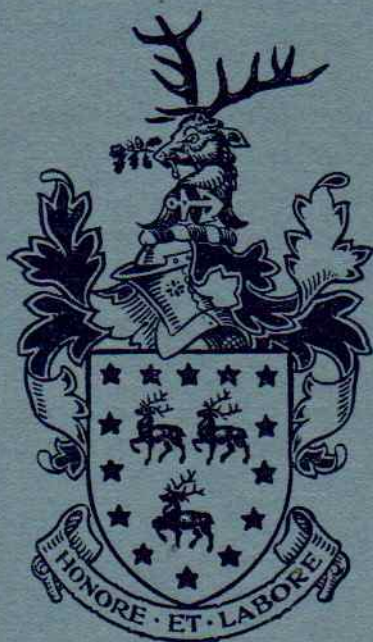


Roan

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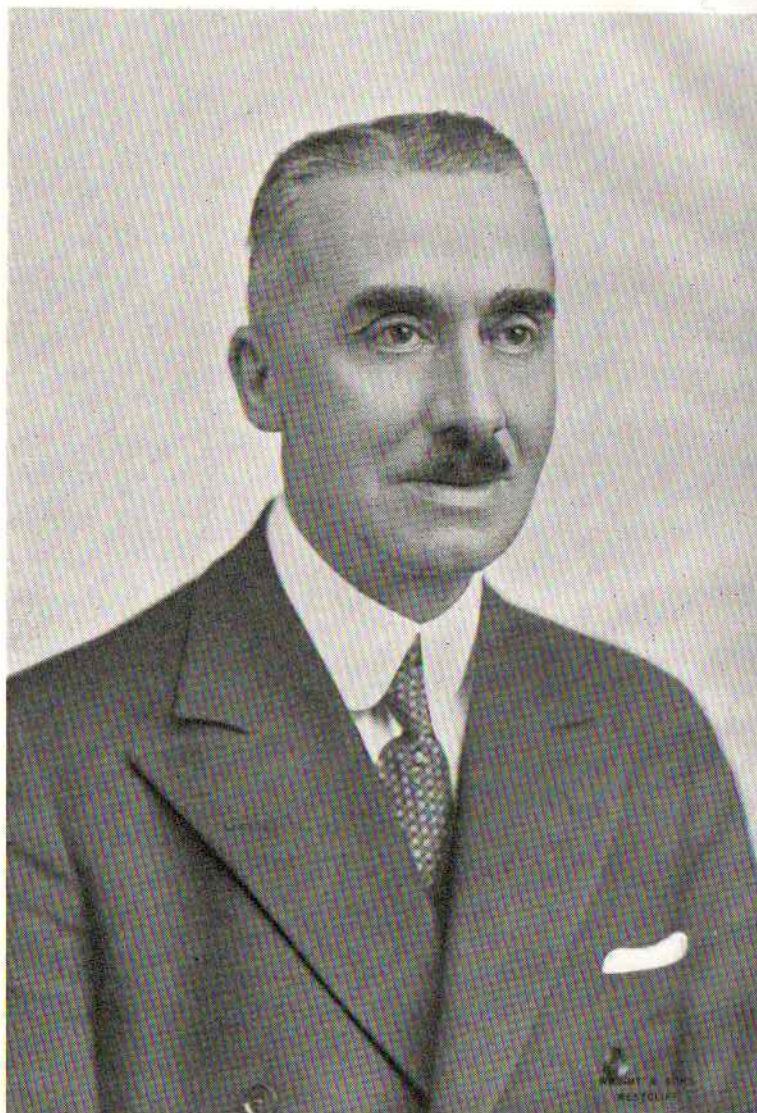
No. 85.

JULY, 1940.

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EDITOR - - - - W. W. POYSER.



J. AMESBURY, Esq., B.A., L.C.P.



No. 85]

JULY, 1940.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

In our second Term of Evacuation, we were subjected to the rigours of the severest winter within living memory, and have now seen the country at its best and its worst. Many boys have enjoyed the winter sports, and some have experienced the thrill of tobogganing for the first time. But on the other side, burst radiators at Rye Grammar School have caused us much discomfort and inconvenience, and with Influenza and German Measles, have handicapped us very considerably in our work.

* * *

The cold weather also provided one boy with a new excuse for not doing his homework, viz., "Because my hands were frozen."

* * *

We are very pleased to welcome back again amongst us Mr. W. E. Ashworth, who is taking charge of the Physical Training for the "duration," owing to the absence of Mr. P. M. Dyke, who answered the call of King and Country, and is now in the Army, "Somewhere in England."

* * *

Mr. J. Thorp, who was married during the Christmas Holidays, has been called up, and is having a strenuous time "Somewhere in England."

* * *

The Prize Distribution, which should have taken place before Christmas was held on Saturday, March 16th, at Bexhill-on-Sea. History was made on this occasion in both the Boys' School and the Girls' for it was a joint affair. The prizes were distributed by the Chairman of the Governors, Councillor H. W. H. Icough, to whom once again we are extremely grateful.

Owing to the state of the ground, very little football was possible, but in its place we have had very useful practice in cross country running.

* * *

After the above notes were written we have again migrated, this time to Ammanford and Llandeibie. We are still divided, but the distance between the Forms working in Llandeibie and those in Ammanford is only a matter of a mile or two. The difficulties are still many but not insuperable, and we are carrying on cheerfully. The boys are thoroughly happy, the Welsh people are kindness itself, and we are only worried by our long distance from London and the lack of adequate school accommodation. But these things may right themselves we hope.

* * *

Much of the matter printed in this issue refers to the Spring Term as well as the Summer. It was thought unnecessary to specify as the intelligence of Roan boys, both past and present, will enable them to differentiate.

★ ★ ★

Mr. J. AMESBURY.

It will come as a surprise to many old boys to hear that Mr. Amesbury retired from the service of the School in April last. The appreciations which follow are all by present or past members of the Staff.

What can one say in praise of Mr. Amesbury that has not already been said? We can tell of his great prowess as a teacher, his infinite capacity for taking pains, his charming personality, his unfailing good humour, his enthusiasm for everything he did and his capacity as a musician. These are all true and well deserved tributes. But above all I would praise him for his devotion to the Roan School. Though a man of many interests, Mr. Amesbury allowed nothing to displace the School in his affections. The School owes him a great debt which it can never repay, but one thing is certain, he has become a part of the tradition and history of the Roan School. There are those who knew "Joe" and there will be those who knew him not. The dividing line marks a period in the history of our School.

H. W. G.

In my 45 years' experience of teaching I have met a large number of schoolmasters but never another like Joe. Supremely confident in his own powers, he was ready to undertake any task suggested to him and appeared to be quite unaware of any reason

why he should not carry it through successfully. It is a great gift and possessed by few people.

In the history of the Roan School, Joe is unique.

G. R. P.

With the retirement of Mr. Amesbury the School loses one of the most striking personalities the Staff has ever known. He was indefatigable and was never daunted by any task imposed on him or which he voluntarily undertook. Such was the energy and time he devoted to them that his efforts were invariably rewarded by complete success. His management of young boys was uncanny and a source of envy to those of us not blessed with such equable temperaments. He has always taken a great interest in sport, he was a good shot, an expert yachtsman, by no means undistinguished on the football field, but it was as a pedestrian that he excelled.

Well, goodbye Joe! No more shall we sit round the Common Room fire having our legs pulled by your spinning of your mum-chance yarns. All of us—boys, old boys, masters past and present, will always have a warm corner in our hearts for you.

H. D. T.

Who could, can, or ever will be able to deal adequately with the achievements of one who will live in the hearts and minds of hundreds of old boys as "Joe"?

I cannot imagine any boy ever recalling anything about Mr. Amesbury but what is neat, careful, kindly, punctilious and true. His colleagues will treasure the memory of a man who was always loyal, always kindly, never wanting in any emergency and always ready to help anyone he could. He gave himself without stint to the service of the School and he has his reward in the respect and affection of all who were privileged to know him.

W. W. P.

Many years of association with "Joe" have shown us with what great honesty of purpose, ability, and tremendous zeal he has devoted himself to the interests of the School he has grown to love. He would never, in the words he so often used to the boys, "let the School down" and he will be greatly missed. As he must go, one is glad to be able to say, "Adieu, kind friend, Adieu."

W. A. A.

To J. Amesbury, a colleague who has always felt equal to any emergency and one who has never let himself down: "Hail and farewell."

"Age cannot wither . . . his infinite variety."

T. H. B.

It is now 20 years since I came to the Roan School, but it still seems like yesterday when first I saw the dominating form of Mr. Amesbury conducting the assembly of the Junior School in the old buildings in Eastney Street.

Thereafter, he seemed to take me under his wing and guidance and I was afforded many an opportunity of viewing his extensive grasp of professional methods and his deep insight into the psychology of the young. To see him conducting a class was a lesson in the art of the pædagogus; to hear him speaking to an anxious parent was an outstanding example of genial suavity and diplomacy.

It is only now, on his impending retirement, that I realise how much I, personally, am indebted, and how much the Roan School, past and present, owes to our "Joe."

W. P.

"Roan School boys never let me down," Joe has said for nearly three decades, to my knowledge. And Joe is right, for he has that quality of so identifying himself with the boys that to let him down is to dishonour themselves. He has done much to modernize that road, built by John Roan three centuries ago, of which we sing in immortal cadences.

K. S. B.

When I heard that Mr. Amesbury was to retire, my first impulse was to exclaim, "Goodbye, Mr. Chips!" But a moment's reflection showed me that the comparison was not altogether appropriate. Mr. Chips, on his first retirement, is depicted as in the first stages of senility, and clearly "past it"; he has become careless about matters of dress, and has only reached the rank of a housemaster in his school. None of this is true of Mr. Amesbury. Yet, on reaching retiring age, he occupies a position of distinction and affection no whit less than is attributed to Mr. Chips. Perhaps more than any other master he symbolises the Roan School in the thoughts of its old boys, and his colleagues would not grudge him the honour.

S. J. D. M.

Re "JOE."

It is as difficult to imagine the Roan School without Mr. Amesbury as it is to imagine London without the Thames. The circumstances are different, but I do not think that it would be possible to pay a more fitting tribute to Mr. Amesbury than by applying to him the words that Bassanio used when speaking of Antonio:

"The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best condition'd and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies; and one in whom,
The ancient Roman honour more appears,
Than any that draws breath in Italy."

G. C. W.

SCHOOL FOOTBALL.

<i>Captain</i>	R. J. KEMPTON.
<i>Vice-Captain</i>	E. D. LUSTED.
<i>Hon Secretary</i>	A. C. W. PEMBERTON.

Our football programme was drastically curtailed by the severe weather experienced during the first half of this Term. Instead of the one or two matches a week, as we were accustomed to at Blackheath, we have had to satisfy ourselves with but three games. The main difficulty, however, apart from the weather, was the fact that there are only a few football teams in Bexhill. One of our greatest regrets is that we were unable to arrange a match with our hosts—the County School—who kindly allowed us to use their best pitch for our home games.

The first match was against the "Hearts," on the Bexhill School pitch. Play was very even, the score at half-time being 0—0. Fast play again resulted in the second half but, about ten minutes from the end, our opponents twice broke away and scored. The final result was 2—0 in their favour.

School Team:—Norris; Ducker and Brooks; Howse, Pemberton; and Bishop; Roberts, Lusted, Trew, Kempton and McMenamin.

The second game was versus Louis G. Ford's, on their pitch at Collington Woods. The School started off at express speed, Kempton scoring in the first five minutes. Two minutes later we were two goals up, one of Ford's backs putting the ball in his own goal. Our opponents were now settling down, and had equalised within the next twenty minutes, scoring a further goal to be one up at half-time. On resuming, Trew equalised and put the School in the lead again by another goal ten minutes later. Ford's scored two quick goals, thus leading by 5—4. The best goal of the game then came from Lusted with only two minutes to go, thus making a draw of the match, each side having scored 5 goals.

Team:—Lewis; Brooks and Norris; Howse, Pemberton and Bishop; Roberts, Trew, Lusted, Kempton and McMenamin.

In the last match, we drew 3—3 with a Sidley XI on the Bexhill School field. Being three goals down at half-time, the School fought back and forced a draw, Trew and Kempton scoring and Lusted equalising from a penalty.

