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Grammar School
Magazine.

April, 1940

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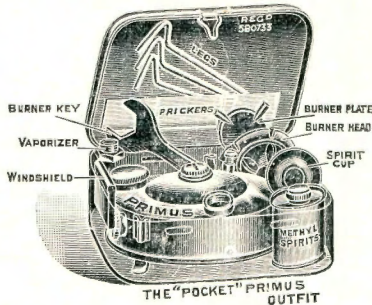
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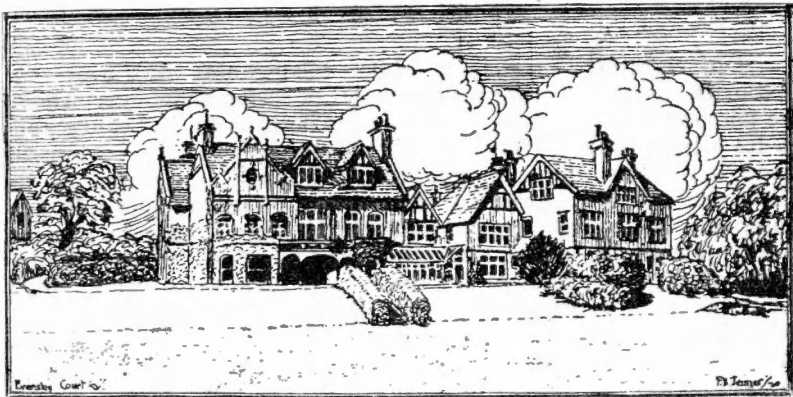
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The Eastbourne Grammar School Magazine

Editor - G. WILCOX.

Committee: V. F. GODDARD, P. JEFFORD, R. C. ELSLEY,
A. J. PLATT, B.A.

VOL. VII. No. 34

APRIL, 1940

Editorial

*I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
Gave the lustre of mid-day to objects below.*

(Clement Clarke Moore, *A Visit from St. Nicholas*).

No doubt.

Then appears

*The various labour of the silent night ;
Prone from the dripping eave, and dumb cascade,
Whose idle torrents only seem to roar,
The pendant icicle ; the frost-work fair,
Where transient hues, and fancy'd figures rise ;
Wide-spouted o'er the hill, the frozen brook,
A livid tract, cold-gleaming on the morn ;
The forest bent beneath the plumy wave ;
And by the frost refined the whiter snow,
Incrusted hard, and sounding to the tread
Of early shepherd, as he pensive seeks
His pining flock, or from the mountain top,
Pleas'd with the slippery surface, swift descends.*

(James Thomson—*The Seasons*.)

Oh, certainly—once in a while—tobogganing was ever our favourite sport—but after a few *months* of seeing snow everywhere we personally begin to have our doubts both as to its beauty and to its pleasantness. These be minor poets, anyway, that we have quoted—shallow thinkers who are sufficiently unscrupulous to allow themselves to dwell on the beauties of last night's fall, unhampered by any qualms as to the slushy state it may be in next week when traffic, gravel, dirty boots and oil-stains, to say nothing of the natural processes of the thaw, have done their worst. No; let us sweep the usurper from the throne of the immortals—call back from exile that Prince of Poets, that Bard of imperishable fame—instate him with humble reverence in our unworthy columns. Regarding Winter, pray, what pearl of crystal truth canst give thy penitent worshippers?

With favouring lip the god replies :

*What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen,
What Old December's bareness everywhere ! . . .
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang ;*

(Shakespeare—*Sonnets*.)

—a touching reminder of the vanished charms of Spring ;

*When blood is nipt, and ways be foul ; . . .
When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw.*

(Shakespeare—*Winter*.)

—a never-failing monument to the discomforts brought in Winter's train. If Shakespeare had been alive to-day he would undoubtedly have included burst pipes in his description. As for the psychological effect on the mind of the blankness of a landscape continually snow-covered, we can imagine no more vivid expression of it than in the following lines, penned by one of the greatest of American poets :—

*O the long and dreary winter !
O the cold and cruel winter !
Ever thicker, thicker, thicker
Froze the ice on lake and river,
Ever deeper, deeper, deeper
Fell the snow o'er all the landscape,
Fell the covering snow, and drifted
Through the forest, round the village.*

(Longfellow—*The Song of Hiawatha*.)

