



JOHN
RUSKIN
GRAMMAR
SCHOOL
MAGAZINE



SERIES III.

MARCH, 1947.

No 1

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"Nothing that lives is, or can be rightly perfect; part of it is decaying, part nascent. The foxglove blossom—a third part bud, a third part past, a third part in full bloom—is a type of the life of this world All things are literally better, lovelier and more beloved for the imperfections which have been divinely appointed, that the law of human life may be Effort, and the law of human judgement, Mercy."

*From John Ruskin's "Stones of Venice."
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Messrs. Allen and Unwin.*

IN our last issue we bade farewell to Mr. McLeod; in this one we welcome his successor. Our new headmaster comes to us with the highest academic qualifications and the best experience. Graduating in 1930 at the University of Birmingham with First Class Honours in English, he proceeded to the Degree of M.A. two years later, being awarded "The Constance Naden Medal" for the best thesis submitted in his year; and since then he has served in no fewer than four Grammar Schools, in Derby, Willesden, Birmingham, and Wallasey. Mr. Lowe is keenly interested in all cultural and sporting spheres of school life; he has had considerable experience in amateur dramatics both as producer and performer, and has won distinction for himself as a cricketer, having in his time played for the Gentlemen of Shropshire and having twice represented Derbyshire County C.C. in 'Club and Ground' matches. Mr. Lowe has long since introduced himself to the School, but his first written message to the boys, which we have much pleasure in printing overleaf, gives us the awaited opportunity of introducing him now to our other readers.

* * * *

While the character of our magazine remains, we hope, much as it was, our bulk is now half as much again. Our cover has been refashioned—and rouged a little too—so that our twenty-four page war-time figure now seems the pale ghost of this civilian girth, the end of the war having at least brought more room for thought. We intend to use it by improving the spacing in our general lay-out, and by printing more Sports and Society news, hitherto much restricted. But our chief policy remains to encourage original composition from the boys, and to this end we have instituted four Book Prizes, one each for verse and prose in both the Upper and Lower Schools. In addition there will be two Art Prizes for the best two contributions that are published. The first awards go to R. Burton and L. Blake, of the Upper School, for their contributions 'Rehearsal' and 'Ode on the End of Term', and to D. Raynor and H. Dobbs, of the Lower School, for 'Appointment with Fear' and 'The End of the Year'. The Art Prizes have been awarded to D. Wolf (Vb) and F. Vernon (IV).

* * * *

There are few Staff movements to report this time: only one new arrival, and one, as it were, on the way out. Mr. R. B. Whellock, B.Sc., came to us in September from Knaresborough Grammar School via the Royal Navy. His painful daily duty of decimating the lower animal world is partly offset by his pleasanter task of nurturing our latest

entrant, the Cinema Projector, whose early days are recorded in the Scientific Notes. In Mr. W. Hart's appointment as Organiser of Music to the County Borough of Sunderland there seems, however, to be no compensation, except that it is a loss with honour. The boys will indeed be very loth to lose such a talented and inspiring teacher, and the Staff such a genial colleague; but we offer Mr. Hart our sincerest congratulations and wish him every success and happiness "up North" when he assumes his duties there in April.

* * * *

Old Boys not already aware will be interested to learn of the revival of their Society. It was never dead, but had perforce to lie down during the war years. The report of its resurgence, however, at the end of this issue shows that its strength will soon be recovered. But not entirely. And as for those many Old Boys who shall, in fact, 'not grow old', we are able to publish this time a draft *Roll of Honour* completed up to the end of 1946. Any omissions or inaccuracies in this list should be reported at the School to Mr. Myers, who took upon himself the unenviable task of collecting the names and information throughout the war years. The verses which preface these honoured names have been specially composed by Mr. Manning, who is now back from the Services himself, and who knew most of these boys so well. The form that some permanent memorial will eventually take is now under discussion, and an announcement may be made in our next issue.

* * * *

That should be in July—almost overtaking this one. Which brings us to an explanation of our late arrival this time. We were due to appear at half-term, in mid-February. Then came a frost—'a killing frost'. At least it silenced the printing presses, which have only just started up again. There should be no such delay in July. Unless of course there is a drought. The papers have promised us plenty of sun. Perhaps it will dry up the printer's ink.

TRIOLET

Sweet spring is here,
The primrose peeps;
Be of good cheer,
Sweet spring is here;
Shy buds appear,
The lambkin leaps;
Sweet spring is here,
The primrose peeps.

R. CONSTABLE, IM.

ALTHOUGH only recently constituted a Grammar School in name, the John Ruskin School has long been—except in one important feature—a Grammar School in spirit. A newcomer like myself finds abundant evidence of this fact not only in the curriculum and the academic standards attained, but also in the literary qualities of the magazine, in the many-sided extraneous activities, and in the general tradition of culture which we have inherited. These things do not come about through a mere change in official status: they are the crown of patient effort, the expression of the steadfast ideals of men.



It is because I value these traditions beyond price that I told you, at our first Assembly, that School policy past and present would, I hoped, be a continuity rather than a clash. A continuity remember, not a stagnation; the post-war years are bringing far too many challenges to allow any school to be complacent, and particularly a school whose members have too recently joined the fortunate ninth for whom England at present provides full Grammar School education.

Realise your opportunities and make the most of them. I want those boys who are good at work to aim at the highest honours, those good at games to excel, those good at music or debating or dramatics to develop themselves in School so that they leave us trained and confident in these arts. Lastly I want those not specially gifted in any of these ways to fight the hardest fight of all; to make the very best of themselves although they are not shining lights anywhere. They will probably find that they are not so lacking in ability as they supposed. Continuous effort brings surprising results. In the sometimes imperceptible progress of the plodder lies a wealth of virtue, a building of character which is a feature of academic training that often goes unacknowledged.

Concerning academic training two further remarks remain here to be made. The first concerns Latin, the second Higher

Course studies. They are, indeed, bound together, for in much advanced work Latin is essential. The extension of our curriculum to include it is, in my opinion, one of important and far-reaching consequence. I recall a speech by Dr. Scott Lidgett in which he said, "Without a knowledge of at least one of the ancient languages a man can hardly be called liberally educated."

With regard to Higher Course work I would say this. If not the final purpose of a Grammar School, it is at least one of its most important features—the missing feature which only our official recognition as a Grammar School could give us. I urge, therefore, that all capable of doing so should aim at spending at least two years in the Vith Form. These are the most important formative years in a school career: a boy's academic, athletic, and cultural standards improve immensely during that time; and it is chiefly then that he develops the vision, public spirit, and gifts of leadership which are so urgently needed in the wider community beyond the School.

OXFORD SCHOOL CERTIFICATE RESULTS, 1946

55 boys passed, 36 with Matriculation Exemption (shown thus *)

Baker, R.	*Ford, J.	*Rayner, G.
*Barley, M.	Franklin, P.	Russell, D.
*Barrell, R.	Funnell, P.	Scoble, A.
Blake, G.	*Hillier, K.	*Seager, R.
Blcomfield, P.	*Hoad, D.	*Sholl, R.
*Boardman, K.	*Holland, G.	*Simmonds, J.
*Boys, J.	*Jefferies, M.	Singleton, J.
*Brooks, J.	Joyles, R.	*Smith, A.
*Brown, L.	*Knight, A.	*Smith, J.
*Burton, R.	Knowler, G.	*Smith, S.
*Chapman, A.	*Ling, L.	Southgate, G.
*Clark, J.	*McClusky, J.	*Taylor, E.
*Cole, J.	*Mepham, F.	Toole, P.
Cook, J.	Morris, T.	*Totts, J.
*Davie, P.	*Morton, A.	Williams, R.
*Davies, R.	Price, S.	*Wilmot, K.
*Dunning, D.	*Prockter, D.	Young, P.
*Edington, R.	*Prockter, R.	

REHEARSAL

The door of the room had a polished wooden latch which clicked pleasantly back into place as we entered. The room itself was a surprise. Its exterior had led us to expect an old farm outbuilding. The low walls of tarred timber and the moss-grown tiles which showed up featureless in the misty greyness of the air did little to destroy this illusion. But when we saw old oak rafters in company with a ceiling of crudely cut Essex board these impressions vanished.

The ceiling continued down the eaves in such a way that our heads brushed it as we sat on the sofa. To complete our surprise the small floor space was covered by all the appurtenances, human and mechanical, of an orchestra. A small dais stood in one corner for the conductress. She was an elderly woman with grey hair and seemingly no mission in life save to cajole the collection of musicians before her into producing something harmonious and uniform, not each player's private interpretation of the score in front of him.



At first one got an impression of bows flashing, drums throbbing, blares of sound, nimble fingers on a clarinet dancing up and down, confusion under a pall of tobacco smoke. They were not a good orchestra. Their music was recognisable as such, but not of the quality to make one oblivious of one's surroundings. Accordingly, we began to examine the orchestra and its players.