Team:—Lewis; Brooks and Norris; Barr, Pemberton and Howse; Roberts, Lusted, Trew, Kempton and Seymour.

SWIMMING.

Swimming Captain ... B. DUCKER.

Unfortunately Longhurst has left the School and the Swimming team has thereby sustained a great loss.

It has been difficult to continue swimming since our evacuation, but some boys were fortunate enough to have the use of private swimming pools whilst living at Ticehurst and Stonegate. During the winter months, swimming has been carried on at Hastings Baths. These baths differ from those we used at Greenwich, in that the water is slightly salt instead of being "fresh." However, this proved only a temporary handicap and was, indeed, a great aid to the several non-swimmers. Considering the weather conditions experienced, the attendances have been good.

With the approach of the summer months we hope to transfer our activities to Bexhill Baths. However, before then we must endeavour to improve and strengthen our swimming team. This can only be accomplished by enthusiasm on the part of the members. Swimmers and non-swimmers are reminded that there will always be in attendance at the baths, at the times appointed, somebody to coach you.

LIFE-SAVING.

Classes will be held as soon as enough boys are interested. The ability to rescue a person who is in difficulties in the water is a valuable and useful asset to any swimmer. It does not require a strong swimmer but it does need knowledge. It is possible that we shall form, during the summer, a Life-Guard Patrol for the beach.

We would like to thank Mr. Dalzell and Mr. Melvin for their continued guidance and enthusiasm.

B. J. D.

★ ★ ★

ATHLETICS AT BEXHILL.

Cross-country running has flourished at Bexhill in the latter half of the Spring Term. Our course of $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles is of very mixed country, including woodland, open fields and a muddy farmyard, and culminating in an uphill section over a newly ploughed field—the type of course, we could never find within ten miles of Maze Hill. Large "packs"—over forty on two occasions—have been practising this run in preparation for the Inter-House Races on March 11th and 14th, when we expect very interesting and close contests.

Training in track-running and field events is just beginning, and here the return of Mr. Ashworth is proving a great boon to us all. A Sports Meeting, of a modified kind, is to be held at the end of April, when Senior and under 15 events will be contested. It is a pleasant surprise to find that the eight Houses are sufficiently even in strength to make competition possible.

At Rye, training was in progress, and we hoped to carry out a Sports Programme in June, but the fates intervened and it was not to be.

S. J. D. M.

★ ★ ★

THE CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES AT BEXHILL.

December 20th—January 3rd.

If those of us who remained behind for the Christmas holidays expected to have a rather dull time, we were soon pleasantly disillusioned when we saw the varied and exciting programme which had been arranged for us. There was scarcely a day without "something different" and enjoyable.

The proceedings began quietly on Wednesday morning at the Sidley Hall, with two very interesting talks—one by Mr. Dalzell on Art, and one by Mr. Wheeler on his Canadian Tour. The afternoon was occupied by a hectic Beetle Drive at the Victoria Hall, in which Mr. Berry, after a preliminary biological introduction to the study of the beetle, kept us energetically knocking the spots off sixpennyworth of dice.

Having mastered the intricacies of a progressive game, we were able to enjoy an excellent Whist Drive the next morning in comparative calm, and we are glad to record that at the end, all the packs still had four aces each.

The afternoon, for those of us remaining at Bexhill, was passed away pleasantly with a few games.

A Carol Concert at the De la Warr Pavilion in the afternoon before Christmas, was opened to those who cared to attend, and most of Bexhill's new visitors were there to join in the singing.

After Boxing Day, a few quiet games were available for those not fortunate enough to go home for the Christmas weekend. These were in keeping with the rather bilious mood one usually associates with this day!

The next morning, a Film Show at the Sidley Hall provided a complete change. Mr. Parker had selected a varied and amusing programme, including some films by the Gas Company—rather surprisingly featuring Henry Hall—and one of the ever popular Charlie Chaplin, which caused great merriment.

The afternoon was occupied with a football match between two teams picked from those present.

Friday, December 29th, was a great day. The morning was passed quietly enough playing games. There seemed a great demand for Monopoly. The bankers were most efficient, and one wonders if we are entertaining unawares a future Chancellor of the Exchequer—or, perhaps, just a share-pusher?

The real fun began at 2 o'clock, when we were plunged at once into the thick of a real Christmas Party in the best tradition. As this is reported elsewhere, we will just record again how thoroughly we enjoyed ourselves. We should also like, once more, to thank the ladies most sincerely for providing us with such a "whopper banquet."

More good things were in store, for the next afternoon the B.A.T.S. (Bexhill Amateur Theatrical Society) gave the Roan girls and boys, with another school, a variety show. Everyone enjoyed it. The highlight was a song about Hitler and the Nazi leaders. The programme also included a tap dancer, sketches and other dances, which were remarkably well executed on the small stage.

Our little band spent New Year's morning at a film show kindly provided by the Ritz Cinema. We saw "The Prince and the Pauper" and a very amusing Silly Symphony.

Whether because of our reputation for gentlemanly behaviour or because of Mr. Berry's charming manner and honest face, we don't know, but the fact remains we were given the best seats in the Cinema.

On Tuesday morning, we had a merry Progressive Games Drive at Victoria Hall. It might be described as a riot of skill, intelligence and plain luck, and certainly tested our abilities in the most varied ways—from ski-ball to anagrams.

We had another of our film shows in the afternoon, and again Mr. Parker had secured a good programme including an ancient and very amusing film depicting a Trip to Mars. The contrast with modern sound films seemed to provide much merriment.

Our cup of happiness was still not full, for the next day the Forsyth Players kindly offered us seats for their play, "If I were You", by P. G. Wodehouse, and never let it be said that the Roan Boys have yet refused anything! We thoroughly enjoyed ourselves, and the sale of ice cream reached a new high level for the De la Warr Pavilion.

Those of us who stayed here for Christmas and shared in all these amusements, would like to express our appreciation of the tremendous amount of work done by Mr. Parker and Mr. Berry in organising a programme so brim full of good things. Their kindly help and companionship helped to make a holiday, which

otherwise might have been very miserable, into a thoroughly enjoyable and merry Christmas.

Thank you, Mr. Parker and Mr. Berry.

R. K. N.

★ ★ ★

THE SCHOOL XMAS PARTY.

We might well take as the motto of our Xmas Party these beautiful lines from "Comus":

"Meanwhile welcome joy and mirth,
Midnight shout and revelry."

Milton seems to have made a mistake in the time but all great men are absent-minded. An exception to this rule, however, was our "Master of the Revels", Mr. Berry, whose inexhaustible repertoire of games, and whose careful arrangements, made the party go with a swing. We were much in the position of the rustics "rang'd around" the village schoolmaster in the "Deserted Village":

"And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew."

The first game was rather ambiguously described on the programme as, "Go to ———," (No, my gentle readers! You are wrong). The game consisted of several list of stations, each one containing a clue which led the traveller to the next list and one stage further on his journey. These lists were pinned up in different and inconvenient parts of the hall and the traveller who, after following the directions through all the lists, first discovered his final destination, was the winner. One list caused much trouble, as it was pinned upside down near the floor. The only satisfactory way of reading it was by standing on the head in imminent danger of being torpedoed without warning by some other over-enthusiastic traveller. Happily, the Admiralty is able to state that the only casualty was the loss of the "Equilibrium."

"Musical Nuts" was the next game. An ever diminishing number of chestnuts were placed in a heap in the middle of the floor. The company walked round in a circle to music; when the music stopped all had to dive in, and anyone who failed to capture a nut, had to retire. What a confusion of seventy arms, bodies and legs! The joys of Rugby football pale before it. Such was the intricacy of the situation that it is authoritatively stated that one boy blew another boy's nose in the erroneous supposition that it was his own. The only serpent in this Eden was the disappointment caused by the unsuitability of radiators for cooking chestnuts.

A drawing team game was followed by "Tradettes", and this by "Opposites" in which efforts were made to separate the sheep from the goats. As the herd instinct prevailed in nearly every case, we decided that all the competitors must be in the same category, but which it was, my tact restrains me from saying. There was, of course, "Musical Chairs", without which, no Xmas party would be complete. The winner was sent to Coventry because someone in the same billet disclosed that he had been taking iron tonic, and a magnet was discovered concealed under the seat of the last chair.

Then came the tit-bit of the entertainment—a performance of the Radio game, "I want to be an Actor." Great minds sat in strenuous conclave the night before to produce the script and, as it seems a pity that such a masterpiece should be lost to the world, I give it here.

DIRTY WORK AT THE CUDDLING-CUM-CUDDLEBURY FARM.

Characters:

SIR JASPER	<i>The Villian.</i>
DANDELION	<i>A sweet young thing.</i>
JOLLY JACK THE SAILOR			<i>The Hero.</i>
NOISES OFF	<i>All done by kindness.</i>

SCENE....A room in the old farmhouse.

TIME.—The time is Summer, but Sir Jasper has sent several cart-loads of snow so that he can do the throwing-out in traditional style.

MUSIC.—(Rended-sorry, rendered by Lieut. Charles Witten-rude interpolation from L. J. B.).

Enter *Dandelion* to sweet and soul searing strains of music—played—Rubarto glissando ad libitum.

Dandelion.—Alas! the dread hour has come! To-day I must decide! Either I must marry the wicked *Sir Jasper* or my aged parents will be turned out into the cold, cold snow. For fifty years they have tilled these humble fields and cared for these homely domestic animals.

Noises Off.—Makes a noise of a cow, and pig and a duck registering sympathy.

Dandelion.—My heart will break!

Noises Off.—Was to make appropriate noise by bursting bag. Unfortunately, at the performance, *Dandelion* misread the line as, "My heart is torn in twain." With lighting intuition, *Noises Off* substituted an appropriate sound, not, I fear, without disastrous consequences to the tail of his shirt.

Dandelion.—Would that my sailor boy were here to rescue me!

Music—Hornpipe a long way off.

Enter *Sir Jasper* to music played—stringendo! sostenuto! a poco a poco!

Sir Jasper.—Ha. At last I have you in my power! On the stroke of eleven the mortgage expires. List!

Noises Off.—The clock by some miscalculation only struck ten but after being prompted by *Sir Jasper* the mistake was corrected. (—but then Mr. Dyke never could count.—L. J. B.).

Sir Jasper.—Now you must be mine! Ha! Ha! Ha! (Last Ha! very sinister indeed).

Dandelion.—I cannot bear to leave my favourite cow, Cissie.

Noises Off.—Makes a noise like a fire engine.

Sir Jasper.—Thunder and blazes! To-day you will be my bride!

Dandelion.—(Agonisedly) No! no!

Sir Jasper.—Yes! Yes!

Dandelion.—No! no! a thousand times no!

I'd rather die than say yes.

They struggle to music played—Accelerando grazioso, with ottava brasso or maestoso presto—according to taste.

Sir Jasper.—Blistered mahogany! Who comes here!

Enter *Jolly Jack the Sailor* to the music of the hornpipe now much nearer and played—staccato with great giusto.

Jolly Jack.—Fan me with a flat iron! What have we here?

Sir Jasper.—Confusion! Be off churl or my servants will sew up your socks with a spanner!

Jolly Jack.—Soap my singlet with a sausage! Unhand her villain! (They struggle to music—Descrescendo! Expressivo!) Take that! . . . and that! . . . and that! Here is the money for the mortgage. Now do not darken our doors again.

Sir Jasper.—Curses! and exit.

Music becomes very pianissimo.

Dandelion.—At last we can be married.

Jolly Jack. Hark to the little birds!

Noises Off.—Makes noises of at least six different birds simultaneously in competition with "The Wedding March" thumped on the piano.

All exit happily for ever after—and the audience.

In the language of dramatic criticism, Cranefield gave a sensitive interpretation of the character of *Sir Jasper*; Williams had a natural aptitude for the part of *Dandelion*; Harris made an excellent *Jolly Jack the Sailor* on account of his buoyant nature; and "Noises Off" has since been commandeered as an air raid siren.

Tea, very kindly provided by the Masters' Wives, was a great success. It is astonishing the hidden talent that there is in

unexpected places. I once attended a dinner where I was entertained by a conjurer. On his entry he carried a stick . . . a few well chosen words, and Lo! . . . it was gone. Tumblers, billiard balls, handkerchiefs, and old boots, disappeared before our eyes. I thought at the time that this was rather remarkable, but after witnessing the performance of Roan boys at the tea, I realise that he was but a beginner in the art of making things disappear. Plates of cakes, piles of sandwiches, and pots of tea vanished into thin air as if by magic. However, as even the Flood eventually dried up, so the furious appetites were eventually satisfied, and after food for the body, there followed food for the brain.