Could anything more dismal be imagined ?

Someone or other—probably Dante in the *Inferno*—has given us the description of a department of Hell which specialises in setting the sinning soul to freeze in vast plains of ice and snow. This would be the very place to which to consign the souls of the Moores and

the Thomsons ; poetic justice indeed for those who dare sing the praises of Winter.

Now, for half a year and more, it is gone—past—over. Now to welcome the daffodils and the cuckoo that were so dear to Wordsworth, the skylark that Shelley loved, and the nightingale whose praises were sung by Keats.

G.W.

School Notes

IN YEARS TO COME, when the younger generations are deploring the weather or other conditions, someone will say, "Ah—but it's not so bad as in the winter of 1940!" What a term! Not since 1919 has the attendance of masters and boys been so bad—and even in that winter it *was* possible to play football regularly and to get to school twice a day without wading through inches of snow or slush. However, we have carried on—certainly to our own satisfaction and, we believe, to the satisfaction of the great majority of parents, although we did hear one or two complaints because on the worst days we cancelled afternoon school. Our reason for doing so was that it was unwise for boys to sit in chilly classrooms with wet shoes or stockings—after all we have to recognise that our cloakroom arrangements are far from perfect.

To that cowardly individual, the anonymous letter-writer, we have to add a new discovery—the anonymous telephonist! We are always willing to deal reasonably with complaints about the behaviour of boys—or the idiosyncrasies of masters!—but it is quite impossible to do anything for the person who will only make general statements and "won't mention names," not even his own!

We are still in a state of flux as a result of the war. More than half of our evacuees have left us—mostly for good reasons. It is obviously best for a boy just beginning his Secondary School career to join up with his own school as soon as possible provided that the school has been transferred to a safe area, or that it is so far removed from the centre of London that, with the provision of Air Raid shelters, it is comparatively safe. But we are glad that the boys in the School Certificate Forms are remaining with us—it might be fatal to their chances to change over again to the London Examination, and some of them, at least, should do quite well if they stay in Eastbourne till July.

The Government seems to have made up its mind to postpone Civil Service Examinations for the duration of the war. We wish we could feel that the Department concerned was aware of all the facts before making its decision. The equality of opportunity which entrance by examination has given is to the schoolmaster one of the most valuable assets of democracy, and the fact that these examinations can be suspended at will is an example of that need for vigilance which a former generation knew was the price to be paid for freedom.

Most of the Sixth Form boys to whom this Government decision came as a severe blow are showing their good sense and courage by seeking alternative careers. Several of them have already decided to go to the University and there continue their education until "called-up," whilst the younger boys are taking posts in local offices and firms. In spite of the fact that so many men have gone into the Forces, there has been a strange dearth of suitable jobs since September, but we are hoping that by the beginning of next term all last year's Fifth Form will be provided for. Many of them have to thank the Juvenile Employment Bureau for help, but a greater proportion than usual have acted on the slogan (which is *not* of Biblical origin) that "God helps those who help themselves."

Boys in UVa and UVb and the older boys in LVb are now making the decision as to their future. Quite a number of the latter are hoping to pass into the Royal Navy or Royal Air Force as artificer apprentices, and we wish them success. Of the former, those who can do so are very wisely deciding to follow some course which will lead to a higher standard of qualification which will fit them for the work of reconstruction which will certainly be necessary after the war.

It is probably generally known that Mr. Bonfield has received a Staff appointment—with the rank of Captain—in the Department of Military Intelligence. Capt. Bonfield's command of the French language, and his knowledge of French military affairs, gained during his residence in France some seven or eight years ago, should make him a valuable officer. We shall look forward to his return to School duties after the war.

Besides the departure of Mr. Bonfield, we have had one other change on the School Staff this term. Mr. Barnes left at Christmas in order to take a permanent post at King's School, Taunton, and Mr. E. H. Dyer has taken his place. Mr. Barnes proved himself a valuable acquisition during the time he was here—a good teacher, a good sportsman and a gentleman—and we were sorry to lose him. We know that Mr. Dyer—who is, of course, an Old Boy of the School—will follow in the best tradition of our Masters and we are particularly looking forward to his influence on School Cricket.

