

# THE JOHN RUSKIN SCHOOL MAGAZINE



MAY, 1943.

# John Ruskin School Magazine

MAY, 1943.

---

## EDITORIAL.

Much has happened since those early and rather bewildering days more than three years ago now when, under the Government evacuation scheme, the School was transferred to Shoreham-by-Sea. The billeting problem was solved fairly quickly and for the most part satisfactorily. There were occasional humours. We remember the boy who was presented on the doorstep of his new home with an exhaustive list of regulations and duties, ending (lest anything should have been forgotten) with: "And he is to do anything else he is told to do quickly and cheerfully." There were people going out for an evening's enjoyment who locked their guests out, despite the black-out, till they should return. But these matters were soon adjusted and we found almost all the householders hospitable and kindly disposed towards us, so much so, that when the time came to say good-bye, we left Shoreham with genuine regret.

To find satisfactory school accommodation proved much more difficult. At first we had the use of only four classrooms for one session per day in a building shared by two other evacuated schools. This "Box and Cox" arrangement involved the organisation of various outdoor activities to fill in the second session. While the weather remained favourable, swimming, games and rambles were the order of the day. The memory of those excursions over the Downs and round Shoreham Airport will long remain with us, and, in particular, the incident of the boy who, finding an "empty" during one trip, unsuccessfully tried to sell it at the "Sussex Pad".

However, shoe leather was consumed at such an alarming rate and the weather became so bad that we were very glad to secure a building for ourselves—Shoreham Court—where we settled down to more normal school routine. Shoreham Court was the old Vicarage. Mighty men were the old Vicars. Classes of forty found ample space in dining-room, drawing-room, bedroom.

Unfortunately, many parents had not taken advantage of the Government scheme, and provision had to be made for the opening of a Central School in the evacuation area. Mr. McLeod and about half the staff were recalled to Croydon to open the School at Easter, 1940, whilst Mr. Strick took charge of the remainder.

Our sojourn by the sea soon came to an end for, with the collapse of France, the South-East coast was no longer considered

safe. Once more we were uprooted, and this time transferred to Woking.

The billeting problem proved much more difficult here, and some time elapsed before satisfactory school accommodation could be secured.

By the kindness of the local Congregational Minister, the School met temporarily in a hut belonging to the Church. One morning we turned up as usual to find our quarters wrecked—the Luftwaffe had decided it was time we moved to the house for which protracted negotiations were in progress. Thus it came about that we occupied “Combe End” on the famous Hockering Estate. One of the residents grew so alarmed when he learned that he was to have a school as neighbours that he instructed his gardener to lop drastically some rather fine horse-chestnut trees that stood nearby. What the idea was we do not know, but he certainly removed all temptation for many years to come and, incidentally, destroyed the beauty of these trees.

Eventually we settled down once more and the evacuated portion of the School remained in Woking until July, 1942, by which time the numbers had dwindled to such an extent that the School had to be closed there and the remaining teachers recalled to Croydon.

\* \* \*

It is with great pleasure that we record the award of the D.F.C. to Flying Officer R. T. Hodges, R.A.F.V.R., and the D.F.M. to Pilot/Officer Jack Featherstone, R.A.F.V.R., and to Sgt./Pilot Ronald Gillman, R.A.F.V.R. On behalf of the School we offer heartiest congratulations to all three Old Boys.

\* \* \*

Pilot/Officer Frank Rainbird, R.A.F., an Old Boy (1931-1935), had the novel and unique experience, whilst completing his pilot training in America, of being entertained in the State Capitol of Oklahoma. He visited not only Oklahoma's State Buildings, but was also honoured as a guest by the Governor, met a number of State Officials, and was granted the “privileges of the floor” in the Senate.

When P/O. Rainbird expressed his appreciation and thanks for a truly magnificent reception, Governor Kerr promptly replied: “Young man, we're standing in your reflected glory.” To a further remark by P/O. Rainbird that he wished to learn how State Government operates in Oklahoma Governor Kerr jokingly responded: “If you find out, come back and tell me.”

P/O. Rainbird and his comrades found the Americans almost embarrassingly hospitable, and received more invitations to Christmas dinner than they could have accepted had they spent the rest of their time in America eating Christmas dinner.

Donald Mills, an Old Boy, has had the first painting ever submitted by him accepted by the Royal Academy. On behalf of the School we offer him heartiest congratulations on his success.

\* \* \*

With his kind permission we reproduce a recent letter sent to *The Times* by the Dean of Lichfield, Dr. F. A. Iremonger.

“Is not a tribute now due to the memory of the artist who produced an earlier ‘Beveridge Plan’ in the preface to *Unto This Last*, more than eighty years ago? There would seem to be some hope for humanity when we contrast the widespread acclamation accorded to Sir William with the ‘violent reprobation’ that John Ruskin incurred, when Thackeray was brave enough to print the four essays in *Cornhill*.”

