



JOHN RUSKIN GRAMMAR SCHOOL MAGAZINE



SERIES III

MARCH, 1948

No. 3

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The right faith of man is not intended to give him repose, but to enable him to do his work. It is not intended that he should look away from the place he lives in now, and cheer himself with thoughts of the place he is to live in next, but that he should look stoutly into this world, in faith that if he does his work thoroughly here, some good to others or himself will come of it hereafter. And this kind of faith, I perceive to be always rewarded by clear practical success and splendid intellectual power; while the faith which dwells on the future fades away into rosy mist, and emptiness of musical air.

John Ruskin: "Modern Painters."

In Assembly recently we learned that one of the charges against radio is that it provides pleasure that is merely passive ; that we are forgetting how to make our own enjoyment, and perhaps even how to read. Now this latter charge concerns us nearly. But is it true ? For listening sometimes may promote reading. The very young having once met Alice in her Wonderland may well want to follow her through the Looking Glass ; and their elders having once met the Forsytes may well want to re-visit them unto the third and fourth generation. So that the alleged decline in reading may not be due to a wireless age. More likely it is due to what is fast becoming—in a real sense—a bookless age. The booksellers' depleted stocks bear witness to it : the gaps in our library shelves proclaim it.

This is the situation which is roundly deplored by the Headmaster in his Foreword overleaf. For we must not forget how to read lest we should also forget how to write—and in these days when illiteracy is so widespread the ability to write precisely and gracefully is more than ever an enviable attribute. This magazine strives to encourage that ability. Our results this time have been encouraging. Many commendable articles and verses have had to be refused simply through lack of space ; so their authors should not be discouraged. From the successful contributors two interesting facts emerge: one is that for the first time there are more verse-makers than prose-writers; the other, that every age-group in the School is represented. The literary prizes have been awarded to Terence Morris for his excellent blank verse poem on the Easter theme and to Gerald Southgate for his highly imaginative description of the Western Isles. Verses deserving special mention are: an interesting experiment in vers libre called "Modern Youth", some heroic couplets on Van Gogh, and a lighter composition "The Late-Comer" by a trio in Form IV. Other features include: the report, with photographs, of our Christmas Concert; extracts of letters, one from the Captain of our 'adopted' ship, and another from an old boy now at the University; and a report of a lecture given to the School by a Christian Minister from Sierra Leone.

Also in this issue is a short review of Mr. Mortimer's newly-published book—by one of his pupils. So we might well claim to rival the classic headline of 'Man Bites Dog' by a more up-to-date one of 'Boy reports on Master'. But the boy has played for safety; his review is a favourable one. What is not so favourable is that the author is leaving us shortly to become Senior Latin Master at Enfield Grammar School. We are all really sorry to lose Mr. Mortimer, but the hazardous twice-daily scramble from one end of the metropolis to the other is too much to endure permanently—even

for an ancient Roman spirit. We can only wish him every happiness in his new school—and a safer journey to it! On the Staff arrival platform we have recently welcomed Mr. S. G. Evans, B.Sc., from Kilburn Grammar School. Mr. Evans came to teach Mathematics and Science, but he is also a qualified gymnast and gamesman. Among his accomplishments he includes swordsmanship—so he should be well armed for the cut and thrust of the Schoolmaster's daily round.

Finally we have much pleasure in introducing our newly-composed School Song. The words have been written by Mr. Manning, and they have been set to music by Mr. Hancock. The song is an exhortation; a call to shake off apathy, to capture the faith that inspired men like John Ruskin. Mr. Hancock's music is stirring and spirited and fits the words admirably. The School has indeed a song to be proud of, and in publishing Mr. Manning's words now for the first time, we here record our thanks to both masters.

AGE QUOD AGIS

When the light of truth is fading and the torch of faith burns low,
And a creeping dusk of apathy has dimmed endeavour's glow,
Then the source of strength that Ruskin knew we too must seek to know,
To be worthy of our name.

To his memory by the mountain lake a pillar stands alone,
And the words of simple wisdom graven in the ageless stone
Show a faith in God's abiding love that we must make our own,
To be worthy of our name.

Let a vision of the grace of God exalt our searching sight;
Let us read the silent message of the stars that shine by night;
And when evil spreads its darkness let us know the power of light,
To be worthy of our name.

For a light to guide us comes from men whose works forever shine,
Men whose labours form a pattern that was part of God's design,
And the witness of their love of truth shall be to us a sign
To be worthy of our name.

By the might of their example let our courage rise anew;
Let us brace both mind and sinew to the work we have to do;
Let a flame of purpose kindle that no shadow shall subdue
To be worthy of our name.

FOREWORD BY THE HEADMASTER

FULL MEN

'Reading' said Sir Francis Bacon 'maketh a full man'; and it was fundamental, when the change in status of this School was contemplated, that a major reconstruction should be the provision of a library.

For a library is not merely a place in which one stores books; more fittingly one might call it a place in which one stores minds! It should be—and, when conditions permit, ours will be—a place not for teaching but for learning, a place whose very existence is a symbol of self-education and scholarly living.

Library work for the Arts student is as vital as Laboratory work for the Scientist, and in neither branch of advanced work is even moderate success to be expected without wide reading and a disciplined seeking after knowledge.

When the shelving arrived last term, we were delighted with the beautiful natural oak which had somehow been acquired. It looks good; it is good. For us there cannot be that compelling sense of antiquity and tradition which makes itself felt in long-established libraries, and which we vaguely associate with hushed alcoves, the smell of old leather and towering tiers of tomes. Instead ours has the suggestion of the "sweetness and light" which comes with true culture. I am most grateful to Mr. Chinnock and all the boys who 'stripped' and repolished the table to match the light oak shelving. The Library has atmosphere.

But has it books? It has some; indeed the numbers have increased threefold in the last eighteen months. The Chief Education Officer has been most helpful in enabling us to try to meet our needs. A generous gift of books has recently come from an Old Boy, Mr. D. V. Read, and a smaller but valuable group, chiefly of fiction, has been presented by the Vice-Chairman of the Education Committee. But many books of fundamental importance are still lacking.

Is it too much to hope that School leavers will contribute books to the Library for the benefit of their successors? Will the Old Boys' projected tribute to their Fallen take the form of memorial books? It would be hard to find a more fitting one, since scholarship promotes that freedom of the human spirit for which our young men fought and died. Are there other friends of the School willing and able to present us with some of those standard works of History, Literary Criticism, Art, Music and the like, which our Library is lacking simply because these books are temporarily out-of-print?

I am optimist enough to believe that in the measurably near future,

we shall fill our shelves and with the right books. Certainly every effort will be made to do so. I look forward to the time when newspapers and periodicals of worth will also be available for reading in intervals, when students and Staff alike will have a Library freed of lessons for consultation and study, when VIth Formers can seek with confidence for any and every piece of relevant information, when the projected mural time-chart of the Arts and Sciences makes the walls an education in themselves, and when visitors to the School are taken finally (as to our Holy of Holies) to that nourishing pasture of the free and full mind—the School Library.

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EXAMINATION SUCCESSES : 1947

OXFORD HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE : N. Baldock.

FOUNDATION SCHOLARSHIP (Open to All England).
AT THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC : M. Jefferies.

OXFORD SCHOOL CERTIFICATE

Adams, B.	Garrard, E.	Mort, C.
*Alden, P.	Gray, I.	*Paton, G.
Allen, J.	Green, D.	Simester, A.
*Allen, P.	*Harris, B.	Stedman, R.
*Banks, G.	*Hawkins, R.	*Stretton, M.
Blackman, B.	*Hickling, G.	*Tibberham, K.
Blow, W.	Higgs, P.	Warren, A.
Burnley, P.	*Howes, D.	Wells, P.
*Caddy, M.	*Johnson, B.	*Wheals, D.
*Carter, V.	*Joyles, R.	*Whitechurch, P.
Collins, P.	*Keefe, K.	Williams, R.
*Constable, T.	*Leach, H.	Wilson, C.
*Dagnell, M.	*Lindus, K.	*Wolf, D.
Davis, A.	MacConville, G.	*Young, P.
Duffelin, K.	Maney, D.	
*Field, K.	Matthews, R.	