It is with sincere regret that we refer to the death of one of our pupils—Alan William Unsted—who died during the Christmas Vacation. He was a keen pupil in School and a wholehearted member of the School community. Such boys are common in English Schools but none the less we can ill spare them. We shall share his loss with the parents—his father, Mr. W. F. Unsted, is one of our most respected Old Grammarians.

We very much regret the loss of Douglas Shelley through death after an operation for appendicitis. He was one of the most promising of the London boys, and both he and his parents appreciated the opportunities the war has brought.

H.M.

Valete

<i>Name and Form.</i>	<i>School Record.</i>	<i>Career.</i>
JEFFORD, P. VIa	S.C.—Matric.—H.S.C.—(R.N. Writers' Exam.)—Prefect—Magazine Committee—School Orchestra—School Pianist.	Royal Navy.
DAVISON, T. W. VIa	S.C.—Matric.—Prefect—Chief Officer, Fire Brigade.	—
NISBET, J. D. F. VI Sc.	S.C.—Matric.	Radio Mechanic, R.A.F.
HURT, H. A. VI Com.	S.C.	Junior Clerk, Public Assistance Dept.
STANIFORD, G. B. VI Com.	S.C.	—

Form Notes

FORM I.

CONGRATULATIONS TO Fuller and Yarrow—the only two boys with unbroken attendances in this wintry term of German measles and 'flu. The whole Form has not been together since the second day, and nearly everything has been interrupted. We enjoyed ourselves in the snow, but because of the weather we have had only one game of football so far; still, we hope to make up for lost time before the term ends. P.S.—Who ate Green's bun?

IIc.

This term we have had several exciting moments. The first was an enjoyable time that we had tobogganing in the snow with Mr. Cooper. The second was when our "professeur" Froude told Mr. Cooper that a widow was a lady without a wife.

IIa.

At the beginning of term we had Mr. Bonfield as Form Master; when he left for the Army Mr. Stewart took his place, and at the moment we have Mr. Owen as Form Master. The number of boys in the form was at first reduced by illness, while the bad weather hampered sports; but later in the term we experienced better weather which made football once again possible, and a number of house and form matches have been played.

IIb.

There are 36 boys in the form (including seven from the old Form IIx), under the wing first of Mr. Owen and later of Mr. Stewart. The snow rather spoilt the usual activities such as football and long walks, but we did manage one walk to the top of Beachy Head with Mr. Cooper (getting rather muddy in the process!).

IIIa.

Little has happened this term, except that Mr. Dyer has replaced Mr. Rothwell as our Form Master.

ARE YOU RUMBLED THIS TERM?

Who was the boy who had to write out "Sarsaparilla" 50 times?

IIIb.

We have not had a full attendance this term, and during a very bad spell we only had 7 attending! We now have 4 magazines in our form:—*The Rival* (Editor, Martin); *Wheels* (Editors, Wade and Iliffe); *Spotlight* (Editor, Little) and *The Arrow* (Editor, Milner). We were disappointed at not having a half-term, but were very pleased to have Mr. Rothwell as Form Master.

IVa.

This term the Form has, during one of the coldest spells of weather on record, been lodged in the largest and coldest room in the school—the Lecture Room. It is not, therefore, surprising that many of our members have fallen foul of the various epidemics which are about at this time of the year. We now have two free afternoons a week; among other sources of pleasure are our Latin periods, which have been reduced to three weekly this term. Mr. Matthews has been producing a play and Maths. lessons have been particularly enjoyable.

The Form's special Art section is building a puppet theatre, for which it has written a play, set in a dentist's waiting room.

IVb.

We are enjoying our first year in the Cadet Corps, and are trying to convert the one or two boys in our midst who claim to be Communists. We now have Monday and Thursday afternoons for football, and have played IVa twice—beating them the first time by 2 goals to 1, and the second time by 4 goals to 3. Mr. Stewart has taken over Mr. Bonfield's unenviable task of trying to teach us a little French.

LOWER Va.