---

## A NOTE TO THE BOYS

By THE HEADMASTER

You have heard, perhaps, how the lemmings, when famine falls on them, leave their northern homes and journey westward. They come to the sea, but they do not stop; westward they swim until they sink. Why do they press on blindly to their death? Let Mr. Masefield tell us:

Once, it is thought, there was a westward land  
(Now drowned) where there was food for those starved things,  
And memory of the place has burnt its brand  
In the little brains of all the Lemming kings.

Legend says that the sunken land which beckons the lemmings westward is lost Atlantis.

The story is that ages ago a great island-continent lay in the ocean beyond the Pillars of Hercules; it was a paradise; rich, too, in the precious metals, and in orichalc which gleamed like fire. Its people were descended from a god, for here Poseidon had wedded a mortal, and their eldest son was the first king—Atlas, after whom island and ocean were named.

Plato tells us this in two of his Dialogues. Is he giving us a tradition that has some ground in fact, or, as was sometimes his way, a pleasant fiction? Did Critias really hear the story from his grandfather, who had it from the famous Solon, who learned it from a priest of Sais, who found it in the ancient records of Egypt? Or is that just a story-teller's trick to lend a semblance of truth to the tale?

For many years the Atlanteans flourished—lords of the lightning and masters of an occult science far beyond our guess—but grew at last so insolent and greedy that the gods decreed their destruction. In one dreadful night of storm and earthquake the

island sank beneath the sea, while huge floods swept the surrounding lands so that only dwellers on the heights escaped—a catastrophe which accounts (some say) for the tales of a universal deluge found everywhere in folklore.

“God smote Savannah-la-Mar, and in one night, by earthquake, removed her, with all her towers standing and population sleeping, from the steadfast foundations of the shore to the coral floors of ocean.” De Quincey’s dream-city was to be seen, crystal clear, beneath the tropic seas; of the mighty metropolis of Atlantis not a wrack remained.

Topless, they say, were the Atlantean towers,  
But now they lie beneath the ocean’s swell,  
Sunken and whelmed into a sunless hell  
Amid the sea-slugs and the salt-edged flowers.

There have been islands enough “upheaven from the abyss by fire, to sink into the abyss again.” Not long ago a volcanic island near Santorin—Aphroessa—that rose above the sea some seventy years earlier, entirely disappeared. An islet! a speck! But broad lands have been drowned and sea-beds raised—though gradually, we are told, and not in sudden cataclysm. It would be pleasant to believe in Atlantis. We could make it one with the Hesperides where the golden apples grow; and Arthur’s Avalon—and that is an apple orchard too—and all the fairy islands of the west to which Maelduné and Bran and Saint Brendan sailed.

There are geologists and biologists who encourage us to do so. They deal in lost continents. Have they not sunk Gondwanaland to the bed of the Indian Ocean? For various reasons they have suggested that there must once have been a “land-bridge” between the Old World and the New. How else shall we account for the migration of plants and animals from one southern continent to another? How account for the presence of the amphisbaena beetle in both Africa and South America if a wide, estranging sea has always rolled between? Surely Atlantis was that bridge.

There has been much debate as to where Atlantis exactly was. The neighbourhood of the Azores is favoured most. However, in 1939, the correspondent of *The Times* in Milan reported that an eminent Italian naturalist, Professor Vittorio Calceani, had identified Great Britain with some unsunken portion of Atlantis. Plato’s story was borne out: Poseidon’s temple was Stonehenge; the hot springs those of Bath; the philosophers the Druids; and so on. The island walls of gold and silver, alas! have vanished.

Again Atlantis came under discussion; letters poured in to *The Times*, and geologists and biologists had a field-day. Professor MacBride would not hear of Atlantis. No land-bridge was necessary, he said, to account for migration; the Wegener theory solves the problem. (The Wegener theory, put as simply as possible, is that the continents have been sliding about over the surface of the earth—that they are great rafts of granite floating on molten basalt

—and have drifted apart. See how snugly the Brazilian shoulder of South America would fit into the Gulf of Guinea.) But other men of science would not agree with this. Sir Charles Arden-Close called the Wegener theory pure speculation. Dr. Jeffreys was mightily surprised that the Professor should consider “continental drift” an established fact when it was a theory resting on two hypotheses—both false. Professor MacBride—a little annoyed—advised Dr. Jeffreys—that eminent geologist—to study geology before again attacking Wegener. Another scholar thereupon suggested that the Professor’s courtesy was on a par with his learning. The battle raged—but indecisively.

However, the legend endures—a theme for wild romance and wilder speculation, and a symbol and a parable for poet and seer:

The Atlanteans have not died,  
Immortal things still give us dream.