A girl was playing a French horn. Her hair glistened dully as it lay in soft curves on her shoulder. As she stopped the bell with her right hand the veins stood out like wires against the bone and softened gradually as the muscles relaxed. The drummer stood nonchalant by his drums, talking to his sister. He wore the uniform of the Welsh Guards. To judge from his frequent glances and smiles, he was talking about the rest of his companions in rather derogatory terms. His face was round and smooth and he looked more like a village yokel than a drummer. And yet when he played a tense alert look replaced his previous vacant one as if here was something he knew how to do and do well. A woman with a

face like a classical Madonna was gazing wistfully at the ceiling from behind a 'cello. Unfortunately the effect was spoiled by a cigarette stuck in the corner of her lips. A wizened old man played a clarinet; his hair was snowy white and rumped up. A drooping walrus moustache completely covered the mouthpiece of his instrument. Between his entries he pulled waveringly at a cigarette, holding the polished wooden clarinet in one hand. A lanky middle-aged man with his nondescript hair brushed straight back was sitting like a statue frowning and holding a flute to his motionless lips.

Suddenly came silence and I realised the piece was finished. The conductress leaned back, her eyes twinkling as she exchanged repartee with the players. She seemed much more human like that. The drummer and his sister were still talking. The girl with the French horn had turned round to talk to the trumpeter, a thin youth with eyes that were always looking perplexed. The Madonna was still gazing at the ceiling. The old man was enjoying his cigarette, and the flautist was frowning even more intensely.

Then everyone rose and began packing instruments and filing out of the door, making a great deal of noise in doing so. We followed their example, and left the empty room littered with chairs and music stands.

R. BURTON, Lower VI.

(Illustration by D. Wolf, Vb.)

ODE ON THE END OF TERM

Oh! Stern examiner of mine!
How much I wish the day were thine
When thou shouldst sit on this same seat
And work, with puzzled brow, square feet;
Or wonder what on earth's a sine,
Or what occurred in '89.
'Twould give me joy for once to be
Examiner—you, examinee!

L. BLAKE, IV.

THE END OF THE YEAR

Bright red shine the poppies
In the golden corn,
Bright red shine the berries
Through the misty morn.
Swifts are flying southward,
Summer time is done,
Golden leaves are falling,
Autumn has begun.

Days begin to shorten,
Dusk falls very soon,
Grey skies in the morning,
Days of chilly gloom.
Squirrels seek a refuge,
Harvesting is done;
Were those snowflakes falling?
Winter has begun.

H. DOBBS, IIIa.

APPOINTMENT WITH FEAR

The house loomed grey and gaunt against the background of the black swaying trees. The wind howled round the eaves and banged the weather-beaten shutters in vicious energy. The broken windows stared like hooded eyes at the scene of a horrifying murder, while above all hung an air of hate and menace, like a heavy black cloud.

To the solitary traveller, who fought his way against the wind and rain, up the weed-grown path, the house held no fears; in fact he scarcely contemplated it as anything more than a place of refuge.

The wind thrust him the last few steps up to the door, and as he reeled, momentarily losing his balance, it flew open to reveal a dark yawning hall. He lit a cigarette, casting fantastic shadows against the oak-panelled wall, then started violently as a sudden gust of wind banged the door shut. He cautiously felt his way along the dusty panels, until his hand felt the knob of a door. Turning this he went in and found himself in what had once been the main drawing room. His shin banged against something hard, so, softly swearing, he lit his cigarette lighter to get his bearings. The lighter promptly went out. The wail of the wind rose in a crashing crescendo, then sobbingly died away like the moan of a soul in agony.

All was silent then, as the silence of the grave. Only the steady falling rain, beating against the windows and mellowed brickwork, broke the stillness.

Suddenly the air was rent by a sharp, piercing, horrible scream! The blood in his veins seemed to congeal, and he could feel the hair on the back of his neck bristle. Again, and yet again, the hideous scream shattered the silence. Then once more an eerie stillness seemed to envelop him like a thick muffling blanket, till his nerves became taut to breaking point. He wanted to scream, to shout, anything to break the silence; but his voice and throat refused to emit a sound, and he stood rooted to the spot, his eyes staring at the place from which the sound had come.

The wind began to moan among some trees at the back of the house, until once more it rose to its fury and tore round the structure. The rain slashed furiously against the broken windows.

Only then did the intruder move, as if in a dream, to the door, which yielded at a touch. He moved down the dark and dusty hall, then, caution flung to the winds, he frantically tugged at the heavy oak door, and rushed headlong into the fury of the storm.

Silence re-established her reign, and the old owl in the tower dozed once more.

D. RAYNOR, IIIc.



- Registration.* Business comes first: the cash for meals collect,
And see the Register's exactly checked.
- Assembly.* In Hall assembled, praise with grateful songs
The source whence wisdom flows, God to whom art belongs.
- Period 1.* Now Latin comes to discipline the wit;
Est ei optima qui uti scit.
- Period 2.* The mind turns to numerical relations,
And complicated shapes and calculations.
- "Break."* Through eye and ear the intellect may draw,
Food for the inner man needs sucking through a straw.
- Period 3.* English invites—plays, grammar, composition—
"Try writing something for our next edition."
- Period 4.* Physics with Heat and Sound, reflections and refractions
Like its magnetic fields, is bound to hold attractions.
- Lunch Hour.* Physics is over, but a studious bunch
Study expansion as they eat their lunch.
And then (lest Jack grow dull and work seem hard)
Pursue mysterious pastimes in the yard.
- Period 5.* French follows: "Bien, messieurs, asseyez-vous.
Très intéressant, n'est-ce pas? Useful, too!"
- Periods 6 and 7.* Handicraft next, where finger, brain and eye
Combine the creative urge to satisfy.
- Out-of-School Activities.* School done, debating, music or a play
Attracts the eager to prolong their stay.
- And Afterwards.* Now home, where fireside warmth and copious tea
Salve and refloat their fagged humanity.
Then homework follows for an hour or more
Till "Joy! That's Tom's knock on the kitchen door."
Stamp-swopping starts, or in the garden shed
They tinker with model 'planes until it's time for bed.

J. C. LOWE.

EVENING

It had rained all day. It was one of those grey, overcast winter days, and though the rain had never been heavy, it had always been there; restricting movement, slowly but surely soaking you, and adding a depressing atmosphere to a generally dull day. The family had, as usual, all gone their separate ways, father and sister to work, mother about the house, and I to school, but over all had hovered that depression which seemed to have a damping effect on the brain, and made people short-tempered and cross. At school, nothing went well, and the day seemed to drag interminably on, so when at last four o'clock came I was glad to go home. Teatime came and went, and still it was raining. When I looked out just as the dusk was coming on, the sky was as cloudy as ever. I did my homework, and then just wandered about the house doing nothing. I was bored, irritable, for in the darkness of the evening everything seemed heavy and oppressive, and I had a headache.

It must have been an hour later when I again looked out. Gone were the rain and the clouds; a steady breeze had sprung up, it was quite refreshing. It blew the last wispy traces of the clouds across a starry sky, whilst the moon in all its fullness gave to the silhouetted trees and houses an ethereal grace. I would go for a walk.

I went down the lane with quick, light steps. The last few drops of rain seemed to have cleansed the air, which with the grass and trees radiated freshness and cleared my headache. I turned the corner of the lane and started to climb the hill at the top of which, standing out against the sky, were the pine trees. At the top of the hill, which was really the cliffs, the breeze was stronger, and my coat blew out behind me. I could hear the high-pitched whistle of the wind to the accompaniment of the sonorous breakers, which lay foaming white far below. Behind me the stately pines bowed before the wind. On either side lay the wind-swept cliffs, which jutted out to headlands, only to fall back into many a sandy cove lashed by the toiling breakers, whilst before me tossed and turned a turbulent ocean. I turned and walked along the cliff. Gone was the dull day, for up here on the cliffs with the wind, the sea, the pines, and the varying dark hues of the now clear night, there was a powerful force which swept all before it. I was master of this world, for there was neither house nor person in sight, and the only man-made light was that of a distant light-house, flashing its warning messages.

I had the impression of a person who, having been in prison for a long period, was suddenly released "into this universe and why, not knowing", and bustled along "like water willy-nilly flowing". I felt overwhelmed, but still strong, amidst this manifestation of the powers of nature.

I came now to one of those sandy coves. A stream running from the village, through a break in the cliffs, came out to meet the sea here. As I came down into the cove, sheltered from the roaring wind, I could hear the music of the stream as it frisked over its pebbly bed—clear light soprano to the bass and tenor of the wind and the ocean. The stream caught by the moon's light was a sparkling silver vein in the dark shadowed setting of the cliff-bound cove. I walked towards the sea, and as I came out of the shadow of the protecting cliffs, I could feel the spray blown by the wind dash against my face.