This term has been a very peculiar one for us. At one time the number of pupils dropped to 13, during the measles and 'flu epidemics; the 13 stalwarts were coached in the art of drawing each other, under the eye of Miss Slattery. We have been provided with a new Form Master, that enthusiastic philatelist, Mr. Harrison, who has taken us under his wing, and is encouraging us to write four page essays without abbreviations or spelling mistakes. We have had a good football season and have many promising players, among them Peerless ii, Hill and Dean.

LOWER Vb.

We, too, now have Mr. Stewart for French. He has been favourably impressed with our good behaviour, as have other members of the Staff to a greater or (generally) lesser extent. There are a number of crooners in the Form, and it is no unusual thing for Mr. S—— to be followed from the room by the subdued strains of "There goes my dream."

UPPER Va.

In contrast to the paltry and unpatriotic diseases experienced by the other forms in the school, we have been honoured by the presence of sufferers from such rare and superior diseases as laryngitis and lead-swinging.

We are the best Cambridge form for 11 years (on Tuesdays and Thursdays), but despite this we fear that the Cambridge results will be absolutely unprecedented, although our undoubted superiority over UVb, confirmed during various invasions from that form soon after the beginning of term, will inevitably make itself felt.

UPPER Vb.

The form has spent most of its time this term in being stricken by calamities—chicken-pox, blizzards, German measles, Latin translations, and scarlet fever. As a consequence of the last of these a worse disaster occurred; two of Mr. Harrison's textbooks (men may come and men may go, but these go on for ever) had to be burnt.

Two important discoveries have been made in the classical field—that the deeds of the Mighty Aeneas generally turn out to mean something different, and that Caesar spent a lot of time setting out from Oricum or somewhere, but hardly ever seems to have arrived anywhere.

We have pleasure in announcing that we are better at History than UVa (so there!). We have further pleasure in refuting an unfounded accusation that we are the worst Cambridge form which have ever afflicted the School. Canute was in a far worse one. (Is this a joke?—ED.)

FORM VI COM.

One-third of the form has left this term. The other two have been ill at various times, but the exercise we obtain while walking round the school has proved beneficial to us and we are now quite fit again. The installation of a telephone has conserved much of our energy—very valuable in war-time. Our former member had a habit of addressing people on the telephone as "Sweetie-Pie," and this has, at times, caused difficulties. Maynard's are doing a very good trade in glacier mints and tangerine balls. For the last few weeks I have, without doubt, proved myself the best form for ten years.

FORM VI SCIENCE

The form this year may be likened to the "Ten Little Nigger Boys." Starting with a "baker's dozen" we have dwindled to a record low level of five. One member—Nisbet—has left to join the Air Force, so you can now sleep soundly. VI Science is protecting you.

This year we have been evacuated. Ousted from our ancestral home, the Lecture Room, we have been plunged into the gloom of a sand-bagged Physics Laboratory. Restoration of our rightful territory is our chief "Peace Aim."

Did you notice that the only two distinctions in the H.S.C. field came to VI Science? Don't be misled by the propaganda which emanates once a term from VI Arts, but, when the shadow of School Certificate has passed, come under Mr. Vellender's fatherly care, and sit round his feet and catch the pearls of wisdom which he will be only too pleased to give you.

FORM VI ARTS.

This term has been very uneventful—indeed no! It has been a term in a thousand, abnormalities throughout, the weather, health (or lack of it), war conditions, more changes in the staff. These happenings have affected all the School in like manner, and so beyond noting the fact that we certainly had the right atmosphere for the study of glaciation at the College in February, I will deal with more "Formal" topics.

Two boys from the form have been to the High School on Saturday afternoons to help with a club for evacuees of about 6—12 years of age. This is indeed work of considerable national importance. Perhaps a club could be run by this school for, let us say, girls of 16 and over.

We have most probably the best record for attendances during the epidemic period, never having more than one boy away. I will not weary my readers by giving a long list of the members of our form; here, however, is a short one:—

Brewer,
Funnell,
Elsley.

There is no particular point in mentioning the other people who are technically our fellow-workers, for they are all old men who have been in the Sixth about ten years and seem to spend most of their time very mysteriously in the Prefects' Room (which they prefer to call the P.S. Room). When asked what they do with themselves all the week, all they can reply is, "Oh—general reading." This sounds fishy to us.