When John Ruskin was invited by the business men of Bradford to lecture on the design for their new Exchange, he said little on architecture to that astonished audience, but much, with all the passion of a prophet, upon a civilisation that worshipped an idol of gold; that held the thrice accursed, thrice impious doctrine that to do the best for yourself is finally to do the best for others—“Friends, our great Master said not so”; a civilisation drifting therefore—and he quoted the *Critias* of Plato upon the fate of Atlantis—to comparable disaster.

And who, regarding the world to-day—

“looking over wasted lands,  
Blight and famine, plague and earthquake, roaring deeps  
and fiery sands,  
Clanging fights, and flaming towns, and sinking ships, and  
praying hands”—

will think that he was wholly wrong? And if, when peace returns, the nations have not learned their bitter lesson, but tread again, blindly as the lemmings, the old, familiar road to the waters of death—to another and more desperate war—John Ruskin may yet prove wholly right.

---

### FORGOTTEN

They wade through mud to their knees,  
In icy winds they freeze,  
They burn in summer’s sun,  
Nor rest when day is done,  
For then they mount their posts  
Against the Axis hosts;  
Let all praise to them be—  
The forgotten infantry.

R. IVES.

## PIED BEAUTY

by

THE REVEREND PROFESSOR A. A. COCK.

---

The re-appearance of the Magazine in a new format demands some special mark of distinction, and here it is in the shape of a delightful article by the Reverend Professor A. A. Cock, scholar, philosopher and poet, and a foremost authority on Education.

Principal of St. John's College, York, he was formerly Vice-Principal of the University College of Southampton and Professor of Education and Philosophy there. The list of his works in Education, Philosophy and English is too long for us to give, but we will just note that he has contributed philosophical articles to the new *Encyclopaedia Britannica*.

We are most grateful to him for this happy article, which shows so unmistakably his power and freshness as a teacher.

---

My dear Boys,

I promised your Headmaster, who is an old pupil and friend of mine, a long time ago that I would write something for your Magazine.

Of course you know all about John Ruskin, so I need not remind you that when he was your age he went every Sunday to Church and when he got home he had to recite to his mother by heart every word that the preacher had said in his sermon and every word of the two lessons he had heard. That is why John Ruskin became one of the greatest writers of English prose in the Nineteenth Century, and when you turn over his books, if you ever do, you will find he always has to have two indexes, one about odds and ends and things in general and one about the Biblical passages which he has quoted in his writings.

I refer to John Ruskin as an act of courtesy to your School, but I am going to refer to an entirely different person about whom you may or may not have heard—a queer fellow, a very queer fellow indeed. The school he went to is one of those remarkable institutions which indulge in what is called the Old School Tie. It is a very famous institution and it is known as Winchester College, and my friend's name is Gerard Manley Hopkins. He was born very nearly one hundred years ago, in 1844, and he died in 1889, which was the same year in which Robert Browning died. Although his life was not very long, he wrote a small amount of very important and very wonderful verse. Rather unfortunately he had a friend, also a poet, called Robert Bridges, and this gentleman became Poet Laureate. I have no time to describe that. Ask the nearest wine merchant. This gentleman thought that his friend Hopkins's verse was too difficult for your grandfathers and grandmothers and for Mr. McLeod's grandfather and grandmother, and, would you believe it, he decided to lock up Hopkins's verse so that nobody should see it for thirty years. I must not let out my

exceedingly great indignation about this affair. However the verse was published just after the last war, in the year 1919, exactly thirty years after the unfortunate poet, Hopkins, died.

Hopkins, after going to Winchester College, went on to Oxford and, as was quite common in those days, he became a Roman Catholic, which is not a thing to be ashamed of, and it might indeed be a thing to be proud of, I do not know. Having become a Roman Catholic he decided he would like to be a Jesuit, that is a member of the Society of Jesus. To be a member of the Society of Jesus seems to be a very fine thing. It is better than being a member of the society of the devil, and he has millions of branches all over the world. So Gerard presently became the Rev. Gerard Hopkins, S.J.

There is not much more to tell about him. He taught Classics in Lancashire and by and by became Professor of Greek in Dublin. He wrote an astounding number of letters to that rich friend of his, Robert Bridges, and an astounding number of letters to an Anglican Oxford parson who is hardly ever read to-day called Dixon. There are four volumes of these letters and they are full of charming little pictures.

I am very sorry that I have not got the skill of Hopkins and I cannot illustrate this article even by drawing a little cockerill which I should like to do.

