to the Drainage Board after two years in the R.E.s, B. Apps still with Phoenix, Margaret

Carter who has enjoyed her first term at Eastbourne T.C., C. Godden, R.N., Margaret Crowther full of her first term at Chelsea!

At a recent A.T.C. Party there were many Old Scholars including G. Fowle on leave from R.A.C., June Fellows after her first term at Avery Hill where she is specialising in sculpture, M. Doust on leave from R.N., Pamela Blackhall after her first term at Gipsy Hill, Peter Barry, still cooking at Hastings, Jimmy Davies now at Ardingly, J. Dunster and David Thomas who hopes to pass out well at Cranwell as he's been high on the terminal list. He brought the good news that Patrick Lewis had passed out 3rd in his term and was actually top in Aero. Science thus receiving the Fellowes Memorial Prize.

A happy New Year to all the above and also to those old scholars who rarely appear by name because living in the neighbourhood they are often seen. A special word this time to Will Dunlop, the indefatigable Secretary of the O.S.A., Basil Jones who is often at School with his car, and Geoffrey Smith who has taken such an interest in our young bellringers and who read the lesson on behalf of Old Scholars at the Carol Service.

Pamela Whiting writes to say that she is engaged to a quasi-Yorkshireman who lives in Whitby. She hopes to be married in August and to live in Harrow where her future husband works as a Surveyor. Ken Rook is engineering in the Gold Coast. He has not written but his sister Helen tells us that his fiancée, Molly Clout of Beckley recently flew out to him to be married. So remembering Bedford days there is now no fear that Ken will jump on a plane or stowaway on a boat to get back to Rye!

Christmas Cards were received from R. J. Morris (the first to arrive, from Malaya), Joyce Braley, Patsy Payne, Joy Traynor, (W.R.A.C.), G. Burt, Pat and Rosalie Green, Jean Pope, Gillian Pratt, Monica Partleton, D. Tickner (39 Sqd. R.A.F.), D. Cooke, (Mid. R.N.), Doris Smith, Helen Gill, June Fellows, D. Thomas (Cranwell), T. Law (Binbrook), W. H. Goodwin, Nicholas Saville, Doreen Robinson (Standen), Ronald Peacock, Keith Cook, Keith Thompson, D. Clayson, Stella Killick, B. Apps, K. Standen (R.A.F. Digby), The Douglasses, Mr. & Mrs. Broome, Noreen Laird (Baker), John Pulford, Joy Batehup and Michael Barclay.

Miss Fairbanks, Robin Dent, J. Mewse, Bill and Dinah Hartill, the Morgans, Mr. George Allides from Nicosia, Jean Smith (Birmingham Orthopaedic), P. H. Lewis (now Pilot Officer), Brian Dawson, Pamela and Barbara Brett, Daphne Weeks (Gt. Ormond Street), Pamela Whiting, Pauline Baker, Olive Smith (Nonington), Bob Burnett (Southsea), Norman Godden. P. Bryant (R.A.F. Egypt), Elsie Lapworth (U.C. Hospital).

H. Avery writes from Victoria B.C. :—

. . . As compared with Major Kimpton, Ernest Fuller and others, I'm not sure I can qualify as an "Old Boy." However, like them, I too have very pleasant memories of the Old School of 1904-06, the Headmaster then being the late J. M. Jenkins, or "Mollie" as he was affectionately referred to (out of hearing of course!).

I have before me a copy of my brother's last report (E. W. Avery) 1894 and note each subject is listed with the percentage obtained in each, this very enlightening form had been discontinued in my time as I find my last merely gives the aggregate in all subjects 96%, and it would be interesting to learn the method now in use!

I also have a program of the play "Puss-in-Boots" at Christmas '04, and wonder how many of the following participants are still in touch with the School :—H. Amon, H Attwood, S. J. Gasson, W. A. Foster, W. F. L. Jenkins, A. Neeves, P. H. Bowen, R. O. Bishop, A. W. Crisford, G. Barling, the latter being my brother-in-law and now living in Winchelsea.

Three things "stand out" in my memory of the old school days :—

1. That school opened and closed with a hymn (E. Field, Organist) with the Head-Master keeping a keen ear for any "breaking" voice, which on detection was ordered not to sing, and this followed by Prayers.

2. That the cane hung in a conspicuous place over the Head-Master's desk and that corporal punishment was only administered once in my experience, and an awesome and dreadful thing it was, the victim bent over the Master's desk before the entire school.

3. The chemistry classes were full of surprises, smells and sometimes explosions, the paraphernalia afterwards being used as a "model" for the free-hand drawing lesson.

I should like to hear that the first is normal procedure now and that Divinity (Bible Study) is also still a compulsory subject. While not a believer in too free use of the rod, the "respect" we had for it is sadly lacking in the schools out here, where its use is largely forbidden.

The combination of (3) had the excellent idea that no two students obtained the same viewpoint or angle and consequently could not "copy."

A deep sense of gratitude wells up in my heart to those patient souls who instructed us in those Christian principles the practice of which has done so much to make Our Nation and Commonwealth great and by their continuing in "First Place" will ensure we'll never be destroyed.

K. C. BECKERSON

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