



# JOHN RUSKIN GRAMMAR SCHOOL MAGAZINE



APRIL 1950

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Series III

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No. 7

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*“ You may do much harm by indiscreet praise and by blame; but remember, the chief harm is always done by blame. It stands to reason that a young man’s work cannot be perfect. It must be more or less ignorant; it must be more or less feeble; it is likely that it may be more or less experimental, and if experimental, here and there mistaken.*

*“ But there is one fault which you may be quite sure is unnecessary, and therefore a real and blameable fault: that is haste, involving negligence. Whenever you see that a young man’s work is either bold or slovenly, then you may attack it firmly; sure of being right. If his work is bold, it is insolent; repress his insolence: if it is slovenly, it is indolent; spur his indolence. So long as he works in that dashing or impetuous way, the best hope for him is in your contempt: and it is only by the fact of his seeming not to seek your approbation that you may conjecture he deserves it.”*

John Ruskin : “ The Political Economy of Art ”

## EDITORIAL

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THE chief feature of this issue is the account of Speech Day when we were honoured by the presence of Sir Fred Clarke, whose address, reported overleaf, was of particular interest to those who direct the policy of this Magazine.

In our last Editorial we spoke of a wish for the Magazine to reflect the life and thought of the School; such words of generous praise and encouragement from Sir Fred Clarke are a sign that we have not been altogether unsuccessful. He noticed that much of our verse was nostalgic—a longing for the finer things, the lovelier things, a reaction against the sordid aspect of the modern world. This issue is not lacking in similar writing. In the work of A. A. Nye we have the quintessence of that reaction, and his poem, "Sunday Morning," has once more won him the Verse Prize. This spirit in the Upper School has led to the founding of the Christian Union, an attempt to translate these ideals and ideas into positive action. Although we were gently chastised for being under the influence of Mr. Eliot we believe with him that—

"— nothing is impossible, nothing,  
To men of faith and conviction."

It was gratifying to hear that our humorous articles succeed in being humorous. The Prose Prize has been awarded to B. Faulkner, whose "Joys of Fishing" would have appealed to the genial Izaak Walton himself.

The divine genius which enters into the soul of the artist and the craftsman, so frequently extolled by Ruskin, is the subject of a poem by D. C. Howes. Whether L. Dixon's work is in direct reaction to the ugliness of the buildings which surround the School is a problem for the social psychologist.

Nye's poem is illustrated by a study of St. Paul's; R. Hawkins' "Atlantic Majesty" has been printed for its intrinsic value as an artistic composition. It is to be hoped that its excellence may inspire others to produce equally satisfying illustrations. We should also like to compliment Christopher Wilson on his interesting action photograph of the School Orchestra.

Archdeacon Tonks on Founders' Day suggested that there was something immoral about a line which should be straight but is not. Similarly there is a suggestion of the immoral in a poor type face or a mediocre cover design, in anything which though good could be better. Roy Matthews was commissioned to re-design our cover, but pressure of work has prevented him. Nevertheless, we are fortunate in having a printer who is also an artist, and thanks to his sympathetic interest we have new cover paper of a pleasing texture.

This is the last issue to be produced by the present Editorial Committee, and it is not without feelings of regret that we take leave of the Magazine. As a parting reflection, in the light of recent encouragement, might we say—

"Non nobis Domine, non nobis —"

## SUNDAY MORNING\*



Bells, bells,  
Christ's voice calling  
Through the shimmering sunlight, falling  
To the housetops, all at rest,  
And silent streets in Sunday best;  
Calling, calling.  
"I am waiting; there is room;  
The candles lighted in the gloom,  
Easeful gloom;  
Prayer-ful gloom,  
Soothing-soft, religious gloom,  
Fraught with bells  
—They toll for thee."

"Those bells!  
Not for me!"  
The Smiths and Joneses turn and flee  
Down to Southend-upon-Sea;  
There to lie pinned by  
The sharp sun's needle eye;  
While, beneath a plane's shrill whining,  
The sea is lazily reclining  
In gaudy, sparkling, sequined dress;  
And on the fuming sands there press  
Ten thousand browning bodies, laid  
Sporting with Amaryllis 'neath a shade.

A. A. NYE—U.VIa.  
( photograph by T. P. Morris )

\*Verse Prize.

## SPEECH DAY

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Our annual Speech Day was held in the Civic Hall on Tuesday, 7th March, when the Guest of Honour was Sir Fred Clarke, M.A., Litt.D., Professor of Education and Director of the Institute of Education, University of London, 1936-1945. Those present on the platform included the Chairman of the Governors, Mr. Councillor Gardner (who presided) and Mrs. Gardner, the Mayor (Alderman Colonel C. H. Gibson, J.P.) and the Mayoress (who presented the prizes), Alderman Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Maycock, Mr. Councillor and Mrs. G. J. Cole, the Venerable Archdeacon Tonks and Mrs. Tonks, representatives of the Education Office, and the head masters and mistresses of several other Grammar Schools.

After the singing of the School song and a few words of congratulation and encouragement from the Mayor, the Chairman called upon the Headmaster to give his report. Mr. Lowe began by welcoming the guests on the platform and the parents and friends in the hall, with a special word for the guest speaker whom he described as one of the great educational statesmen of the nation.

Since the 1944 Act, he continued, educational progress had been uncertain. Optimism had been followed by some disillusion. Old and overcrowded schools had prevented progress and a false sense of equality had threatened academic standards. The recent 12 per cent. cut in educational expenditure and the failure to recognise the teaching profession's salary claim had not improved matters. There was, however, some comfort in the evidence of a growing public consciousness of the importance of education. The nation simply dared not neglect its intellectual capital.

For the Grammar Schools there was a particular challenge in the present trends. The vanishing of the old School Certificate and the appearance of the General Certificate of Education were bringing changes both in organisation and in the approach to teaching. The new pattern of things did not meet with everyone's approval—the 16 age qualification, for instance—but out of the confusion they must salvage the best from the past and rebuild for the future. In his School Mr. Lowe could foresee three things happening as a result of this new examination. Firstly, some boys would begin their sixth form studies before taking the examination; secondly, after four years' general teaching a boy would have more freedom to specialise; and thirdly, increased numbers in the sixth form would present an urgent accommodation problem.

Reviewing the past year Mr. Lowe said it had been one of unprecedented good fortune and prosperity. Particularly was this true in the academic field. The School's first open academic success, the Goldsmid Entrance Scholarship, tenable at University College, London, had been won by J. M. Clarke, the previous year's School captain. Out of 61 School Certificate entrants 53 had been successful, 24 with Matriculation exemption. Of 22 Higher School Certificate candidates 16 had been successful, 13 with Intermediate exemption, and 5 gaining Major Awards.

Altogether 11 boys had gained entrance to the Universities last autumn—and those were the boys who set the standards of the School.

Mr. Lowe then referred to the material improvements made during the year to the present building. Of games and athletics, he said that the standard had steadily risen with increased coaching and better ground facilities; while the life of the School continued to be enriched by its Club and Society activities.

In conclusion Mr. Lowe made some reference to the recent General Inspection of the School. Its official dates had been December 6—9th, inclusive, but much of the inspecting had taken place in the previous week as well. The report to the Governors and the Executive on the evening of the 9th had been a gratifying one, stressing the improvements in the School building, the later average leaving-age, the growth of sixth forms, and the increase in the number of University entrants. The Inspectors had also commented favourably on the quality of the teaching, the vigour of the activities and games, and the excellence of the School magazine. What had also been stressed had been the good quality of the average boy in the School—in work, in keenness, in appearance, in presence generally. Of this, said Mr. Lowe, he was particularly glad for the average boy's development was the staple life of the School. Had he found in the School a consciousness of membership of a community greater than the sum of its units? Had he found any purpose in the School beyond the taking of certain examinations? Had he found sufficient freedom of action to develop independence and responsibility? Was the School establishing traditions and a sense of moving forward? He (Mr. Lowe) would only reply that he believed that through the competition for the Endeavour Cup, through insistence on School uniform, through the School song, the Anniversary Service—and perhaps most of all through the co-operation of senior boys with Staff in conducting the life of the School—the boys were realising more fully what membership of and service to the community might mean.

After the presentation of the awards the Chairman introduced the guest speaker, Sir Fred Clarke, who began his address by congratulating the prize-winners, the School, and also the Education Committee on their efforts on behalf of the School. He had, he said, a good many invitations to Speech Days, not many of which he could find time to accept, but when invited to this one he had had a feeling that he ought to accept. He had found out a good deal about the School and he had come to the conclusion that there was a fine fight going on there at the John Ruskin School—a fight to create something really important, and he had felt that it was a fight worth coming to support. He used the word "create" advisedly, for he would call this country a nation of creative artists. The characteristic British way of dealing with experience was the way of the artist, not of the scientist. They modelled the action to the situation as it was found—the British Commonwealth being their great artistic creation. Any good English school—and the John Ruskin School was one—was an artistic creation. The scientists could plan; but the artists created. It was the creative process that was going on that had attracted him about this School. It was symbolic of what had

been going on in this country for a century—a great movement towards a wider humanisation of life. But, said Sir Fred, having such a fine school, it was only right to remind the boys that they owed it certain loyalties, and to point out to them that it was by being loyal to their School that they would learn to be loyal to the greater and higher things of life.