Athletics While You Wait

THE SHORTER ROAD TO THE BODY BEAUTIFUL.

(Some people may know an even shorter one).

OWING TO THE ENORMOUS success of our previous article, which sold over three hundred copies, we have decided on the publication of a companion piece, even more utterly helpful than the first, in the form of an outline of CORPICURE.

Athletics is divided into various sections, sports, or, more correctly, athletic divisions. We will now give them in order of importance (*i.e.*, an Athletical Progression).

(a) DOMINOES. This energetic and exhilarating sport not only develops the finger muscles but increases the tendons of the extensor longus digitorum (YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED). It is played with

small black objects, covered with white spots at six o'clock, and red, yellow, or green spots at twelve o'clock.

(b) CHESS. This, of course, conjures up a picture of kings eating prawns. Which brings us to—

(c) CRICKET. This is a very unfair sport, and is utterly un-British, in that while the bowler is practically *forced* to hurl the ball at the batsman with intent to do grievous bodily harm, the batsman is hardly ever encouraged to attack the bowler with his bat (or King Willow). This is not a good thing.

(d) BOXING.—There are several classes of boxers:—

- (a) Heavyweights— (i) Light heavyweights ;
 (ii) Medium heavyweights ;
 (iii) The horizontal heavyweights ;
 (iv) Pure and unqualified heavyweights ;
 (v) Foul and disqualified heavyweights.

(b) Lightweight. These rather jolly little fellows are scarcely worth bothering about.

JOKE : What made James annoyed ?
 (Work that out for yourself.)

(e) SOCCER. This stands alone.

(f) SHOP-LIFTING. As shops weigh more than somewhat, one is rather apt to strain oneself utterly.

Old Camberwell saying : " He lifts a pretty shop."

Old Borstal proverb : " It's a clever shoplifter that knows its own strength."

(g) RUGGER. Although not a strenuous game this is very amusing to the spectators, and utterly killing to the players.

(h) ROBOTTERY (ROBBOTTERY). Never heard of it ! This, we fear, finishes the list of known sports ; there are, however, many whose existence is, as yet, utterly unsuspected, and it is with this thought in our hearts that we bid farewell to Athletics, the triumph of matter over mind.

S. J. PEERLESS,
 A. E. BAKER,
 J. H. SHORE, } U.V.A.

Football

FIRST ELEVEN

THIS TERM THE TEAM has been weakened by the absence of Ward and Gordon, who were two of the best players last term. A glance at the results will show that the team has not been very successful this term. The results, however, hardly do the side justice. The only game that we deserved to lose was the one against the Dominie

Club, which we lost 0—3. The others would have been won if the forwards had shown more steadiness in front of goal.

The players have combined well and, towards the end of the season, were forming into a very sound team.

Peerless i, Whymark, Learmouth, Roper, Glendening, Wood and Jeffrey, have been awarded colours, while Oliver, Hookham and Peerless ii have also played regularly. Our thanks are due to Clifford, who has proved a very efficient linesman.

G. W. BREWER, *Captain*.

RESULTS.

Dominie Club	Away	...	Lost	0—3
St. Mary's Old Boys	Home	...	Lost	0—1
Louis G. Ford's, Bexhill	Home	...	Drawn	3—3
Hastings Grammar School	Away	...	Lost	1—2
Roborough School	Home	...	Won	3—1
Central Rovers	Home	...	Won	4—2

THIRD ELEVEN.

OUR ONLY MATCH TO DATE has been against Roborough III, which we won 3—0.

P. C. WHITMORE, *Captain*.

Owing to the weather the Second and Fourth Elevens have played no matches.

Stanza Written in a Precarious Position

I am a little daisy ;
 I grow upon a cliff,
 And in the long cold winter
 I get so cold and stiff.
 I think I'll buy a jacket,
 Perhaps a muffler, too ;
 And a tent
 And an overcoat,
 And perhaps a fire to warm my hands by in the long cold
 winter evenings.