G. SOUTHGATE, Lower VI.



SNOW AT MIDNIGHT

The laden clouds obscure the moon,
And all the earth is wrapped in gloom.
But, see, the murk is flecked with light,
For snow is falling in the night.
Soon myriad flakes, without a sound,
Drop gently to the sleeping ground,
Dropping in silent homage down
To deck all Nature with a gown
Of virgin white, that mantles tree
And hedge and flower, exquisitely.
And in the whiteness of the snow
God's purity is seen below.

FORM IV.

(Illustration by F. Vernon.)

THE POET AND MODERN LIFE

In this woefully materialistic age the arts—and particularly poetry—are sadly neglected, if not despised. To many people today the poet is a long-haired, wild-looking individual with eccentric habits, and to them poetry means just nothing at all! They will tell you in an off-hand and sneering manner that it is sentimental and fit only to be read by schoolgirls and love-sick youths. But is this opinion well founded? If not, then what is the value of poetry?

The answer to this question I found one evening last summer when I saw the sun set behind the Surrey hills. I watched while pastel shades of green and orange faded from the sky, and two or three stars began to prick the deep velvet blue with pin points of light. I heard the sounds from the distant town become hushed and melt into silence. The bracken swayed gently at my feet and there was a warm smell of earth in the air.

The effect of all this natural beauty was overpowering; it inspired in me thoughts which I could not analyse. I felt that here was something beyond the understanding of common men, yet inexplicably wrapped up in his being. My mind seemed confronted with a high wall behind which was the key to the riddle of the Universe—the problems of all time. Then, quite suddenly, there came to my mind Wordsworth's lines—

“I have felt

A Presence which disturbs me with the joy

Of elevated thoughts . . . ”,

and everything became plain to me. I was no longer perplexed but satisfied.

It is probably true to say that we are all poets in a greater or lesser degree. We all feel deeply affected by certain things; they produce in us strange new thoughts together with a sense of mystification and awe. The poet feels these things; his experiences are our experiences, but in his case they are more acute and more deeply felt. Moreover, he has the ability—rarely met with—of being able to define his emotions—our emotions, and, as Shakespeare says—

“give to airy nothings

A local habitation and a name.”

In so doing he helps us to comprehend the higher things of life and to see where lies the essence of true beauty.

The poet, far from being a useless and unproductive member of the community, plays a vitally important part which affects every one of us. A nation's poetry is its greatest heritage, and its poets are “the honour of their generations and the glory of their times”.

N. BALDOCK, VI.

CONTRAST

Opal sea and golden sand
Shimmer 'neath an azure sky;
Lazy gulls drift wheeling by;
Summer basks on sun-lit strand.

Wild winds howl and breakers roar;
Surging waves in frenzy rise;
Storm clouds scud in lowering skies;
Winter rages on the shore.

B. BURCHETT, *Va.*

RAIN, THE LIFE-GIVER

The monsoon is now two weeks overdue. The sky is like a burnished copper bowl, reflecting a glaring heat which shimmers in dancing waves over the parched earth. Then, one stifling afternoon, there is a change. The heat becomes more oppressive and sultry, and the very air seems tired and heavy. There is a deathly stillness broken only by the dry rustling of a bamboo clump nearby. It is the long-awaited sign that heralds the approach of the monsoon.

From across the arid sun-baked plain, a heavy band of sombre black clouds slowly approaches, continually changing shape, forming weird patterns, and growing nearer, always nearer. There is an ominous rumble and the clouds assume a coppery hue, tinged with purple and green. Soon the hills in the distance are blotted out, as a vast sheet of rain advances across the plain, raising clouds of dust as it beats down. A gust of cold wind makes us shiver, and then—it is upon us, lashing down with tropical violence, wave upon wave of whirling life-giving rain.

In a few days, the blackened and withered mass of jungle behind our bungalow seems endowed with a new life. The juicy-leaved plants awake with a noise of growing that you can almost hear. Deluges of water rush down the narrow gutters and into the rejoicing undergrowth. Within a week the transformation is complete; the jungle is a mass of luxuriant green vegetation filled with the joyful chatter of the wild creatures; and above all is the deep vibrating boom of the Indian jungle in spring.

Meanwhile the rain continues to swirl down in showers that race across the dripping tree-tops in disorderly procession. It seems as if some giant hand has painted the trees with a glistening coat of green paint. The tangled vines and creepers run riot in the jungle and everything is new and fresh. Hosts of wild jungle flowers blossom forth, adding an exotic splash of colour to the green background, and new scents to those that the rains have already brought. Gaily coloured birds

flash through the leafy tree-tops, and the little brown monkeys chase each other through the shrubbery, chattering incessantly. The whole land seems to heave a sigh of relief.

As one walks through the seething growth, one can hear the Good Earth murmuring its grateful thanks to its life-giving benefactor—the rain.

R. GODWYN, *Va.*

When the frost is keen and the moon is bright
The blaze of a fire is a joy to me.
When the frost is keen and the moon is bright,
When the stars shine cold on a winter's night
I pity the shepherd out on the lea,
And the sailor who keeps his watch at sea;
When the frost is keen and the moon is bright
The blaze of a fire is a joy to me.

B. KELL, *IM.*

Look out, look out,
Jack Frost's about,
With icy fingers, long and white.
The ponds will freeze
And on the trees
He'll sprinkle snowy crystals bright.
He'll bite your toes
And nip your nose;
'Twere best to keep indoors tonight.

L. MONTAGUE, *IM.*

February, bleak and cold,
Chillest month of all the year;
February, bleak and cold,
Hated so by young and old,
Haste away your days so drear,
March will mean that Spring is near;
February, bleak and cold,
Chillest month of all the year.

D. BLOXHAM, *IM.*

MATINS

It is Sunday morning; several clanging church bells are already summoning the faithful to morning service. It is winter; but a cold, grey, watery sun is shining. Mingled with the voices of the bells comes the sound of birds chirping and singing. This is indeed a fitting prelude to the Sabbath, the day of rejoicing, the day of rest, the day of thanksgiving and worship.

Just before eleven o'clock they come, prayer book in hand, out from the wintry sunshine into the grey shadow of the church. Reverently they bow the knee before the altar on which the candles are already shedding their flickering light. The sacristan lights more candles, and now the whole sanctuary is illumined by their yellow glow. Softly the organ begins to play and then louder and yet louder. Its powerful tones are answered by the less musical notes of the bell. Suddenly the clanging bell ceases, the organ bursts into the first hymn, the congregation rises with one accord as, through the vestry door, preceded by the great silver processional cross, come the priest and his assistants, followed by the demure choirboys.

As the procession genuflects before the altar a beam of sunlight comes in through the eastern window, making a brilliant splash of colour on the black and white-chequered reredos of the sanctuary.

This, for me at least, is the most beautiful moment of the week.

D. HOWES, Vb.



Decoration by J. WORSFOLD (IV).

DAEDALUS

In Greek mythology, Icarus, the son of Daedalus, flew too near the sun, which melted the wax holding his wings, thus causing him to fall and perish in the sea; or so says the placard inside the N.A.A.F.I. canteen aboard H.M.S. "Daedalus". Nowadays the 'sons' of Daedalus, although they sometimes fall into the sea, very seldom perish there. They are supplied with parachutes and rubber dinghies. But apparently "Daedalus" bears no fatherly love towards Sea Cadets.

For although the first instructions received aboard H.M.S. "Daedalus", on the day set aside for our flight, were on how to use a parachute, a rubber dinghy, and all the trimmings thereof, we flew without any of these desirable luxuries. Perhaps we were 'supposed' to be lighter than air; perhaps the C.O. was 'fed-up' with us; perhaps accidents just don't happen to the Fleet Air Arm; perhaps . . . well, I can't say. I only know that our one hope was in our pilot's efficiency. Or should I have said pilots' efficiencies? The 'plane was dual-controlled, and it gave a queer feeling to look down into the depths of the Channel, and then to look for'ard and see the pilots arguing over what was to be done next.

An annoying factor in flying is the noise made by the engines. It was infuriating, having informed my companion that the "Queen Mary" was ahead, in tones that had left me looking like a boiled beetroot, to be instantly told the same thing, in the same tones, by one of the pilots.

But there is one notorious flying ailment that I haven't experienced yet. I have, on two occasions, been brought uncomfortably close to that arch-tormentor, Sea Sickness, but I have never met his baby brother, Air Sickness. In fact, I can't understand what makes people air-sick. During the short time that I spent in the air, I had the sensation—due, I suppose, to the smooth movement of the aircraft—that I was stationary, and that the sea, the ships, and the island below me were the moving things. But some of my friends, however, had a slight understanding of air-sickness after their 'plane had encountered an air-pocket. "It felt," one of them afterwards told me, "as though we suddenly descended with a bump, leaving our dinners in mid-air above us, and, after a couple of seconds, shot up just as suddenly to meet them again. From then onwards they refused to settle in their right places, and caused extreme discomfort."

By the time we landed, it had been decided to teach us, with the aid of a link trainer, how to fly. I wonder why this came after our actual flying? I wonder why we were supplied with no parachutes? I wonder.