Sir Fred then made some complimentary references to the School's magazine. He said he had discovered two types of writing in it—especially in the verse—which revealed two attitudes of mind in the modern boy. One was nostalgic, the yearning either for a brave new world or a longing to return to an earlier one; the other revealed a pleasure in everyday mechanical things, a marshalling yard or a laboratory. He quoted, with amused interest, from one boy's poem which had ended:

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

But as one approaching 70, Sir Fred challenged this judgment upon age! His experience was that age often brought humility, and it was humility that was a necessary preliminary to the acceptance of new ideas. All creative activity must begin with an act of submission. You had to submit yourself to the material whatever it was and to accept the facts as they were. There must be humility first, then with patience and courage, and with standards that were sound, creative work would surely follow.

The votes of thanks were moved by Mr. Alderman S. A. Maycock, who stressed the vastness of the Croydon education programme and his gratitude to the Chairman, the Mayor and Sir Fred Clarke for their support and encouragement; and seconded by Owen Everson, the Captain of the School, who, in an impressive few words, tendered the thanks of the boys to the guests for their attendance, and to Sir Fred Clarke for his inspiring address, which he assured him had been received with pleasure by all the boys, and with particular interest by the sixth form.

Musical items, as is customary, leavened the proceedings of the evening. The choir, tucked away in a corner of a large hall, impressed by their purity of tone and clearness of enunciation in “Service” by Alec Rowley, and in Vaughan-Williams' inspiring wedding of music to the text, “Let us now praise famous men.” Coleridge-Taylor's dynamic “Drake's Drum” perhaps deserved a larger choir. The School orchestra received quite an ovation at the end of a long evening. Strings, treble and descant recorders, clarinet and trumpet—now numbering thirty players—acquitted themselves admirably in a “Miniature” and a special orchestration by Mr. Hancock of Handel's “Occasional” Overture March.

## NEWS MISCELLANY

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Our chief news of course since our last issue has been the General Inspection—a rare and notable event in the life of any school. This took place during the first two weeks of December when several of His Majesty's Inspectors kept us all under continual but kindly observation. All seemed to pass off happily enough, and without flattering ourselves that no fault could be found, we have reason to believe that the School acquitted itself well. This, at least, may be inferred from the headmaster's Speech Day report, a summary of which will be found on page 5.

Another event, perhaps only second in importance to the General Inspection, was the General Re-decoration of the School, or "Operation Whitewash"—also a rare and notable event in any school's history. Looking backward now we may well wonder how, in our confined premises, school life was continued at all, when upwards of twenty painters took possession for weeks on end, and kept us continually on the move. But an element of adventure was added to the daily routine; for turning a corner became a hazardous business, when one might suddenly be called upon to avoid the final flourish of a paint brush or to dip deftly under a bucket of distemper. But it was all well worth it. The School has been brightened and beautified almost beyond belief and is an infinitely better place to live and to work in.

Most classrooms in the School have now been wired for the use of extension speakers from our central receiving set. This has made it much simpler to "put on" the broadcast lesson which appears frequently on the time-table. Last term one of the B.B.C. Education Officers visited the School. He listened with the sixth form to one of their science talks and stayed on to the discussion that followed.

In the London General School Certificate Examination held in December, R. A. Dew, B. S. E. Gill, B. T. Pharaoh, and G. L. Sergeant were all successful, Dew and Pharaoh with matriculation exemption. C. Mort and K. J. Tibbenham also gained Good Passes in Chemistry taken as a single subject in Intermediate B.Sc. Tibbenham has now gone into the R.A.F. for his National Service, while Mort has been accepted by the Imperial College of Science and Technology to study mechanical engineering. T. P. Morris has also been accepted by the London School of Economics to read for his B.Sc. degree.

Mention has been made in the Editorial that although our new cover design is not yet forthcoming, our printer has provided us with a new colour. There is no truth however in the suggestion that there is any political significance in the change to—"steel blue"!



## THE SCHOOL PLAY

The School Dramatic Society's annual production—this year, "The Importance of Being Earnest," by Oscar Wilde—was given in the School Hall on the last three nights of the Christmas Term—to full houses on each occasion. Rehearsals, this year, got off to a good start, and it was as far back as last July that Mr. York took the first readings. Once again there was much time and effort freely given by many boys and by several members of staff—they would not wish a roll to be called—who had their reward in performances that were acclaimed by all who saw them. In addition very fair judgment was passed (and this was opinion worth having) by the "Croydon Advertiser's" principal dramatic critic whose notice, as it appeared on December 23rd, we have permission to print verbatim:—

That studied artificiality which is the prime essential of "The Importance of Being Earnest" was successfully evoked by the John Ruskin Grammar School for Boys when they played it in their hall on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. In pursuance of this quality, inexperience on the part of the actors did occasionally lead to stilted passages, and the representation of fin de siècle ennui became here and there 1949 lack of pace. However, the general picture was satisfactory; while production (by Mr. York, Mr. Cracknell, and Mr. Griffiths) and characterisation clearly showed complete understanding of what the play required.



by kind Permission of the "Croydon Times"

Owen Everson, as the young man under the shadow of being a foundling discovered in infancy in Victoria station (the Brighton line), had precisely the necessary air of priggishness and delivered the Wildean absurdities with the airy touch they demanded. As his friend, Algernon Moncrieff, Robert Banks had a good presence and a due sense of the character's essential flippancy. Some of his words rather blurred into one another, and he needed more repose on the stage; he was especially addicted to those little purposeless steps that actors learning their craft frequently make without realising it. These things apart, however, it was a bright and engaging performance.

Perhaps the most successful character study, as such, was Anthony Nye's steely Lady Bracknell; when first she loomed in sight she had more of the appearance of Charley's than Algy's aunt, but she soon dispelled this comparison by a finished piece of acting, which made the very most of dogmatic utterance and lorgnette-fortified glance. The two girls, Gwendolen and Cecily, were appealingly played by John Eveleigh, delicately refined as the first, and Harold Bailey, coyly innocent as the second. The latter wanted more vocal power; his voice was too gentle and unemphatic to make the catty exchanges in the garden in Act II as telling as they should have been.

Derek Howes and Andrew McIntyre, as Canon Chasuble and Miss Prism, were undeniably funny; but the former was inclined to be self-consciously facetious and on one or two occasions recalled Jim Edwards, of radio fame.

Sets were good, and the somewhat lengthy intervals were beguiled by interludes from the School orchestra.

G.M.P.

Dramatic prizes on these performances were awarded to Anthony Nye, Owen Everson and Andrew McIntyre, who played Lady Bracknell, Ernest, and Miss Prism respectively—three stalwarts of the society, whose departure at the end of this school year, along with that of the veteran Derek Howes, will make the casting of next year's play, whatever it may be, a desperate business.

## MR. EVANS

At the end of this term the School will suffer a loss in the promotion of Mr. S. G. Evans, B.Sc., to the post of Senior Mathematics Master at the Borough Beaufoy School. Mr. Evans' stay with us has not been a long one, but during this time he has done good service not only as an able teacher, but also as one who has promoted new sporting activities within the School, namely Tennis and Rugby Football. His work in these fields, his teaching and his lively personality and sense of humour will be much missed.

Mr. Evans' successor is Mr. A. W. Badcock, B.Sc. (Lond.), who will be joining the staff in September. Meanwhile we should like to extend a warm welcome to Mr. S. Rickard, who will be filling the gap for next term.

J.C.L.

## WANDERLUST

Every boy is a potential Don Quixote, and some happy souls bear that trait well on into manhood—some few even into the asylum. Amidst the humdrum and the conventional they dream of wandering off down the road to adventure and romance. Some hanker after the shark-infested South Seas, others after the wind-swept slopes of Tibet, or the Central African jungle, its swamps a-slither with snakes; and I have known one who would give the untold treasures of the Incas just to be buried alive in an Antarctic blizzard!

Of course, all they can do is to wish and dream, to wish that the bus that bears them to school would disgorge itself of its accountants and typists and shop-assistants, and carry them on alone, alone to the ends of the earth. But they have their adventure, too! Who knows, in tackling a scrubby opponent on the football field, what hostile legions they really defeat? Who can guess, when they go off on a fishing expedition, what their real destination and aim?

For myself, I must admit I am a singularly unadventurous individual. My wanderlust is not for the far seas but for the English lane with its country house and its village church and its Roman camp just there beyond the trees. There I would wander and wander, through the spring and the summer and the autumn, and even through the winter at a brisker pace, like a gipsy or a tramp, meeting the life of the road, going from town to town, following my own bent in my own time.

So, as a young boy, I escaped from this workaday prison and followed the lazy flow of the canal with Toad of Toad Hall. Later on, still fleeing from the world, I scrambled over fences and crouched behind stacks with young Bealby and Mr. Polly. In poetry I was still wandering, not so much with Endymion and Alastor as with the gentle Scholar-Gipsy, going his timeless way through the Valley of the Thames and the hills of Buckingham. If my course had to be through the town, it was to saunter about with Lamb and de Quincey through the old London, now farther from us than the isles of the South Seas. Above all, there were my endless Dickensian roving, through that vast concourse of incomparable people, now slowly and quietly with Little Nell, now in Pickwick's rollicking party.