*Matriculation Exemption

THE SCHOOL CONCERT

The Christmas term was brought to an enjoyable close by a Concert given by members of the School Choir and Dramatic Society. Four performances had to be given to accommodate boys and parents in our Upper Hall and even then admission had to be limited. Among those present on the last evening were Councillors S. A. Maycock (Chairman of the Education Committee) and Mrs. Maycock; Councillor G. J. Cole (Vice-Chairman) and Mrs. Cole; Councillor and Mrs. A. V. Dammarell and Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Kirkham.

Plays and music tended to revolve round the Christmas theme. The musical items, which included songs, part songs and carols by the School Choir and tunes by groups of recorders and strings (the latter a new venture and mentioned elsewhere in this issue) were under the direction of Mr. Hancock. Vocal solos were given by John Eveleigh, Derek Howes and Alan Sherman, piano solos and duets by Barry Stracey and Brian Batsford and a trumpet solo by David Cross.

The first play was a production by an all-junior cast of "St. George and the Dragon" based on the old Christmas mumming play. The feature of this production was the extremely effective and colourful costuming. Harold Bailey, an attractive little fool in cap and bells, and David Benson, a frock-coated little doctor of desperate remedies deserve special mention; while Robert Jones, a rubicund Father Christmas, Richard Wright a slashing Turkish Knight, David Wheeler a moustachioed, scarlet-plumed St. George, John Powell a flame-throwing Dragon which both rose from the dead and danced a jig, and finally Ivor Matcham as the opulent King of Egypt with his "alluring" daughter Nylon (John Benstead)—all did well.

The second play was "Something to Talk About" by Eden Philpotts, the cast of which, with one exception, was all from the Sixth Form. Roger Barrell as the Christmas Eve burglar, played in the spiv-cum-gunman manner, and Derek Howes as the millionaire peer with the highly developed sense of humour gave outstanding performances. Also deserving of mention were Terence Constable as Lady Redchester, John Brooks and Francis Williams as the sophisticated son and daughter, Gerald Southgate as the Bishop (complete with biretta and crozier) and Bernard Leadbeater as the poker-faced butler.

In addition there were some dramatised scenes from Thomas Hardy's "Trumpet Major." These were given by fifth formers and were particularly creditable in that they were adapted, costumed and produced by the boys themselves. Leslie Blake as the miserly but endearing Uncle Benjy deserves special credit, but Michael Snook as the blustering Festus Derriman, Andrew McIntyre as the ironical serving man, and John Everson as sailor Bob were all good—while Geoffrey Child gave a most realistic impression of the winsome Anne Garland.



ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON



SOMETHING TO TALK ABOUT

NEWS MISCELLANY

Speech day will be held on Thursday, 18th March at 7.15 in the Civic Hall. The address will be given by Mr. David L. Webster, M.A., General Administrator, Covent Garden Royal Opera House, who has combined wide experience in commerce with a deep interest in the Arts. The Mayor (Mr. Councillor E. W. Turner, J.P.) will also speak and the prizes will be presented by the Mayoress. Alderman A. Peters, C.B.E., J.P. will be in the Chair.

★

The School is indebted to Mr. Chinnock for a new lectern which was used for the first time in Assembly at the beginning of last term. It is a piece of craftsmanship of great beauty, dignified in line and perfect in finish, and is made of walnut which Mr. Chinnock had stored for more than twenty years. In dedicating the lectern, the Headmaster referred to it as a symbol of what the School would one day be. In the midst of much that was improvised or inadequate, here was something of permanent worth, a possession on which the School would always look with pride wherever and whenever it moved.

★

Our stage has recently been extended by means of battened benches, and a permanent lighting set has been built by Mr. Alexander. The Maintenance Department have also constructed a permanent proscenium and fixed a curtain railway. So that, with its new stage curtains and shaped window pelmets, our Upper Hall can now, when necessary, put on a tolerable imitation of a miniature theatre.

★

It is expected that the two new Laboratories (for General and Advanced Science) will be ready for use early in the new Term.

★

On the stairway to the Physics Laboratory, young physicists now pass a well-executed and witty mural painting representing the progress of the Sciences. This is the work of Dudley Wolf of Form VI who also designed the Christmas Concert programme and who is a promising advanced Art student.

★

We are hoping that the playground will be planted with flowering trees and shrubs in the Spring, and that Mr. Gee's water colour of what the outside of the School should look like will bring practical results from the Parks Department. Quite a new look, in fact.

Gerald Southgate and Terence Constable have been chosen to represent the School on a Croydon Inter-Schools Committee of the Council for Education in World Citizenship. Southgate has also had the distinction of being elected Chairman this year of the Croydon Youth Council, an honour which was last held by a boy of this School (Richard Nettley) in 1943.

★

Last Summer K. Duffelin, P. Burnley and J. Brooks were three out of the 30,000 Scouts who were under canvas at Moisson, France at the World Scout Jamboree. Afterwards both Brooks and Duffelin had a short holiday in Paris. Also in Paris last summer was R. Kent (IV.a.) He was the guest for three weeks of his French correspondent, Pierre Rouanés

★

We should like to record our thanks to an old boy Mr. W. W. Morgan, who has had a distinguished career with British Overseas Airways, for visiting the school one day to address the boys on his travels.

★

The School closes for the Easter Holidays on Wednesday, 24th March and reopens on Tuesday, 20th April.

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The next publication of this magazine will be in July. Manuscripts should be submitted by the end of May, and contributors should cultivate legibility. This will ease the work of the School Secretary who has typed for the printer the 15,000 words or so that go to make up this issue, and to whom we record our thanks.

★

Overheard in the Library : "No, my boy, Mary Barton did not have a brother, Richard".

TRIOLET

It looks like snow,
The sky is grey;
The clouds are low,
It looks like snow;
The north winds blow,
'Tis cold to-day;
It looks like snow,
The sky is grey.

JOHN BURNETT—Im.

A PASSION POEM*

(A fragment)

As one by one the rays of paling light
Grew less, and shadows longer fell upon
The white face of that City, doomed to fall
Beneath the might of Rome—God's anger shrined
Within each sword, each flaming brand—HE who
Should pay the price of all our sin on earth
Led forth eleven across the age-old brook
Which men call Cedron, up the Olive mount.
The City now grew dark against the sky
Flecked here and there with clouds entinged with red
And gold—symbolic of Redeeming Blood
(Soon to be shed) and crown of glory yet
To grace that Head which barbed thorns would pierce.
HE brought his faithful friends unto the quiet
Of trees through which a fresh breeze blew, a sign
Of night's impending chill. Again HE told
Them of God's holy purpose, plan divine,
And how upon the morrow HE should go
To drink this bitter chalice to the dregs.
And now that HE might better contemplate,
Beneath an olive's shady branch HE knelt
And there within HIS mind did burn the pain
Of knowing that e'en though each drop of blood,
Each drop of fev'rish sweat should flow, frail men
In future time would HIM deny and thus
Would die impenitent. Such faced the MAN
Upon whose bleeding shoulders lay the cross
Of such tremendous bulk and weight as did
No Roman slave for common felon make.
Immeasurable was the weight of sin,
Black, odious, most offensive, in which men
Have from the very dawn of time been steeped.
And thus did all the guilt of ages past
And ages yet to come, fall on that Soul,
(Pressed with the burden of a Universe
Where Satan has for countless ages trod)
Fall on the Lamb of God and not on us.
So Father, Son, and Spirit Infinite
The scene did place, each character so draw;
In order that the two-fold drama tense

*Verse Prize

Should on the stage of Zion run without
A hindrance, as the silver ribbon of
The Jordan flows from distant northern hills
All misty purple from whence also came
This sombre Galilean, in whose eyes
The depths of ageless understanding dwelt.

TERENCE MORRIS—L.VI.

THE WESTERN ISLES*

The many little islands clustering around the coast had lain all day in a welter of sunshine. But now as night came on and the lengthening shadows cast an enveloping gloom over the sound, they seemed to rise out of the water and dominate the landscape. The coves and bays with their little stretches of white sand were now lost in a deep purple, magnificently offset by the lurid rays of the dying sun.

Early that morning in the freshness of the dawn, we had rowed down the loch to the sea and threaded our way through the islands till out in the open Atlantic we had put down our sea anchor. Cool clouds of a heat mist clung to the islands and hovered over the water. However as the day progressed and the sun rose higher, all cleared to reveal an azure sky, spotless, save where in the utmost heavens there trailed thin fleecy streamers of cirrus clouds.