I must draw your attention to Hopkins's poetry, which I hope is on the shelves of your Library. If it is not, you must go to your Headmaster with a little deputation and beg him, pray him and beseech him, and, in fact, I think you may go even further and say, "Will you please go to the L.E.A. and see that Gerard Manley Hopkins appears on your shelves?" and your English master will tell you a great deal more. Now, he wrote quite a number of extremely easy and simple poems and he wrote two or three very extraordinary, rather long and certainly not very easy poems which I cannot quote here. I will quote one of the most famous of the shorter poems which is called *Pied Beauty*. Those of you who have done a little Shakespeare will know that the word "pied" means many colours, and Hopkins, who was a very good artist, delighted in many colours mixed. Perhaps some of you at home have on your beds little quilts made by granny, patch-work quilts of many colours. You may, I do not know, have heard of, or have met, Joseph my friend, and when I last saw Joseph he had on a coat of many colours. So, Gerard Manley Hopkins fell in love with the colours on a trout and mixed colours in the fields and in the sky and the varied colours of odds and ends of things, and then was very wise, and instead of saying to himself as some vain poets do, "I am the fellow who sees all this," he very quietly says to Our Lord, "Thank you; glory be to God for dappled things; praise Him."



## PIED BEAUTY.

Glory be to God for dappled things—  
For skies of couple-colour as a brinded cow;  
For rose-moles all in stipple upon trout that swim;  
Fresh-firecoal chestnut-falls; finches' wings;  
Landscape plotted and pieced—fold, fallow, and plough;  
And all trades, their gear and tackle and trim.  
All things counter, original, spare, strange;  
Whatever is fickle, freckled (who knows how?)  
With swift, slow; sweet, sour; adazzle, dim;  
He fathers-forth whose beauty is past change:  
Praise Him.

---

## THE FIRST JUMP

by

G. E. MANNING.

---

Only senior boys now remember Mr. Manning, but they recall him with affection and gratitude and will be delighted that he has found time to send this article for the Magazine. For he has been harder worked and more variously employed in the R.A.F. than seems possible, giving training in P.T. and in unarmed combat, lecturing on and demonstrating the use of weapons, teaching mathematics and navigation—and so on. Now he himself is to be a Navigator. We send him our thanks and our sincerest wishes for a safe and speedy return to his School.

---

The first pale streaks of dawn began to trellis the eastern sky as I was adjusting my parachute harness. I looked out across the landing-ground. The gaunt shapes of the scattered Whitleys were growing more distinct. How ugly they looked in the half-light, shorn of the grace of flight. Unnaturally still they stood, as if sleeping. Soon the mechanics would arrive to caress them into life.

I turned aside. I felt cold and hungry, and more than a little wretched. I glanced across at the paratroops. How I envied their easy nonchalance. The prospect of an early morning jump had no terrors for them. Exchanges of wit enlivened their conversation as they helped one another to adjust packs and fasten straps. I tried to affect indifference, cloaking inner qualms with forced outward calm. I turned to an officer who was to jump with me and endeavoured to converse casually, but this proved such an effort that the appearance of our instructor was a welcome relief.

He carried out a quick inspection of our harness, then issued a few brief orders which sent us marching in pairs across the tarmac towards a Whitley whose engines had suddenly burst into life and were pulsating violently. Their roar was reassuring, and as we emplaned many of my earlier fears slid away on the slip-stream.

Inside the long fuselage we took up our positions. We sat facing alternate ways, five on each side of the central aperture, legs outstretched so that our parachute packs rested against one side of the fuselage and our feet against the other. I was to jump second, so that my position was at the very edge of the aperture. I watched the instructor attach my static line to the strong steel ring. Then, to make assurance doubly sure, I gave it a little pull and felt it grow taut.

The instructor spoke through the inter-com., the engines thundered and the great plane started to lumber forward. Through the aperture, I watched the grass race away and suddenly we were airborne.

We climbed slowly, then turned and flew on a straight course.

Minutes passed. Conversation lapsed.

Now I was watching the instructor. A green light showed. "Action station, Number One." The officer swung his legs into the hole and held himself stiffly, his eyes fixed on the instructor. "Go!" A quick extension and he was gone. Head back, body erect, arms close to sides, a beautiful exit. We heard the crash of his static line against the belly of the plane.

"Action station, Number Two!"

I swivelled round and swung my legs into the aperture, knees and feet together, elbows to sides, hands clutching the edge.

"Go!"

I pushed off, but not quite hard enough. My pack caught against the edge of the aperture and flung me forward. For a second the slip-stream surged round me. Then I was floating, still rigidly at attention, but in a horizontal, not a vertical, position.

I remember seeing a maze of green below me. Then I felt a slight tug on my shoulders. There was a sudden flapping above, and my parachute was open, full-billowing, splendidly white.

I reached upwards and grasped the lift-webs. Now I was in a more orthodox position. I lifted my knees slightly and pressed my feet together.