So much for the wanderings of my dreams, but how else was my wanderlust answered? In those few summer weeks of each year, hiking fifteen to twenty miles a day, when I would make believe that was always my life and try to forget that the world, like Quilp—or shall we say, Mrs. Bardell?—was lurking in wait around the corner.

A. NYE—U.VI.

## KNOWLEDGE

Is not all knowledge good; is not all thought  
Expression of the power of man's mind?  
Are not all students, teachers and the taught  
Bearers of light to elevate mankind?  
God is all Truth, Creator; only He  
His universe can fully understand,  
But in our research, learning; are not we  
Knowing of Him, fulfilling His command?  
Yet knowledge leads thought-drunken men astray  
To think themselves sufficient in their might,  
And each new plaything serves but to display  
That gaining power they lose his equal, right.  
O God! would men but in their knowledge pause  
To feel the firm restraining of Thy laws.

OWEN N. EVERSON—U.VIa.

*"Stands the church clock at ten to three  
And is there honey still for tea?"*

*Rupert Brooke*

The artist's eye alone appreciates  
Beauty, in bread and butter on dark plates  
In the disdainful teapot's silver gleam  
When from curved spouts slips forth a smoking stream.

Artists, musicians, craftsmen—all combine  
To offer unto God their praise divine  
Albeit in the organ's glorious tone  
Broad diapason to God's throne  
Or in the dyes of deepest stained glass  
Or censers fuming fragrance as they pass.

Transcendant Beauty's power doth enable  
Man to know God—at altar or tea table.

D. C. HOWES, U.VIa.

## THE LOST CITY

The author of this article is one of the three Indian brothers who have been attending the School since 1948 when they came to this country from Mombasa, East Africa. Arvind, the eldest brother, made the journey described during his Christmas holidays in 1947.

In December, 1947, I set off from Mombasa on a journey which, although I did not know it then, was to take me eventually to Gedi—The Lost City. I travelled with two friends, one Arab, and four natives. We were bound for Malindi, an old Arab town, which had flourished for about 2,000 years. When we were about ten miles from Malindi, Ahmed, the Arab, asked me if I would like to see a lost city—one which is no more a city in the eyes of the world.

Before going any further, let us see what history says about this part of the African coastline. On the coast of East Africa at a time between the year A.D. 1000 and the coming of the Portuguese in 1498, strongly-built and beautiful townships were established. The main cities contained sultanates, where the local rulers lived in an atmosphere reminiscent of the "Thousand and One Nights." In the streets traders from the East bartered precious metals, spices, ivory and aromatic woods. At the busy ports sailors from Arabian and Persian ships smuggled, fought, or talked of their calling, of winds and calms. Of those times something does survive as a reminder. The language for a ship and its rigging, its sails and the orders given by the master are, in modern Hiswahili the same as used by the sailors in the days of Haroun El Raschid, one-time Sultan of Baghdad under whose rule Sinbad the Sailor was a subject. This sailors' language is unchanged after a thousand years.

Yet it is not much consolation to know that a language that we speak today, was used in Mida Creek, the port for Gedi, by Sinbad the Sailor, ten centuries ago, for all other traces of that once busy place have now almost crumbled to dust. A few ruined walls remain from which to cull the story of what was once a thriving city.

Ten miles south of Malindi, lies the ruined city of Gedi. Until a few years ago, the grey walls, weathered by centuries of tropical sun and rain, had lain jungle-locked, hidden from the prying eyes of man. The unveiling of this mysterious and lost city has given us a glimpse of a colourful civilisation that once flourished in the peaceful days—before the urge for domination changed the fertile coastlands into battlefields.

The East Coast of Africa abounds in deserted cities. Most of them were easily discovered, for they were built by the sea, or on the banks of creeks. But Gedi was different. The builders pushed inland through what was, and still is, a tangle of dense bush. The site of Gedi was chosen three miles from the sea and two miles from the nearest creek. And there a city was built within a stout wall. Thus it flourished, ruled by the Sultans, the Moslem inhabitants worshipping at the mosques—the mosques of a city of mystery, hidden from the highways. Then came a time when the inhabitants departed. The palace gates closed for the last time. And so the people went their ways, leaving behind them nothing but echoes in

the empty streets, and mouldering bones in the tall-pillared tombs.

It is not yet known why the inhabitants left this flourishing city. Maybe the reason was sickness or defeat. The secret is yet to be discovered amongst the ruins.

I reached this mysterious city at 3 p.m. It stands between the main road and the sea. We left the truck on the main road and walked about a mile. And there, before us, was the Lost City of Gedi. The crumbling remains include what have been mosques, tombs, dwelling houses, the sultanate, slave pens, gardens and wells. The sultanate was the largest structure, its grounds being about a hundred feet square. It was entered by a stone archway over twenty feet high. Inside are traces of buildings and a large open-air bath—fifty feet long and about twenty feet wide.

The old Arab countrymen of the neighbourhood say that a treasure is buried beneath the tomb, but death is sure to come to those who search for it. I did not seek for it—I was afraid.

A. PATEL—Vs.

## LONGING

I long for the people of other lands,  
For the palms and the surf-sprayed shore,  
For the boom of the breakers on the sands,  
And the jungle lion's roar.

I long to sail the seven seas;  
Hear sailors chant on the rigging;  
Be wafted by a southerly breeze,  
On islands go treasure digging.

But all I see are the grey, grey towns,  
With banks of dreary fog  
No happy laughter, all heavy frowns  
And by streams the croak of the frog.

F. DRAIN—IIIy.

## STORM IN THE THAMES ESTUARY

It was our third day at sea. The very light westerly headwinds which had prevailed since we left the Hook of Holland, had been virtually useless to the heavy inadequate canvas of "Blue Bell," our converted fishing smack. We had therefore had to rely on the old and temperamental engine, the fumes from which made more than a short stay below decks out of the question, and had made me sick on a boat for the first time in my life.

Our relief on being able to enter the Thames Estuary under a working breeze can thus be understood; the monotonous throb of the two-cylinder engine being replaced by the soothing sound of water slapping on the topsides. A few miles off Margate pier, "Blue Bell" was comfortably holding her own against the strong estuary ebb, and we made for the Queen's Channel. It was the Captain's watch below, and I have often wondered since to what extent my decision as mate and navigator to sail across the expansive Ooze Sands was responsible for our later plight.

By early evening the light wind had not taken us out of this danger zone, when the sky clouded over and the wind began to rise. Our approaching peril was plain, the tide was still falling, the sea increasing, and no boat can stand being bumped on hard sand indefinitely! It was essential to reach deep water, and we began sounding in earnest; our draught was a fathom, and we hardly took a reading over two. For hours we were over these sands, finding nothing by which to fix our position until we passed a gas buoy, not marked on our chart! I imagined engraved, like "Calais," on my heart; "Conical buoy, flashing red twice every fifteen seconds"!

"Blue Bell" was rushing through the water like a clipper, and it was no small thrill nursing her through the waves, seriously over-canvassed as she was, and with too much wind now for reefing to be practicable by our tired crew. Frequent changing of direction to avoid patches of breaking waves, and the still more shallow areas which had caused them, had made our position very vague and, lashed to the helm, on the rolling deck, it was humiliating to realise that we now depended on luck.

We passed a huge and ghostly stone tower, not unlike Marble Arch, but this incident was quickly dwarfed by our hitting the sand! For the first time I was terrified to the point of despair; we were bumping hard every few seconds, and as helmsman I had little idea what to do. We were saved by the clear-headedness of the Captain; he was by my side in a moment, and together we held the tiller right to windward.

Slowly but surely the good little ship turned, left the ridge and, miracle of miracles, she sailed straight into deep water. Steady soundings confirmed this, and after a final struggle with the elements, the sails were dropped, and we anchored.

Our blocked pump meant bailing; the rocking motion was fearful; of the following day's adventures on Dead Man's Isle we could know nothing; only one thing mattered—we were safe.

C. WILSON—U.VI.Sc.

## THE BOB RUN

The funicular rail car climbs slowly up the mountain side, giving the people within a glorious view of the surrounding snow-covered peaks. But one person inside the car does not gaze in wonder at this beautiful scene. He sits holding his skis upright and stares into space, thinking of the test he is about to enter for in order to gain his third star for ski-ing. "A mile and a half in five minutes! Is it possible? Well, there's no backing out now." He alights at the top and trudges up to the starting point. There are some people there already, who are tying on their starting numbers, or signing cards handed out by the instructor. In silence he ties on his number and signs his card wondering how the people round about can be so gay. He looks at his number. Heavens! he is number thirteen! "Attention please," calls the instructor. "Will number one get ready please." The instructor takes number one by the arm and looks at his watch. Then he holds up his arm in readiness and when it drops, the skier hurtles away into the first part of the run. Number thirteen clips on his skis and waits in silence. "Number thirteen please," says the instructor. He takes him by the arm and holds up his own as before. "Achtung," he says; then his arm flashes down and he is off.