All day we had lain in the boat lazily watching our lines, reading or sometimes swimming. The ocean was more pleasing to swim in than the loch or sound. It seemed to possess a paternal depth, which, combined with the gentle swell, gave a sense of ease lacking in the inner waters. Or may be it was the effect of the heat unveiled by any cliff or island. The long day drifted by imperceptibly till the turn of the tide warned us of evening.

So we rowed slowly back under the high cliffs. The cries of the circling gulls echoing back and forth across the sound were as strange harmonies to the rhythmic splash of our oars. The depth of peace infused by the sombre cliffs was overwhelming. How very far was this from the destruction at Bikini and the altercations at London, Paris or Moscow. Conflicting ideologies and personalities were of another world; only the aesthetic in man—his love of religion, philosophy, poetry and above all music—was of any consequence here. Here was solace and contentment.

With Wordsworth I felt that

“sense sublime
Of Something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man.”

*Prose Prize

Among these massive cliffs was the divine essence, the primordial influence in the moulding of man; not pagan or barbaric, for it inspires his sublimest thoughts, and moves him to a realisation of his true nature.

So we proceeded slowly up the sound—speed would have been sacrilege—to the mouth of the loch where we could see the few crofts huddled together between mountain and water, the overhanging thatched eaves casting a pool of darkness around each. Over the bar, past the rocks, on to the beach, and we were home.

GERALD SOUTHGATE—U.VI.

THE LATE-COMER

There was a boy in Form IV.S,
Whose diligence was great;
But one bad failing still he had,
He frequently came late.

One day whilst on the way to school
He heard the quarter chime;
He realized that he was late,
And for the fifteenth time!

And as he entered through the gate
A Prefect tall and slim
Made solemn record of his name
And pointed to the "gym"

As he was waiting in the "gym"
The Head himself to see,
He sidled slowly to my side
And whispered this to me.

"When will the Head be coming down
The 'lates' to interview
My mind can think of no excuse
At all; not one. Can you?"

I had to go Oh! dear me, no,
I've told that one before;
The clock was slow? P'raps that would do;
Oh! no, it's far too poor.

The tram was full ? (I've said that one)
We got up late to-day ?
The toast was burnt ? The boiler burst
And there was some delay ?

Last night my sickness came again
My glands began to swell ?
This morning I had stomach-ache
And still am far from well ?

The 'bus broke down ? A traffic jam ?
(I used that yesterday)
I lost my boots; forgot my shorts;
Or even lost my way ? ”

The master in his long black gown
Came bustling through the door:
“Well, what excuse to-day, my boy ?
Some novel one, I'm sure.”

“Please, sir,” he said with steady voice,
“To lie will be no use.
I hope that you'll forgive me, and,
Please, sir, I've no excuse.”

The Head turned pale; his form grew limp;
Such truthfulness was more
Than even he could bear; he swayed,
And crumpled to the floor.

MICHAEL FARROW, JOHN EVELEIGH, ROBERT STAMFORD—IVs.

VOLTE-FACE

As I stood at the water's edge,
I set my teeth and made a pledge.
With full intent my oath to keep,
I vowed to plunge in water deep.
With arms outstretched, with nerves alive.
I poised myself to make the dive.
Then thoughts of courage left my head,
And down the steps I crept instead.

ANTHONY ROBINSON—IIIm.

'THE COMPLEAT ANGLER'

Fishing! Oh dear! Yes, I can almost hear your answer, for I expect you regard fishing—like golf, or bowls—as the last resort of an enfeebled mind. Perhaps you are right. I used to think so once. Then I went fishing—and changed my views.

For fishing is far from dull. The 'compleat angler' must be cunning, patient, and impervious to ridicule and climate (British) alike. The Croydon district is lacking in rivers, so that the journey to the hunting ground is the first trial. The second is the rain, usually forecast when I decide to go fishing. Accordingly I don a most unpresentable mackintosh, and outsize gumboots, and indeed look quite the escaped convict. Then the chances are that at East Croydon the sun is shining. I now find myself looking like a tramp, amongst immaculate city men. There are only two methods of passing off your attire. One is to stare menacingly back at the onlookers, and invite even more suspicion; or to choose the coward's way out, and retire behind a newspaper.

However this problem is intensified in the train. Here 'is no shuffling,' for now you are faced by a whole row of disdainful onlookers. Having reached your station you still have to walk a good three miles to the river, and with gumboots and tackle this is no pleasant stroll. The first obstacle is the stile, for then your fishing rod acts as a trip wire, and a fall is very likely. Then there are cows. These are inquisitive animals, and, I am told, timid, but as people have often been chased by them, I am inclined to view them with respect. Never look askance at a cow, for this they regard as weakness. A bold front is called for. Then after lacerating yourself on a barbed wire fence, you may be ready to start fishing.

You assemble the rods, plumb the depth, and bait the hook. All very straightforward you no doubt think, but now you have to cast in. There is the inevitable cow hovering near you, there is water in front, and bushes, or even trees, on either side. Even if your hook misses all these, the bait is likely to fall off, and you have to start again. Then you have to fix a steady gaze on a small object in rippling water, and not feel dizzy for at least half an hour. When, or, rather, if you get a bite, you are faced by an even greater problem, for the victim still remains to be unhooked. This is an unsavoury business, for river fish are thickly covered with slime, and always get the hook well down their gullets.

At the end of such a day you should be semi-delirious, and will hardly notice the walk to the station. You will attract even more attention now on the train, for muddy boots will catch the eye, and your fishy creel will soon offend the nostrils. My father always smokes a strong pipe to cover his retreat, but I have to be content with opening the carriage windows. You will arrive home, hot and dirty, an object of astonishment to your

fellow passengers. You will have a headache, and the last thing you will want for supper will be fish. Ah well, good fishing to you !

JOHN SIMMONDS—U.VI.

FISHING

I take my rod and sit and wait,
But not a fish will take my bait;
It seems they know I'm waiting here,
And take good care they don't come near.

I watch until the shadows creep
And weary birds fly home to sleep;
I watch until the sun sinks low
And tells me it is time to go.

And so my homeward way I wend
Along the leafy lanes that bend;
Disconsolately back I plod
With empty net and luckless rod.

PETER MITCHELL—IIe.

A CAT'S ODE TO THE FIRE

Crackling, blazing, flaming pyre,
Your presence is my sole desire.
I stretch each frozen paw
And feel it thaw.

Burning bright you'll always be
A source of cheering warmth to me;
For when a cat grows old
He feels the cold.

I settle in the nearest seat
And take the lion's share of heat;
And till I have to stir,
You'll hear me purr.

DAVID CROSS—IVa.

NEW YEAR'S EVE

It was the 31st December, 1947. The place was London. The time was five minutes to midnight, and I was standing below Big Ben. An hour previously I had seen the only man attempt, and ultimately succeed, to climb the wet, and consequently treacherous, statue of Eros in Piccadilly Circus. I had seen the throng swell from one hundred to one thousand strong beneath the Norwegian Pine in Trafalgar Square, and I had heard the bells of St. Paul's Cathedral solemnly ringing out the old year. It was with no reluctance, however, that I parted company with fellow revellers to spend the last few moments of a dying year in quiet reflection.

Memories flitted like shadows through my mind. They were memories of hours spent in the classroom, hours spent on the cricket field, memories of a cycling holiday to England's western shores, of hours spent beneath a burning sun on the golden sands of the Cornish Riviera and memories (quite undimmed) of the Christmas festivities. I was a little sad to think that all were passing away with the receding year, and that I was about to launch forth into a new chapter of my life—one brimful of doubt and uncertainty. I thought But my thoughts were rudely shattered by the first of those ringing clashes which sounded forth from the tower high up in the night-sky above me. As the great bell tolled its way through the twelve hours so my thoughts went out with each beat beyond our city to the Empire—to Canada, to Australia, South Africa, India, to return on the twelfth stroke once more to London.