The next item was an Intelligence Bee—Masters and Wives v. Boys. The result was a draw; but I heard afterwards, a not unfounded criticism, that all the easy questions were reserved for the Staff and the whole thing was a "put-up" job. (This is a libel—didn't I ask Mr. Kirby who was Mickey Mouse's dog—and did he know? And didn't I anticipate that Miss Parker, being the daughter of Mr. Parker, would not know that oil was lighter than water?—L. J. B.). The question as to which member of the Staff had a nick-name derived from a species of tobacco had everyone guessing. However, the noises off to soothe the nerves of those who had failed to beat Mr. Parker, the keeper of the stop watch, were enthusiastically performed by a unique combination of musical instruments—a clarinet and two motor-horns.

(Mr. Witten obviously knew his raspberries—sorry! onions.—L. J. B.).

The concluding stage of the entertainment was a sing-song with solo turns. The Director of Music wore an elegant top hat which was reported to have once belonged to Mr. Amesbury, who has discarded it because he was being constantly mistaken for the original Johnnie Walker. The rumour has, however, been emphatically denied by high diplomatic circles in London. Mr. Dyke gave an original monologue entitled, "Albert and the Lion" to an exquisite rendering of "The Bee's Wedding" on the piano. Walker rendered, "Red Sails in the Sunset" on the mouth organ.

While he was playing I heard certain wheezing, hissing and bubbling sounds which I thought were due to incomplete mastication of the instrument. However, I was later assured that the artist was completing the descriptive picture by adding the sounds of the wind passing through the sails and the water gurgling past the prow.

So, to the strains of "Auld Lang Syne," there ended a very happy party, that had brought to many who were far from home, the spirit of Xmas.

G. C. W. with improvements by L. J. B.

SNOW!

It was, I believe, just after Christmas that we had any snow worth troubling about, and, when the boys who were lucky enough to get back to London for a few days, had returned, all that remained of the blizzard was a few piles of dirty-looking slush at the street corners.

For a week or two the weather remained cold and windy, there being no sign whatever of snow.

Then it came!

On a rather dreary Tuesday afternoon, visibility was suddenly cut down to about hundred yards by a whirling snow-storm.

Those stalwarts of the Aristotelian Society who stayed on that Tuesday evening to the meeting cycled or trudged home with difficulty through a silent, white countryside, where the only moving things appeared to be the scurrying snow-flakes.

At nine o'clock that evening the snow was, "deep and crisp and even!"

When we awoke in the morning we were greeted by an amazing sight. There were no hedges, no pathways, and the curbs seemed to have been lost altogether. Belisha beacons, lamp-posts, and pillar-boxes seemed to have been foreshortened by a couple of feet. The "beacons" were distinguished by each one wearing a neat little white beret, and it was found to be impossible to open many front doors.

That morning there was not one caller or tradesman that dared plough his way to the door; everything and everybody seemed to stand still; that is, everybody except one!

At about a quarter to twelve there was a prolonged ringing of the door-bell. On opening the front door I was greeted by the benign, steaming countenance of the school captain, who, clad (in my opinion) in about three overcoats, two scarves, and a pair of gumboots, smilingly informed me that there was to be no school that afternoon. Adding the somewhat unnecessary footnote "on account of snow," he waded solidly away into the frozen wastes.*

*This passage should have been "blue-pencilled!"—K. H. W.

There being no school, we went for a walk along the sea-front after dinner. The beach resembled some bleak corner of Baffinland. The black swell, as though hampered by the grip of the frost, rolled slower towards the white shore, and the appearance of a few penguins would have completed the illusion.

A barrage of snowballs met us as we turned into Devonshire Road. The sides of the ensuing pitched battle seemed to be the Royal Air Force versus a muscular contingent of Roan boys.

Transport was impossible for the next few days, and I believe skiers were being pulled down Western Road behind cars.

An enterprising milkman had fitted runners to one of his carts, and these proved to be more suitable than wheels.

The next fortnight was, for cyclists especially, a time (to quote Hotspur) "of bloody noses and cracked crowns." A corner taken too fast would almost invariably mean ultimate repose in a snow drift. It has even been reported that a certain Master's car had to be pushed out of a tight corner by a horde of perspiring boys.

Little Common during the "ice age" was almost completely cut off. As a result, school ended at the fourth period instead of the fifth so that the inhabitants of Little Common could regain their ice-bound strongholds before dark.

Just when patches of road were beginning to peep through the "caked" snow, there was another snow-storm and another freeze-up. This time burst pipes seemed to be the vogue. On every hand there were to be seen hurrying plumbers, and the school was rewarded by a spectacle that caused much comment.

Mr. Trigg, the caretaker of the Bexhill County Schools, was seen carrying a fiercely burning brazier round and round the school. This was at first surmised to be an ancient Bexhillian pagan rite. However, the suggestions of Black Magic were proved to be unfounded, as the brazier was afterwards found to be hanging from the pipes in the quadrangle for the purpose of keeping the schools' heating and drainage system from freezing up.

While it lasted, the snow and ice, with its accompanying tobogganning and skating, was a great adventure. But, I feel sure that none of us feel sorry that it has (here the writer touches wood) for the time being, passed away.

★ ★ ★

WINTER.

"When icicles hang by the wall
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
And blood is nipped and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whit!
Tu-Who! A merry note."

How refreshing to awake and find that overnight the dull browns and greys of January had been changed to sparkling whiteness! Spring with its fresh green foliage, Summer with its

brilliant colouring, Autumn with its rich and mellow shades cannot rival in beauty "Old Winter" when he dons his mantle of snow.

As we struggled through the winding lanes to the village,
"The eye marvelled—marvelled at the dazzling whiteness;
The ear harkened to the stillness of the solemn air."

Nothing has yet disturbed the beauty of the scene. The snug mullioned windows of many timbered houses were overhung with graceful curves of snow, and the bleak lines and angles of slate roofs had been miraculously transformed by a covering of white fleecy thatch. The smooth drifts pressed close against the hedge-rows and the trees merged into indistinct shapes as though their blackened arms and leafless crowns had been covered with an all enveloping drapery of white. The heavy strokes of the summoning church bell seemed to shiver and die away in the tense crystal air, like the dying resonance of a silver gong. Grey wisps of smoke from hidden chimneys drifted slowly towards the leaden sky.

But who can forget the lonely valley as it shone in the moonlight, when, from the snow clad slopes behind the grey stone church, we looked into the distance at the still pine woods. The sky was alive with the stars and each shone with the cold unnatural brilliance of cut diamonds. Hamlets, farmhouses and brooding spires lay asleep beneath an ivory mantle. No light or glow of hearth spoke of human life. The great silence was unbroken save for those voices of Nature which speak only to those who listen;

"And not a voice was idle; with the din
Smitten, the precipices rang aloud;
The leafless trees and every distant crag
Tinkled like iron; while far distant hills
Into the tumult sent an alien sound
Of melancholy not unnoticed, while the stars
Eastward were sparkling clear."

B. J. D.

★ ★ ★

THE JOYS OF CROSS-COUNTRY RUNNING.

"O, who will o'er the downs with me!" Such was the song on our lips, as we, a staunch, though tiny band of V and VI Formers, swung out of the gates of Bexhill County School and along Turkey Road, bent on sampling the ups and downs (especially the "ups"!) of this marvellous course which had been so vaunted, within the covers of this illustrious volume, as having been prepared for our special benefit by the gentleman who now led us, and who

in his day (so we are told) was *almost* a Cambridge "Blue" (though probably only with the cold!). As a matter of fact, the only reason why he had been induced to quit the comparative comfort of his juggernaut, in which he is wont to hurtle along the dangerously narrow lanes of Little Common and district, decisively stabbing with his finger the button of his electric horn as he whizzes past the patient pedestrian, painfully plodding up to school, with a miniature library in one hand—the only reason, I say, why he was, on this occasion, induced to quit this infernal combustion engine was, not because he desired to display proudly his handiwork to us, his poor victims—he had already done that on a previous occasion—but, because he wished to prepare to disgrace himself athletically once again in his 30th (or was it the 40th) annual appearance at a 10 mile event at the above-named University on the following Saturday—"What ye rogues! young men must live!"

But enough of this! Back to my story! I mentioned that we started off with a song on our lips; but not for long, for a speed maniac set a "corker" of a pace which soon had us "mortal men" gasping. However, all went well for a while—a little while. And then my merciless companions began to speed up, slowly, very slowly, but relentlessly and inexorably. At least, so it seemed to me. At any rate, the reader must forgive me if my story becomes personal from this point onwards, but it is quite unavoidable for the simple reason that before long, I had quite lost contact with the main party. In vain, I entreated them to "hold it"; "I say, you cads, turn it in!" I hooted in the best story book style; I invoked the vengeance of the gods on their heads; I "called them soft names in many a mused rhyme." All in vain; slowly but surely, I was being left behind!

"It's a good job I know the way," I thought to myself consolingly. Then I turned into the woods, and soon began to rue my hasty thought; I found, to my disgust, that I did *not* know the way. "So I stopped, and I looked, and I listened." Then I glimpsed a flash of white and green going in the opposite direction to myself, on a path some distance away to my right. At the memory which now comes to me, I bow my head in shame; for I committed the unforgivable crime amongst cross-country runners—I cut off the course, and joined in behind the rest! I feel I am beyond the pale (or should it be "pail," for I seem to recall the proximity of a farmyard!). But my despicable action was calculated merely to pick up the trail again, not to restore my hopes of victory, in which it failed miserably—such hopes were non-existent anyway.

I picked up the trail alright, though I did not sight my comrades again until I saw a few specks dwindling in the distance as I turned into the Rec. Then they vanished. When I reached

the farmyard beyond which they had disappeared, the only living creatures in sight were a few bedraggled hens and a farmhand leaning on a gate and placidly chewing a straw regardless of the pouring rain which steamed off his battered trilby.

Oh, but it's grand to feel the cooling drops beating on the steaming brow, and trickling down from soaked running pants!

After that poetic effusion, let me say that once again I took the wrong turning, but realising my mistake, stood for a few moments in the rain gazing vacantly around, while the lad with the straw made up his mind that I was lost, and decided to tell me the way the others had gone, "ten, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty years ago!"

I then paddled on through the slosh for a distance, giving the others a fair chance of winning by handicapping myself with a hefty ballast of mud. Then, reaching Broadoak Lane, I soon turned into Ellerslie Lane. I caught sight of a well known land mark. I went on merrily for a while and then began to realise that I should be turning off to the right somewhere over the fields in the track of the others as "muddy and wet I dragged, over the hill and up to the mill, that wretched company straggled." At least, I suppose they did; I didn't; I just plodded on mechanically.

"Where the Shakespeare is that gap in the hedge?" I thought, after I had jogged a quarter of a mile or more down Ellerslie Lane, blissfully ignorant of the fact that I had left it behind fifty yards after turning out of Broadoak Lane. I soon realised, however, that I had "missed the boat," and, with that implacable stoicism which only those can achieve who occupy the position in the race which I now occupied (and which I seem for ever doomed to occupy!) just decided to go straight on to Turkey Road, and so back to the School, which difficult route I negotiated safely, arriving to find those heartless bounders enjoying the refreshing bath which "droppeth as the gentle due from heaven." (This is not a pun!)

However, I was not long in making that pleasure mine too, I soon afterwards was glad to find myself being hurtled away along in the aforesaid juggernaut, for the assistance of which I was very grateful. But it still left me a painful few hundred yards to hobble before I reached a haven where I could rest my weary limbs. And though that evening I felt like "two penn'orth of death warmed up," in a short while I had forgotten my rash vow never to battle with the elements and natural phenomena of Bexhill and district again, and longingly sighed, as I rolled over and went to sleep that night.

"Here's to the next time!"

"PLODDER."

CROSS-COUNTRY.

Both races this year were keenly contested, and the number of entries, considering the reduction in the size of the school, was encouraging. The Junior event was of a different character; as the youngest boys were not available at Bexhill, the race catered for boys between 13 and 15, and was run over the same course, with one small modification, as the Senior. Three boys, J. Bishop, G. Williams and M. Tooby, ran in both races; they all finished in the first eight in the Senior, and put up very good performances. Tooby, who was the first home for the winning House, actually improved on his time for the Junior race.