As soon as number thirteen is off down the slope, everything is forgotten in the thrill of travelling at speed. Before he realises it the first corner is upon him. Bracing himself for the turn he sweeps round in a "Christiania" turn with a plume of snow streaming out behind him. Four more corners in quick succession are negotiated safely. Then he hovers on the brink of a terrifying steep slope and the next moment is plunging down. At this moment he is going so fast that a crash would result in a serious injury. With the speed of a bullet he whips through a belt of trees into a sharp turn. But the next thing he knows is that he is lying face downwards in the snow. He ought to have checked his speed before trying to take that last corner. Struggling up he carries on, soon picking up speed again. One more corner to go and then the fast run to the finish. The corner is turned in a flurry of snow and the path open to the end of the run. The trees blurr past; spectators flash by in a second. The winning post is in sight—and passed! He swerves to a stop, but with a sigh, learns that he is five seconds too late. But the thrill was worth it.

L. F. SARJEANT—VA.

## A NIGHT UNDER THE STARS

Kit all packed in waterproof bags, the canoe freshly painted with Cambridge blue and silver white, I discarded my clothes except for shorts and rope sandals and pushed away from the bank. I dipped my paddle, the water burbled on the bows, and my canoe swung upstream. I was leaving behind for the next few days the workaday world. I was free to explore alone the upper regions of the Thames. I left Shepperton late in the afternoon and by evening I had passed Chertsey and found an island by Penton Hook Lock on which to sleep for the night. The stream



encircling the island flowed round from a weir, and had such a strong current that I had a hard battle to gain the shallow cove where I chose to camp down under the sky.

By the time dusk was closing into darkness I had gathered wood and made a shelter under two trees. I sat breaking up wood listening to the sounds in the enfolding inkiness. The fire I lit threw tree-trunks and surrounding shrubs into long shadows, which danced and flickered outside the circle of light of which I found myself the centre.

My supper finished, I slid into my sleeping bag and lay with the canoe on the one side and the dying fire on the other, under the spread-eagled branches of a towering tree. For a long time I was awake on my back picking out the stars, through the leaves of the trees, as they came out to watch over the sleeping Earth. The fire was long since a red glow and presently the light from a bungalow just across the water was put out, bringing to my mind thoughts of home and that life which was so far away.

I must have fallen asleep, for suddenly I was awakened by an incessant chattering and splashing over by the water. I was still—listening, wondering—then something touched my legs. It climbed over them and I craned my neck just in time to see a dark form scurrying away in the moonlight. A few seconds—plop! a water rat had joined his brothers and sisters in their midnight games in and out of the water!

I woke about six o'clock and swam in the cooling river from which the early morning mist lazily drifted off as the sun pierced through. I cleared dead ashes from the fire pit and lit another fire to cook my breakfast of bacon and eggs.

I was packed up away by seven o'clock, and mid-day saw me passing through the smoke of Staines.

S. BARFIELD—Va.

## R A I N S T O R M

The wind blew sharply in my face as leaning forward I trudged along the uneven gravel path pursuing my lonely way across the Downs. I plodded on up the hillside. It was almost dark and I still had about a mile and a half to go.

The keen wind seemed to blow more strongly, pulling me back with an unseen hand. I clasped my mackintosh about me and struggled forward. I narrowed my eyes still further till they were almost closed, and clenched my teeth as the raindrops, borne along by the frenzied howling wind, sprayed my face. I stepped into an unperceived puddle. The murky water came over my ankles, filling my shoes, saturating my socks and the bottoms of my trousers, and sending a chill right through my body. Then continuing on my way I came to a slight rise. The water was running down like a miniature mountain stream.

There was a resounding crash of thunder, then a jagged streak of lightning illuminated the gloomy countryside. Trees almost leafless, stood along my route, the wind shrieking through their bare branches. Some

saplings were borne over by the almost gale force of the wind. Small uprooted bushes almost flew around over the desolate fields. Dead brown leaves were being swirled around by the wind.

Just at that moment, to add to my discomfiture, a wet, dirty leaf was blown into my face! Stopping, I hurriedly clawed it away, nearly losing my balance in the process. I discovered that I had been very lucky in only just preventing myself from falling headlong into a wide ditch. However, I managed to wipe my face and continued on my journey.

The wind seemed to be gaining momentum and gradually rose to a roaring crescendo. I just raised my hand in time to prevent my cap from being blown off—I pulled it down further over my eyes. Then almost suddenly the force of the wind subsided, the number of raindrops decreased; the storm had passed over.

R. JONES—Va.

### M O R N I N G

The sunlight streams in at the door,  
And shines upon the yellow wall.  
A beam lights up the wooden floor.  
A golden pathway down the hall.

Outside the grass is wet with dew,  
And sparkles in the dawning light.  
It shines like diamonds, bright and new,  
That someone scattered in the night.

P. M. BRISTOW—Va.

### T R I U M P H !

Often when I wake in the morning I am possessed with the disturbing sensation that I am unable to move. There I lie, contentedly immobile, until that little contraption commonly known as the human brain, interferes and starts to send disturbing messages to the sleepy body.

"School!" it mumbles. "Latin, French, Geography." However, not a muscle or sinew prepares to co-operate.

"Homework!" shouts the crafty brain.

"Eh?" quiver the drooping lips. "What?"

"You heard me!" says the cunning interloper.

"Oh that," pout the lips, "I can do that anytime."

At this the whole ridiculous outfit withdraws into the bedclothes, like a timid worm withdrawing into the safety of the earth. But that infernal brain is not to be beaten so easily.

"BREAKFAST!" it roars.

A base appeal to the stomach is too much for the weak frame to resist.

Triumph!

J. ONSLOW—Illr.

## TRAWLING

It all started during a holiday in Devon. I was staying on a farm, which lay three miles from Bideford in a cosy little hollow. It was surrounded by a pattern of green and yellow squares, which stretched away as far as the eye could see. I was standing in the field behind the farm cottage, talking with the farmer (the man who controlled all those fields in the distance), who seemed to know about everything from trawling in Bideford Bay to bell-ringing in the local Parish Church.

Now, it was the trawling, I said, that interested me most, whereupon the farmer suggested that something might be done about it. He telephoned a fisherman, who was a close friend, and arranged for us to go on a fishing trip. We would have to be at the quay in Bideford by seven o'clock the next morning. I asked two friends from a neighbouring farm if they would join us. They were delighted. I went to bed early that evening, praying that the next day would dawn fine, for I was not sure whether or not I was a good sailor!

At half-past six sharp, we bundled into an old Ford and began the journey along the hedge-lined road into Bideford. We found the fishing vessel, in which we were to sail, lying between a naval training ship and a collier from Swansea. Already there were signs of life about the quayside. Men were rushing hither and thither, making last minute preparations before sailing. The two fishermen who manned our boat were starting up the small motor, which was used in place of sails on a calm day. Having been introduced to our new friends, we were soon exploring the boat, a sixty-foot skiff, which rose and fell at its moorings as if straining for the start.

Suddenly we were under way, moving down the narrow River Torridge towards the open sea. There was a slight delay while we visited the little fishing village of Appledore to fill up with oil, but this did not take long, and soon, Bideford Bar having been crossed, we began to leave the coast behind and nose farther and farther out into the bay.

During this time there was plenty to occupy us. The nets had to be prepared, and this was a surprisingly long task. When ready, they were lowered over rollers in the stern into the depths below, and made fast by ropes. This done, a long wait followed. The sun by this time was rising higher in the sky and it was becoming uncomfortably hot. The early-morning haze had disappeared and the coast had become more visible.

It was approaching noon when the nets were hauled up for the first time. The motor was cut and the boat turned broadside to the nets. As the capstan creaked round and round and the ropes rose slowly over the bulwarks, we could see the bulky cage-like trap coming up from the sea bed, bulging with a mass of wriggling bodies of all shapes and sizes! As the catch broke the surface, it was all hands to the ropes, and, with a seemingly never-ending final heave, the fish toppled on to the deck.

Before anything further was done, the nets were lowered again over the stern for a second catch. Then attention was given to the first catch, in which there was a predominance of flat fish. The fish were sorted out, gutted, and thrown into boxes, which had been laid out on the deck for



*Atlantic Majesty*

R. Hawkins—U.VI.Sc.

the purpose. Those which were not saleable were thrown overboard. As they touched the water, there was a beating of wings, a flash of white, and a squawk of triumph, as a gull, ever on the look-out for food, snapped up the innocent fish in its beak. It seemed the usual thing, for looking out over the stern, I could see hundreds of gulls all in search of the same thing—food.

After lunch the second catch was hauled aboard in the same manner as before. More difficulty was experienced with this catch however, but the answer was soon discovered. A six-foot conger eel had found its way inside the net, and, despite a great struggle, had failed to free itself. On the deck the fearsome creature lashed out with its tail, and when one of the fishermen gave it a playful smack on the back, this only infuriated it. It was some time before it quietened down, but when it did so, it was put in a box on its own.