I shuddered slightly as I realised that 1948 was already one minute old. Behind me I could hear the strains of "Auld Lang Syne" echoing down Whitehall, through the little passage-ways and out into the squares beyond. Yet I remained unmoved. I thought once more of 1948, visualised it as some mighty ship emerging slowly, yet majestically, from a bank of mist into the dock before me. I watched her drop anchor and moor herself securely to the dockside, and then prepare for the unloading of an unknown cargo which was to take twelve long months to complete. My thoughts turned then to the people passing by—to the old folk trudging wearily homewards through the steady rain, and to the young who were determined upon prolonging the celebrations. I wondered what effect the dawn of the New Year had upon them, whether it conveyed anything to them and whether fortune would smile or frown upon them in the coming year.

It was thus that I stood pondering there, until once more that mighty bell boomed out the quarter-hour and so rudely recalled my thoughts to reality. Slowly I turned and retraced my steps along Whitehall.

PETER DAVIE—U.VI.

THE PLAYING FIELD

The sun blazed from a blue and cloudless sky
And beat upon the field and players white;
I lay beneath the shade of elm trees high
And watched the leather ball's swift-changing flight.
The crack of bat on ball, applause, a cry,
Were sole disturbers of the peaceful sight.

I closed my eyes: my thoughts did backward flow:
I saw the same scene many months ago.
From dull grey skies came steady slanting rain,
The elm trees now provided no retreat:
Their yellow leaves were fallen once again,
And trodden into mud by passing feet.

A sudden pain aroused me with alarm:
A well-hit ball had struck me on the arm.

JOHN PREVETT—Va

PICTURES IN THE FIRE

On Winter nights when I have no book,
And of games I begin to tire,
Then all I do is sit and look,
At the pictures in the fire.

Before my eyes a castle's towers
Rise up to meet the sky,
And gardens of exotic flowers,
With streamlets running by.

Then again in the fire I gaze,
And see a meadow green,
Where sheep and cows contented graze,
And humbler flowers are seen.

Then suddenly the spell is lost
Just as a temple gleams;
Into the flames a log is tossed
And shatters all my dreams.

PETER BURT—IIIa.

BICYCLE POLO

Rain drifting down from murky skies the pitch, brown and green, oozing water at every movement the players daubs of bedraggled colour circling aimlessly on their machines.

At either end the captains wait for the referee's whistle. It comes, and they are off—riding like men possessed towards the white dot of a ball in the centre of the field.

The excitement tries to force itself upon us, but we are wet and gloomy. Slowly, however, our enthusiasm is kindled. We shout our appreciation as mallet 'clicks' against ball.

The white spot describes a neat parabola.

"Where is it? Who's got it?"

Swift action now; movement, passing, the sudden clash of colliding 'cycles; muddy figures wildly beating at ball; shrill shriek of whistle.

"Come on: you're not laying an egg!"

A watery sun manages to peep out on a damp world for a moment, then disappears again

Action at the farther end; threshing bodies, jerking mallets, rearing machines red shirt on white, white shirt on red Stooping goal-umpire straightens, flag upwards. Our grudging cheers greet a goal.

The rain stops suddenly, and the sun comes out.

The players shake themselves like shaggy dogs, and grin cheerfully at each other. The spectators awake from their apathy the man in the bowler hat who, a moment before, reprimanded me for stepping on his toe, now offers me a cough-drop The game continues

LESLIE BLAKE—Va.

SPEEDING AT NIGHT

The rough surface of the concrete road seems to diverge from an ever-intensifying nucleus of light. The low monotonous buzz of the dynamo changes to an active high-pitched hum as the revolutions increase. On each side of the road dark and grotesque shapes rush towards, then flash past me in mad confusion. Everything seems to take part in this never-ending race, even the stars. As speed increases there is a sense of power and boundless energy. Telegraph wires seem to cross and re-cross like miniature railways in the cloudless night sky. Soon the only audible sound is the confusion of the air rushing in my ears. After a few minutes my legs tire and feel heavy, speed slackens, the headlight gives a beam which changes from white to yellow then from yellow to orange, and the high-pitched note of the dynamo changes to a low purr. This gradual diminution of speed ceases and instead of the former exhilarating swiftness, there is just slow laborious progression.

ALAN POUCHER—IVs.

MODERN YOUTH

He is of cinemas, of Bing, of Hope, Lamour.
He is of conurbated towns, full
With the speed of a mighty commerce.
He is of Manhattan coats, bright ties, and long hair,
He lives by the paper and the barrow.
He is of Picasso, Bartok and Freud,
Of primary, secondary and grammar schools.
He is of Barton and the third of Brahms and screaming jazz.
He is who collects stamps, cars and engine numbers,
He is of personal points, of shelters and atom bombs.
He is of the country and young farmers' clubs,
Who ploughs by tractor and milks by machine.
There is an oil can where was once a whip
And rusty tins of petrol where was hay;
But he knows the earth as did his father
Keeping one youthful hand upon its rhythmic pulse.
Of him "I don't know what young flesh is coming to
In my day never would a boy have dared" is often said
But so his father also said;
And so down all the dimming generations
Vexed fathers said of vexing sons.
He is the modern boy.
No great novelty, similar to all youth
From Joseph to Childe Harold.
But youth must be forever modern
Forever of the latest mood and fashion.
For youth is nothing if he be not of his time.

ENVOY

Contemptuous youth, conceited age,
Forever these a war will wage.

GERALD SOUTHGATE—U.VI

THE MIDNIGHT PROWLER

As I looked around the room I could scarce control a shudder, so life-like did the candle make the ornaments on the shelf. The wind howled against the window, making sinister noises. Every few minutes the curtains billowed out like cloaked figures as the wind found holes in the frames of the windows. Eerie noises increased the feeling of uneasiness that was rapidly growing in me. I again turned my gaze to the ghost novel I had been engrossed in a few minutes ago. "The bloodstained hand appeared

round the door", read the book. I looked furtively at the door, but no hand appeared. So I read on, every moment expecting to see a spectre before me. Suddenly twelve o'clock struck, and I closed the book; then I reached up to blow the candle out. Before I could do this, I heard faint noises on the stairs. As I listened my hair stood on end. I broke into a cold sweat. An icy shiver ran down my spine. The sinister noises came nearer. I wanted to scream, to dive under the bed clothes. But I sat there paralysed with fear. Suddenly there was a gust of wind; the candle went out; the door swung open. Dim moonlight faintly illumined the threshold.

As I lay there I reached out for the candle stick, determined to offer resistance. The eerie creaking approached my bed. I could not see anybody, but I threw the candlestick blindly. It hit the wall. Something soft and shapeless fell upon my face. Stricken with indescribable terror, I clutched wildly at it. A frightened "Miaow" rent the silence—and Bambi the cat wriggled frantically from my grasp.

MELVYN WILLIAMS—Ilm.

THIS MODERN AGE

The weather-worn face of the clock on Thornton Heath Clock Tower presents to me its well-known look as I walk quickly down Parchmore Road towards the High Street. I am hurrying, for I am going to school, and I am usually anxious to ascertain whether I am late. I am pleased to see today I am in time but I am horrified to see a suitable bus rumble by without stopping. This means I have no option but to travel by that mechanical masterpiece—the forty-two tram . . .

A metallic commotion fills the High Street I turn round to see what is the cause of this disturbance and soon spot that a tram is coming. Instinctively the passers-by shudder, turn and hold their fingers to their ears as the tram is heralded by the familiar clashing, clanking, and whining. The driver tugs feverishly at a handle and the car screeches to a standstill.

As the dust settles we of the tram queue clamber on, to the accompaniment of the conductor's harsh cry, "Hurry along there!" As I mount the treacherous stairs the conductor rings the bell and the tram lurches into motion. It is my belief that these men get a great deal of malicious enjoyment out of watching their victims endure the agony of trying to move about while the tram is making headway.

Having selected a seat I try to regain my breath and find my fare-money. Pennies can be remarkably elusive in spacious pockets. I pay my fare, settle down, and look around at my fellow-sufferers most of whom are devoutly saying prayers for their safe arrival. There are, of course, the regular ones and by observing their reactions to the various ordeals

of the journey I pass the time bearably.

Informed by the conductor's scream that the tram has arrived safely at West Croydon, I descend to terra firma. I suppress a cheer with difficulty and inwardly rejoice that the John Ruskin School is in Tamworth Road and not at South Croydon.

ANDREW McINTYRE—Va.