V. R. PITCHER, Form VI Commercial.

School Orchestra

AT THE SUGGESTION OF Mr. Temple, the director of the Eastbourne College Orchestra, the School Orchestra has this term been preparing Schubert's "Unfinished Symphony," with a view to the two giving a combined performance of this work. A few rehearsals of both

orchestras together were held, with Mr. Rivers as leader, and Mr. Cyril Winn, H.M. Inspector of Music in Schools, who was present at one of these, said that he considered it an excellent project. Unfortunately, with the calling-up of Mr. Temple for military service, it has of necessity been postponed for the time being.

At the end of last term the Orchestra lost two of its senior members—Taunton, the leader of the first violins, and Ward, who played the trumpet and violin; while this term Jefford, who has done valuable work as a joint school pianist with Wilcox, will be leaving. To all of these we extend best wishes for their future careers.

It was with deep regret that we heard of the death of Alan Unsted during the Christmas holidays. Not only was he a promising violinist, but he also possessed those qualities of loyalty and enthusiasm so essential to success.

C.W.

Don't You Believe It

By Professor CARAWAY-SEED.

AFTER GREAT EFFORT AND untiring research, I have compiled a few facts and figures of this great scholastic establishment, facts which may surprise even some of the less mathematically inclined:—

1. 2,834 aitches are dropped in school each day, in discussion about Herr Hitler.
2. If every boy were to line-up from the school gate, 3.05 feet apart, then the last boy would find himself half-way down Eldon Road.
3. Enough electricity is used per day at school to electrocute 11,927 members of the staff.
4. If all the books in the School Library were placed end to end they would reach nearly two-thirds as far as a similar line of those which are missing.
5. The number of spots produced by scholars during the recent German measles epidemic, exceeds by 14 the total number of runs scored by the Cricket XI.
6. If the regular supporters of the Football XI were to stand up straight, he would rise 2 feet $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches short of the crossbar.
7. The sum of the masters' (and mistress's) ages is 3 short of the numbers of hairs in Mr. O——'s head.
8. Form VI's wireless set had a reception of over 4 stations.
9. 13.317 ounces of shoe leather have already been worn out by boys walking to the College.
10. There are 8,581 words printed in this magazine—count them and see!

R.C.E.

Cadet Corps

ONCE AGAIN THERE IS A record number of Cadets in the Corps, its complement this year being 121. Great keenness has been shown by the whole Company in all branches of training, and the fact that little could be done in the Christmas Term has encouraged the Corps this term to work harder than ever before. A continuation of this enthusiasm will undoubtedly make the General Inspection a success.

This term the following promotions have been made :—

L/Cpls. Wilcox and Goddard to Sergeant ;

L/Cpls. French, Taylor, Peerless, and Jeffrey, to Corporal ;

Cadets Dunning, Williams, Clifford, Jakins, Barker, Towner, Hardwick, Whymark, Wood, to L/Corporal.

This large number of promotions has been necessitated by the reorganisation of the Corps. With the three-ranks system there are three sections to each platoon, and three platoons to the Company. The Sergeants are acting as Platoon Commanders, and three of the full Corporals are taking over the duties of Sergeant. This system will give experience to the younger N.C.O.s and will at the same time provide more chances of promotion for keen Cadets.

This term the recruits began their training. They have now become efficient in arms-drill, but the inclement weather has prevented any squad-drill. Thus they will have to work hard during the early part of next term if they are to form a smart No. 3 Platoon.

As Captain Bonfield was called up for military service in the middle of the term, Captain Jenner has been training the recruits, taking Specialist Classes and issuing uniforms single-handed. Next term, however, the N.C.O.s will assist Captain Jenner by drilling their platoons and sections themselves.

Badges have been issued to the Company this term, bearing the inscription "British National Cadets." It is hoped that as many members of the Corps as possible will wear these badges, as they show that we are playing our part in National Service.

It is unfortunate that the Six-a-side Tournament will probably have to be scratched this year, as we are not at Eversley Court in the afternoons. At the time of writing these notes, it is considered impossible to hold them in the mornings, because they would interfere with the Specialist Classes. I think that every member of the Corps will agree that, in these times, efficiency in Signalling, Musketry and First-Aid must come before football.