The green parkland was turning and rising slowly to meet me. I checked up on my line of drift and made a half turn. Instructors were standing below, white faces upturned.

Suddenly the grass rushed up at me. I turned my feet sideways, collapsed with a bump on to my thighs and hips, and rolled over on to my side. The parachute fluttered gracefully into a heap beside me.

A broad grin came over my face. I had landed.



JOHN RUSKIN

---

### FIRST SIGHT OF THE ALPS

The road got into more barren heights by the mid-day, the hills arduous; once or twice we had to wait for horses, and we were still twenty miles from Schaffhausen at sunset; it was past midnight when we reached her closed gates. The disturbed porter had the grace to open them—not quite wide enough; we carried away one of our lamps in collision with the slanting bar as we drove through the arch. How much happier the privilege of dreamily entering a mediaeval city, though with the loss of a lamp, than the free ingress of being jammed between a dray and a tramcar at a railroad station!

It is strange that I but dimly recollect the following morning; I fancy we must have gone to some sort of church or other; and certainly, part of the day went in admiring the bow-windows projecting into the clean streets. None of us seem to have thought the Alps would be visible without profane exertion in climbing hills. We dined at four, as usual, and the evening being entirely fine, went out to walk, all of us—my father and mother and Mary and I.

We must have still spent some time in town-seeing, for it was drawing towards sunset, when we got up to some sort of garden promenade—west of the town, I believe; and high above the Rhine, so as to command the open country across it to the south and west. At which open country of low undulation, far into blue,—gazing as at one of our own distances from Malvern of Worcestershire, or Dorking of Kent,—suddenly—behold—beyond!

There was no thought in any of us for a moment of their being clouds. They were clear as crystal, sharp on the pure horizon sky, and already tinged with rose by the sinking sun. Infinitely beyond all that we had ever thought or dreamed,—the seen walls of lost Eden could not have been more beautiful to us; not more awful, round heaven, the walls of sacred Death.

It is not possible to imagine, in any time of the world, a more blessed entrance into life, for a child of such a temperament as mine. True, the temperament belonged to the age: a very few years—within the hundred—before that, no child could have been born to care for mountains, or for the men that lived among them, in that way. Till Rousseau's time, there had been no "sentimental" love of nature; and till Scott's, no such apprehensive love of "all sorts and conditions of men", not in the soul merely, but in the flesh. St. Bernard of La Fontaine, looking out to Mont Blanc with his child's eyes, sees above Mont Blanc the Madonna; St. Bernard of Talloires, not the Lake of Annecy, but the dead between Martigny and Aosta. But for me, the Alps and their people were alike beautiful in their snow, and their humanity; and I wanted, neither for them nor myself, sight of any thrones in heaven but the rocks, or of any spirits in heaven but the clouds.

Thus, in perfect health of life and fire of heart, not wanting to be anything but the boy I was, not wanting to have anything more than I had; knowing of sorrow only just so much as to make life serious to me, not enough to slacken in the least its sinews; and with so much of science mixed with feeling as to make the sight of the Alps not only the revelation of the beauty of the earth, but the opening of the first page of its volume,—I went down that evening from the garden-terrace of Schaffhausen with my destiny fixed in all of it that was to be sacred and useful. To that terrace, and the shore of the Lake of Geneva, my heart and faith return to this day, in every impulse that is yet nobly alive in them, and every thought that has in it help or peace.

From John Ruskin's *Praeterita*,  
by kind permission of the authorised  
publishers, Messrs. Allen & Unwin.

# In Memoriam.

" Son of the Ocean Isle!

Where sleep your mighty dead?  
Show me what high and stately pile  
Is reared o'er Glory's bed.

Go, stranger! track the deep—

Free, free the white sail spread!

Wave may not foam, nor wild wind sweep,

Where rest not England's Dead."

*F. D. Hemans.*

Sgt./Pilot LEONARD J. BROOKS, R.A.F. (1928-1933). Presumed killed May, 1940.

SIDNEY BECKETT, R.A.F. (1920-1924). (Invalided out—died in hospital at Cheam.)

PETER CHAMBERLAIN, Radio Officer, N.Z.S.C. (1932-1936). Killed by enemy action in the Red Sea.

A.C.1 HARRY CLACK, R.A.F. (1935-1938). Killed 25th October, 1940.

GORDON CHRISTOPHER, R.A.S.C. (1930-1934). Killed in Belgium, 1940.

Sgt./Pilot JOHN FORDIER, R.A.F. (1933-1937). Killed in action in the Middle East.

RONALD HORSLEY, R.A.F. Coastal Command (1923-1927). Killed November, 1942.

Sgt./Pilot A. W. JONES, R.A.F. (1932-1936). Died on active service November, 1942.

Sgt./Pilot R. PELHAM, R.A.F.V.R. (1930-1935). Killed on active service.