The individual winners both belonged to the Andrews clan. G. Andrews, of Wolfe, won the Junior race in 24 mins. 17 secs., while P. Andrews, the Nelson Captain, won the Senior; his time being 23 mins. 29 secs. G. Williams was second in the Junior, and his House, Grenville, were the winning team, with 26 points against them.

The next three Houses were, Nelson (45), Wolfe (51), and Raleigh (56). The race was held on March 11th.

The Senior race, after being postponed because of bad weather, was held on March 19th, and was one of the most interesting of recent years. There was a fight for first place between P. Andrews and E. Lusted; the latter led for the first half of the course, but was then overhauled by Andrews, who was running brilliantly, and finished 31 seconds ahead. The third and fourth were H. Cousins and A. Pemberton, both of Wolfe; if their House had given them better support—and two prominent runners did not compete—they would have won easily. The fifth home was S. Thew (Rodney), a runner of promise, and then followed the three Juniors already mentioned. Bishop's performance was spectacular; at the half-way point he was lying tenth, but he finished close behind Thew. Raleigh House won by good "packing," their team all finishing between 8th and 15th (46 points). The next three Houses were Grenville (49), Wolfe (50½), and Nelson (53).

An innovation has been made this year which will be welcomed; the cross-country races will now rank with events in the sports, and medals and certificates awarded to the winners.

* * *

THE SCHOOL DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

The Inter-House Dramatic Competition was this year prepared under severe handicaps, but the result was as fine a performance as has ever been seen. This was because of the

persistent hard work that the House Captains put in in preparing their teams. The black-out restricted opportunities for rehearsal, and to avoid delaying the cleaners, rooms had to be "rationed," so that no House could meet more than twice a week; and further delay was caused by illness and "contacts" with illness which, as it happened, affected most seriously the principal actors in the three plays which appeared in the final. Because of the many difficulties, the performance had to be postponed, and what is normally a Christmas entertainment, this year celebrated the beginning of the Easter holiday.

The three finalists were, Raleigh, Nelson, and Rodney, the plays being performed in this order. The Judges were, Mr. L. W. Richards (representing the Old Roan Dramatic Society) and two of our hosts at Bexhill County School—the Headmaster, Mr. W. L. Lamb, and Mr. R. H. d'Elboux. At the conclusion, Mr. d'Elboux announced the Judges' decisions, in an interesting little speech in which he made some very helpful criticism. He remarked that never before had he seen a production like this, where boys perform the plays they themselves like, and not what they are told to like!

Raleigh made a choice that was at once courageous and entertaining, but which added much to the difficulties of the cast. In their play, "Night Service," six out of the seven characters are feminine, and the audience was able to enjoy the spectacle of boys masquerading as girls, in a story of a "gangster" crime in a typewriting office. Not all were quite convincing, but there were three very successful performances, those of A. B. Still, as Jill, a typist, of F. L. Guy, as Miss Mitten, the manageress, and of R. K. Norris (the producer) as Mrs. Hatchard, the awesome housekeeper. Credit is also due to B. J. Dibben, who, if not sufficiently ladylike in manner, nevertheless handled the longest part with good effect.

Nelson produced "A Night in the Sun." This play was a brilliant success, and the audience, as well as the Judges, appeared unanimous in awarding it the palm. It is the story of how an Indian idol, robbed of the ruby that was its eye, returns to claim it from the robbers, who are met in a moorland inn, under their leader, "Toffy." The idol's priests are first sent, but these are killed one by one; finally the idol himself appears and draws each conspirator in turn from the room, to meet his fate outside. "Toffy" is called last, and his unwilling but enforced exit, drawn as by a magnet, concludes the story. A gripping play, and one not easy to present, this required perfect team-work if it was to succeed. The Nelson team was admirable; their positioning on the stage was good, and they brought out the dramatic contrasts and the climaxes very effectively, quite carrying the audience away with them—which, as Mr. d'Elboux reminded us, is the proof of

a good production. The producer was P. E. Andrews, who enhanced his already high reputation as a leader and as an actor, himself giving a brilliant study of "Toffy." Most notable among his colleagues were D. L. Cranefield, J. D. Richards and W. Aggett.

Rodney's production had the great merit of originality, for their play was written for the occasion by K. H. Wheeler, and dealt with the too topical subject of "Education." It was not intended to give an accurate picture of the experiences of the Roan School, but several of our acquaintances appeared in caricature form, and the performance was much enjoyed. Wheeler himself appeared as a quaintly impossible master; the Staff may flatter themselves that no caricature can have been intended here! There were a number of scenes, and one creditable feature was that fairly elaborate changes of scene were made both quickly and quietly. The cleverest scenes were, one on the railway station—this received the high commendation of the Judges—and another in a camp; this latter, was however, rather prolonged. Other scenes showed us a schoolroom before and after the great experiment, and the drawing-room of an old dowager who allowed herself to have the boys, and master, billeted on her, with deplorable results. The play was well constructed, and the climaxes were well given. The "stars," besides Wheeler, were A. McGregor and C. Fry (the troublesome boys), A. G. Tugwell (the vicar), G. Percival (the farmer), and C. A. Strickland (the dowager). The whole production was capital fun, and Wheeler deserves high praise, not only for his composition, but also for the way in which he controlled and "placed" a large cast.

The result of the competition was that Nelson was placed first, with 85 points, Rodney following very close with 80 points, while Raleigh scored 52. All three plays reached a high standard, and the audience appreciated the efforts of the producers in arranging so polished an entertainment, and the kindness of the Judges, and other helpers, who gave up time to make the afternoon so enjoyable.

J. M.

★ ★ ★

THE SENIOR ATHLETIC SPORTS.

Evacuation, and the resulting division of the School between Bexhill and Rye, made the normal Sports programme impossible, and emergency Sports had therefore to be arranged. Many changes in organisation were necessary, so that the results are seldom comparable with those of our normal meetings.

At Bexhill, we were fortunate in being allowed the use of the County School ground and apparatus, but to minimise inconvenience

to our hosts we had to advance the date of the Sports from July to May, the day selected (after postponement) being Thursday, May 2nd. The contest was divided into two age-groups: Senior ("Open" events) and Intermediate (under 15, instead of the usual under 16). The Junior contest is being held at Rye.

The usual events were held, with the addition of an under 15 440 yards, in place of the Junior 880, and of under 15½ races in the 100 yards and 220 yards. The "Standards" were in most cases simplified, and the number of points awarded in the races increased to 6, 4, 2, these being doubled for the Relays.

The most notable races may now be commented upon. The 100 yards Open saw a very close finish between F. Elridge, P. Andrews and A. Pemberton, who were placed in the order named. The 220 yards under 14 was won in brilliant style by A. McGregor, who improved on his time for last year, and beat the record made by S. Steele in 1937. The Intermediate Relay was won in faster time than the Senior. The most interesting race of all was the Mile, which was a duel between P. Andrews and E. Hooke; Andrews, by a well judged spurt, passing his opponent on the last bend after letting him make the pace, just won.

The final result is uncertain at the time of going to press, as the High Jump could not be decided on Sports Day, but the positions, without taking this into account are:—

Senior.—1, Wolfe, 93 points; 2, Rodney, 57 points; 3, Nelson, 38 points; 4, Grenville, 33 points.

Intermediate.—1, Grenville, 91 points; 2, School, 66 points; 3, Wolfe, 41 points; 4, Rodney, 38 points.

The Individual winner in each case cannot be beaten.

(C)—Collingwood; (D)—Drake; (S)—School; (W)—Wolfe; (Ro)—Rodney; (Ra)—Raleigh; (N)—Nelson; (G)—Grenville.

440 Yards (Open).—1, Hooke (W); 2, Pemberton (W); 3, Trew (S). 60.7 secs.

440 Yards (Intermediate).—1, Bishop (S); 2, Hales (G); 3, O'Donovan (G). 61.4 secs.

Discus (Open).—1, Wheeler (Ro); 2, Cranefield (N); 3, Norris (Ra). 96ft. 6ins.

Discus (Intermediate).—1, Bishop (S); 2, Richards (N); 3, Laurence (Ro). 90ft. 7ins.

880 Yards (Open).—1, Andrews (N); 2, Hooke (W); 3, Lampard (C). 224.8 secs.

Shot (Junior).—1, Richards (N); 2, Bishop (S); 3, McGregor (Ro). 37ft. 8ins.

Relay (Intermediate).—1, Grenville; 2, School; 3, Wolfe. 1 min. 52.6 secs.

- 220 Yards (Open).—1, Eldridge (Ro) ; 2, Pemberton (W) ; 3, Lewis (G). 25.2 secs.
- 220 Yards (under 15½).—1, Thew (Ro) ; 2, Trew (S) ; 3, Seymour (W). 27.3 secs.
- 220 Yards (under 15).—1, Bishop (S) ; 2, Williams (G) ; 3, Smith (N). 27 secs.
- 220 Yards (under 14).—1, McGregor (Ro) ; 2, Hales (G) ; 3, Bennett (C). 27 secs.—(Record).
- Mile (Open).—1, Andrews (N) ; 2, Hooke (W) ; 3, Lampard (C). 5 mins. 30 secs.
- 100 Yards (under 15½).—1, Trew (S) ; 2, Seymour (W) ; 3, Philpott (W). 11.7 secs.
- 100 Yards (under 15).—1, Williams (G) ; 2, Bishop (S) ; 3, Chambers (R). 11.6 secs.
- 100 Yards (under 14).—1, Hales (G) ; 2, McGregor (Ro) ; 3, Bennett (C). 11.9 secs.
- 100 Yards (Open).—1, Eldridge (Ro) ; 2, Andrews (N) ; 3, Pemberton (W). 11.2 secs.
- Hurdles (Open).—1, Norris (Ra) ; 2, Hooke (W) ; 3, Seymour (W). 13.7 secs.
- Hurdles (Junior).—1, Williams (G) ; 2, Bishop (Ra) ; 3, Bishop (S). 16.2 secs.
- Relay (Senior).—1, Grenville ; 2, Wolfe ; 3, Raleigh. 1 min. 52.7 secs.
- Long Jump (Intermediate).—1, Homewood (G) ; 2, Auerbach (S) ; 3, Chambers (Ra). 16.2ft.
- Long Jump (Senior).—1, Trew (S) ; 2, Eldridge (Ro) ; 3, Bruce (D). 16ft. 5½ins.



RE-EVACUATION.

It was with heavy hearts that we learned on Monday, June 17th, that we were to leave Bexhill on the following Sunday and move to a small town in the heart of South Wales.

For the next few days, the senior members of the school indulged in an orgy of organised confusion attendant upon the packing up and dispatching of the effects of two schools. Realizing the need for super-organisation in the handling of such a gigantic task, Mr. Berry speedily marshalled a strong-arm-squad of some half-a-dozen stalwarts whose efforts, happily supplemented, at moments of great stress, by those of a host of willing helpers, were responsible for the safe arrival of the school stock at our destination.

The work of packing was begun without delay and, on Wednesday the S.A.S. spent a pleasant afternoon bringing crates and still more crates, together with books belonging to the boys, apparently secured with string, from their billets groceries, down into the gym where they were stacked in a growing pile. From there the books and parcels were conveyed to waiting lorries by means of a human chain that, we are sorry to report, had many weak links. On the lorries, more helpers helped to fit just that one extra package in, and, hanging precariously by the fingernails from a pipette and a geometry box, were whisked off to the station.

As the first pile diminished, another one grew as the girls' school equipment was added to ours. This second pile was dealt with with mathematical precision, the only casualty in this herculean task, being one Senior who was unfortunate enough to have his hand punctured by a large rusty nail which protruded from a very heavy packing case.

After this came a cursory medical examination and the news that our destination was to be altered slightly. At this time there was considerable agitation on the part of the cyclists who were anxious for the safety of their machines. Mr. Ashworth, however, came to their assistance and made arrangements for the transportation of close on a hundred cycles in an additional van.