G. W. BREWER, C.S.M.

Fire Brigade

DESPITE CONSIDERABLE CURTAILMENT of activities owing to the abnormal weather, several parades have been held this term. At first the numbers of boys attending them was small as the result of widespread epidemics both of influenza and German measles ;

but now parades can be held with a fair prospect of a full complement of members attending. Even so our numbers are barely sufficient. More recruits are needed in the Hose, Chemical and Foam Sections, particularly in the first two, while if these vacancies were filled more boys could be allotted to the Escape Section.

The A.R.P. Section has so far been unable to have special practices, though a demonstration of the use of the stirrup-pump against incendiary bombs has been attended. Hitherto, members of this section have been drawn from other branches, but if numbers permit a separate unit will be formed.

D. G. FUNNELL, *First Officer.*

The Black-Out

OUT IN THE black-out, late last night
I ventured, where no single light
Lit up the darkness of the road.
I squared my shoulders, out I strode,
And started with intrepid tread,
Till something hard assailed my head.
It was a bush grows by the way ;
I wish they'd clear the thing away.

Yet, still undaunted, on I went
Until my ribs sustained a dent
From someone who, with boundless swank,
Used an umbrella as a tank.
A little further up the street
Something or other met my feet ;
I hit the pavement like a log—
I felt I truly loved that dog !

I found that I had lost a shilling ;
Though it was dark, I was unwilling
To leave it lying on the ground
For anybody to come round
And pick it up ; and down I bent.
After a while the air was rent
By one who, somewhat carelessly,
Had in his haste tripped over me.

I thought I'd had about enough—
This black-out game is rather rough—
But still I thought I'd hunt around
I found a florin on the ground !
And then the business seemed to change ;
I don't know how it was, but strange
To say it did ; instead of vile,
I thought the black-out quite worth while.

I felt quite pleased, I mean to say,
 And started on my homeward way.
 But, when I went from gloomy night
 Into the brilliance of the light,
 I thought I could have slain that hound—
 'Twas but a penny that I'd found !

R. E. POOLE, U.Vb.

School Society

TOWARDS THE BEGINNING of the term we attended two film shows at School.

The first was a presentation of an old five-reel silent film, Conan Doyle's *The Lost World*. It was instructive to compare its technique with that of the latest "stupendous achievements" of the screen. If its continuity seemed inferior to that in *The Good Earth*, its sentiment not as acceptable as that in *The Four Feathers*, its thrills less dramatic than those of *The Drum*, its trick photography less skilful than that of *Things to Come*, it served to remind us of the decades of experiment and improvement that had to pass before the cinema could take its present important position in our lives. It is a tribute to those who planned this modest yet ambitious production that, with all its imperfections, its pterodactyls and brontosauri should still be able, after fifteen years or so, to give so much enjoyment to such a (usually) critical audience.

A few days later came a showing of four highly interesting educational films—*How Talkies Talk*, *Crystals*, *Football Tactics*, and *The Spithead Review*, 1939.

During February, Mr. Jenner gave the Junior School an illustrated talk on his visit last summer to Stockholm for the Lingead—the Swedish Athletics festival.

Entertainments still in store for us before the end of the term are the usual concert by the School Orchestra and a production by the Eversley Players of A. A. Milne's delightful comedy, *Mr. Pim Passes By*.

G.W.

Climatic Conditions and the Student or, It's An Ill Wind

EVER SINCE LAST SEPTEMBER, when the well-ordered life of the School, simultaneously with the peace of Europe, was rudely disturbed, the Head Master seems to have been producing every few weeks a completely revised time-table. The first one to be issued, last term, made certain alterations, no doubt unavoidable under the circumstances, in the arrangement of lessons taken by the Sixth Form—one change being that we were reduced to a single P.T. class a week, third period on Friday morning. The situation

was complicated by the fact that a Junior Form was also scheduled to take P.T. at the same time. This meant that while they went into the gym under a master whom we will call Mr. A., we had to go outside on to the "hard court" with Mr. B.

Now this was all very well while the warm weather lasted. For a few weeks we turned out in force and enjoyed it as much as we used to do during the summer. Then the weather broke; one Friday, about a month after the beginning of term, it almost froze, and so did we. The most strenuous exercise on our part availed nothing to keep us warm. For the next few days the mere thought of P.T. gave us cold feet in every sense.