THROUGH THE TUNNEL

The cutting sides gradually rise up and the thin line of sky visible at the top of the window is diminishing until the window space becomes a moving screen of dark green and brown. The whistle howls, and with the clanking and cluttering rising to a crescendo, the monster roars into the inky blackness like the devil returning to the centre of the earth.

I feel a heavy foot upon my toe, and a muttered apology, as some well-meaning person attempts to close the window. I hear a bang as the window falls, and the well-meaning person sits heavily upon my knees, muttering something unrepeatable about carriage windows and everything connected with them.

Now, with the carriage in some form of order, I fall to meditating what the owner of the glowing cigarette in the opposite corner is doing. The red point is now looping . . . now diving . . . now banking. Now it is still, alternately glowing and fading as the owner puffs and draws. Now it is falling on to the floor; I hear a crunching sound as a foot goes on it and . . . blackness!

Ah, now the carriage lightens. The locomotive quickens speed in expectation of the coming light. I look out of the window. I can see the wall . . . the sections . . . the bricks . . . and swoosh, another tunnel is left behind.

FRANCIS FEATES—IVs.

THE BEAUTY OF THE MORNING

There was no one about as I left the shop and ascended the hill. The bright morning sun dazzled the eyes; the mist had vanished, the air was clear and light, the earth itself seemed gone and I felt as if I was walking on air. Fleecy-white clouds were floating in the blue sky. Looking around I perceived a long narrow path winding in and out leading to a vast, forbidding building. This was the convent; its grim, black pile darkening the skyline, with a slender tapering steeple pointing heavenwards like some giant finger. From the hill I viewed the orchards, flowers and fields. The bright morning wrapped them all in an iridescent glow.

Soon I came to an old cottage, transformed into a sweet shop. Outside grew two great sunflowers their faces outstaring the sun itself. Inside I bought a lemonade. A little straw mat lay on the shining waxed floor and neat red and white curtains hung from the window, through which I spotted a ploughman, a weatherbeaten old man, already at his work.

Soon after I reached home. On each side of the curved drive leading to the house, the lobelias, geraniums and calceolarias grew in their neat garden beds. I stopped to admire them, but the irresistible smell of breakfast soon drew me indoors.

GORDON EDWARDS—IVa.

LINES WRITTEN ON SEEING THE VAN GOGH EXHIBITION

Up marble steps 'twixt lofty portals straight,
My shilling paid, I marched into the Tate
And quickly strode into a chamber where
Instead of walls were panoramas rare!
Here yellow plains of sleepy Provence lie
Serene 'neath purple-fretted sapphire sky.
Thick undulating ranks of sunripe wheat,
With olives rich and white-wall'd villas meet.
Gay stain on quaint-shap'd boats of Sainte Marie
Contrasts with monochrome of sand and sea.
In Arles I see a curious bridge of beams
O'er one of boistr'ous Rhone's tumultuous streams.
La Haye at eve is multi-coloured pied,
Pink stippled blooms on plotted landscape wide.
Surveying all a wizen'd peasant sage,
Recorded not on any Hist'ry page.
Profundity of wrinkled brow doth show
How much of Nature's secrets he doth know.
Thanks to a vital artist's vivid style
I found in city's heart French country's smile.

EPITAPH

He found no joy on earth in life's small cage,
But left to all a priceless heritage.
Ill-starr'd in life he knew no pride of Fame.
But now the world (and I) salute his name.

ROGER BARRELL—U.VI.



SPRING STORM

For one second an incandescent flash of lightning lit up the wood as it struck the proud tree that had previously reared its topmost boughs above all others in the wood. For one second through the driving rain we could see the fresh tints of colour in the trees that signified that Spring was here.

Crash!—a peal of thunder shook the very earth under our feet.

Then another sword of electric white stabbed the very heart of the heavens enabling us to see against the background of dark green spruce that the beeches were covered with a film of pink. Here and there a drift of almond-coloured palm, around which honeysuckle twined eagerly, showed through the sheet of water driving down upon us.

Boom! the thunder crashed again.

Screech!—a jay screamed a hoarse rebuke at this invasion of his privacy by the rain.

The rain was pouring down the sides of trees, through crannies and nooks where hordes of earwigs were sleeping. It trickled over leaves and dripped down into tiny rivulets which sidled reluctantly over the sludge to join the already overflowing stream.

We moved so as to get under the spreading shelter of an oak. Immediately an invisible choir greeted us with coos, chuckles, and chirrupings. A blackbird chuckled evilly to himself from under a neighbouring briar, a wood pigeon clattered noisily away, and a missel-thrush rattled his danger signal.

Then as suddenly as it had come, the storm vanished! Perhaps it was carried away by the wind that piled up a screen of scudding cloud in the west and let the sun pour forth his golden glory once more. The quietness of exhaustion came over all things, except for the melancholy, monotonous drip—drip—drip, of the water from the leaves, and a thin, treble thread of melody from some small songbird reawakened to life by the sun's appearance.

GORDON BEDGGOOD—IVs.

REPORTS

FROM THE GEOGRAPHY ROOM

During the past two terms there has been a number of activities to give colour and understanding to the wider aspects of Geography. Some of these activities have been held under the auspices of the Scientific and Geographical Society and are mentioned under that Society's notes in this magazine.

In December by the courtesy of the Southern Railway, Mr. Viney of the lecturing staff gave us a very interesting talk on the Southampton Docks—their construction and purpose. This talk which was illustrated by over sixty lantern slides, placed the facts of the geography lesson in close relationship with every-day activity. The hall was well filled and the attention of the audience was held for the whole hour. In thanking us for the enjoyable time *he* had had, Mr. Viney wrote "I very much enjoyed speaking to such a keen audience and am looking forward to meeting them again." And we shall be glad to arrange for another of these excellent lectures during next Autumn.

A number of geographical films have been shown during the past session and there have been large audiences for all the occasions. In February the school was able to see the technicolor film "Latitude and Longitude" one of the latest films made especially for schools. No boy who saw the film will ever forget the significance of latitude and longitude. More good films are on the way.

OUR SHIP. "M.V. TARON."

A considerable mail was despatched in May of last year but no replies had been received when we reassembled after the summer holiday. There were two reasons for this delay. In the first place certain cheap rate facilities for "Ship Adoption" Air Mail had been withdrawn and mail had to go by sea. Then our batch of letters was incorrectly re-directed when it reached Rangoon with the result that it returned to England. It was again forwarded, reaching M.V. "Taron" in November. Replies began to come in just before Christmas and several boys had Air Mail letters direct from their correspondents. All boys have now received replies and most of these, together with some new correspondents, have written further letters.

Since our last notes on the ship Captain Turnbull has taken over another ship and we take this opportunity to welcome Mr. A. C. Browne, the new Skipper. He has already written to the school:—

"After chasing the "Taron" half-way round the world I eventually relieved Capt. Turnbull at Rangoon early in July. I had met Capt. Turnbull during the war, in the Mediterranean, so that it was good to have a couple

of days together for the change-over.

The ship then went to Bombay for overhaul and we were there on the day India became two dominions. The main buildings were illuminated and looked really beautiful from the anchorage in the bay, a particularly attractive sight being a corvette of the Royal Indian Navy lying close inshore, completely outlined with electric lights. On shore the native crowds were mainly good humoured towards Europeans, and a smile and "Jai Hind" usually had the effect of opening up the crowd sufficiently to get the car through.

From there we went to Abadan and loaded for Port Sudan and Massawa, Eritrea. The weather was very hot but we were lucky and had missed the hottest part of the year when Massawa is almost unbearable and every European who possibly can spends the week-ends in the hills to recover from the week's Turkish bath.

Back to Adaban then to load for Bombay once again and to find the cheering over, and the first troubles of self-government just beginning to get really serious. However our stay this time was short and we returned to Adaban to load for Singapore, where I met some of my old friends from China where I lived for fourteen years.

There we re-loaded for Sydney and Gladstone, Australia and although *the weather is still fairly warm, the nights are cool and a definite relief* after months of tropical heat and great humidity during the S.W. Monsoon in the Indian Ocean. During this period clothes turn green with mould, as do shoes also unless cleaned every day, so you can imagine the effect on liver and temperaments. Even the most good-natured people become touchy after a long spell of it, so that this trip 'down under' is a very welcome change for us all."