Sgt./Navigator D. M. PAYNE, R.A.F. (1932-1936). Killed while returning from raid on Berlin.

Sgt./Pilot S. PROCTOR, R.A.F. (1931-1935).

HARRY PITTS, R.N. (1927-1931). Lost in H.M.S. Hood.

Sgt./Observer REGINALD S. RAINES, R.A.F. (1926-1930). Killed in action January, 1942.

Sgt. JOSEPH SANSOME, R.A.F. (1933-1937). Reported missing 5th November, 1941. Presumed dead May, 1942.

Pilot/Officer JOHN STRATHDEE, R.A.F.V.R. (1929-1933). Killed in India on active service.

Pilot/Officer V. SNELLING, R.A.F. (1931-1935). Killed while returning from raid on Germany.

L./Cpl. REGINALD TOMSETT, Commando (1932-1936). Missing, presumed killed in raid on St. Nazaire.

JAMES RONALD FREEMAN, Queen's Royal Regiment (1932-1937). Wounded in action in the Middle East. Died 28th December, 1942.

Sgt./Observer and Navigator ERIC L. RAYNER, R.A.F. (1932-1936). Died on active service in the Middle East.

Sgt./Navigator E. L. TAYLOR, R.A.F.

PERCY HAROLD WILLIAMS (1923-1925). Drowned during evacuation from Dunkirk.

## MISSING

Pilot/Officer DEREK GILL, R.A.F.V.R. (1934-1938). Missing from operations over enemy territory.

Sgt./Observer ALLAN ROBINSON, R.A.F. (1934-1938).

Sgt. PERCY ROSS, R.A.F. (1922-1926).

Sgt. J. T. ("Bern") SULLIVAN, R.A.F. (1922-1926). Missing from flight over enemy territory.

L./Sgt. GEORGE TERRY, H.A.O. (1928-1933). Reported missing 29th June, 1942.

HAROLD WRIGHT, R.A.F. (1932-1937). Missing on operational flight September 10th, 1942.

2nd/Lieut. K. M. GODDARD (1929-1933).

Sgt./Observer WILFRED F. MORGAN, R.A.F. (1929-1934). Missing after raid on Essen June 2nd, 1940.

Sgt. DONALD ROBERT LING, R.A.F.

---

## NIGHTMARE

The path was easy, but as I progressed, its smooth springy surface became steeper and the green trees and grass were replaced by black bleak heaths circled round by cold black mountains. At last I reached a prominence and at the top ran into a bank of fog.

Invisible hands caught mine in a painful grip; I was forced onwards. The fog lifted and I turned towards my captors. The sight petrified me. The creatures had great furry bodies, long slender arms and monstrous heads. Small bloodshot eyes glared wickedly at me; great fangs protruded from their wide slobbering mouths and their dank breath came like a cloud from two openings above their eyes. In a semi-conscious state I stumbled along until we reached a gate. Before it stood two giant rats, fit sentinels of the scene to come.

The gate clanged to behind us and I gazed upon great mountains rising on either side into space, while from long fissures, as flame spurts from a piece of coal, huge jets of fire gushed forth. The heat was unbearable and I screamed in pain, but my indifferent companions pushed me roughly forward.

The mountains opened out, and there, in the dark plain beneath, I saw a gathered multitude. They were upon their knees. My eyes grew accustomed to the semi-darkness and I perceived the object of their devotion. It had a small body from which hundreds of arms like tendrils of the ivy twitched nervously, and a huge head with an immense bulging forehead.

All was hushed as I was led into its presence. But suddenly there was a hysterical scream and the creature turned in a blind passion. Lightning flashed from its eyes and the ground lay devastated before him. I had shown no mercy and I expected none.

P. BURKITT.

## THE BATTLE OF THE BLITZ

Nineteen hundred and forty-one,  
That is the date of this tale, my son!  
London, with very few A.A. guns,  
Was facing the fullest wrath of the Huns;  
H.E.'s screamed down, incendiaries fell,  
The Hub o' the World was a burning hell;  
But the Cockney courage was never cowed,  
The Cockney spirit is gallant and proud.  
Now, those days are away in the past—  
The boot's on the other foot, at last;  
The R.A.F. is over Berlin,  
The Germans think the fun's rather thin.  
But the world still tells (not in undertone)  
Of the days when Britain stood fast—alone.

D. PEARCE.

---

## THE DANCE

(Part Two of *The Spirits*.)