The job of loading those cycles will be remembered by the S.A.S. with considerable pain. Owing to the great number of the machines, the only practicable way of getting them all into the van was found to be by taking off the pedals and piling the machines on top of each other. The old and war-scarred steeds of some unfortunates were placed at the bottom, while the gleaming machines of the speedmerchants, carefully wrapped in strips of brown paper, were delicately placed on top. When the pile was about six inches from the roof of the van, a horrid twang was heard, and the whole mass of cycles subsided suddenly as a brake handle tinkled to the floor of the van! This incident aroused scornful laughter from those unsympathetic onlookers who did not happen to be cyclists.

On the Friday afternoon, Mr. Lamb bade us goodbye, saying, that the only sign of the Roan boys' occupation of his school was the rather large percentage of chewing-gum he had noticed!

Arrangements were fully wound up and everyone waited for the morning of departure.

Sunday morning broke fine and warm. We assembled, carrying a varied assortment of "hand" (?) luggage, at Victoria Hall, were given final instructions then, form by form, moved to the already crowded Bexhill Central Station.

Here we were again marshalled, and as a long train bearing a horde of extremely small and extremely noisy Roan boys panted into the station, we entered in good order. At this moment the air became filled with missiles, which ranged from suitcases to ukeleles, which only ceased when, with a tremendous jolt the evacuation train started on its long journey.

For the first few miles, the train seemed extraordinarily crowded, but soon we began to settle down to our books and the scenery.

Nothing of import happened on the first part of the journey except the torpedoing of one Senior boy's tomato sandwiches by the handle of a cricket bat which, together with the packed cricket bag it was placed in, performed a meteoric descent from the rack into this poor fellow's lap. Those who saw the anguished expression on the face of the victim have that little incident seared on their brains.

It seemed strange that this train journey should have caused Masters and Prefects to be everything from orange vendors to knight-errants!

Suddenly a cry of "First Aid!" was heard. Immediately, Mr. Dalzell, followed by several Seniors, the latter with the light of fiendish enthusiasm in their eyes, and clutching white satchels joyfully in their hands, plunged towards the source of the shouts. However, the casualty was slight, one small boy having shut his finger in the door, and Mr. Dalzell did not need any assistance. On realising this, the "first aiders" sadly regained their seats with the gloom of disillusionment on their faces.

At this point, the interior of the train was befouled by acrid penetrating fumes which emanated from the end compartment of one coach. Subsequent investigation revealed a perspiring Master, squatting Indian-fashion, on the compartment floor vigorously coaxing an obstinate primus into action prior to making a sadly needed cup of tea. Exclamations of distaste were soon changed to ones of envy when cups of the steaming liquid were handed round to a selected few!

Incidentally these were not the only fumes which were emitted in the carriages. Two renowned and respected pipes were also noticed to be pouring forth their usual quota of thick black smoke.

A certain august society was observed, in the early hours of the afternoon, to be holding a meeting in a closely-packed and rather humid compartment and to judge from the tone of the arguments, feelings ran as high as the temperature!

The hours were made somewhat shorter by the miscellaneous collections of musical instruments. For instance, just as we were

entering the "stygian gloom" of the Severn Tunnel, a despairing wail was heard, answered by a pæan of triumph when we left it as one small boy "poured forth his soul abroad" through the medium of a bugle. A further instance of the musical temperament of the school was afforded by the spectacle of a master famed for his spiritual rendering of "The Village Pump," who was seen philosophically strumming a banjo in the intervals of correcting the grammatical errors in a "tuppenny blood."

Another of the masters was rather wistful as he watched the prefects vigorously consuming their lunch while his remained in an inaccessible position behind a massive and gaily coloured kitbag.

The usual practice of providing liquid refreshment on evacuation trains, soon reduced the occupants to a state of extreme thirst. This affliction was partially assuaged at various large stations by members of the W.V.S., who handed in cups of water through the window. Again envious glances were cast at those who ventured on to the platform to quaff steaming cups of tea. Further attempts were made to help us by kindly folk at Bristol, who actually brought pails of lemonade and milk on to the track when the train stopped outside the station. Unfortunately, the train started before it could be lifted into the carriage, and Bristol's last impression of the school must be that of boys of all ages hanging out of the windows with lolling tongues, glazed eyes, outstretched hands and an expression of hopeless despair writ largely across their grimy faces.

Almost before we realised it we were travelling up the Amman valley and drawing slowly into Llandebie Station. Having disembarked, we were met by a large and interesting crowd.

Several parties were formed at Llandebie and carried off in buses to various Chapels where a substantial meal was kindly provided. All fears of our reception were dispelled by the charming nature of our billetors who made us feel instantly at home.

No sooner had we settled down to the new, varied and delightful scenery of South Wales, when the news arrived that our cycles had arrived. We were not present when the doors were opened but it is reported that when this happened, bicycles seemed to pour out in a never ending stream, one of the prefects being presented by a porter with a handful of cycle parts.

It was in this way that the Roan Schools were transported to Ammanford, and although conditions were a little strange at first, it is certain that, by now, the school has more or less settled down in its new surroundings.

K. H. W.
W. J. P. A.

CRICKET NOTES.

Never before can the school's list of cricket fixtures have borne such a strange appearance as this year's, for among our opponents are teams from London, Sussex and South Wales. Nevertheless, a most successful season has been enjoyed and all school sides played, by every one of our teams, have been soundly beaten. At Bexhill, we enjoyed the use of a splendid ground, and a full fixture list had been prepared; our removal to South Wales stopped cricket for a while, but one match has been played here.

FIRST XI.

The 1st XI has, to date, played seven matches and has lost only to the men's clubs played. Only three or four of last year's team were available but the newcomers to the team have proved their worth. Kempton, Jones, Brooks and Lusted have scored most of the runs, Ducker's stolid play has been invaluable, and Trew has kept the "tail" wagging. Of the bowlers, Roberts has the best average, and Lusted has taken most wickets, but perhaps the best bowling performance was Widdington's 7 for 16 against Bec School. The fielding, particularly that of Kempton, Jones and Ducker, has been good, but one or two catches have been unnecessarily dropped. Brooks deserves praise for having conceded so few byes against erratic bowling and has proved a most valuable wicket-keeper-batsman.

Team.—E. D. Lusted (Capt.), R. J. Kempton (Vice-Capt.), P. A. Hatcher, G. F. Jones, W. H. Brooks, B. J. Ducker, T. A. Widdington, B. F. Trew, J. S. Roberts, R. H. Lewis, H. G. Cousins, D. M. Bruce.

The following have also played: J. H. Seymour, B. J. Dibben and Mr. Holt.

Opponents	Results.		Scores		
	At	Result	For	Against	
Little Common C.C....	Little Common ...	Lost	61	83	
Addey and Stanhope School ...	Burwash Common	Won	89-9(dec.)	34	
Bexhill Down C.C. ...	Bexhill ...	Lost	56	77	
Rye Grammar School	Rye ...	Won	71	51	
Bec School ...	Sidley ...	Won	95	52	
Bexhill County School	Bexhill ...	Won	140-7(dec.)	20	
Ammanford C.C. ...	Ammanford ...	Lost	46	63-7	
Amman Valley County School ...	Ammanford ...				

SECOND XI.

Team.—R. H. Lewis (Capt.), B. J. Dibben (Vice-Capt.), J. H. Seymour, N. C. Lampard, E. W. Dibblin, S. E. Berry, J. D. Richards, N. Haggett, J. J. Wilson, M. D. Moore, E. E. Duerdoth.

Opponents	Results:		Scores		
	At	Result	For	Against	
Eastbourne Grammar School ...	Eastbourne ...	Won	89	28	
Bec School ...	Sidley ...	Won	37	27	

UNDER 14 XI.

Team.—N. Haggett (Capt.), P. Williams, C. J. Stimpson, C. A. Roberts, P. H. Gill, A. F. Thomson, A. J. Smith, G. E. Fifield, R. F. Champion, C. H. Spearing, A. F. Stevens.

Opponents	Result:		Score		
	At	Result	For	Against	
Bexhill County School	Bexhill ...	Won	84	39	

We should like to express our gratitude to the ladies who helped with the teas, to Messrs. Parker and Peters for coaching, supervision of net-practice and other help, to Mr. Pye, Andrews and Bennett for umpiring, to Bishop and Richards for scoring, to those responsible for securing the excellent ground at Sidley for our use.

E. D. L.



FOOTBALL NOTES.

Snow and the black-out were added to other obvious difficulties in the way of arranging football matches at Bexhill. Nevertheless, four matches were arranged, and although none were won, good shows were put up against strong opposition and we did particularly well to draw with Louis G. Ford's, last December.

The team had a goodly sprinkling of last year's players and the new members of the team have played well. Norris proved an excellent goal-keeper, and Brooks and Barr were efficient backs; of the half-backs, Pemberton gave some defensive displays, while Howse's hard tackling was praiseworthy. In the small forward line, Kempton has worked and schemed hard, and Roberts and Seymour have proved promising wingers.

Team.—R. K. Norris; J. G. Barr and W. H. Brooks; E. A. Howse, A. C. Pemberton (Sec.) and B. J. Ducker; J. H. Seymour,

R. J. Kempton (Capt), E. D. Lusted (Vice-Capt.), B. F. Trew and J. S. Roberts.

The following have also played: R. H. Lewis, J. S. Bishop, J. McMenamin, B. R. Thomas.

Date	Opponents	Results.	At	Result	Scores	
					For	Against
1939						
Nov. 4th	Hearts F.C.	...	Bexhill	Lost	0	2
Dec. 16th	Louis G. Ford's F.C.		Bexhill	Drew	5	5
1940						
Jan. 10th	Sidley Juniors F.C.		Bexhill	Drew	3	3
May 18th	Louis G. Ford's F.C.		Bexhill	Lost	0	4

An Under 14 XI competed in a league composed of local and evacuated elementary schools and fared moderately well, finishing third.

Team.—P. Williams ; N. Haggett and J. D. Hales ; J. B. Hill, J. J. Wilson (Capt.) and B. J. Williams ; A. M. McGregor, P. H. Gill, G. E. Fifield, W. D. Snelling and C. A. Roberts.

The following also played: C. J. Stimpson, R. C. Harris and C. J. Barnes.

Williams and Haggett were selected to play for Bexhill Schools.

E. D. L.

★ ★ ★

FIRST AID AND FIRE-FIGHTING SQUADS.

During the Summer Term, members of the VI Forms were given instruction in First Aid and in Fire-Fighting by Messrs. Dalzell and James respectively. Meetings were held regularly, much useful knowledge was acquired, and there was promise that good progress would be made, but unfortunately the School's re-evacuation to S. Wales interrupted the Classes, and it has not yet been found possible to resume them fully in our new home. Also, the majority of the present members of the Classes will be leaving at the end of this term. However, arrangements have already been made for present V Formers, who will be at school next term, to join the First Aid Class to receive preparatory instruction. It is hoped that the Fire-Fighting Class will also be resumed in due course.

K. H. W.

ARISTOTELIAN SOCIETY.

"I take all knowledge to be my province."—BACON.

"Homo sum ; nihil humanum alienum nihil puto."—TERENCE.

SPRING TERM.

Officers.

President	P. E. ANDREWS.
Hon Treasurer	K. H. WHEELER.
Hon. Secretary	C. A. STICKLAND.

Committee.

The Officers and Messrs. NORRIS and SMITH.

During this term, the Society's activities continued as nearly normal as possible, there being two debates, "That an active dictatorship is preferable to a talking democracy" and "That the neutrals should enter the war immediately on the side of the Allies." Two papers were also read, one by Mr. Smith on "The Pickwick Papers," and the other by Mr. Stickland on "Mathematics."

SUMMER TERM.

Officers.

President	K. H. WHEELER.
Hon Treasurer	C. A. STICKLAND.
Hon. Secretary	R. B. SMITH.

Committee.

The Officers and Messrs. DUCKER and MOORE.

This term's activities were somewhat curtailed by the re-evacuation of the school to Ammanford, South Wales. However, quite a full programme was carried out before leaving Bexhill, including one debate, on the motion "That this House considers the theatre preferable to the cinema"; two informal discussions, one on the subject "That Man to-day is as chivalrous as his predecessors," and the other on the subject "That education should be allowed to lapse in war-time"; and two papers, one by Mr. Melvin on "The Greeks had a word for it," in which he described the aims and ideals of philosophy, and the other by the President on "Experience in Canada," in which he described his tour during the summer vacation of 1939.