The boat then turned for home with two average catches aboard—a good day's work. As we neared the mouth of the river, a stiffening breeze sprang up, and beyond the Bar the sea became choppy for a short distance. But the journey up-river was uninterrupted and our little boat put into port at about nine o'clock, as the sun was setting in the west. There were over a hundred people waiting on the quayside to see the catch, which was something I had not expected. The boxes of fish were carried ashore and put on trolleys ready to be transported to the local fish shops. There were gasps of admiration when the eel was carried from the boat. It was put on top of the trolley in pride of place.

Then the homeward journey, and for the first time I realised that I was tired. Having said good-night I went indoors to a supper—oddly enough—of fish.

D. BAINES—IV.C.

## THE VILLAGE

The little village nestles there,  
With houses beautiful and fair,  
The fields shine golden with their wheat  
And there's the inn, where men can meet,—  
The little inn with painted sign,  
Where travellers may sleep and dine.  
There stands the church with slim grey spire;  
What more could any man desire?  
There he could live in perfect peace—  
Oh, that such calm would never cease!

L. DIXON—IVc.

## THE JOYS OF FISHING\*

I was new to what some people call an enjoyable pastime. The only thing which urged me to try it was the fact that a river was within easy reach of the house in which I then lived.

I bought the necessary gear, which consisted of a packet of hooks, a line, a float, a box of split shot, a card for rod eyes and a reel, and fixed the latter to a rather crooked stick by using a vast amount of sticky black tape. The attachment of the rest was fairly simple. Then there was the question of bait. With the aid of an old garden fork I severely mutilated the dry crust of quite a large area of soil—but without success, for in the hot summer weather the worms had retreated far down into the moist nether regions of the ground. So I finally decided to take some bread with me and make it into dough for use as bait. Picking up my rod I set off in high spirits, filled with visions of the gigantic fish I hoped to catch.

Having arrived at the river, I proceeded to make the dough by putting the bread in the water and then squeezing it. But having no previous experience I made the bread too wet and it refused to stay on the hook. Then—though such a thing rarely happened—I had an idea. I took out my pen-knife, opened it, and began to scrape away some of the grass which adjoined the river bank. And there, to my delight, were a number of worms. I quickly scooped them up and put them in an old rusty tin I found among the reeds. I chose the largest one and after a struggle managed to impale it on the hook. I picked up the rod and lowered the line gingerly into the water. Then, sitting down on the bank I riveted my eyes on the float.

Five drawn-out minutes passed; then the float suddenly bobbed up and down and disappeared. Quickly I jerked the line out of the water and saw the smallest of small fish squirming about on the hook. I was utterly disappointed and determined to throw it back into the water. The only thing which stopped me doing this was the fact that I couldn't get it off the hook. I pulled this way and that but it refused to budge. During this struggle the line had become firm friends with a clump of nettles and refused to be parted from its company. Losing patience I cut the line and flung it, with the fish still on the hook, into the water. This didn't help the fish much as it was already dead.

I stepped back from the water's edge to retrieve my rod which unfortunately became entangled between my legs. I staggered a few yards and fell into the clump of nettles which had caused all the previous trouble. I was stung on the hands, face and knees; this didn't improve my temper. I wouldn't have minded so much if I could have stung them in return. Being naturally unable to do so I had to content myself with lashing at them with my now rather unprofessional rod.

After thus giving vent to my emotions, I decided that as fate was not on my side I had had enough. I started for home, but I was not even spared the agonies involved in a heavy downpour, and arrived home soaked to the skin.

What *do* people find so enjoyable about fishing?

B. FAULKNER, IIIY.

\*Prose Prize.

## IN THE BATH

Downstairs the clock struck. The shrill pipe of my brother's voice said: "Three o'clock." He was learning to tell the time slowly, and "th" presented little difficulty to him now.

I gazed idly at the line of my thigh, starting at my hip (below water) and gliding smoothly to my knee resting crosswise against the side of the bath. With my hand I stirred the water, sending a miniature wave against the enamel. The visible echo came back over my chest in comforting ripples. Drowsily I abandoned myself to the sensuous pleasure of warmth.

By a pressure of my head against the back of the bath I raised my chest out of the water. I was surprised with the ease with which it rose. Oh, of course, Archimedes' Principle. . . . That had been discovered in a bath. What amazing places science is revealed in: Cartesian Geometry in bed and Archimedes' Principle in a bath! Perhaps I would discover something Archimedes had missed. . . . "Croydon schoolboy makes sensational scientific discovery . . ." But that was impossible; I was an artist—scientists discovered things, artists only deplored them. Artist: that sounded important—Arts student better, even though I did study Pure Mathematics. Not that Pure Mathematics was not an art. Occasionally its beauty struck me forcibly:—

$$\left\{ \frac{x h}{a^2} + \frac{g k}{b^2} - 1 \right\}^2 = \left\{ \frac{h^2}{a^2} + \frac{k^2}{b^2} - 1 \right\} \left\{ \frac{x^2}{a^2} + \frac{g^2}{b^2} - 1 \right\}$$

The balance and symmetry of that equation made it beautiful to me without considering its significance.

A drop of cold water fell on my shin. I moved suddenly; the water eddied and swirled. The hand-shower caught my eye. Should I have a shower or not? Wonderfully invigorating and good for the skin, but vigour did not appeal to me at the moment. I glanced at the regulator: "cold, tepid, hot." "Hot" offered the greatest promise. I took the shower and turned it on, allowing the jets to play against my hand. The twirling needles of water pricked my palm. But "hot" was an overstatement. "Hot, tepid, cold"—I turned the shower off, and once again lay back in the water.

"One," struck the clock. Half-past three! I must start washing!

OWEN N. EVERSON—VI.

## AT THE BARBER'S

Reluctantly I made my way down a dingy alley towards the barber's. It was a grimy little shop. A bell rang above my head as I forced the door open. The barber said: "Gooda morning, sa," and went on with his work. I sat down on an old decrepit sofa and noticed that there was only one other person before me, besides the victim who already occupied the chair. Having discovered that I had already read the magazines—I read them in the air-raid shelters during the war—I began to gaze round at garishly wall-papered room.

"Nex' pleece"—It was my turn; having seen the previous customer's appearance I was not so anxious. The barber, whose name was Antonio Giovanni, was skilful at his work. He clipped a little here; he trimmed a little there; he snipped a little almost everywhere.

Then he began to talk. He talked of the General Election; of school; of the H-Bomb; of very nearly everything. My poor mind could not keep pace with such a volley of different topics, and I had slumped down exhausted in my chair, when, suddenly, he said, "Anytheengon?" Before I could answer he had whipped off the cloth, removed the cotton wool and brushed me down.

"Vun sheeling, pleece," he said, with a fiendish glare. I paid and hurried out of the shop, into the fresh air and sunshine. But I itched horribly.

A. ROBINSON—IV.c.

### AT NIGHT

When at night in bed I lie  
All worldly cares are cast aside;  
I gaze up to the starlit sky  
And seem to see the moonbeams glide.

Sometimes a cloud flits o'er the moon  
And dims its brightness for a while;  
The ghostly shadows fill my room  
And hidden goblins seem to smile.

The cloud has passed and in its stead  
I see the stars a-twinkling down  
From heavenly heights far overhead  
Like jewels in a royal crown.

E. STURROCK—Ic.

### HAPPY FREEDOM?

What was this? The troublesome, noisy human who fed me every morning had left my hutch open. A quick glance round to see if a dog was about, then a jump and a couple of leaps and I was in the small wood at the bottom of the garden. An exultant look at the house and I was lolloping towards a nice, juicy bunch of dandelions. I browsed on these for a hour or two then had a quiet nap. I was awakened by a slight sound behind me. Looking round I beheld a pair of large, rather battered ears surmounting the furry, inquiring face of a big buck rabbit. I was just going



to make friendly advances when he charged. I went rolling over and over and fur began to fly—my fur! I started to run and finished with a terrific leap into my hutch. Sitting there licking my wounds I decided, very sadly, that freedom was perhaps, after all, slightly over-rated.

K. GRATTON—2p.

### L A T E A G A I N !

At 8 a.m. I leave my couch,  
And into bathroom do I slouch—  
There I wash, brush hair, clean teeth,  
And then descend to room beneath.  
Greet my Dad and sister too—  
Read "Times" and "Daily Mirror" through—  
Eat my porridge, bacon, jam,  
Hoping I'll not miss the tram.  
Put on my shoes, dive into hall,  
Leaving grease upon the wall—  
Grab my muffler, mac, and cap—  
Open door and rush through "gap."  
Arrive at school just gone 9.10,  
Name in detention book again—  
Hence at four in lc room  
There again I meet my doom!

D. YEOMANS—IVc.

### T H E P U S S M O T H

Wherever there are poplar trees, this common moth is sure to be found. The most interesting feature about this lovely, fluffy, grey insect, is the extraordinary form of the caterpillar. When first hatched from the purple hemispherical egg it is a small, black creature with two "horns" on the head, and a pair of "tails" or flagellæ at the posterior end of the body. It almost directly starts to feed upon the young succulent poplar leaves and soon increases in size until its skin will stretch no further. It then ceases to feed for a day or two while it casts off its skin, revealing a new one underneath.