W. BLOW, Va.

PRO F

These who have died for us, if they could speak,
 What would their counsel be to us who seek
 To pay our homage to their sacrifice
 Who bought our freedom at so great a price?

If they could speak to us, would they extol
 The virtue of the richly lettered scroll,
 The brazen tablet or the graven stone,
 Whereon their names as 'glorious dead' are shown?

Would they not rather answer: "All we ask
 Is that you strive to consummate the task
 For which we laid life's splendid promise by,
 Filled with a faith that made us proud to die.

R. Adams.	1926-29.	Chindits.	G. Clare.	1931-35.	R.A.F.
L. Brooks.	1928-33.	R.A.F.	K. Goddard.	1929-33.	
S. Beckett.	1920-24.	R.A.F.	R. Griggs.	1933-37.	R.A.F.
P. Cable.	1933-38.	R.A.F.	E. Heard.	1934-38.	R.A.F.
G. Chalmers.	1926-29.	R.A.	R. Hook.	1932-37.	R.A.F.
P. Chamberlain.	1932-36.	N.Z.S.C.	R. Hersley.	1923-27.	R.A.F.
H. Clack.	1935-38.	R.A.F.	J. Hoskin.	1928-33.	R.A.F.
G. Christopher.	1930-34.	R.A.S.C.	C. Jolliffe.	1925-27.	R.A.F.
F. Coburn.	1925-28.	R.A.	R. Johnson.	1928-33.	R.A.F.
R. Edwards.	1926-29.		A. Jones.	1932-36.	R.A.F.
J. Featherstone.	1932-37.	R.A.F.	H. Joyes.	1927-31.	R.A.F.
J. Forder.	1933-37.	R.A.F.	H. Knight.	1932-36.	R.A.F.
J. Freeman.	1932-37.	Q.R.R.	E. Lambert.	1936-39.	R.A.F.
C. Funnell.	1930-33.	R.A.S.C.	J. Leach.	1933-37.	R.A.F.
D. Gunnell.	1932-36.	R.N.	J. Leigh.	1934-39.	R.A.F.
F. Gaston.	1926-30.	R.C.S.	D. Ling.	1928-33.	R.A.F.
D. Gill.	1934-38.	R.A.F.	D. Marchant.	1933-38.	R.A.F.

DECOR

R. Hodges.	1932-36.	D.F.C.
S. Green.	1931-36.	D.F.C. & Bar.
J. Dymceck.	1921-25.	D.F.C.
V. King.	1930-34.	D.F.C.
R. Gilman.	1932-36.	D.F.M. & D.F.C.
A. Roberts.	1929-34.	D.S.O., D.F.C.
A. Marsh.	1931-36.	D.F.C.
J. Rayner.	1926-30.	D.F.C.

ATRIA

Strive to sustain our struggle. Pledge your youth
To high endeavour in the cause of Truth.
If you fight on for what is right and true,
Death is despoiled; we shall rise up in you.

Evil and Ignorance are lurking yet;
Prevent them; lest again they should beget
Hatred and War. Be strong; choose, as we chose,
To cherish Truth, and grapple with her foes.

So shall you crown our service. You shall build
A shining cenotaph of hope fulfilled;
And bring us rich requital for our pain,
For we shall know we have not died in vain."

G. E. Manning.

A. Marsh.	1934-37.	R.A.F.	V. Snelling.	1931-35.	R.A.F.
W. Morgan.	1929-34.	R.A.F.	N. Skitton	1934-38.	R.T.R.
F. Parker.	1934-39.	R.A.F.	J. Strathdee.	1929-33.	R.A.F.
D. Payne.	1932-36.	R.A.F.	J. Sullivan.	1922-26.	R.A.F.
B. Pavey.	1927-32.	R.E.M.E.	E. Taylor.	1924-28.	Missionary in N. Africa.
R. Pelham.	1930-35.	R.A.F.	E. L. Taylor.	1924-29.	R.A.F.
J. Penson.	1937-40.	R.A.F.	G. Terry.	1928-33.	H.A.C.
H. Pitts.	1927-31.	R.N.	L. Thrift.	1932-36.	
W. Powell.	1933-38.	R.A.F.	R. Tomsett.	1932-36.	Commando.
R. Proctor.	1927-30.	R.A.F.	G. Tuck.	1934-39.	R.A.F.
R. Raines.	1926-30.	R.A.F.	A. White.	1934-39.	F.A.A.
E. Rayner.	1932-36.	R.A.F.	P. Williams.	1923-25.	
A. Robinson.	1934-38.	R.A.F.	L. Wood.	1932-37.	R.A.F.
T. Rowse.	1930-33.	R.A.S.C.	S. Woodrow.	1931-35.	R.A.F.
J. Sansome.	1933-37.	R.A.F.	H. Wright.	1932-37.	R.A.F.
C. Sanford.	1936-40.	Somerset R.	G. Yeomans.	1937-41.	R.M. Commando.
R. Sanford.	1925-29.	R.A.F.			

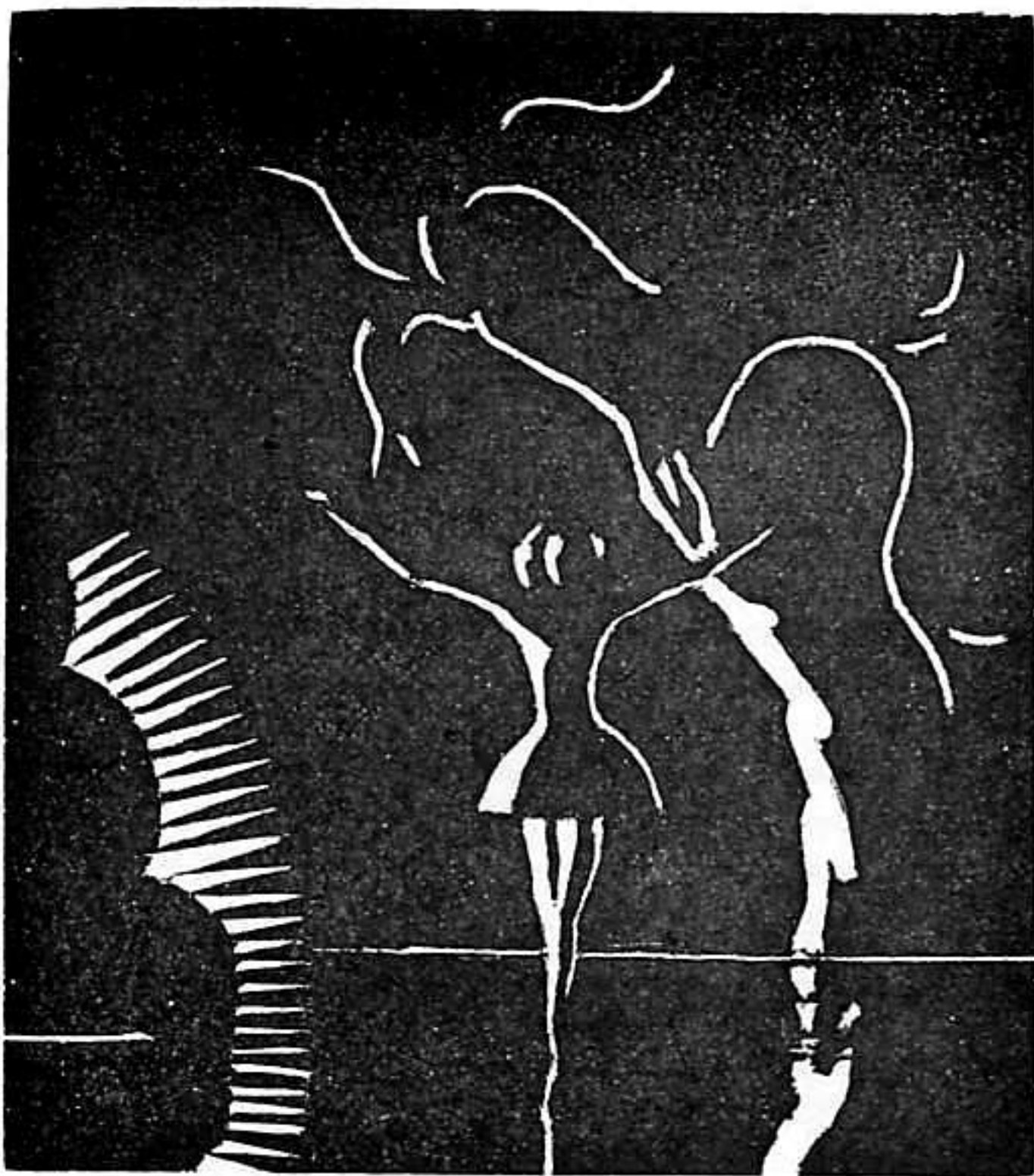
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J. Featherstone.	1932-37.	D.F.M.
A. Rosen.	1927-29.	D.F.M.
J. Grant.	1934-38.	D.F.M.
C. Jolliffe.	1925-27.	D.F.M.
C. Elles.	1930-34.	D.S.C.
R. Seymour.	1934-38.	Croix de Guerre.
A. Walker.	1929-34.	Mentioned in Despatches.
L. May.	1930-35.	B.E.M. (Military Division).
D. Wicks.	1930-35.	M.M.