Also, excellent facilities were found for carrying on the usual practice in the Summer Term of holding Extra-Mural Meetings to places of interest in the vicinity. These included visits to Forte's Ice-Cream Parlour, the Electricity Works, the Bexhill Hospital, Arscott's Bakery, and the stage, etc., of the De la Warr Pavilion.

During the last part of the term, Mr. Bishop was Hon. Secretary, as Mr. Smith had left the school.

Perhaps the most remarkable meeting of the term was held actually on the train during the re-evacuation from Bexhill to Ammanford. The meeting, held between Salisbury and Bath, was very successful, in spite of the difficulties experienced due to the noise of the train, and the overcrowding of our compartment and the corridor outside. Also, the President, seated on the Hon Secretary's suitcase, was often in danger of falling out of the window!

Since our arrival at Ammanford, two Ordinary General (Business) Meetings have been held in the Technical Institute, to wind up the affairs of the Society for the term.

It is to be hoped that both, members at present in the Society and those new members who will join next term, will follow the example of this year's members in carrying on the Society's activities as fully as possible, no matter what conditions prevail.

K. F. B.



CHESS CLUB.

Officers.

<i>President</i>	H. M. MELVIN.
<i>Hon Treasurer</i>	K. H. WHEELER.
<i>Hon. Secretary</i>	R. B. SMITH.

The Club met regularly during the Spring Term, and several interesting games were played.

Only one official meeting was held during the Summer Term, at which it was decided that, following the Club's usual practice, regular meetings would not be held during this term, but that the Club's equipment would be at the disposal of any members who desired to use them. Several members took advantage of these facilities.

It is hoped that new members will be found who will carry on the Club's activities again at full pressure during next term.

H. M. M.
K. H. W.
R. B. S.

HOUSE NOTES.

RALEIGH.

At last Raleigh is on the move! By much hard and painstaking work, the people responsible for the House have eventually managed to impart a spirit of enthusiasm amongst the members. This enthusiasm showed itself remarkably well when the cross-country team, by a united effort, obtained first place in the Senior race. The House play also met with quite an amount of success, the all-female cast producing many a laugh. The play was placed third in order of merit. Great keenness was shown in the sports, too, this year especially among the Juniors. Our efforts at cricket (what cricket we have managed to get) have not yet met with success, but nevertheless, with such keenness as has been shown, we can't be down for long. Unfortunately since moving to South Wales no opportunities for House competitions have yet been arranged, but when such facilities are available I'm sure Raleigh will come out with colours flying. The vice-captains who are leaving this year, have asked me to pass on their best wishes for success in the future and I will take this opportunity of adding my own.

Good luck, Raleigh!

R. K. N.

NELSON.

This year of evacuation has been a source of constant bother in many ways, but at Bexhill, every effort was made to keep the House spirit alive, and it is to be hoped, that the same will be continued in South Wales, when the Juniors will be able to join in with the Seniors.

Although not up to the standard set in the previous year, Nelson House is still very much to the fore. The long-coveted Dramatic Cup is at last in our possession, thanks to the efforts of a most enthusiastic cast in their presentation of "A Night at an Inn," by Lord Dunsaney. In the football, the House team, ably captained by B. J. Ducker, reached the semi-finals, and in the running, the House was able to provide the first man home for the senior cross-country, the mile and the 880 yards. The cricket was unfortunately curtailed by the re-evacuation of the school, but all the matches played had been won except for that against Wolfe House which was lost by one run.

The House will be extremely sorry to lose a very great friend in Mr. Allen, who is retiring at the end of this term. I know that on behalf of every single member I can offer him the warmest thanks for the untiring interest he has shown in our every enterprise, and for the material help he has given on so many

occasions. We all wish him the greatest possible happiness, knowing that he will ever be thinking of Nelson House.

Next year, too, will see another house-captain. Nelson is now in a high position in the school. Every member must strive to keep it there, and follow his new house-captain with every possible vigour, being proud to give everything for the success which is only to be gained by unceasing effort.

P. E. A.

RODNEY.

Before the school left Bexhill, Rodney House took a full part in school activities, and did quite well, though we did not achieve any outstanding success. In the Senior Football Knock-out Competition, we reached the final, thanks to the able leadership of J. Barr, but we were beaten by Wolfe, the score being 3—0.

We had great hopes for the Cross-country Races, but unfortunately were prevented from entering full teams by unavoidable difficulties at the last moment. However, the few individuals who did run were quite well placed.

In the Dramatic Competition, the team again did quite well, after weeks of rehearsal amid many setbacks due to weather and illness, and finally finished second to Nelson.

This term, the Senior Cricket Team, started off well by beating Raleigh by a narrow margin, but were beaten by Grenville in the second round. However, the school's re-evacuation to South Wales caused the cessation of all school activities, and we were unable to prove our real worth!

We greatly appreciate the return of Mr. Ashworth, replacing Mr. Dyke, who has temporarily left us for service in the Army.

Two of the officers will be leaving at the end of term, but we rely upon the House to support the new ones in the future, as they have always done in the past, so that we can continue to hold our own in the school, in spite of all difficulties ahead.

K. H. W.

GRENVILLE.

Although House affairs have been very much subordinated since our removal to South Wales, there are several successes achieved at Bexhill that ought to be recorded.

Last March, the cross-country races were held with considerable success for Grenville. The Seniors finished second, while the Juniors won the competition by a wide margin.

In the sports, more successes were gained. The Juniors again won the competition and the Seniors were placed fourth. A feature of the sports was the splendid running of both of the relay teams

each of which finished first. The Junior win was particularly meritorious, and their time was actually faster than that of our successful Senior team. Although these successes were only brought about by the concerted efforts of the House as a whole, Lewis, Brooks, Williams, Homewood, Hales, O'Donovan and Snelling are to be congratulated on excellent individual performances.

We were disappointed that the Cricket Competition had to be abandoned for we had a strong side and were confident of doing well.

Next year, the House will be captained by W. H. F. Brooks, the only remaining officer. The House has only to maintain its present degree of co-operation to meet with further successes.

We should like to express our appreciation of the keen interest that Mr. James has taken in the affairs of the House since he became temporary House-master of Grenville, at Bexhill.

E. D. L.

★ ★ ★

ODE TO JOE.

This was recited by the author with great gusto at the Staff Dinner at Rye, on March 15th, 1940.

There's a lonely trail in the Yukon,
In the land of snow and ice,
Where men are strong,
And life's a song,
That is played to the rattle of dice.

Where the old timer tells you to figure
That you'll soon be cold and dead,
If your finger's not quick on the trigger,
Or eyes in the back of your head.

There's a lonely shack in these backwoods,
That is called the Rose and Crown,
Where the company's tough,
And the jokes are rough,
And they gulp the whisky down.

He arose from his seat in the corner,
His shirt was of brown corduroy,
He looked, and spoke
Did this lean-jawed bloke,
T'was the man who was known as Poy.

With a wicked moustache,
And a tongue like a lash,
And an evil glint in his eye ;
He pulled out a gun,
And a bottle of rum,
Made from the best Sussex Rye.

Said Double-Stump Tom,
Wherever I roam,
There's one thing I'm good at—that's cricket,
And I've saved our good name,
From disaster and shame,
On many a crumbling-up wicket.

T'was a bumping pitch,
And a blinding light,
And we wanted just one run ;
That's what we desired,
But the balls they were fired,
From a whacking great eighteen inch gun.

Though the balls were of lead,
And the pitch crimson red,
And the bodies were all around laid ;
With a swing of my bat,
And a touch of my hat,
The honour of England I saved.

There was eloquent Ed.
And Nattering Jim,
Debating aloud with great heat ;
See their spectacles gleam,
As they follow their theme,
Accompanied by Piccolo Pete.

They were there that day,
The last tribute to pay,
To a man famed in song and in saga,
Whose deeds will be told,
Till the earth has grown old,
O'er the rich golden gleam of a lager.

His huskies are ready,
To bear him away,
From the land of the ice and the snow
His chips are stacked,
And his sledge is packed—
That man called Smokey Joe.

Many are the deeds he did,
And many the stories told,
Of raging seas, of sinking ships, and
actions brave and bold ;

Of parties led,
And speech days fled—
Memories rare as gold.

The Ark to save,
From the intruding wave,
Noah used a dog's nose, 'tis said ;
But that was not so,
T'was the gun of old Joe
That stopped up the hole with lead.

There was once a time,
In man's early prime,
When he did not wear such things as suits ;
But a few chosen leaves,
And a string of glass beads,
And a few very carefully placed fruits.

Imagine the frenzy
Of primitive envy,
When Joe arrived wearing silk hats ;
With a very smart tie,
And a glass in his eye,
And a pair of most elegant spats.

The Germans are said in Scapa Flow,
To have sunk their fleet outshone ;
But it was not so,
For with his cross bow,
Joe shot them one by one.

And before this war is over,
And before the day is won,
There'll be an S. O. S.
For good old Joe,
To show them how it's done.

And when Herr Hitler hears it,
He'll crumble up with fright,
He'll say to Fatty Goering,
" This means for us, Good-night ".

And he'll send to Joe his swastika,
With these words written in,
You're a better man than I am,
Come and take me—Gunga Din.

So we've come to the end of the Yukon trail—
 From the land of ice and snow ;
 But take it from me—we all agree—
 He's THE WHITEST MAN WE KNOW.

★ ★ ★

“TEETOTAL.”

I was standing in the “local,” it was on my week-end leave,
 “Just a pint of bitter, please, I said and gave my bags a heave,
 Produced a pipe and lit it up and looked around the bar,
 And quite a lot of chaps strolled up to talk to a “Jack Tar.”
 (Four weeks I'd been up here by then—a really old sea-dog—
 And talked—although none's passed my lips—about my tot of grog).
 I spoke of Wrens and C.P.O's, of Quarterdeck and Top
 While they, in turn, bought yet more beer just when I cared to stop.
 I paused for breath quite frequently, as rightly you have guessed,
 For spinning yarns is thirsty work and I deserved a rest.
 A fellow asked me casually what it was like at sea—
 He'd soon be a Militiaman and wondered what to be.
 He looked a pretty decent bloke—I spoke in glowing terms
 Of cocoa, grub, and lots of sport, and a total lack of germs,
 Of week-end leave, Divisions, and of pay-day on the ship,
 The “————” thrilled him—it was here I made a slip.
 For I described her (bless her heart!)—the things she got on board,
 I told him of the Milk Bar with grub you can afford,
 The cinema projector and the concerts by the band,
 And how on week-end afternoons, a thousand sailors land
 To go into the local town, forget about the sea,
 And, what is more important, to have buttered toast for tea.
 These things they did amaze him, his excitement was intense,
 And I had another “bitter” for I could—at his expense.
 It cannot be torpedoed “I declared, now in my stride,
 “And what is more important” I continued to confide,
 “It's guaranteed unsinkable . . . “He looked at me with awe ;
 He thought in such a vessel he could stand a spot of war.
 He pressed me to continue, so, encouraged by a “Mild,”
 I sang the “R.A's” praises as a mother of her child,
 “We've sandbagged air-raid shelters,” his eyebrows took a trip,
 But when I said the officers rode bikes around the ship,
 He bought himself a brandy and then cried “Oh, say no more!”
 And much to my astonishment, collapsed upon the floor!

J. F. N. W.

A.R.P.

On the morning of Saturday, February 23rd, I received a letter from the Town Hall. In the envelope was another envelope and a covering note. These were my sealed orders. They were not to be opened until 14.13 hours (2.13 p.m.). Eventually the time arrived on Sunday. Precisely at 2.13 p.m. I opened the letter. In it was a terse and laconic note. It said that I must assume I have heard an air raid warning and that I was to carry on as per orders.

I immediately went down to my fire point, where we were told to stand by and be ready to go on patrol. After about five minutes' waiting, we were given our orders to go. We had two lorries, but our first lorry refused to start so we had to push-start her down the hill. She started, and we were off.

On our first circuit, we were called in by the air raid wardens and told there was a house on fire. It was really a large stack of bracken. At first we could not put it out because the main had been severed by a bomb. We had to have a special tank sent from the fire station. Eventually we put it out. After we had put the fire out, we went on patrol. Our patrol is a fairly lengthy one, and after we had done the circuit for about four times we were signalled in, and so ended Bexhill's full scale A.R.P. exercise.

A. L.

★ ★ ★

FROM EXILE.