A number of such changes occur until the caterpillar is full fed. It is then bright green, with a white edged saddle-shaped band of purple on the back. The brown head is margined with bright red, with two black spots on the upper part. There is a hump at the rear of the head and the "tails" are still present.

When seen from the front, the appearance of the creature is almost frightening, especially when it assumes the attitude in which it draws the head into the next segment—displaying the red and black more vividly—and raises the "tails" from which protrude bright red lashing flagellæ.

The caterpillar has yet another means of protection against its many enemies. It is provided with a store of acrid fluid, which it is able to eject, from the segment behind the head, at a threatening enemy.

At last the time for the change into a chrysalis arrives. The caterpillar becomes restless, ceases to feed, and turns to a very dark green or purple colour. It crawls down the trunk of the tree and selects a suitable place, where it begins to gnaw a hollow in the wood with its powerful jaws.

It is provided with glands from which a gum is exuded with which it forms a framework over itself in the shape of a dome. Before the gum has time to harden the caterpillar affixes to it the pieces of bark that it has gnawed off. In this way the cocoon is slowly completed until the caterpillar is hidden from view. It then adds another layer of bark and gum to the inside with the result that the cocoon becomes as hard as the bark itself, and, being of the same appearance, becomes practically invisible.

Within this self-made home the caterpillar sheds its skin for the last time, but, instead of a caterpillar in a new skin as before, a chrysalis remains, in which the wonderful change into the perfect insect gradually takes place through the winter months.

In the following May or June the moth emerges from the chrysalis. In order that it may escape from its "prison," Nature has provided it with a fluid, containing powerful dissolving properties, with which it is able to "melt" a hole in the tough wall of the cocoon and get out to help carry on the cycle once more.

These "adventures" of the Puss Moth, throughout its various stages, should be watched to be realised.

P. PREVETT—U.VI., Sc.

## SCHOOL FILMS

Twenty-four films have been shown since those reported on in the last issue of the magazine. Three more parts called the "Home," the "School," and the "Day's Work," of the long film "Two Thousand Years Ago," have been seen by Scripture classes. These are very helpful in conveying the atmosphere of the time of our Lord.

A series of films giving modern views of astronomy were shown. "Earth in Motion," "Moon," "Solar Family," "Exploring the Universe." These quite remarkable films were shown mainly for the benefit of the Sixth, who had been studying the pre-Copernican views of the Universe, but a number of boys from other Forms found them so interesting that they appeared regularly for lunch hour shows.

The School has been able to see two excellent films, both of which were international prize-winners. The "Circulation of the Blood" in Technicolor, gave an account of the human circulatory system in a way that can only be satisfactorily understood with the use of animated diagrams. "Atomic Physics," which we understand cost £36,000 to produce, is a stupendous film and all-important to our understanding of a subject which is front page news in this Atomic Era.

R.B.W.

## FOUNDER'S DAY SERVICE

On the 12th January we commemorated the thirtieth anniversary of our foundation. It was on that day in 1920 that the late Mr. William Field, our first headmaster, opened the school with 210 boys and eight members of Staff, one of whom, Mr. Chinnock, is, happily, still with us.

The service was held in the School Hall and the Address was given by the Venerable C. F. Tonks, M.B.E., Archdeacon and Vicar of Croydon. The prayers were taken by Mr. Myers and the lesson was read by Mr. F. Clements, Chairman of the Old Boys' Association. The School choir sang the anthem: "In Praise of Famous Men."

Beginning his address, Canon Tonks reminded us that not only was this year the thirtieth since our School was founded but also the fiftieth since John Ruskin had died. He had met and known John Ruskin: he had heard him lecture; and he would always be indebted to him for teaching him one thing—to appreciate beauty. He always remembered what Ruskin had to say about the painter Turner, and how he had learnt from Ruskin what to look for in pictures, the appreciation of which was an important part of one's education. John Ruskin was one of the great Victorians. He was a great thinker and a great writer. Half a century ago his books were found in the homes of most working class people. They were not found there today, for there seemed to have been a decline in serious reading. This was a matter for regret and he earnestly suggested that we should each collect for ourselves a small well-chosen library. Our own books would become our friends, and would remain so.

John Ruskin (Canon Tonks continued) was also a good Christian. It was because of his faith in God as a real person that his influence was so strong. He lived up to the words of St. Paul, which were akin to the School motto: "Whatsoever ye do, do to the glory of God." That was what we should all try to do. There was a higher loyalty than a loyalty to any human being: there was a loyalty to God.

Ruskin knew his Bible thoroughly. His books were full of references to it. Indeed, no one was really educated who did not know his Bible, because besides being a religious book it was also a great literary classic. So surely every boy in the John Ruskin School should read his Bible. There he would find God revealed as Goodness, Truth and Beauty. Those were the three things that John Ruskin sought after. And so should we. We should be satisfied with nothing but our best. We should accept nothing that was shoddy. We should strive after perfection, and as lovers of Goodness, Truth and Beauty, come to know God, to love Him and to serve Him.

## LE CERCLE FRANCAIS

La première réunion du Cercle Français eut lieu le 10 novembre. M. le Proviseur, MM. Myers, Richardson et Arrighi, ainsi que Mlle. Hickmott y assistèrent. MM. Banks et Leadbeater furent élus membres du Comité Général.

Les réunions les plus suivies furent celles auxquelles on a projeté des

films. On a vu deux films: "La Locomotive 2-D-2" et "Toujours Paris." Le premier, tourné par la Société Nationale des Chemins de Fer Français, décrit la dernière locomotive électrique de 4000 chevaux que l'on fabrique en France. L'autre film "Toujours Paris," est un film américain, prêté par l'Institut Français, et montre au plus grand avantage la "haute couture" de Paris.

Le 8 décembre, Madame Reiner, ancienne actrice de la Comédie Française, nous a fait visite. Elle a lu quelques morceaux choisis de la poésie de Musset et de la Fontaine: elle y a mis des expressions et des nuances qui nous étaient toutes nouvelles et bien intéressantes. Nous tenons à remercier Mme. Reiner, et nous espérons avoir d'autres occasions à faire bon accueil à un tel personnage.

M. Arrighi, notre populaire assistant, qui nous est venu de Corse, a fait deux conférences, l'une sur "le Sport en France," l'autre sur "le Parlement Français." Il nous a dit que le cyclisme est le sport le plus populaire en France, mais que le football, le rugby, le basketball, et le ski, jouissent d'une grande faveur. Dans sa seconde conférence, il nous a décrit les principes de la "Représentation Proportionnelle," ainsi que le rôle et les pouvoirs du Président de la République.

Les étudiants ont fait des conférences, eux-aussi; MM. Cross et Leadbeater ont parlé de leurs expériences en France: tous deux y ont fait de l'auto-stop: ils ont certainement couvert des milliers de kilomètres. M. Banks a fait un discours sur "Une Croisière en Méditerranée," et prochainement, M. Hart va nous parler de ses lapins.

Nous espérons que les réunions du "Cercle Français" seront de plus en plus suivies: nous connaissons mieux nos voisins français, car le futur dépend d'une bonne compréhension mutuelle de nos deux pays.

Bienvenue à M. Arrighi, à qui nous souhaitons un agréable séjour à l'École John Ruskin. Qu'il puisse ainsi, l'année prochaine, mieux faire comprendre à ses élèves français ce que sont l'âme et les traditions d'une école anglaise.

B. LEADBEATER—U.VIa.

## SCHOOL VISIT TO PARIS

On April 7th a group of 30 boys drawn mainly from the Vth Forms, with a few from the IV's and III's is leaving for a week's visit to Paris. The party will be boarded at a Paris Lycée and a sight-seeing programme has been drawn up. Besides a half day at Versailles the boys will spend an evening at a theatre. To avoid too much waste of time, travelling to the various places of interest will be by hired coach and I am sure the boys will not object to being spared some foot-slogging.

It is hoped that by coming into contact with France and French life at first hand, the boys will be encouraged to pursue their study of the French language with some appreciation of its usefulness for itself and not merely as one more examination subject.

From the response received when the trip was first announced, we believe that other tours can be arranged later on, not only to Paris, but even further afield.

G. R.

## MUSIC NOTES

The various music groups—Strings, Recorders and Choir—have worked steadily during the last few months, and now the School Orchestra from humble beginnings has become a sizeable ensemble. A loyal and important core of violinists, Prevett, Luck, Maggs, Sarjeant, Clark, Alba, Sowerby, Rosher, Jenner, Frenchum, Stringer, Mitchell, with Batsford and Pike on the 'cello will be supplemented as the eight beginners become proficient. Recently a viola has been acquired and by autumn we hope to present a string quartet. The Treble Recorder players, Maggs, Jenner and Hall, together with Dixon, Faulkner, Werner, Vozza, Batsford, Burnett, Dawson, Richards, Whyman, Eves, Billington, Luckins, Grant, with Descants, now play chiefly with the Strings. For Recorder ensemble work, however, we hope to add a Tenor instrument. Welcome additions to the Orchestra have been Cross on the trumpet and Banks with his clarinet. In addition to the new string players, Maggs has a number of junior recorder players in his charge, and support for music generally is generously given by the present 1st Formers.