THE ESKIMO

His home is in the Arctic
Upon a great ice-flow,
His friends are faithful huskies,
The Polar bear his foe;
His clothes are made of sealskin
And white fur of the bear,
His house is made of ice blocks
Cut from the snow with care.

T. COWEN, *IH.*



Decoration by D. WOLF (*Vb*).

SNOW

The snow is here;
Get out your sledges!
Boys raise a cheer;
The snow is here.
Jump on the rear,
And fly past hedges.
The snow is here;
Get out your sledges!

H. BAILEY, *IM.*

O'ER HILL AND DALE

As it was a fine, though misty, autumn morning, we decided to depart on a tramp, over the purple heather and green dales of the surrounding Peak District. We had long desired to visit Goyt's Valley, with its viridian-purple mountain sides, and its shimmering lake of chill mountain water.

Leaving the ancient homestead, at the hour of ten, we resolutely turned our faces towards the hazy hills, distant dales, and chilly mountain breezes. As the heavens seemed propitious, we plucked up courage to advance on Goyt's mountain fastness. In due course, by the grace of the elements, we would conquer it, and retrace our steps homewards.

My fellow-adventurer was my brother, who carried in his pocket a map of the route, of which he was the proud owner. However, this proved to be of little use, as neither of us managed to read it. He also carried victuals to sustain us when hard climbing and keen mountain air had whetted our appetites.

The task we undertook led us over mountain granite, and the green springy sward of the valley floor. The bleak hillside wore tatters of yellow bracken, intermingled with patches of purple moorland heather; and in the hollows lurked silent black bogs, with bleating grey sheep wandering aimlessly round the rutted peat.

We entered between the powerful brown granite walls of the valley's narrow opening, with helpless sheep and clinging heather perched together on shelves of naked rock. Then suddenly, through the soft scented pines, we glimpsed the glittering lake, softly lit by pale sunlight shining dimly through the misty atmosphere. We passed by the ancient seat of the Grimshaws, Erwood Hall, standing near Goyt's Bridge, "a grey stone arch spanning a trickling tributary" that still serves to remind us of the good old days of the coach and pair.

We arrived home hungry, tired, but contented, as the sun was sinking in a rosy-hued west.

D. RUSSELL, Va.

REMEMBRANCE DAY, 1946

To Whitehall's shrine the thousands go,
And there with measured step and slow,
Bemedalled vet'rans slow-march by,
With heavy hearts and tear-dimmed eye.

And then the phantom legions pass
Before the popped Cenotaph;
And with one voice their spirits cry:
"Forget us not who had to die."

F. C. MEPHAM, L.VI.

THE SEA

To solve the mystery of the sea, you must stand on an empty beach at night. Then you will begin to realise its power, its magnificence—and its treachery. Its waves are so regular, and so numerous, like the ranks of a mighty army, awaiting the command to attack the sentinels of the land, which the unimaginative say are nothing but headlands and light-houses. When the moon rises you can see them more clearly as it glints on their black armour, on the white plumes of the soldiers, and the golden plumes of the officers. Then the front ranks advance against the beach and you hear the clash of arms and muffled falling of bodies, as line after line crumbles before the steadfast defenders.

On sunny days this army may be seen on parade, with polished blue mail and gay silver plumes. This is their dress uniform; these are peaceful days. But as soon as the sun ceases to shine, the battle recommences. The forces are gradually battered and soiled in the fray, until the sea becomes angry and dull. Later, the appearance of clouds over the horizon summons the charge, and rank upon rank falls unceasingly on its enemy, each in its turn to die.

Then the storm breaks, the storming of the land by the army of the sea led by the King himself, for looking back at the clouds, you can faintly discern Neptune standing waist deep among his soldiers, and the lightning, like some evil fire, is glinting on his trident as it strikes down on some defiant ship, which dares to tempt him in this mood.

But when its toll is taken, its forces are withdrawn, except for a boundary guard and an army of occupation on captured land. Then there is an armistice—but nothing more.

P. WELLS, *Vb.*

THE SCHOOL LIBRARY

Owing to the good offices of Mr. Lowe, a large number of new volumes on all subjects has been added to the School Library, which is being entirely reorganised under the direction of Mr. Mortimer and classified according to the Dewey Decimal system. Some commendable efforts and careful work have been put in by Cook and Hillier, of the sixth, and Benson and Gibbons, of the second forms.

As well as being of incalculable aid to the student of the sixth forms, the library, we hope, should be an intellectual centre where pupils can develop their literary tastes and meet to discuss books with their teachers. "Learning to read" has more meanings than one, and if this can be doubly taught, the School will have succeeded in a primary function. Those who are slow to read and difficult to attract are reminded that the library is not lacking in books of adventure and sport.

INDIA

One afternoon during our UNESCO week last term the School was privileged to hear a very interesting and authoritative talk on India, its peoples and its problems. The lecturer was Mr. P. K. Trivedi, whom we have been happy to have with us since September as a student teacher. Mr. Trivedi, being an Indian by birth, a graduate of the University of London, and a teacher for some years to an Indian colony in Africa, was obviously well qualified to give us a fresh and enlightened view of the problems that confront his country today.

His subject, of course, was enormous, and he attempted no more than to touch upon some of its more popular and topical features. The Hindu civilisation, as old as the Everest, had survived, while others such as those of Sparta, Babylonia and Egypt had passed away. Of the four hundred million inhabitants of India roughly three out of four were Hindus, the fourth being a Mohammedan, and—an interesting point—roughly nine out of ten of the ninety million Mohammedans were converts from Hinduism. As to the burning question of the day: ‘Was India ready for independence?’ ‘Was this the time to proclaim a free and self-governing Indian Republic?’ Mr. Trivedi would not commit himself. There was much ignorance about India in Western Europe, and there had been much misrepresentation in books. But there was one great obstacle to self-government—its disunity in terms of nationalism. Britain, early in her history, had gained the priceless asset of unity, and had gone on to create the greatest empire of all time, and her stubborn patriotism had maintained it. Not so with India; she was divided into a thousand parts. There was nearly that number of castes, although originally there had been only four: the Brahmins, the teachers; the Kshatriyas, the warriors; the Vaishyas, the traders; and the Shudras, workers and untouchables. But orthodox traditions were now fast wearing away. India was passing through a transitional period at a tremendous pace. And this was now a critical time for her. The advent of the Labour Government in Britain had been greeted with the greatest hope. The British were voluntarily relinquishing their control, and India had leaders who were ready to take over. Eighty-nine per cent. of her population might be illiterate, but her leaders were not. Mr. Ghandi, Mr. Jinnah and Pandit Nehru were British barristers, and the last-named was a Cambridge graduate too. But how was India to unite? What was the solution to the problem? Certainly not Pakistan—or the meticulous partition of India between Hindu and Moslem, who lived together all over the country in its seven hundred thousand villages as the sons of the same soil since time immemorial! It was utterly impracticable. Imagine Yorkshire being ordered into Wales, and Yorkshire

taken over by the Scots! But some solution—whatever it was—would have to be found.

Mr. Trivedi ended his talk with some amusing personal reminiscences. At least three stories caused a laugh. One recalled the lecturer as the ringleader of a group of school-boys—all strictly brought up in the Brahminical faith—boldly asking for water at the house of Mr. Ghandi, then *persona non grata* with the higher castes because of his “advanced views”. Another depicted the lecturer—still a schoolboy, but very forlorn this time—patiently awaiting his mother’s stern command to take a bath in the local pond—in midwinter too—for having touched a bone in the street! The final picture was again of a youthful Trivedi—full of mischief—inveigling a young “Untouchable” into the sacred precincts of a Brahminical courtyard which had been forbidden ground to that unlucky caste for generations! And the storm that was provoked!

Gerald Southgate proposed the vote of thanks on behalf of the boys, whose prolonged applause bore testimony to the fact that they had been impressed and were appreciative.

OUR SHIP

From the time when men first went down to the sea in ships and had business in deep waters, products of one country have been carried to another. John Masefield has reminded us of the cargoes which may have been carried in the quinqueremes of Nineveh, ‘sailing home to haven in sunny Palestine’: sandalwood and apes and peacocks. For the poet has remembered what the Bible tells us of the splendours of Solomon’s court—of the cargoes of ‘gold and silver, ivory, apes, and peacocks’ which were brought to his kingdom by the navy of Tarshish. The centuries go by and the poet flashes another image on the screen of our imagination: ‘stately Spanish galleons sailing from the Isthmus’ with cargoes of plunder from Central and South America. Again the scene changes finally to a ‘dirty British coaster’ ‘butting through the Channel in the mad March days’; the cargo is that of a modern, industrial nation—Britain.