Alas ! for our home, so far, far away !
 For our own school building of brick red and grey ;
 For the twin quads, resounding to shouts loud and gay ;
 For the paths and the lawns where we all loved to stray.
 For the classrooms and corridors, full of the past ;
 For the Ghosts, once thronging, who now have all passed ;
 For the fond hopes, now shattered by war's cruel blast ;
 Of a long final year of school, at the last.
 Alas ! for our park and the rolling heath ;
 For the games on our field, blue skies beneath ;
 For the life we loved, and longed to bequeath ;
 To the lads that come after, the lads “underneath.”
 But why mourn for past days, for us over flown ?
 The School still continues, so “Here's to John Roan !”

“ROANUS.”

"NOT-SO SIMPLE SIMON."

"Ahem!" Mr. Ruskin cleared his throat, turned, and faced his form. Simon reluctantly turned his gaze from his impression of the latest sports car and gave his full attention to the English Master for the first time in the afternoon.

"As you are the only intelligent form I have the misfortune to take——" Pause to allow the form to digest this flattery.

"—I should consider it a personal favour if some of you were to write an article for the school magazine. All manuscripts will be gratefully accepted, I assure you."

These words inspired Simon, and he decided to write a story for the magazine. He was keen, was Simon, very keen on school functions; he was always going to school matches, school plays, school clubs and other things connected with the school. Furthermore, a distant relative of his was a journalist, though it is true that his works had not yet been recognised by the general public. Therefore, thought Simon, why shouldn't he write a story? This sudden eagerness to ascend into the realms of literary genius filled his mind for the rest of the afternoon.

In the High Street of the little country village to which he had been evacuated, Simon carefully considered his decision. He realised that it was too big a task to be undertaken alone, and Albert and Wallace must be taken into his confidence. At that moment Wallace appeared round the bend of the road. He was Simon's greatest friend and sympathiser. He hailed Simon cheerfully:—

"Hello, Simon! What's new?"

"Hi, Edgar! seen Albert?"

Albert was the third member of the trio. He shared the friendship of the other two and was considered a "right-'un."

"I've got a great idea, Edgar!" remarked Simon with the air of one who is about to make an astounding revelation. "A great idea."

"What sort of an idea?" inquired Wallace. He had many reminiscences of Simon's great ideas, but he was none the less ready to listen.

"Let's write something for the school mag."

"What!" Amazed, Wallace reeled back and clutched the lamp-post. None of his ancestors had ever written more than half-a-dozen letters a year, and his attempts to master English grammar had been disastrous.

Further discussion was abruptly terminated by the sudden arrival of Albert, who, heedless of the Highway Code, skidded madly up to the kerb and slapped Simon heartily on the back.

"What ho chaps!"

"Hello, Albert!"

"Hiyah, Albert! heard the latest?"

"No!"

"Simon," pause "is going to write an article for the school mag."

"No!"

Albert was dumbfounded; he turned his astonished gaze from Wallace to Simon, who explained enthusiastically:—

"I think it's a jolly good idea, and I want you chaps to collaborate."

He eagerly scanned their faces, but they were dubious. Then Albert said:—

"It's nearly tea-time; no time to discuss it now, let's talk it over afterwards."

"Yes, I second that," supported Wallace. "After tea; then we can really go into it."

"That's OK by me," agreed Simon, and they then departed.

At six o'clock, in a rather picturesque lane a mile outside the village, safe from unwanted interruption, they met to discuss the Great Idea. Simon began.

"My plan is that you help me, and we try to write something that'll make old Rusty sit up"

Rusty was the nickname given to Mr. Ruskin, M.A., the master in charge of the magazine.

His friends digested the news carefully, and then Wallace objected:—

"Yes, but just what do you intend to write about?"

"That's where I want you fellows to help me." Albert dug his shoes thoughtfully into the turf. Wallace vainly tried to think of something to say, but mental energy of any kind was difficult for him.

"We could write about evacuation," he said at last.

"Evacuation!" Albert spat out the word in disgust. "That's been exhausted; the last term's mag. was full of that." Satisfied that he had said sufficient, Albert resumed his turf digging.

"No, you're right," admitted Simon; "we must write something new, like that fellow Addison; that should impress Rusty."

Albert mumbled something dark about Addison, and kicked the turf systematically.

"We must introduce some verses from Shakespeare into it, anyhow," voted Wallace.

"Why?" asked Simon, though he knew why.

"Well, Rusty says a good essay must have quotations from Shakespeare."

"We-e-ell" said Albert. He moved over to the other bank, sat down and surveyed the large hole which he had made in the opposite rise.

Simon's enthusiasm had not been damped, however; he stood up majestically, surveyed his audience, beamed, and said, with dictatorial eloquence:—

"I expected you would have few ideas, but I've a good one."

They watched him with renewed interest. He went on:—

"What the mag. wants is for the younger fellows to speak up, to get themselves heard. Well, we are going to do just that—we'll write a story with a human interest that'll make Addison look like an office boy of "Comic Cuts."

There was laughter from his audience. Swayed by his enthusiasm, Simon went on—his face flushed with success, words flowed from his lips.

"We'll write a story. We'll call it 'Bother in the Billet' and make it the most brilliant satire of the century.

Loud cheers from the audience. Albert clapped the speaker heartily on the back and shook his hand; Wallace clapped his hands and made approving grunting noises.

"Marvellous idea! We'll make a first-rate journalist of you, yet."

"When are we going to start?" asked Albert.

"Not just yet. I want to have time to get all my ideas in order, so that we can get it all ship-shape."

"Yes, we have 'till the end of the week, and we don't want to rush it, do we?" said Albert.

The other two were in full agreement, so the party dispersed, in high spirits, and convinced that the school magazine would soon see the finest story ever written.

"And remember," Simon warned them, "not a word to anybody—we want it to be a complete surprise."

Next day they met again at the same place. They worked as never before, studied Simon's rough plan, weeded out the weak points, inserted quotations from Shakespeare "just to make it look right," as Wallace said, and put in as much humour as possible. By the end of the week they were convinced that nothing could be added to or subtracted from their work; it would be a great success, and they would take their places as the literary leaders of the school. With great eagerness they waited for Friday afternoon to come. Their optimism was unbounded, but, true to their words, they did not tell a soul of their idea.

Friday afternoon seemed to fly, and at last, they were waiting outside the masters' room for Mr. Ruskin. Just wait till he saw their work! "Bother in the Billet"—what a title! Topical!

Humorous! What a play! and they had written it. The door of the masters' room opened. Mr. Ruskin and the Head came out. In his hand Mr. Ruskin had a newspaper. Before turning to the boys, who were waiting impatiently, he said to the Head:—

"By the way, sir, when you're up in London this week-end you might go and see this; they say it's pretty good." And he pointed to the headlines of the newspaper:—

TOPICAL PLAY HITS THE WEST-END—THE MOST HUMOROUS SATIRE OF THE AGE!

"BOTHER IN THE BILLET" by A. S. Thorndyke.

Then he suddenly remembered the boys and said

"You wanted to see me—?"

But the boys had seen . . . and gone . . .

J. H.
R. T.



OLD ROAN ASSOCIATION.

President—Mr. C. H. LYON, Alcombe, Pickhurst Rise, West Wickham.

Vice-Presidents—W. J. POTTER, Esq., R. W. FARRELL, Esq., R. LEMMY, Esq.

Treasurer—Mr. W. A. ALLEN, Hillside, Coltishall, Norfolk.

Assistant Treasurer—Mr. T. HOLT, at The Memorial Hall, Llandeibie, Carmarthenshire.

Secretary—Mr. W. J. BULLERS, 77, Coleraine Road, Blackheath, S.E.3.

Assistant Secretary—Mr. G. H. CHAMBERLAIN.

Entertainment Secretary—Mr. G. H. LEE, "Hurstwood," 5, Dallinger Road, S.E.12.

Cricket Secretary—Mr. S. SMITH, 70, Straightsmouth, Greenwich, S.E.10.

Football Secretary (pro tem.)—Mr. J. B. ELLINGHAM, 15, Woodlands Avenue, Sidcup, Kent.

Tennis Secretary—Mr. A. N. GOLDER, Linden, Culverhay, Ashstead, Surrey.

Press Secretary—Mr. E. DURLING, at The Memorial Hall, Llandeibie, Carmarthenshire.

Dramatic Society Secretary—Mr. L. J. BERRY, at The Technical Institute, Ammanford, Carmarthenshire.

O.R. Sports Club Secretary—Mr. S. SMITH, 70, Straightsmouth, Greenwich, S.E.10.

"John Roan" Masonic Lodge Secretary—W.Bro. P. MORRANT, Bank Chambers, Greenwich Church Street, S.E.10.

Physical Training Club Secretary—(Vacant).

Athletic Club Secretary—(Vacant).



SECRETARY'S NOTICES.

TO ALL MEMBERS.

When you change your residence, please send your new address to the Secretary, it will save him no end of trouble and the Association quite a lot of expense.

The Secretary would be glad to know the present address of the following members with whom we are out of touch.

<i>Name.</i>	<i>Last Address.</i>
R. H. COOPER	100, Coleraine Road, Blackheath.
R. W. CHRISTIAN	"Rosetta," Maidstone Road, Sidcup.
H. J. COOMBE	129, Evelyn Street, Deptford.
P. BEECH	15, Cambridge Road, Lee.
F. CASTLE	36, Lysways Street, Walsall.
S. W. DEAN	232, Baring Road, Lee.
J. T. FEEHALLY	R.A.S.C., Woolwich.
W. GARDINER	58, London Road, Bromley.
W. J. HOWARD	7, Rothsay Villas, Sevenoaks.
F. E. JEFFERSON	7, Hook Lane, Welling.
D. V. LANSBURY	11, Lee Park, Blackheath.
C. E. LOVEMAN	5, Westwood Road, Blackpool.
F. C. RUSSELL	69, College Road, Bromley.
A. T. SPENCER	53, Beaconsfield Road, Blackheath.
A. T. TEBBUTT	74, Crumpsall Street, Abbey Wood.
S. S. TOWNSEND	18, Garrard Close, Bexleyheath.

ANNUAL DINNER.

The Old Roan Association held its 28th Annual Dinner on Saturday, the 9th inst., at the Constitutional Club, Northumberland Avenue, when, in spite of the black-out, a very representative gathering of Old Roans spent an enjoyable evening under the Presidency of Mr. C. H. Lyon.

Among those present were Mr. H. W. H. Icough (Chairman of Governors), Mr. H. W. Gilbert (Headmaster), Mr. G. R. Parker (Vice-Master), Mr. W. J. Potter, and several members of the Staff who had travelled from Bexhill and Rye specially for the occasion.

Major C. W. Clout, in proposing the toast of the Association, spoke of his pleasure in seeing so many turn up in spite of the war, he felt sure that the Association would prove a closer bond than ever among the many Old Roans who were now serving their country and he was sure that the end of the war would find the Association stronger than ever.

Mr. W. J. Bullers (Hon. Secretary), in reply, said that they felt that the Association must go on as usual, although they were working under difficulties, it was too solid an institution to be allowed to lapse and he appealed to all the members to assist in every way.

The Toast of the School was proposed by Mr. W. J. Potter, who, speaking of the difficulties under which the School must be labouring, congratulated it on having such an able Headmaster and Staff to guide its progress in these extraordinary times.

Mr. H. W. Gilbert (Headmaster), in reply, gave a humorous account of the School's evacuation, and he thanked the Staff for the great assistance they had given him. Although, compared with some schools, they were comparatively well off, they looked forward to the day when they would be back again at Maze Hill.

Mr. H. W. H. Icough, in proposing the health of the President, remarked that sitting next to Mr. Potter had given him an opportunity of learning something of the President's past, and he was pleased to say it was nothing but good. He congratulated Mr. Lyon on having attained this position which he felt should be the ambition of every Old Roan.

Replying, Mr. Lyon related some interesting reminiscences of his years at school, that was during the Boer War, and it now fell to his lot to be President of the Association during another war.

During the evening the Company were entertained with songs by Mr. J. H. Hendley and Mr. L. R. Clowser.

OLD ROAN SPORTS' CLUB.

FOOTBALL.

In spite of the Section's having lost a number of its members to H.M. Forces, they have succeeded in playing a match every Saturday, when the weather has permitted.