The rushing wind grows swifter in his flight,  
And with the rising rhythm from his soul  
He stirs the separate mists to link their forms;  
They sinuous sway toward each comrade self  
And slow and graceful float from side to side,  
And filling all the hall of boundless space  
Rise, caught within the maelstrom of the wind,  
While with the impulse of their mighty friend  
Their pace they match with his o'erwhelming speed,  
And faster sway, and faster fly around,  
And madder is the measure of the dance,  
Whilst shrieks re-echo from the distant stars  
And planets shed their fire upon the night.  
Loud from the firmament the clash is heard  
Of bodies hurled to fragments in the broil;  
The windy draughts draw flames from off the sun,  
And like long golden fingers clutching out  
They weave between the dancers, curling up  
And down the tumbling, reeling, misty forms.  
The god takes up again his hammer huge,  
And thunder roars once more across the clouds,  
While every dancer from the points extreme  
Throws fire and flame across the writhing mass.  
The dance is faster to the aerial song;  
But now the dancers drop; the fire dies out;  
And all is silence and the wind is still.

R. NETTLEY.

## SUNRISE

How biting is the frosty air of this high peak at crack of dawn! The climber feels his very bones laid bare.

He gazes at the sombre greyness of the eastern skies, so recently bejewelled with a myriad of scintillating stars; soon to be arrayed in all the splendour of Nature as the chariot of the sun issues from them.

Very slowly, but certainly, a yellowish tinge creeps across the grey, flecked with little wisps of cloud. All is silent save for the occasional whisper of the wind in the swaying firs, far, far below, and the crunching of the frozen snow beneath the feet.

In the half-light, miles away, he can see the village whence he had come.

Gradually the sky becomes a pale orange—then vivid with all tones of red, orange and yellow, intermingled with the deepening blue above. The scurrying wisps of cloud are lit by an infinity of sparkling lights.

Now the celestial fire of the sun itself edges its way above the horizon. The countryside is bathed in light. The villagers below fling open wide their shutters—another day begins. Yet the air remains icy cold; feet are lifeless, fingers numb, and an icy stillness yet prevails.

The glorious colours of the heavens are fading now—but never from the memory of the climber.

R. SPURLING.

---

## SEARCHLIGHTS OVER LONDON

The drone of aircraft fills the night, the siren wails in the town, guns mutter and a flickering lights the horizon.

In a lonely hut high in the Downs, a handful of men are seated in front of an intricate apparatus. From this and other stations dotted over the country the path of the hostile aircraft is plotted.

On a flat stretch of heath in a London suburb are wooden huts, a sandbagged pit and a diesel generator. Shadowy forms flit to their posts; a clank, a rattle, and the machine stirs. In the projector two carbons run together, and, parting, draw out between them an arc of spluttering brilliance which becomes a steady band of dazzling light. A beam sweeps the sky, like an accusing finger.

A bomber drones low overhead, is held for a second, then turns to make a straight run over the searchlight. As the machine swoops over, four bombs leave their racks. The earth rocks; rubble is flung high into the air; one man lies lifeless in the pit. But the finger of light does not falter. The machine is illuminated by a dozen beams. Vengeance is exacted.

A. A. HARDING.



How tempting they show  
    In confectioners' shops!  
Row upon row,  
How tempting they show,  
All glutinous—O!  
    Those bright lollipops!  
How tempting they show  
    In confectioners' shops.

F. RHODES.

---

Of all tasty dishes  
    Roast beef is the best;  
But each man to his wishes  
In all tasty dishes.  
And though the fried fishes  
    I relish with zest,  
Of all tasty dishes  
    Roast beef is the best.

P. HARVEY.

---

#### LATE

It's a quarter to nine in the morning!  
Oh, I shall be late for school.  
I should have been up before dawning,  
But the chill of the day was too cruel.  
I must gobble some cold rice and curry,  
I must swallow some luke-warm tea,  
Then after a bus I must scurry  
Or it's lines and detention for me.  
The bus seems to take countless ages,  
I might just as well ride on a mule;  
And of course I am late, which means pages  
Of "I must be early for school".

D. BONE.

---

The lark is singing  
    His joyful praises;  
His voice sweet-ringing,  
The lark is singing.  
On high he's winging;  
    His hymn he raises;  
The lark is singing  
    His joyful praises.

G. KELLY.

## EXECUTIONERS OF THE WOODLAND

Deep in the backwoods of British Columbia, beneath the foliage of a thousand "giants", with uprolled sleeves and sparkling brow, work the brawny, sun-tanned men of Canada's forestry corps.

The leafy glens loudly re-echo with the chattering of the drills, the guttural rasping of the saws and the rhythmical chip-chopping of the axes, as with each stroke the formidable steel bites deeper into the tough fibres and steadily destroys Nature's work of centuries. High up in the gnarled branches of a Douglas Fir, an agile climber secures a heavy metal hawser which will guide its fall and safeguard its executioners.

Next, a space is cleared, whilst a team of lumber-jacks hammer a huge wedge into the gaping mouth of the "three-quarter" cut. A winch near by clatters and the languid hawser is drawn taut.