From the steamer to the motor vessel of very recent times, and to our adopted ship the M.V. “Taron”. And YOU, the boys of today, have the opportunity to correspond with the heirs of those who for centuries have battled with the seas and with the successors of those who have helped to make the British people a great sea-faring race. By doing so you can learn something of their work and worries and of the cargoes they carry. Some boys have already written to our recently adopted ship, and replies from the captain and crew are eagerly awaited. Will you write a letter to a member of the ship’s crew in time for the next mail?

VISITING DAYS

THE ALDWYCH THEATRE

Despite what was to be a comparatively short run, Robert Donat's production of "Much Ado about Nothing" at the Aldwych Theatre was eminently worth the visit made by the Lower Sixth last term. This may be one of the less popular Comedies, but here was Shakespeare without tears, very pleasurable business indeed, and Donat's production made the most of it. He himself, versatile actor as he is, was as much at home in the rôle of Benedick as in those of Mr. Chipps or the Count of Monte Cristo, which many boys remembered. Renée Asherson was a most adequate opposite number, and though possibly less shrewish than some other Beatrices, she was the more attractive when Cupid added her to his conquests. The rest of the cast were all very good, notably Jay Laurier as Dogberry—but "comparisons are odorous"!

THE BALTIC SHIPPING EXCHANGE

Recently, with eight other boys, I had the privilege of representing the School at the British Ship Adoption Society's Exhibition. The visit was a great success and was enjoyed by all concerned.

We arrived at the Baltic Shipping Exchange, where the exhibition was held, at about two o'clock. Being shown in by a commissionaire, we made our way downstairs to the exhibition room. The most interesting exhibit to my mind was a bowl made from every kind of wood growing in Queensland, Australia. Another exhibit was a real Australian boomerang with strange carvings on it. Set out on a bench were some whale's teeth about six inches long! Near these were several whales' ear-drums and the roof of a whale's mouth about a yard square. Among other things there were some native spears which had a curious spring near the head. Some schools had compiled special magazines for 'their ship'. One such school was St. Martin's School, Dorking, which had compiled a magazine monthly. There were several well-built model ships, made mostly by schoolboys.

I think that the exhibition succeeded completely in its object: to show that, by adopting a ship, and following its voyages, schools can make geography lessons more interesting.

J. WARREN, IIa.

THE FAIRFIELD CLUB

During the first week in February School parties visited Croydon's Local Government Exhibition each afternoon, and without doubt had a most instructive introduction into the mysteries of municipal affairs.

The Croydon Schools have all been invited to submit entries for an Essay Competition in connection with this Exhibition. Several boys have already been commended on their essays, the best one of which will be published in our next issue.

Debating. The Debating Society has just passed through a vigorous term during which many things were discussed. The attendances at the meetings were never large, but those who came were keen and it is felt that we have a good nucleus on which to build a strong society. We should like to take this opportunity of appealing to the School for more support, especially from the Fifth and Sixth Forms, and to say that any suggestions are always welcome.

One of our motions was "That the monarchy should be abolished". This provoked a heated discussion, which brought in such topics as the Empire, and the somewhat irreverent matter of the shape of Mr. Attlee's head in connection with coinage. However, the monarchy still exists. The important subject of "Cadet Forces in School" was also discussed, which was of particular interest now that we are a fully-fledged Grammar School. There was much said for and against on this stimulating subject, and it was found that we were nearly equally divided. Another motion was on "World Federation", but like our colleagues in UNO, we found many reasons for and many against this plan. We also held two parliamentary debates in which such current questions as the Closed Shop and Trade Unions in general were discussed. During the UNESCO week we held an open discussion on the means of educating the world with the ultimate aim in view of the abolition of war.

We should like to express our thanks to Messrs. Manning, Mortimer, and others who have so kindly taken the chair from time to time, and also to thank Mr. Cresswell and Mr. Smith for their useful hints, and for turning up to debate with us.

G. SOUTHGATE (L.VI).

Music. During the Autumn Term, musical activities continued to play an important part in the life of the School, and advantage was taken of opportunities for visits to several musical events in Croydon.

On September 28th, some forty boys and members of the Staff attended a performance of Edward German's "Merrie England" at the Davis Theatre, and on November 16th, over thirty boys were present at the first Croydon Municipal Concert for children, given at the Civic Hall by the London Senior Orchestra under Ernest Read. Smaller parties of Senior boys attended Symphony Concerts at the Civic Hall on November 18th and December 12th. The latter concert, given by the Southern Philharmonic Orchestra under Herbert Menges, was particularly enjoyable. On December 13th a small party visited Russell School, Ballards, and keenly appreciated the wit and music of "Iolanthe".

Both the choir and the Recorder group have made good progress, and have put in some hard work. A beginners' class for Recorder playing is now held weekly in addition to practices for more experienced players. Several good meetings of the Musical Society have been held, and N. Baldock, G. Southgate, and W. Blow gave interesting talks on music, illustrated by records of their own choice.

Chess. Interest in this most enthralling of indoor games has never been allowed completely to die out, and an obvious increase in enthusiasm last year had its reward in the revival, in October, of the School Chess Club. A Committee was appointed and we obtained permission to have the exclusive use of IIa Form room during the dinner break. For the present, membership is restricted to the Senior School, but when we have more boards and sets, we hope to be able to invite Junior Forms to join.

To aid the Committee in discovering talent, a "Knock-Out" Tournament was arranged. We congratulate G. Bennett (L.VI) and J. Wilson (Va), who were first and second respectively. A match against the Staff was last term's most nerve-racking event, but we proved ourselves to be the "masters" by a hard-won victory of three games to two! Before this magazine is issued, we hope to have arranged a House Tournament, and possibly to have tested our standard of play in matches against other schools.

J. CLARK (L.VI).

Scientific and Geographic. This joint Society held its inaugural meeting towards the end of last term, under the chairmanship of Mr. Chaundy. A Committee of boys was formed, and many interesting suggestions were made for future activities. Geographical outings were promised by Mr. Neave, who also urged members to take an interest in the School's adopted ship, M.V. "Taron".

The chief interest on the Scientific side this term has lain in the new Cinema Projector, for which the School is indebted to the Education Officer, Mr. Roberts, who has seen to it that Croydon is not behind in implementing the Ministry's recent suggestions for the development of Visual Aids in education. The projector, which is a D.16 professional model made by Cinetechnic Ltd., is to be used to help in the teaching chiefly of Science and Geography—but not exclusively so.

Dramatic. The interest shown by so many boys in the Christmas plays, and the commendable standard of acting achieved, augurs well for the revival of the School's Dramatic Society which is promised in the near future.

The School Concert. Several of our School activities found culmination and expression in an unofficial concert given to the School on December 17th and to parents of the performers on the eve of breaking-up. No public performance was given because sketches and other items were largely the production, and in three cases the composition of the boys themselves.

If such compositions could not be expected to reach the standards of adult professional playwrights, they were, nevertheless, extremely creditable, when the age of the writers is taken into consideration; and Penn (Form IIa), Nicholls (IIIb), and Blake (IIIa) deserve much praise. Alden's comic duologue was also well-received.

The general standard, especially of the music (choral, pianoforte and recorder) was good, and the Vith Form's well-balanced production of the *Secunda Pastorum* from the Wakefield Cycle of Miracle Plays performed its appointed task of starting our dramatic traditions.

Mr. Gee is to be congratulated on constructing out of the scantiest and least-promising materials an effective, if still limited, stage and lighting-set; and I should like to thank him, and Mr. Cresswell and the many other members of the Staff who organised and in other ways contributed to this happy end-of-term function.

J. C. LOWE.

The Christmas Dance. School closed for the Christmas recess on the afternoon of Friday, December 20th, and on that same evening the gymnasium became strangely transformed.

Upon the wallbars were draped, not the muscular bodies of sweating gymnasts, but, and more decoratively, long streamers of silver and tinsel. To the beams clung, not agile acrobats, but equally tenacious bunches of mistletoe. The staccato bark of the P.T.I. had given place to softer and sweeter music; instead of the even beat of running, came the equally rhythmic sound of dancing feet.

Yes, the Sixth Form was holding a Christmas Dance, to which had been invited the not-so-old Old Boys and many charming friends.

A gathering of about eighty young people enjoyed a pleasant evening of dancing to the music of the Palais Manhattan Band. Soft lights, sweet music and pleasant company ensured an enjoyable time; and who would not have been vastly entertained to observe our staid Prefects, having thrown aside their heavy responsibilities, chanting an invitation to all and sundry to "put their left legs out, and wave them all about."

A Fifth Form man had, somehow, managed to "gate-crash" the proceedings, but did not hesitate to demonstrate his dancing ability, and at one point, this green and callow youth won, as a spot prize, razors which he will not have occasion to use for another three years.