We have developed four-part choral work, including a tenor and bass corner in our overcrowded assemblies. Far greater support is expected, however, from the Upper School. The Choir has given invaluable help at the Croydon Carol Service, and at our own Founder's Service and Carol Service, whilst a section of the Orchestra assisted at the Play Production.



*A section of the Orchestra*

C. Wilson—U.VI.Sc.

Steady, if not spectacular, support has been given to the Ernest Read and the New English Orchestral Concerts, the opening event of the latter being graced by the presence of Sir Robert Mayer, doyen of Children's Concerts. A small group of boys attended a Bach-Purcell concert at a local church hall, whilst a large crowd enjoyed the C.O.D.A. production of "The Mikado."

Congratulations to Luck on gaining the School Certificate Music Prize, and to Maggs and Batsford on being awarded the Senior and Junior Music Prizes respectively. Finally, the Recorder Group is to be complimented on an excellent adjudication by Armstrong Gibbs at the local Festival.

## THE FIRST MUSICAL EVENING

The Musical Evening in November, attended by our local H.M.I. for Music, was indeed a landmark, in that it was a pioneer effort, and also because it represented so much efficient team work rather than highly specialised work by individuals. Old Boys and Junior Pianists were included in what is intended as an annual event, with the hope of more people being invited to attend in the future. Orchestra, choir and recorders were supported by piano duets, vocal and recorder duets and soloists, the composers represented including Handel, Beethoven, Schumann and Brahms. We feel proud that out of over thirty individual items only twelve were rendered by single performers. Musical team-work—not necessarily by individually clever performers, is what we aim at. Our concert concluded with four-part carols, but here is a team that could be numerically more worthy of the School

J.N.H.

## FROM THE GEOGRAPHY ROOM

### The Three Peaks

Again this year a party of the Sixth will be exploring both the summits and foundations of the mountains in the Three Peaks District of North West Yorkshire, one of the most interesting parts of these islands. The itinerary to be followed will enable the party to cover a wider area than during the last visit, as Upper Wharfedale will be included. Although we are all prepared for rain, and rain in the Pennines has to be experienced to be believed, we are hoping for the glorious weather with which we were favoured last year.

### Our Ship

The last mail from M. V. Taron reached us from Sydney, Australia, in February. A most interesting letter was received from one of the Apprentice Navigators in reply to the many letters from Form IIP. We learnt, among other interesting items, that pineapples were one and three a dozen at Singapore, and that wonderful bathing was to be had along the Australian coast if one took the precaution of entering the water behind a shark-proof net. Form IIP now do believe that Torres Strait and the Great Barrier Reef do really exist, as our correspondent described the hazardous passage through both these areas of dangerous waters! We are looking forward to receiving further news from remote lands. By the way, what is an Apprentice Navigator, do you know?

C.W.P.

# HOUSE NOTES

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## ALPHA

Alpha House came second in the contest for the Endeavour Cup. That we were beaten by Delta House (to whom we extend our congratulations) was largely due to uneven effort throughout the House. The hard work of some boys in gaining points was rendered useless by the speed with which other boys lost them.

Our most consistent points-winner was Sketchley of IIh. We congratulate him on fine work in all subjects, which brings credit to his House and the School as well as to himself. Powell of Va also did valuable work in raising our total.

O. N. EVERSON, Captain.

## BETA

Our hopes of winning the Endeavour Cup have not materialised. We have finished in the third position. The lead held by the House last year was entirely destroyed by the losses inflicted upon us by a group of "Regular Offenders."

In Sport the House continues its success. The Senior and Junior Football Teams have both reached the Finals in the Soccer Competition. Next term we hope to retain our possession of the Cricket, Junior Games and Fields Events' Cups. We are proud of our sportsmen and earnestly ask them to continue their excellent work.

A. D. McINTYRE, Secretary.

## GAMMA

Although we cannot, it seems, manage to win the Endeavour Cup, House members are not lacking in ability to win points or distinction for the House. Points continue to be won in a steady succession, whilst those lost are becoming progressively fewer. As encouragement, I would remind members that the margin between positive and negative points is smaller than in any other House. In athletics Gamma continues to hold the lead, although losing in the football finals to Beta. Breen and Brierley were awarded the Senior Victor Ludorum on Speech Day, Crumplin received a medal for his performance in the All England Championships, and the House Championship Cup was taken off in triumph.

T. P. MORRIS, Captain.

## DELTA

Well done, Delta! This time we have won the Endeavour Cup\*, beating Alpha, the first winners, into second place. We have the distinction of being the only House to gain over 1,000 positive points. The two Fourth and two Second Forms have contributed most, and the following boys deserve special mention: Warren, Vs; Burnley, Dean and Marcher, IVe; Faulkner and Drain IIly; Turnbull IIp and Jenner, IIh. The First Forms have had less chance to gain points, but have showed much enthusiasm. Most boys will have heard that we hope to organise a social evening in the summer to celebrate our success.

J. PREVETT, Captain.

\*The final figures for this Cup were:—

ALPHA	BETA	GAMMA	DELTA
616	598	434	679

## THE CHRISTIAN UNION

A new Society, the Christian Union, was formed this term. The purpose of the Society is to unite all Christians in the School into one fellowship, and to try to show our faith to the other members of the School.

Meetings are held once a fortnight on Tuesdays at 4.15 p.m. So far we have had two meetings. The opening talk was given by the Reverend Harold Frankhum of St. Mary Magdalene, Addiscombe. He spoke on "What it means to be a Christian." The second talk was on "The problems facing the Church in the West Indies," and was given by Father Sandeman of St. Luke's, Woodside. We would like to thank these two gentlemen for their help in launching this new venture. O.N.E.

## DEBATING SOCIETY

This has been a most exciting and stimulating term for the Society, thrashing out, as we have in our Forum, problems as diverse as Capital Punishment and Private Enterprise, Conscription and the Colour Bar, the use of the Latin tongue and the desirability of the "Daily Mirror."

In mid-October, a contingent from Old Palace afforded us a very interesting battle of the sexes over the motion "That the introduction of co-education would lead to a more balanced society."

Our first meeting of the New Year was an Inter-Schools Debate with representatives from the High School, Selhurst Girls, Coloma, Lady Edridge and the Old Palace. After refreshments, we discussed the motion "That this house is of the opinion that Modern Youth is the product of the American film and the paper-backed novel," with much pungent comment, especially on the pair of orange socks worn by Morris, epitomising Modern Youth. Another welcome guest was Miss Barber, who gave a very interesting account of her life in Northern Rhodesia.

In the Debating Championship in February, the ten contestants, suddenly confronted with carefully selected topics, set the judges also a difficult problem; the prize was awarded to A. A. Nye, with T. P. Morris a close second and Messrs. Everson, Howes and Carter as place awards.

The whole School was invited to two special programmes staged by the Society. One was the Mock Trial in which a hardened criminal, Mr. Carter, was convicted of forging a Treasury note and duly sentenced by the stern, robed judge to three years' detention in H.M. Prison at Holloway. More topical was the Mock Election; after a feverish week of campaigning and bespattering every corner of the School with rival propaganda, the climax was reached when, before a packed hall containing an abnormally large proportion of hecklers, the five candidates put forward their programmes; then, haggardly expectant, they waited during the count, the teller, Mr. Cresswell, inexorable over six vital spoiled ballot papers, to learn at last that of 150 votes cast the results were:—

T. P. Morris (Labour), 51; A. A. Nye (Liberal), 40; B. Leadbeater (Conservative), 39; V. Carter (Communist), 13; C. Wilson (Human Democrat), 0. (The Communist and Human Democrat Candidates lost their deposits.)

A. A. NYE (Chairman).



## THE DRAMA GROUP

Thunderous knocking and piercing shrieks brought an anxious procession of prefects to the Upper Hall one Monday at 4.15 p.m. It was not the old order changing: merely the mutilated ghost of Herbert White, back from the grave, answering the summons of The Monkey's Paw.

During the last half-year, middle school members of the group have also read: Milne's "The Man in the Bowler Hat," Francis' "The Poacher," Padriac Colum's "The Betrayal," Jennings' "Five Birds in a Cage" and Stanley Houghton's "The Dear Departed." Parties from III and IV Forms went to see the Croydon Histrionic Society's January and March productions of "Macbeth" and "The Merchant of Venice."

In the summer term, we hope to include in our activities a stage performance of a one-act play and a competition for prose reading and poetry-speaking.

These Monday meetings provide potential actors—who have one eye on the main school play and the other on the Gallery—with a pleasant training in the art of strutting and fretting. All those who want to develop from a Poacher to a Prospero or a voice-off to a Volpone will be welcome additions to the Group.

D.G.

## SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY

During this term we have had visits from two outside lecturers. Major Cobb, of the Ordnance Survey, gave an interesting account of the process of representing the land on maps. The talk was illustrated by slides. Mr. Carpenter, of Phillips Ltd., gave a talk on furnaces. The account of the difficulties of finding suitable materials and designs was demonstrated with simple experiments.