Since the last report, the temporary Hon. Secretary, A. T. Cutts, has been evacuated with his firm. Fortunately, J. B. Ellingham, 15, Woodlands Avenue, Sidcup, Kent, (Holborn 9222, Extension 796), has very capably carried on in his stead and has arranged Fixtures for every Saturday until the beginning of April. It is anticipated that there will be sufficient members to carry on to the end of the season, but the Club will be losing most of them this year.

In order that they may keep in touch with one another, Mr. T. Holt, of the School, has kindly consented to act as an intermediary. (Address:—The Memorial Hall, Llandeibie, Carmarthenshire.).

The Hon. Secretary will be grateful if all members who have already joined the Forces, or do so in future, will keep Mr. Holt posted of their movements, in order that he may be able to supply other members with information when asked to do so.

The Section takes this opportunity for wishing all the Old Boys in H.M. Forces a swift and safe return to their peace-time occupations.

December 26th, v. Old Colfeians	...	Won 3—1.
January 13th, v. Siemens	...	Lost 0—5.
February 10th, v. Celtique	...	Drew 4—4.
„ 24th v. Harvey Sports	...	Drew 2—2.

P. L.

CRICKET.

No definite decision has yet been arrived at by the Club Committee regarding the continuance of our activities during the coming season. It is hoped, however, that in spite of the serious initial difficulties which will have to be overcome, at least one eleven will be fielded each week, and every effort will be made to achieve this end. As soon as definite arrangements are agreed upon, all Club members will be informed, but it is hoped that members still

available and any other Old Boys who may wish to join the Club will get into touch with the Hon. Secretary.

For the purpose of keeping the members of the Old Boys Sports' Clubs, who have joined the Forces, in touch with one another and with those still at home, Mr. T. Holt has kindly agreed to act as an intermediary so that such contact may be facilitated. It is suggested that members should let Mr. Holt have a note of their movements from time to time, so that he will be in a position to supply any information that may be required by other members. Mr. Holt's address is, The Memorial Hall, Llandeibie, Carmarthenshire.

S. S.

TENNIS.

The normal winter activities of the Club have been entirely suspended this year as several of our members are serving with the Colours, and others have been evacuated. It is impossible at the moment to say whether we shall be able to resume our playing activities this summer or not. Any member or other Old Roan who would be interested, is asked to communicate with the Secretary. If sufficient support is forthcoming it may be possible for the Club to resume its activities.

The following results of matches played completes the list for the season:—

July 3rd v. Torridon (F.)	...	(H.)—Lost 4—3.
„ 5th v. Morley College (L.)	...	(A.)—Lost 4—2.
„ 16th v. Masters (Men) (F.)	...	(H.)—Lost 5—4.
„ 17th v. Eltham (F.)	...	(A.)—Lost 4½—2½.
„ 19th v. Old Askeans (Men) (F.)	...	(H.)—Won 3½—2½.
„ 28th v. Old Askeans (Men) (F.)	...	(A.)—Lost 7—2.
Aug. 11th v. Morley College (F.)	...	(H.)—Won 3—1.
„ 17th v. Morley College (F.)	...	(A.)—Won 3—2.
„ 22nd v. Gresham (Men) (F.)	...	(A.)—Lost 6—3.

(F.)—Friendly. (L.)—North Kent League.

Out of the 29 matches played, 13 were won, 13 lost, and the remainder were drawn. We were very satisfied with this performance as we were playing stronger teams this year.

A. N. G.

MASONIC.

It was found possible to arrange the deferred Installation Meeting, and it was therefore held, by permission of Grand Lodge, at the Northumberland Rooms, Northumberland Avenue, W.C., on the 20th of January last.

There were present:—

W.Bro. W. J. R. Bullers	W.M.
Bro. W. A. Thomson	S.W.
" C. H. Lyon	J.W.
" " J. W. Berry	Treasurer.
" " P. E. Marrant	Secretary.
" " H. Berry	D. of C.
" W. F. Dines	J.D.
" David J. Ross	I.G.
" C. J. Hunt	S.
" R. B. Butler	S.
" " G. H. Chamberlain	S.
" " F. R. Pankhurst	S.
" " G. T. Scudamore	S.

W.Bros. W. W. Latter, J. F. Seaton; Past Masters and Bros. Yeomans, J. H. Marsh, W. H. H. Richardson, C. J. Sweeney, Malcolm Lawson, and Harold Hunt.

W.Bro. Walter Alexander Thomson was duly installed as Master for the year, and he presented W.Bro. W. J. R. Bullers, on behalf of the Lodge, with a Past Master's Jewel and Collar, as a mark of esteem from the Brethren.

Our new Master is, indeed, an old Roan Boy. He attended the School in Eastney Street in the early eighties. He is one of the few old Roans who adopted the Law as his profession. A cautious and careful Scot and a keen lawyer, he is well known and respected as a Solicitor and Coroner in Greenwich and West Kent. He has a wonderful sense of humour, and is not above telling stories against himself. His cheerfulness and open-hearted generosity has endeared him to the members of the Lodge, and he is justly popular with all. In short, he is a thoroughly good Mason and an ornament to the Craft.

P. E. M.

ON ACTIVE SERVICE.

A. F. GOOCH, in the Royal Artillery.

H. M. HARMAN, in the Royal Air Force.

N. J. ELLIS, 1928-1935, has joined the Merchant Navy as Junior Engineer in the New Zealand Shipping Co.

H. G. HUNT, in the A.F.S.

A. J. WRIGHT, Officer in the Royal Artillery.

R. E. TIDMARSH, in the R.A.O.C.

D. J. SHORTMAN is with the Royal Armoured Corps.

CANON ROBERTS is serving as Chaplain with the Forces in France.

R. M. BISHOP is with the Royal Engineers in France.

C. W. DANIEL is Lance/Corporal in a Searchlight Company, Royal Engineers.

D. H. NOCK is with the R.A.F. as Instructor.

W. HARRIS is with the R.A.F. in India.

N. F. DANIEL, serving as Gunner in the H.A.C.

S. WILSON, serving as Gunner in the Royal Artillery.

R. J. ARTHUR, serving with the 34th A.A. Batt., Royal Engineers.

LEE, H. F., is in the R.A.F.

★ ★ ★

NEWS.

BIRTH.

FRASER, R. W. ('21-'25). On Saturday, 20th January, 1940, at 89, Silver Lane, West Wickham, Kent—a daughter, Anthea.

LEE, B. C. On 17th February, at Grange, Borrowdale, to Evelyn, wife of Mr. B. C. Lee (née Dumper, an old Roan)—a daughter, Mary.

GREEN, L. F. On 19th February, to Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Green—a daughter, Gillian Daphne.

MARRIAGES.

NOCK, D. H. At St. Paul's Church, Clacton-on-Sea, on December 23rd, 1939, to Joan Kathleen Yuill-Higgs.

GREEN, S. W. ('28-'36). On 6th January, 1940, at Christ Church, Shooter's Hill, S.E.18, to Barbara H. Church.

LEE, L. S. On 2nd March, at Walsall, to Miss Palmer of Bridgnorth.

DISTINCTION.

ROGERS (R. A.), LL.B. Passed Final Solicitors' Examination with Honours. (2nd Class).

ARTER, D. Working his passage from Australia on the "Tairoa" to fight for the Mother Country, he was taken prisoner by the "Graf Spee," and his ship, which was carrying a cargo of meat and butter, sunk. He was in due course transferred to the German prison ship, "Altmark," whence he was rescued recently by the British Destroyer "Cossack" in Joessing Fiord, Norway.

PHIPPS-JONES ('24-'31) writes from Fourah Bay College, P.O. Box 77, Freetown, Sierra Leone:—

This is a wonderful spot; one of the most beautiful on the West Coast we have been told—and it is not difficult to believe, with mountains coming sheer to the waters edge, and the broad river flowing out to sea, with wonderful bathing beaches on the North and West.

It is, of course, warm! But the heat is far from being as intolerable as it has been made out; during the rains, the rain cools the air, and during the dry season the Harmattan blows often and cool.

Stuff grows at a stupendous rate; bamboo has achieved 30 feet in a month during the rains! And it is certainly interesting to grow one's own bananas, coffee, pineapple, and oranges, as well as lettuce, onions, and tomatoes in the garden!

Last September we went up country for a month and had the interesting experience of seeing the witchdoctor at work, hunting the deilies that had been the (alleged) cause of the high infant mortality rate. We saw three such deilies, and watched him smell out and dig up a fourth—very ordinary looking articles they were too—an ordinary small iron cooking pot; a string of beads, a large soapstone among them. His power is on the wane, and several natives who were with us, grown men, confessed that that was the first occasion on which they had seen the medicine man at work—so we counted ourselves very fortunate.

It would take too long to tell of the gorillas' nests we have seen, of snakes and scorpions, one of which bit my wife a week or two back; of spiders four to six inches across from foot to foot, and all the other queer tropical fauna that abound.

Christmas was strange with the temperature at 85°F. We sat listening to the Empire Broadcast around an open door instead of an open grate. However, Christmas is Christmas in tropics or snow, peace or war, and we had a good turkey and a jolly good time.

When I came out, I was told that the Secretary of the O.R.A. knew of no O.R's on the Coast; but if the war sends anybody this way, in Navy or Mercantile Marine, and he can get ashore for an hour or two and just blow along, he can be sure of a very warm welcome (in more ways than one!).

R. W. Farrell, one of our Vice-Presidents, has been elected a member of the Worthing Town Council.



ADDITIONS TO LIST OF MEMBERS.

Ordinary Members.

BANFIELD, W. ...	1932-1939	MILLER, G. W. ...	1934-1939
CHAMBERLAIN, P. G. ...	1932-1939	PHILLIPS, L. H. ...	1934-1939
HARWOOD, D. J. ...	1932-1939	SEAL, R. W. ...	1934-1939
HOUNSELL, J. T. ...	1932-1939	SMITH, F. J. ...	1932-1939
KNIGHT, W. E. ...	1924-1929	WHITE, P. A. ...	1933-1938
LONGHURST, P. J. C. ...	1930-1939		

Transferred to Life Membership.

DUNMORE, W., 1932-1938.

A member from S.E.10 district has sent a P.O. for 7/- but omitted to give his name and address, will the member concerned communicate with the Secretary.

W. J. B.

IF YOU KNOW AN OLD BOY WHO IS NOT A MEMBER OF OUR
ASSOCIATION GET HIM TO COMPLETE THE FOLLOWING—

Old Roan Association

APPLICATION FOR ENROLMENT OR RE-ENROLMENT

Name

Address

Years at School.....from.....to.....

Remarks (State whether keen on joining Sports Clubs, assisting
in Social Events, etc.).

Date.....

N.B.—The attached Subscription Form or Bankers' Order should
be enclosed with this Form and sent to the Secretary or
Treasurer, Roan School, Maze Hill, S.E.3.

SUBSCRIPTION FORM

Enclosed is.....for.....as Subscription to
the O.R.A. for—

Life Membership	..	£1	15	0	
Ordinary Membership		3	6	per annum	{ for the year ending
Under 18 Membership		2	0	„	{ Dec. 31st, 19

BANKERS' ORDER

Name of Society : OLD ROAN ASSOCIATION.

Name of Bankers : Messrs. BARCLAY, Westcombe Park, S.E.3.

To.....(Name of Bankers)

Please pay to the Bankers of the above Society—

(a) The sum of Thirty-five Shillings only.

(b) The sum of Three Shillings and Sixpence on receipt of this
Order, and a further sum of Three Shillings and Six-
pence on the First day of January in each year,
and debit the same to my Account.

(Please strike out either (a) or (b) and initial same.)

Signature

Address

Date

Please
Affix
Twopenny
Stamp

Old Roan Colours.

BLAZERS.

Light and Dark Blue and Green. (In the new Blazer Cloth which is much superior to flannel, the colours being woven through-out).

Supplied without Pocket Badge.

PRICE: £1 17s. 6d.

With Badge (in Gold and Colours) £2 5s.

Self-Measurement Forms supplied by Secretary, O.R.A.

POCKET BADGE.

(In Gold and Colours) 8s.

SILK TIES. PRICE: 3s. and 5s. 6d.

SILK SCARVES. PRICE: 12s. 6d.

WOOLLEN MUFFLERS.

PRICE: 5s.

BUTTON-HOLE BADGE.

In Enamel. PRICE: 1s.