After a short break at mid-evening, for light refreshment, dancing was resumed until, all too soon, it was time for the last waltz and for the members of this happy gathering to see each other home.



OAST HOUSES

F. VERNON (IV)

SPORT

Soccer. This season our list of Soccer fixtures has been more crowded than ever, and, although weather and ground conditions caused the cancellation of ten matches, nevertheless in the twelve remaining week-ends before Christmas, School teams played in thirty-nine matches. We have some thirty further games for the Easter term, quite apart from House fixtures.

In addition to this programme, teams were entered in the London Schools Championships.

The Junior XI was knocked out in the First Round by the Peckham Secondary School, and, at the time of writing, the First XI has yet to replay at home against the Elliott School.

The School "A" team has had a most successful half-season, losing only two matches, both against the powerful Bromley side. Other XI's, frequently having to field reserve players, have had a lesser measure of success.

Players will join me in expressing our grateful thanks to Mr. Dunning, not only for his presence at so many of our matches, but also for the frequent occasions on which he has so kindly acted as referee.

The following is a summary of results at the time of going to press:

		Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	Goals	
						For	Against
Ruskin "A"	...	13	10	1	2	101	29
Ruskin "B"	...	14	4	2	8	49	64
Other XI's	7	2	1	4	17	31
Junior XI's	5	1	2	2	11	17

J. McCLUSKEY, Soccer Captain.

LONDON SCHOOLS CHAMPIONSHIP

Ruskin (3) v. Elliott School (3)

In the First Round of the London Schools Championship we were drawn away to the Elliott School.

In the absence in hospital of our goal-scoring centre-forward, Dunning captained the team, which was as follows:

Maney; Brooks, Joyles; Dunning, Partridge, Higgs;
Davie, Bennett, Warren, Green, Stretton.

Ground conditions were bad as, having lost the toss, School kicked off, defending a goal the approach to which was across a sea of mud.

Play was spasmodic for a while and then the Elliott forward-line settled down to some fast, constructive Soccer, with the left wing proving especially dangerous. Our backs were equal to the task, however, and Partridge at centre-half, combining defence with attack, sent useful passes through

to the forward-line, whose finishing was weak against a powerfully-kicking opposition.

Both Elliott wing players were proving fast and dangerous, and Maney in goal had many busy moments. It was during a raid from the right wing that a School defender had the misfortune to handle a cross-pass. With thick mud in the goal-mouth, Maney could not get down in time to the penalty-kick, but on the run of the play Elliott were worth this one goal lead.

In spite of this set-back, the Ruskin XI continued to hold out against determined pressure, and at the interval the score still stood at Elliott 1, Ruskin 0.

After the change-over, the Ruskin forwards suddenly found the form that had been woefully missing during the first half. With our defence following well up, Stretton and Green on the left were keeping the ball in the Elliott danger zone, and within a few minutes Warren shot a well-deserved goal. From the centre-off the Elliott team tried vainly to get the ball away, but Dunning and Brooks had now subdued the opposing wing and Partridge was again able to switch over to attack. Elliott defenders were now hard-pressed. A shot by Warren was only partially stopped by the goal-keeper, and Bennett, following up, scrambled the ball in to give Ruskin the lead.

After this reverse, the Elliott players tried to develop again the wing play which had been the feature of their first-half attack, but Joyles, tackling and kicking strongly, assisted by Higgs, was now holding the right-wing.

It was from a pass through the centre that play switched to the School goal, and the equalising shot gave Maney no chance.

School again attacked keenly, but our line was now finding it difficult to get away against the heavy Elliott defenders. Under pressure, though, an Elliott man handled, and our penalty expert, Partridge, made no mistake with the spot-kick to give the School the lead again.

At this juncture it seemed as though the School might come away with a hard-earned victory over a powerful side, but with some ten minutes to play, Elliott scored their third goal with our defence badly out of position.

School held on grimly till the welcome final whistle, and if not by football brilliance then by sheer doggedness, well-merited the right to a re-play.

School footballers trust that by the time these notes are printed our Football Captain, J. McCluskey, will have fully recovered after some eight weeks in hospital. During the first part of the season in which he played in 15 matches he scored 53 goals, and his enforced absence has been most keenly felt in both "A" team and other School matches.

D. DUNNING, Soccer Vice-Captain.

Swimming. Practice at the Central Baths each week is limited to First and Second year boys. Nevertheless, we have other keen swimmers throughout the School and some of these entered the Croydon Schools Gala last term.

Place winners, owing to difficulty of obtaining medals, were this season awarded certificates. These boys of the School who gained this distinction were:

B. Blackman.	Second.	2 lengths Crawl.
G. Coster.	Second.	2 lengths Crawl.
G. Spark.	Third.	1 length Backstroke.
S. Barfield.	Third.	1 length Crawl.
S. Barfield.	Third.	Diving.

Table Tennis. Players from the School and from last year's team are taking ever keener interest in Table Tennis now that Clubs and Leagues in the Borough and County are getting back into their stride again, after a lapse during the war years.

A team of three, playing in the Youth League, holds second place with the following record at the time of writing:

Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	For	Against	Points
13	12	0	1	98	19	24

A team of four in Division II of the Croydon District Men's League is fighting for a place in the first three.

Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	For	Against	Points
17	6	3	8	95	103	15

At School, knock-out tournaments, American tournaments and challenge matches have provided opportunities for all concerned to enjoy many keenly contested games throughout the term.

L. Brown, J. Salkeld, J. McCluskey, L. Wade and D. Maney are our leading players in the League teams, whilst many promising "novices" are rapidly improving in their standard of play.

THE OLD BOYS' ASSOCIATION

President: Mr. J. C. LOWE, M.A.

Chairman: Mr. D. WICKS.

Secretary: Mr. L. DINNAGE,
208, Livingstone Road, Thornton Heath.

Treasurer: Mr. M. D. J. VINCETT,
7, Bolderwood Way, West Wickham.

Committee: Mr. E. R. BOLINGBROKE.

Mr. F. H. CLEMENTS,
2, Broad Green Avenue, Croydon.

Mr. R. W. LOVELESS.

Mr. R. A. PILCHER.

It is with great pleasure that the Old Boys' Association takes its place once again in this magazine. In this connection, warm thanks are due to Mr. Myers whose efforts are mainly responsible for the revival of the Association's activities. At his instigation a meeting was held at the School on 13th September, 1946, and the large attendance (over 100 Old Boys present, in fact) showed quite clearly that the need for the Association was as real as ever.

Many of the older members present seemed rather surprised at the absence of Mr. McLeod, but this was explained by Mr. Myers in his opening remarks, when he introduced Mr. J. C. Lowe, M.A., the new Headmaster of the School.

After the lapse of seven years, touch had been lost with many members, including some of the Officers and Committee, and thus it was decided to elect new representatives from those present. The names of those elected appear above. The meeting then proceeded to discuss the desirability of the formation of the various sub-sections, and it was eventually decided to leave the question for the time being to the Committee, with the exception of the Football and Table Tennis sections. These are in the very capable hands of Mr. Smith, Sports Master of the School, from whom any further information can be obtained by interested members.

A most important decision reached after very lively discussion was on the question of the financial year and annual subscription. In future, in order to conform to the School year, the Association's financial year will be from 1st September to 31st August. **The annual subscription will now be 2s. 6d. for members under the age of eighteen, and 7s. 6d. thereafter.** This increase in the rate of subscription has become necessary to meet the higher costs now encountered in the administration of the Association's affairs.

The most popular proposal put before the meeting was that a Reunion Supper be held in the near future.

The absence of a copy of the Rules of the Association seemed to perturb some members, and it was left for the Committee to produce and revise these rules at a General Meeting which would obviously be necessary once the Association started again in earnest.

The first post-war General Meeting took place on the 6th November, 1946, at the School, under the chairmanship of Mr. D. Wicks. Once again there was a good attendance, and the interest shown in discussion during the evening augured well for the future. Much of the business was devoted to the revising of the rules and discussion of the points raised at the previous meeting. The question of the Association's colours was raised, and on the recommendation of the Committee it was decided that the patterns of the tie and silk square shall remain unaltered. The changing of the pattern of the blazers was left in abeyance, in view of the likelihood of clothing restrictions preventing their sale for some time to come. Members may be interested to note that Messrs. Hewitt's, of Church Street, Croydon, have accepted an order for ties and squares, and hope to be able to supply them in the very near future.