A film was shown to the Society during the term. It was a colour film called "For Years to Come." This film gave a good account of life on a farm during the year, one harvest to the next, showing the changes brought about by the change to contour farming.

The Society published its first Journal during this term. It contained articles on "Insects," by P. Prevett; "Colour Photography," by Hawkins; and "The Structure of South East England," by Morris. The subjects by P. Prevett and R. Hawkins were each expanded into lectures, both well attended, the one by Prevett being illustrated by his collection of beetles. The talk by Hawkins was given as a demonstration of the processing of the film.

The Society made a visit to the Natural History Museum, South Kensington. The party was small but keen and attended the public lecture on Paleontology.

V. CARTER, Secretary.

## THE STAMP CLUB

The Christmas Competition produced some very good entries. The stamp to be mounted and written-up was the Cook Islands 1d. John Goodman (3y) was again the winner with an excellent entry. The second prize was awarded to David Woodland (3r), who was followed by Geoffrey Hart (3y).

G. R.

As we look through copies of the Magazine which cover recent seasons, we are, I think, entitled to feel some satisfaction at the steady broadening of our programme in Sport.

This Soccer season we have had five XI's regularly engaged and on one occasion—may there be many more—seven teams were fielded for that day.

### FIRST ELEVEN NOTES AND NOTABILITIES

A very full programme of friendly matches will have been completed by end of term. The football has, on the whole, been of quite a good standard and we are now finding in the Upper School, players who have had the opportunity of developing in football skill during some three seasons of regular League football in Lower and Middle School XI's.

Thus, P. Garner, our centre-forward and leading goal-scorer, has played in that position for three seasons. By the end of term he will have led the School attack on more than one hundred occasions and already has well over the hundred goals to his credit.

J. Cashman has kept goal in as many matches as Garner has played. We look forward to seeing him with us for a further season.

R. Odd, at full-back, is another tower of strength in defence and



1st XI — 1949-50

by kind Permission of Photo Functions

has played for the First XI since 1948, gaining his Colours in 1949. He, too, will be with us for a further season when not only his football ability but also his First XI match experience in Soccer will be most valuable.

P. Butterworth, our versatile Soccer Captain, led successful teams in 1948 and 1949. This year he has been playing at inside-forward, but has, when occasion demanded, switched to centre-half, full-back, or, with Cashman injured, has kept goal.

Shiner, Clisby and Farrow have been powerful defenders; Childs, moved from left-wing, has proved a strong full-back. Crumplin uses his speed effectively at right-wing, whilst Bazell, on the left, is second to Garner in the list of goal-scorers.

Burt, Mackrell and Deane have been keen rivals for the remaining place in this year's First Eleven.

Soccer colours for season 1949-50 are awarded to P. Butterworth (captain, inside forward); J. Cashman (goalkeeper); P. Garner (centre-forward); R. Odd (full-back).

First Eleven results for the season are as follows:—

Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	For	Against
23	13	1	9	84	57

## SECOND ELEVEN

This team has been able to enjoy some good football during the year. A few cancellations by our opponents have reduced the number of games which we had arranged to play but results for the season are very favourable.

Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	For	Against
16	10	0	6	67	39

The team has been drawn from the following group of players, some of whom should enjoy 1st XI Soccer next season:—

A. Sherman (captain), R. Banks, A. Jenkin, J. Amos, Baldwin, A. Morris, B. Burnley, R. Montague, M. Mackrell, P. Burt, A. Deane, J. Jackaman, J. Bainbridge.

## THIRD ELEVEN

This team competed in the Premier Division of the Croydon Schools League. After losing several games at the beginning of the season, the team recovered strongly and has scored several good victories since January. Overall figures for League, Cup and friendlies are:—

Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	For	Against
16	8	1	7	45	35

Team: M. Hart (captain), J. Payne, P. Bristow, E. Muggeridge, K. Cross, D. Harris, M. Kelland, E. Gibbs, W. Prior, C. Morcher, M. Bristow.

## FOURTH ELEVEN

Competing in the Croydon Schools Intermediate League, this team has had a successful season, enjoying many well-fought games. The team has been taken from the following group of players:—

L. Montague (captain), H. Bailey, F. Drain, J. Birch, R. Amos, F. Evans, R. Constable, M. Williams, J. Lewis, G. Pirie, D. Lamb, A. Montague.

Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	For	Against
19	13	2	4	96	21

## FIFTH ELEVEN

This Under 13 XI has played well in the Croydon Schools Junior League. The team, captained by Alan Montague, contains players of considerable promise who should look forward to at least four further seasons of good Soccer with the School, and who will doubtless aim at 1st XI places and Colours Badges:

Team: A. Montague (captain), A. Warren, P. Duckworth, A. Blundell, D. Luckins, J. Simmons, A. Crouch, D. Stringer, W. Marden, T. Hunt, F. Arnold.

Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	For	Against
12	6	3	3	39	29



Several players from the School were selected for the Croydon teams in various age groups, the following playing for Croydon in London and Surrey and English Cup Competitions:—

M. Hart, W. Prior, H. Bailey, F. Drain, R. Constable, L. Montague, A. Montague, M. Williams, R. Amos, and T. Hunt.

New shirts and stockings for the 4th XI and new sweaters for the goalkeepers have been provided this season and we hope to re-equip the 1st and 2nd XI's for season '50-'51.

May we express our grateful thanks to those many parents who must so frequently have viewed with dismay mud-covered shorts and shirts, but who, nevertheless, have provided week by week, well-laundered kit for their footballing sons.

Players will agree that the captains of the five Elevens have at all times proved hard workers on the Soccer field. If a game has been going against us they have never spared themselves in personal effort to retrieve the position and to encourage the team to fight back against the odds.

My own thanks to our five skippers for jobs well done.

The House Football Cup Competitions resulted in some keenly fought games.

In the Junior Section, for the "Palmer-Mayhew" Cup, Delta's star-studded eleven proved too strong for the Beta team, and won a good Final by 4 goals to 1.

For the Senior Trophy, the "Lethbridge-Abell" Cup, Beta and Gamma teams contested in a vigorous game in which we saw, from both sides, strength being matched with skill, speed with close marking and tackling, powerful kicking by good positioning.

Beta House team ran out 2 to 0 winners in this really good match.

With Easter holidays upon us may I give my customary reminder to our cricketers and athletes to look to their flannels and boots, spikes and running-kit.

Sports Day is June 3rd, so the keen man will be training now for his event.

Nets practice, Track and Field practice, Swimming and Tennis—no man need be left out.

So see to it that you too take an active part and that you are fitted out with the necessary kit.

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## FROM THE PREFECTS' COUCH

The mantle of T.P.M. has fallen on me to continue the outline history of the cress-seeds on the blotting-paper.

There has been both emigration and immigration since the last School magazine. A. Brown and K. Tibbenham have departed to less exacting occupations. Meanwhile R. Banks, R. Hawkins and C. Wilson have joined the illustrious and industrious few. In the summer the School will take sad leave of one of its oldest institutions, the Editor, who has at last got his parole and will in October be joining previous Ruskinians at the L.S.E. He cannot be replaced, but we may assure ourselves that Nature, abhorring vacuums, will at least repair the loss. He does, however, leave a monument behind, a couch which, though it cannot be shared by all, does at least enable some of our number, exhausted by their duties, to sleep more comfortably. Often of late I have heard above our vigorous yet orderly discussions "the gentle but unromantic music of the nose."

If alliances with other schools have been secured this term, diplomatic relations (though they are not always diplomatic, so I am told) with Coloma VI are still maintained. Indeed I have been informed that there are binding ties of allegiance (not too binding, I hope) between the two Sixth forms. It is sad to report that yet another colleague has had his hair shorn by Delilah, though it seems not to have impaired his strength for he hurls books with truly astounding accuracy and celerity when some bold free-lance proffers advice.

The School was recently led by the prefects, or rather by the Debating Society, in a mock-election which discovered much talent throughout the School for posters and for heckling. The ingenuity in the posters was often amusing and sometimes convincing.

The spirit in which the prefects have entered their last term recalls to me the Trojan scene:

"We, sunk in careless joy,

Poor souls! with festive garlands deck each lane.

And through the town in revelry employ

The day decreed our last, the dying hours of Troy!"

Nevertheless, we must not press the analogy between our revelry and the Trojans' too far; we believe in resurrection and look forward to May 26th.

P. HEATH—U.VIa.

SCHOOL CAPTAIN

G. N. Everson

VICE-CAPTAIN

J. H. Prevett

PREFECTS

P. C. Bamford

R. Banks

V. Carter

G. V. Child

R. Hawkins

P. Heath

D. C. Howes

A. D. McIntyre

T. P. Morris

C. Mort

A. A. Nye

P. F. Prevett

K. W. Smith

J. C. Wilson

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SCHOOL TERMS 1950

SUMMER TERM begins April 25th. ends July 25th.

(Whitsun holiday : May 29th & 30th.)

(Sports Day : June 3rd.)

AUTUMN TERM begins September 12th.