SIERRA LEONE

During the Autumn term the Rev. P. Jones gave a lecture to the Scientific and Geographical Society. Mr. Jones is a native of Sierra Leone, where, as well as being a Christian Minister he is also acting head of a native Grammar School. He is studying our educational methods at the London Institute of Education and did some teaching with us last term.

In the course of his lecture he gave us a comprehensive summary of the geography of Sierra Leone and among the many interesting points upon which he touched was the origin of the name. One of the explanations is the thunder, which often accompanies the storms of the rainy season; its reverberating through the mountain sounds like the roaring of lions. Mr. Jones told us that although temperatures are always high and the atmosphere at times very humid, the application of up-to-date scientific knowledge had made life for the white man less unhealthy. The term "White Man's Grave" which the area had acquired was an indication of the deadly nature of the diseases caused by the insects

which can now be largely controlled or destroyed.

Sierra Leone had been one of the areas in which freed slaves had been settled. He recalled the part which Englishmen had played in the abolition of slave labour. The many territories of our Commonwealth had been acquired in various ways but among the more curious was that by which Sierra Leone came to be British. The local chieftain was willing to let his territory go for some barrels of rum, some tobacco and a few suits.

The part of the talk which aroused the greatest interest was the section which dealt with local customs. Let Mr. Jones tell us in his own words:

"In welcoming a stranger besides the usual embrace there is the giving of cold water to show that the visitor is under the protection of his host the largest and fattest fowl is killed and the best food provided"

"When a chief is to be elected there is much canvassing and much money is spent. On the day of the announcement of the result the candidates keep away from the meeting place. The successful candidate continues to keep within doors for three or four weeks after which his first act is to assemble his rivals and inflict heavy fines on them"

"In part of the country the natives are polygamists but this custom is not to secure wives but workers. It is an economic venture for the husband requires workers for his farm but cannot afford to pay labourers. It is a belief among the people that woman should work and provide the means of subsistence for the family. Soon after birth the praises of a baby girl are sung in public in order that her future husband may be persuaded to provide for her upbringing. Should the girl later refuse to marry her betrothed the family must return all the money expended on the child by her suitor."

D.N.

FROM THE MUSIC ROOM

As in other activities, the greatest satisfaction is enjoyed in Music-making when one is sharing its pleasures and overcoming its difficulties as a member of a voluntary team. During the Autumn term our musical teams added to their numbers, and even extended their interest and help beyond the bounds of the School.

A flow of younger boys helped the Recorder Group and assisted their more experienced colleagues at the School Concert, details of which are found elsewhere. At the same function the very young String Class made a most satisfactory début, a promising 'cellist having most recently been added to the ten violinists. If successive groups of boys support this newest musical venture we need not fear for its future.

The solid core of enthusiasts forming the School Choir remains also

as a tribute to much free time willingly spent in rehearsing. In this case, at the end of term, assistance was given to the Combined Schools' Carol Service at the Parish Church, in the crowded assembly there being a Chancel Choir of one hundred, and eight hundred children in the Nave Choir. The Chief Education Officer, the Chairman of the Education Committee, the Senior Curate and four schoolchildren gave appropriate readings portraying the Christmas story. Well-known carols were interspersed with more ambitious items by the Chancel Choir, musical preparations having been in the hands of Mr. Hancock, who received invaluable assistance from choristers of this School and from Mr. Morgan, the secretary of the Schools' Music Association.

Mr. Leslie Woodgate, eminent B.B.C. Conductor, was highly pleased at the response of the singers with Mr. Leslie Smith at the organ. A local press critic of standing, most laudatory when referring to the part-singing of the Chancel Choir, was obviously stimulated by the overwhelming effect of healthy, happy tone from a great throng of keen youngsters. Even his one stern note did not concern the children; the adults did so feel constrained to join in the carols they knew, but how the intrusion of their voices detracted from the beauty of the occasional unaccompanied verses!

J.N.H.

FROM THE LIBRARY

"AN ANTHOLOGY OF THE HOME COUNTIES"

by J. D. Mortimer

Mr. Mortimer has given us, in his "Anthology of the Home Counties" (just published by Methuen), a "rich store" of prose and poetry concerning various aspects of life in the districts round London. The book is well illustrated, with sixteen half-tone plates, and possesses a colourful foreword by Mr. John Betjeman.

The Home Counties of the Anthology stretch far: from Cambridge to Sussex, from Oxford to Kent. But the advantage of a good index makes the reader's travels easy; he is able to pass at one giant stride from "the great resort with the whiskered gentry" at Brighton to the calm sequestered cloisters of Cambridge. Everywhere the description of rural beauty is excellent, but overshadowed by the melancholy reflection that it is of a beauty lost to man for ever. One cannot help noticing that there are three Cobbetts to every Belloc, three Defoes to every Binyon.

The book itself is divided into short sections dealing with scenery, customs, ballads, travel, history and epitaphs; the photographs lend touches of realism to the pages, and the whole is blended to give a good, entertaining bed-side book, allowing the reader to wander where he will, with equal pleasure.

LESLIE BLAKE—Va.

FROM THE PROJECTOR ROOM

Since our last report we have shown our first mathematical films for the Sixth Form. Perhaps the most outstanding of these—all very good—was “Mouvements Vibratoire”, which not only gave the audience a good idea of harmonic motion but, being in French, tested their linguistic powers as well.

Geographical films shown were “Valley of the Tennessee”, “Wheatlands of East Anglia”, “The Herring”, “River Clyde”, and three films on Oil, whilst for Science and general interest there were excellent films entitled “Hydraulics”, “Birds of the Village”, “A.B.C.D. of Health”, “High over the Border” (taken in Canada) and several other shorts.

R.B.W.

FROM A LETTER TO THE SIXTH FORM

From Philip Wadey, an old boy (1935-1939) who is now studying for his final B.D. at New College, London.

“Here at New College we all have the same purpose for coming—to serve as leaders of the Church either at home or overseas. Much of our time is spent on practical work; attending Conferences during the vacation and preaching in Churches that are without a Minister or whose Minister is ill or on holiday. This means that we have the heavy work of sermon and service preparation in addition to the burden of the examination syllabus.

However, as recreation is essential to health of mind as well as body it is an unwritten rule of this College that no-one works during the afternoon. No-one is compelled to work at all after lectures have finished in the morning, so we have to discipline ourselves if we want to pass our examination. We can boast of a first class Common Room, an excellent Tennis Court and Squash Court, as well as table tennis and billiard tables. Of our Library we are justifiably proud; its value to us is inestimable. We have a lot of reading to do during the vacations and this can make all the difference between a “Pass” and “Honours”. Which reminds me that I have good cause to thank the foresight of those responsible for building up the fine Library system in Croydon. Make sure that you know how to use it while still at School.

When you read for a degree at a University your course will last three or four years. You will not be the same person when you have finished; something will have happened to you that will have changed you beyond all conception. Your mind will be broadened and enlarged; you will have a different outlook on life, a different attitude to your fellow men, a different understanding of yourself. The discipline of prolonged intense study will teach you to be masters of yourselves and make you more fit to be leaders of your fellows.”

SOCIETY NEWS

THE CHESS CLUB

The chess club has had a very successful season during the past two terms. Increased activity among the members of the lower school, notably IIIa, has warranted the purchase of four new sets. Next term a second team will be formed to give the younger chess enthusiasts tournament experience.

The first team, Bennett (captain), Clark, Chapman, Wilson and Funnell was entered for the Brian Poulter Shield. We have had close games with Whitgift School, Beckenham and Sutton County, and although our standard of play is greatly improved we have as yet to claim a victory.

Recently, however, we have been able to recover some of our prestige; in our annual fixture against the Staff. It is perhaps as well to draw a discreet veil over the result or merely to state that Mr. Lindsell and Mr. Smith remained undefeated at the end!

Three members of the team Bennett, Clark and Funnell have been entered for the Junior Championship of Croydon.

Finally we would like to thank Mr. Lindsell for the arrangement of the tournaments and Mrs. Garwood for the preparation of the teas.