Once again, the most popular feature of the meeting was the announcement of the Reunion Supper which had been fixed for December 18th. This event, held at the Greyhound Hotel, proved a great success. Sixty-eight members were present, with our newly-elected President, Mr. Lowe, in the chair. Of past members of the Staff, Mr. C. H. Drummond, Mr. C. G. Kennell, and Mr. H. E. Lewington were amongst those who graced the gathering. An invitation had also been extended to Mr. H. B. Locke, but as he is now in retirement in his native Brixham, his absence was understood. He sent, however, a very kind and heartening message, which was read by the Secretary, Mr. Dinnage, and warmly received. Many pleasant memories were recalled during the evening, some of which, naturally, were beyond the majority of the younger members. Their turn came, however, when Mr. Lowe, in the course of his reply to the toast "The School", referred to its change of status and quoted a Latin tag, which had the Central School old-timers guessing. A solemn note was introduced by Mr. Myers when he gave the names of war casualties among past members of the School. Gratitude and no little pride in their supreme sacrifice was expressed on behalf of the Association by Mr. Bolingbroke, who stressed the need for some permanent memorial such as a School library. An impressive list of decorations awarded Old Boys was also read; this list and that of the casualties appear elsewhere in this magazine. Two photographs were taken during the evening, and copies can now be supplied by Mr. F. H. Clements, price 2s. each.

On the principle that one good thing leads to another and with the success of the Supper in mind, the Committee has arranged a DANCE to be held at the GREYHOUND HOTEL, CROYDON, on WEDNESDAY, 30th APRIL, 1947. It is hoped that it will appeal to members of all ages and their friends. Tickets (4s.) will be available after 1st March from Mr. F. H. Clements.

Finally, the Association would like to convey its very best wishes to the Staff and members of the School, past and present, for a very happy and successful New Year.

Old Boys' Soccer. The Old Boys under 18 XI started the season with a powerful side which included almost all their players from the previous year, and conceded only one point until they met the League leaders on November 16th. In this needle match, which, to put it mildly, was vigorously contested, the Old Boys XI lost by two goals to nil, and by virtue of this defeat dropped to second place in the Minor League, Division 1 table.

In the Charity Cup Competition they will doubtless again meet this opposition.

December fixtures, owing to ground conditions, had largely to be cancelled, and at the time of going to press results, including friendly matches, are as follows:

Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	Goals	
				For	Against
15	10	2	3	72	27

Leading goal-scorers: G. Smith, 15; R. Panton, 13; D. Batchelor, 12.

With the start of the New Year the playing strength of the team suffered a severe blow by the calling into the Services of the Soccer Captain, D. Hambidge, and the two wing players, G. Tyler and D. Batchelor. The Old Boys are finding great difficulty in filling these vacancies without drawing upon players from the "A" team. It is possible, therefore, that the second half of the season will find victories not so easy to come by.

SCHOOL STAFF AND PREFECTS

STAFF

Mr. J. C. Lowe, M.A., Headmaster

Mr. C. Myers, B.A., Second Master.

Mr. R. N. Alexander, B.Sc.

Mr. L. W. Chaundy, M.Sc.

Mr. G. Chinnock (City & Guild Cert.)

Mr. W. Cracknell, B.A.

Mr. N. G. Cresswell, B.A.

Mr. V. J. Gee, A.R.C.A.

Mr. D. Hart, B.A.

Mr. W. Hart, B.A., Mus.Bac.

Miss D. Hickmott, L-es-L.

Mr. R. H. Lindsell, B.A.

Mr. G. E. Manning, B.A.

Mr. J. Mortimer, M.A.

Mr. D. Neave, B.A.

Mr. R. D. Pearce, B.Sc.

Mr. G. T. Pearman, B.Sc.

Mr. C. E. Smith

Mr. R. B. Whellock, B.Sc.

Mrs. O. E. G. Noad, Secretary

PREFECTS

K. Boardman

J. Brooks

J. Clark

D. Dunning

K. Hillier

M. Jefferies

L. Ling

P. Newman

L. Wade

HOUSE CAPTAINS

Alpha : N. Baldock

Beta : L. Wade

Gamma : P. Newman

Delta : D. Dunning

PRO PATRIA

These who have died for us, if they could speak,
What would their counsel be to us who seek
To pay our homage to their sacrifice
Who bought our freedom at so great a price?

If they could speak to us, would they extol
The virtue of the richly lettered scroll,
The brazen tablet or the graven stone,
Whereon their names as 'glorious dead' are shown?

Would they not rather answer: "All we ask
Is that you strive to consummate the task
For which we laid life's splendid promise by,
Filled with a faith that made us proud to die.

Strive to sustain our struggle. Pledge your youth
To high endeavour in the cause of Truth.
If you fight on for what is right and true,
Death is despoiled; we shall rise up in you.

Evil and Ignorance are lurking yet;
Prevent them; lest again they should beget
Hatred and War. Be strong; choose, as we chose,
To cherish Truth, and grapple with her foes.

So shall you crown our service. You shall build
A shining cenotaph of hope fulfilled;
And bring us rich requital for our pain,
For we shall know we have not died in vain."

G. E. Manning.

R. Adams.	1926-29.	Chindits.	G. Clare.	1931-35.	R.A.F.	A. Marsh.	1934-37.	R.A.F.	V. Snelling.	1931-35.	R.A.F.
L. Brooks.	1928-33.	R.A.F.	K. Goddard.	1929-33.		W. Morgan.	1929-34.	R.A.F.	N. Skitton	1934-38.	R.T.R.
S. Beckett.	1920-24.	R.A.F.	R. Griggs.	1933-37.	R.A.F.	F. Parker.	1934-39.	R.A.F.	J. Strathdee.	1929-33.	R.A.F.
P. Cable.	1933-38.	R.A.F.	E. Heard.	1934-38.	R.A.F.	D. Payne.	1932-36.	R.A.F.	J. Sullivan.	1922-26.	R.A.F.
G. Chalmers.	1926-29.	R.A.	R. Hook.	1932-37.	R.A.F.	B. Pavey.	1927-32.	R.E.M.E.	E. Taylor.	1924-28.	Missionary in N. Africa.
P. Chamberlain.	1932-36.	N.Z.S.C.	R. Hersley.	1923-27.	R.A.F.	R. Pelham.	1930-35.	R.A.F.	E. L. Taylor.	1924-29.	R.A.F.
H. Clack.	1935-38.	R.A.F.	J. Hoskin.	1928-33.	R.A.F.	J. Penson.	1937-40.	R.A.F.	G. Terry.	1928-33.	H.A.C.
G. Christopher.	1930-34.	R.A.S.C.	C. Jolliffe.	1925-27.	R.A.F.	H. Pitts.	1927-31.	R.N.	L. Thrift.	1932-36.	
F. Coburn.	1925-28.	R.A.	R. Johnson.	1928-33.	R.A.F.	W. Powell.	1933-38.	R.A.F.	R. Tomsett.	1932-36.	Commando.
R. Edwards.	1926-29.		A. Jones.	1932-36.	R.A.F.	R. Proctor.	1927-30.	R.A.F.	G. Tuck.	1934-39.	R.A.F.
J. Featherstone.	1932-37.	R.A.F.	H. Joyes.	1927-31.	R.A.F.	R. Rainés.	1926-30.	R.A.F.	A. White.	1934-39.	F.A.A.
J. Forder.	1933-37.	R.A.F.	H. Knight.	1932-36.	R.A.F.	E. Rayner.	1932-36.	R.A.F.	P. Williams.	1923-25.	
J. Freeman.	1932-37.	Q.R.R.	E. Lambert.	1936-39.	R.A.F.	A. Robinson.	1934-38.	R.A.F.	L. Wood.	1932-37.	R.A.F.
C. Funnell.	1930-33.	R.A.S.C.	J. Leach.	1933-37.	R.A.F.	T. Rowse.	1930-33.	R.A.S.C.	S. Woodrow.	1931-35.	R.A.F.
D. Gunnell.	1932-36.	R.N.	J. Leigh.	1934-39.	R.A.F.	J. Sansome.	1933-37.	R.A.F.	H. Wright.	1932-37.	R.A.F.
F. Gaston.	1926-30.	R.C.S.	D. Ling.	1928-33.	R.A.F.	C. Sanford.	1936-40.	Somerset R.	G. Yeomans.	1937-41.	R.M. Commando.
D. Gill.	1934-38.	R.A.F.	D. Marchant.	1933-38.	R.A.F.	R. Sanford.	1925-29.	R.A.F.			

DECORATIONS

R. Hodges.	1932-36.	D.F.C.	J. Featherstone.	1932-37.	D.F.M.
S. Green.	1931-36.	D.F.C. & Bar.	A. Rosen.	1927-29.	D.F.M.
J. Dymock.	1921-25.	D.F.C.	J. Grant.	1934-38.	D.F.M.
V. King.	1930-34.	D.F.C.	C. Jolliffe.	1925-27.	D.F.M.
R. Gilman.	1932-36.	D.F.M. & D.F.C.	C. Elles.	1930-34.	D.S.C.
A. Roberts.	1929-34.	D.S.O., D.F.C.	R. Seymour.	1934-38.	Croix de Guerre.
A. Marsh.	1931-36.	D.F.C.	A. Walker.	1929-34.	Mentioned in Despatches.
J. Rayner.	1926-30.	D.F.C.	L. May.	1930-35.	B.E.M. (Military Division).
			D. Wicks.	1930-35.	M.M.