The next Friday was a wet day, and we were relieved to think that if we had P.T. at all it would be inside, in a certain amount of warmth. The powers-that-be, after pondering how to get a quart into the somewhat incommodious pint pot provided by the gym, decided with their usual bias in favour of developing the biceps of the young 'uns, and sent us a curt message to the effect that there would be no P.T. for us that week.

I am aware that, if we had risen to the popular conception of the ideal schoolboy, we should have felt deeply hurt; should have elected on the spot a deputation to demand from the Head our just rights, *viz.* and to wit, not less than one P.T. lesson a week—preferably more. To lay claim to any such righteous feelings, however, would be not only to falsify the facts, but also to take the whole point (which I rather despair of reaching) out of this story. I cannot imagine any normal schoolboy having any very ardent desire to change out of a warm set of winter woollies into a brief and draughty singlet and shorts in weather as bitter as we had last term. It is certainly too much to expect such enthusiasm from the Sixth Form. The next few Fridays being also wet we again missed our weekly dozen, and, as the weather had gradually become colder and colder, our thanksgivings to the rain-god were unashamedly sincere.

Friday mornings were always a trying time. Imagine, if you will, a typical example of one. Comes first lesson; not a sign of rain—it's been fine all the week. Comes second lesson; still as dry as the Sahara; perhaps—ah, perish the thought!—perhaps we shall have to do P.T. to-day. From the snug warmth of the Prefects' Room we all watch the landscape with anxious gaze. With three minutes to go there seems no hope—we begin to rummage around for slippers and shorts. Then, just as Nash goes off to ring the bell, down comes the rain! We heave sighs of relief and settle down to our work. A few minutes later Mr. B's head appears round the Prefects' Room door:—

"I'm afraid there'll be no P.T. for you fellows to-day—Mr. A's in the gym—"

We all contrive to look

(i) As if we were just about to get changed;

(ii) Terribly disappointed ;

(iii) Innocently surprised ;

and then there's no more trouble till next Friday ; Mr. B. goes off to the smoky atmosphere of the Staff Room, and usually has the impudence to remark on the fugginess of our own little glory-hole.

On the other hand the day may begin murky and overcast ; it may even rain a little at the beginning of first lesson, lulling us into false security. Then, during second lesson, the rain stops—a wind gets up—the hard court will be dry in time—the friendly storm-clouds begin to drift away—bright patches appear in the distant sky and spread ominously—the sun, that harbinger of misfortune, begins to show his unwelcome visage through the reluctant veil of vanishing clouds. But always, at the last minute, and for no apparent reason except the benevolence of the clerk of the weather, down it comes, and Mr. B's hopes are dashed for another week. Those poor boys—if they don't get some P.T. soon they'll run to seed

So it was that last term we came to rely upon the friendly intervention of Jupiter Pluvius, and he never disappointed us, for it is an established fact that rain prevented us from having any P.T. lessons last term after the first three or four. One wonders, however, why he should have seen fit on so many occasions to tantalise his devoted subjects by delaying until the last possible second his welcome showers. Possibly it was his way of getting a little enjoyment out of the daily routine of storm-brewing. Even the gods need relaxation occasionally, and perhaps J.P. was feeling a bit off colour on Friday mornings—near the end of a strenuous week, and not quite pay-day yet ; though he retained sufficient sense of responsibility to his subjects not to slack off altogether.

This term, however, once the snows had cleared away, things changed. For one thing, if Jupiter Pluvius had had his own way with the weather all last term, it was scarcely fair to expect Phoebus and the other weather deities to let him go on having it all this term (in which, by all the rules, we ought to be seeing a bit of Spring) ; in other words, we cannot now always rely upon rain at 10.20 a.m. on Fridays.

Secondly, it recently came to the notice of the authorities that, as two forms took P.T. at that time, one of them had to go without on wet days, and the anomaly has been removed from the latest edition of the time-table, leaving us no loophole.

But the great point is that, with the coming of warmer weather, we have become normal, healthy schoolboys again, and have no desire for a loophole ; on the contrary, we look forward to our weekly half-hour of body-building, change with alacrity so as not to waste precious time, enjoy the training when it comes, and recognise that without it we should stand very little chance of winning the egg-and-spoon race at the end of the term.

G.W.

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