G. BENNETT—U.VI, Secretary.

THE DEBATING SOCIETY

The Debating Society has not met so frequently this winter as our Upper Hall has been booked nearly every Monday evening for an outside lecture. One debate however did manage to take place in the hall, "That money is the root of all evil", which was defeated by a large majority. Later on a "Twenty Questions" session was followed by an extremely amusing and interesting talk on Parachute Jumping given by Mr. Manning to an audience packed very tightly into Va room. Plans for a Parliamentary debate had to be completely shelved but a Mock Trial eventually took place in the "Gym" where thanks to the efforts of a "Lightning labour squad" chairs and benches were put out in an amazingly short time. Mr. Cresswell acted as judge, Russell and Blake as Defence Counsel, and Wilson and Southgate were for the Prosecution. The hapless prisoner was Carter who assumed a very innocent appearance throughout. Numbers of suspicious-looking characters dressed in "chokers" and Manhattan jackets served as witnesses. After a lengthy discussion the prisoner was found not guilty of decapitating his wife with a meat cleaver—much to the satisfaction of the public gallery!

On Monday, January 26th, the annual contest for the Debating Prize was held. There were eleven competitors this year; Carter, Blake, Constable, Southgate, Harris, Benson, Wilson, Russell, Snook, Leadbeater and

Morris. The Committee of adjudicators consisted of Mr. Lowe, Mr. Alexander and Mr. Manning. Generally speaking the standard of debating was higher all round, the English much improved and the stance better. The prize was won by Morris who proposed that "American aid to Europe is likely to lead to war". Carter and Blake tied for second place and Southgate and Wilson deserve especial mention.

T. MORRIS—L.VI, Secretary.

THE DRAMATIC SOCIETY

The first meeting of the newly-formed Dramatic Society held on Wednesday, 28th January, was well attended—especially by members of the middle school.

The play for the evening "The Bishop's Candlesticks" was introduced by Mr. Manning who gave a brief outline of the story of Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables" from which the play was adapted.

The society will meet fortnightly (alternating with the Literary Discussion Group) and will be affiliated to the British Drama League.

T. CONSTABLE—L.VI, Secretary.

THE MUSIC SOCIETY

Though one of the younger and smaller societies of the school we have been quite active during the past term.

Gramophone meetings have been held at which a wide variety of works were played. These included Beethoven's Overture "Egmont" and his Fifth Symphony; Franck's "Symphonic Variations" for Piano and Orchestra; Songs by Schubert, Brahms and Mahler; Arias by Bizet and the "Karelia Suite" by Sibelius.

There have also been several outside musical activities such as the visits to the London Senior Orchestra ably conducted and augmented by the explanations of Mr. Ernest Read. Another series of concerts by the New English Orchestra under Leonard Rafter are also being attended, organised by the Croydon Schools' Music Association. We are very glad of these opportunities to see and hear "live" orchestras and music.

The film "The Instruments of the Orchestra" made by Sir Malcolm Sargent based on Benjamin Britten's music has been shown at the school together with a "short" of Myra Hess playing the first movement from Beethoven's "Appassionata" sonata.

Several of us went to the Whitgift School to hear a Violin Recital by Quentin Ballardie assisted by a pianist. So altogether music has not been neglected during the last term. We have found that more boys can attend during the lunch hour so our meetings have been provisionally changed to 12.25 p.m. on Thursdays.

G. SOUTHGATE—U.VI, Secretary.

THE LITERARY SOCIETY

The first month of the New Year saw the formation in the Upper School of a Literary Discussion Group. A small circle of a dozen or so people drawn from Forms V and VI met in the Library to discuss "What use is Literature to the Man in the Street?" Mr. Cracknell was in the chair and some interesting opinions were exchanged in an informal atmosphere—the reason why the library was chosen. Further meetings will include talks on Russian Literature, John Keats and Dr. Johnson.

T. MORRIS—L.VI, Secretary.

THE SCIENTIFIC AND GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY

The Society ventures to claim to be the School's most successful and popular society at the present moment. We have had a large number of talks and illustrated lectures on a variety of subjects. Our large membership reflects the enthusiasm of the boys and membership cards have now been issued and representatives appointed in most forms.

Among many interesting lectures given there have been one by L. Blake on the Stars (the second in his series); one by T. Morris on the Isle of Wight (illustrated by lantern slides); one by G. Bennett on the importance of Lamarck's works; one by Carter on the "History of Drugs", and another by the Secretary on "Prehistoric Man".

At the time of writing the Society has begun a full programme of activities including a lecture on the Scientific Aspects of British Railways by Singleton of the Third Form, and as finer weather approaches we hope to arrange more of the geographical outings.

D. RUSSELL—U.VI, Secretary.

THE SCHOOL DANCE

On Friday, December 19th the Gymnasium was transformed by the decorative efforts of the Sixth Form into a colourful Hall, for the Christmas Social and Dance. These events are a comparatively new thing to the School and this one in particular has been acclaimed the most successful so far. Unfortunately a preliminary Gallup Poll revealed the majority of the Sixth to be non-dancers, though this did not prevent them from being present—as well as many old boys. It was very pleasant to see so many young ladies giving a feminine touch to so essentially a "masculine" part of our School—and also very intriguing to see the large number of "dark horses" that are in our midst. Dancing was to the music of the Palais Manhattan Band and a varied assortment of games were played under the direction of the stentorian voice of Mr. Smith.

Doubtless first formers would have thought that the world had turned upside down had they seen the Staff joining in, in the most ridiculous paper hats—but it was Christmas—complete with mistletoe which was however reserved for the more secluded precincts of the lobby.

T.P.M.

VISITING DAYS

THE ALDWYCH THEATRE

On January 7th the members of the Vth forms visited the Aldwych Theatre to see an "Arts Council" production of "Macbeth" a play of especial interest to them as School Certificate candidates.

Macbeth was played by Michael Redgrave, who is usually associated with the films. He played the part with vigour and developed into a most awe-inspiring figure as the play proceeded. His wife was well portrayed by Ena Burrill, though her husky voice, snaky walk and auburn hair had the incongruous air of "the beautiful spy". Our old friend from the Bristol Vic Company, Clement McCallin, was not ideally cast as Macduff. He seemed too immature and light-hearted for this serious part.

The stage set could have been improved for the platform device must have screened the view from the Stalls. The banquet scene lost something for this reason but the battle scenes were particularly effective, giving an impression of much confused fighting. The costumes were extremely colourful—perhaps even a little too bright for the Scotland of that bleak age of murder and grief. J.S.

THE CROYDON GASWORKS

The film entitled "The Manufacture of Gas" which we were shown on arrival, familiarised us with the processes we were about to see. After that we were shown the fire-brick retorts, in which coal is heated, making crude coal-gas and coke; and from there the "exhausters", pumps which suck the gas from the retorts and force it through the town mains via the purifying plant. Three automatically-controlled steam engines drove the pumps, and one of these was used to make more gas in the "water-gas plant" and here it was quite hard for the somewhat awed and completely deafened visitors to believe that the avalanche of coke and the hisses of air and steam connected with this plant were controlled merely by timing devices. C.W.

THE SCIENCE MUSEUM

On Friday, 16th January, Mr. Pearce conducted a group of boys from the lower sixth on a visit to the Electron Jubilee Exhibition at the Science Museum, South Kensington.

Exhibits ranged from those illustrating the discovery of the electron in 1897 to the latest electronic apparatus. J. J. Thomson's apparatus for finding the value of e/m for the electron was demonstrated. A large selection of thermionic valves were exhibited, ranging from one inch to three feet in length. The Cathode Ray tube was interesting as it could be manipulated by the viewer to produce differing effects on the screen. Another engrossing exhibit was the "Gee" location equipment used by the R.A.F. D.W. and C.M.

Four Schools XIs have, this season, been playing fixtures regularly so that the programme has been quite heavy. In September and October the Junior XIs had, in addition, to play mid-week matches so that more Soccer has been played this season than ever before. Results have shown some sharp contrasts.

We still seem to be feeling "growing-pains" in the Upper School, in that the Sixth Form has not yet expanded sufficiently to provide enough footballers of the size and power adequately to match our formidable opponents. One more season, however, should see this handicap overcome with a corresponding increase in our successes on the Soccer field. It is regrettable, too that time-table exigencies are such that the 1st XI and Sixth Form as a whole are given no opportunity whatsoever for practice and training on the Sports Field.

Under the circumstances, therefore, D. Dunning, Soccer Captain, together with his 1st XI colleagues are to be commended on the way in which, in spite of frequent and sometimes heavy defeats, they have played keen and sporting football against strong opponents. Matches have been enjoyed with Dorking, Epsom, and Bromley County Schools and with St. Joseph's, John Fisher, Ballards, Beckenham and Willesden as well as with Croydon Clubs.

The Second Eleven programme has consisted of matches with the corresponding teams of the above Schools and 1st and 2nd XI results at the time of going to press give the following figures:—

Played: 28 Won: 5 Drawn: 5 Lost: 18

The following 1st XI players will be awarded Soccer Colours for Season 1947-8: D. Dunning, Soccer Captain; A. Turner; B. Savell; D. Green.

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Lower School XIs have played in Croydon Schools League Soccer this season with very commendable results.

The 14 years old XI during the first half of the season was runner-up in the League Competition, and by virtue of that fact is taking part in the League Championship group.

This eleven is to be congratulated on the following excellent results:

Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	Goals for	Against	Points
14	9	2	3	45	23	20

Team: Cashman, Sullivan, Butterworth, Amos, J. Brown, Odd, Horscroft, Morris, Garner, Montague, Childs.

The 13 year old XI, competing in the Croydon Schools Intermediate League did even better, playing through the Competition without losing a point.

The figures for these matches are :—

Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	Goals for	Against	Points
10	10	—	—	33	7	20

★

Team : Bailey, Evans, Prior (Captain), Amos, Hart, Morcher, Lambe, Williams, Montague, Harris, Dighton, Wood, Burnley.

The quality of the football shown by many members of these Junior XIs promises well for Upper School Soccer in the next few seasons.

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A Middle School XI was entered for the "Lipton" Trophy (London Schools) Competition but lost 2-0 to West Ham Municipal College.

A further Middle School XI has, at the time of writing, yet to play in the Semi-final of the Croydon Schools Cup.

The following boys of the School are to be congratulated on having been selected to play for the Croydon Schools XIs in various representative matches :—

P. Butterworth for South Croydon (Hood Shield).

J. Brown and P. Garner.

M. Hart and J. Crumplin for South Croydon (Wood Cup).

Opponents in these representative matches were North Croydon, North-West Middlesex, Ealing and Walthamstow.

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Other Sports News : Cracknell (IV.G.) and P. Mackleworth (IV.A.) boxed for Croydon in the Surrey Schools Competition. Cracknell was defeated in the preliminary contest but Mackleworth reached the semi-finals and boxed at Sutton County School on February 15th.

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By the time this magazine is published the Easter Vacation will be close upon us and we return after the holiday to Cricket and Athletics. Cricket in May is usually a chilly affair in this land of ours so a gentle reminder about white flannels and sweaters (and still more sweaters) may not be out of place. Check over your cricket clothing during the holiday, and do not be caught unawares by the opening of the season.

And you athletes, see to your running-spikes, running shorts and singlets. High and long jumpers, sprinters and distance men, relay teams—you will all be busy very shortly.

We look forward keenly this year to our usual very full list of Cricket fixtures and a bigger and better Athletics programme.

OLD BOYS' ASSOCIATION

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

Chairman : Mr. D. Wicks.

Secretary : Mr. A. Young, 113, Grange Road, Sanderstead.

Treasurer: Mr. M. Vincett, 7, Bolderwood Way, W. Wickham

Committee : Messrs. E. Bolingbroke, R. Loveless, F. Clements, W. Blow.

With a rather difficult and somewhat disappointing year behind us, we turn with hope towards a brighter year ahead. 1947 has been a year of hard work, and as is usual with tasks of resuscitation, there is very little to show for our efforts. The real disappointment has been in the inability to set up the various sub-sections of the Association, without which enthusiasm on the part of members and would-be members is bound to flag. For 1948, however, we have plans in mind, which we hope will do much to combat this state of affairs. Application has been made to the Parks Committee for permits to use public cricket pitches, and whilst this course leaves much to be desired, it will be generally agreed that, as things stand at present with the School ground being barely fit for use by the School itself, there is virtually no alternative. We hope to arrange several cricket fixtures during the coming months, and to take on away matches only, but not being able to offer home games will not get us very far. There will also be two matches against the School, to be played on the School ground, and members may remember that Mr. Lowe has kindly offered to make available facilities for the use of cricket nets on one evening in each week. In order to put these plans into effect, ALL members interested in taking part in any matches or practice evenings are requested to contact the Secretary, Mr. Young, without delay.

A Committee has been set up to undertake the management of the "JOHN RUSKIN SCHOOL WAR MEMORIAL FUND". Its members are as follows : Mr. C. Myers (Chairman), Mr. D. Young (Secretary) and Mr. F. Porter, A.C.A.

We hope to raise a sum of money worthy of the School and of those Old Boys who willingly gave their all, and whose courage, devotion to duty and self-sacrifice will ever remain before us as a shining light and inspiration. All communications should be addressed to Mr. Myers or Mr. Young at the School, Tamworth Road, Croydon. All contributions, great and small, will be very welcome. It will interest members to learn of an anonymous donation of 25 guineas which has got the fund off to a good start.

As it is the intention of the Committee to devote the whole of the amount received to the Memorial, it has been decided to hold a series of dances in the hope that a profit may be made to defray the expenses of the appeal. The first dance will be held at the Bedford Hall, Bedford Park, Croydon, on Friday, 30th April; tickets 2/6d. each, to be obtained from Mr. Clements, 2, Broad Green Avenue. As it is hoped to make a substantial profit, members are requested to bring as many friends as they can.

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We regret to have to publish the following additions to the Casualty Lists of Old Boys as given in our issue of last March :—

William R. Biles	—	1923-27
George Casselden	—	1929-32. R.N.V.R.
Leslie Disney	—	1926-29
Martin Parfett	—	1921-25. N.F.S.
Alan Rhodes	—	1927-31. R.A.F.

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We wish to offer our congratulations to :— Dr. Arthur R. Baines (1930-35) on his appointment as House Physician at the Westminster Hospital and as resident Medical Officer at Louth County Infirmary: and to Alan A. Harding (1939-44) on obtaining his B.Sc. in Engineering (Second Class Honours) at the University of London.

Finally, a reminder that annual subscriptions are now overdue. Many members have written saying they have forgotten what this amounts to.

For their benefit the rates are :—

Senior members — 7/6 per year Junior members — 2/6 per year

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OLD BOYS' SOCCER

The Old Boys Soccer Section again has an XI playing in the Croydon Minor League Competition and has met with quite a fair measure of success in a series of enjoyable games.

Captained by J. McCluskey, the team contains other Colours Men in P. Packham, L. Brown, A. Warren, M. Stretton, R. Joyles.

Even with this star-studded XI we consider ourselves unfortunate to be drawn, in the first round of the Challenge Cup, against Crystal Palace Junior XI and were beaten by this quite powerful side.

Figures at the time of going to press are :—

Played	Won	Drawn	Goals for	Against
17	9	2	66	43

GOVERNORS

Chairman : Mr. Alderman A. Peters, C.B.E., J.P.

Vice-Chairman : Mr. Councillor F. Gardner

Mr. Councillor S. A. Maycock
Mr. Councillor G. J. Cole
Mr. Alderman H. Regan
Mr. Ald. T. W. Wood Roberts,
D.L., J.P.

Councillor Miss M. G. Bilson
Councillor Mrs. V. L. Child

Mr. Councillor A. V. Dammarell
Mr. Councillor W. H. Gough
Mr. Councillor H. L. Kendell
Mr. Councillor A. S. Marshall
The Rt. Rev. The Bishop of Croydon
F. G. Kirkham, Esq.
The Rev. E. B. Larkin

STAFF

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

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

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. S. G. Evans, B.Sc.
Mr. V. J. Gee, A.R.C.A.
Mr. J. N. Hancock, B.A., L.R.A.M.
Mr. D. Hart, B.A.

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.

Secretary : Mrs. V. F. Garwood

PREFECTS

School Captain : John Clark

Vice-Captain : John Simmonds

Roger Barrell
Robert Burton
John Brooks
Peter Davie

Douglas Dunning
Peter Funnell
John Smith
Gerald Southgate