And now follow tense moments of anxiety as, with audible physical strain, the shaft is turned. With each revolution the effort increases, until at last a heavy groaning resounds; this develops into a creaking; then an ear-splitting snap rends the forest. For a moment the mighty "king of the woodlands" hangs in the air and then thunders to the ground with a deafening roar.

Silence reigns once more, and the rangers now go into action, axe in hand, to strip the giant of his leafy branches. Soon the huge trunk is hitched to a tractor which moves off, coughing its way over the uneven ground, to the edge of the slip-way. Here a group of men promptly lever the great logs on to the slippery chute and send them hurtling downwards until, with a colossal splash, they hit the surface of the rapidly-flowing river, and are carried hurriedly away to the downstream pulp-factories to become the material of the newspapers of the world.

P. HARVEY.

---

## A NIGHT OUT OF DOORS

There was nothing else for it. I was miles from any house and must resign myself to a night in the open. I saw a hay-stack, and, as so many other travellers overtaken by darkness have done, chose it for my bed. Now I had always imagined a hay-stack an ideal resting place, but I found it uncommonly hard, whilst the brittle stalks pricked my legs like needles. It took me an hour to accustom myself to these inconveniences, but eventually the hay gave to my weight.

I lay there, indolently gazing into the deep, star-spangled heavens and wondering if creatures like those of earth lived in those other worlds. Now the moon was out, watching over the stars like a mother with her children. She seemed quite near that night. The thought that I was looking into unfathomable space fascinated me. The fluttering of a bat, the croaking of frogs, the hooting of an owl, were in harmony with my surroundings.

The drone of an aeroplane and the beam of a searchlight suddenly broke upon the privacy of the night. Here were man-made things rudely disturbing the peace, jolting my mind back to reality. The ray faded and I was again alone with Nature.

I must have fallen asleep then, for the next thing I knew, I was blinking at a blue sky and the warm rays of the sun were shining upon me.

R. DAVIS.

---

## MODERN MUSIC

It is firmly believed in the Sixth Form that the fuller the understanding the fuller the appreciation. This profound reflection seems to me to apply specially to music. When I say music I mean music, and not "dance music".

I do not disdain dance music. I do not suggest that we should abandon the modern dance and revert to the pavane or minuet of bygone centuries. Nor do I advocate dancing to a symphony. This would be as absurd as listening to dance music for the qualities of a symphony. Both have their place. There is no reason why they should not keep their places.

But to get back to my starting point! The appreciation of music depends largely upon understanding it. Many people, when they hear music by such contemporary composers as Stravinsky, William Walton or Bela Bartok, immediately say, "What a row!" or words to that effect, and refuse to listen further. Such persons, if they appreciate music at all, have usually been "fed" on the classical or romantic composers such as Mozart and Haydn on the one hand and Tschaikovsky and Wagner on the other—with Beethoven in between.

They have grown so used to the classics and romantics that the innovations of the modern school are received like a douche of cold water—with a shudder. This narrow-mindedness in music is quite customary. New ideas have always been received by the majority with disapproval. The real reason is that they do not understand.

In order to understand music it is advisable to proceed step by step up the ladder of difficulty. Some classical music is easy to understand—and is popular. (Some music-lovers scorn popular classical music simply because it is popular. This is a form of snobbery.) When a layman has come to enjoy the popular classics he should not stay in the rut as many do. He should venture further. Even the "noise" of Stravinsky and Walton may have revelations—and will one day be the accepted idiom.

Meanwhile the music-lover has to keep pace with the thoughts and emotions expressed by contemporary composers. The complexity of expression and the new idioms present barriers to be overcome. But success brings enjoyment that is well worth the trouble.

D. CHAPMAN.

---

### THAT DAY IN SEPTEMBER

I rose from a deep sleep very late that particular day in spite of the brilliant sunshine streaming through my bedroom window. Not that it mattered how long I slept—within reason, of course—for there was a fortnight's holiday. I reflected dismally that this was Friday. School opened in three days' time.

It did not seem a cheerful place to think about. It was a Church school—the Church itself (and the Morgue) stood beside it—and it was built like a church, completely of stone, a cold and cheerless place. A rudimentary attempt had been made to heat it by a fireplace in each room.

Our family had evacuated to Chepstow, in Monmouthshire, after a bomb had destroyed our home. But we were to discover we had not entirely escaped the terrors of the Luftwaffe.

The house in which we were living possessed fairly extensive grounds, where my brother Stanley and his friend Eric and I were accustomed to play with air-rifles and catapults.

On that fine day we were busying ourselves with our weapons in knocking out the window-panes of a dilapidated building which stood about fifteen yards outside our domain. Then—it was almost as if a cloud had swept over the sky—we heard the thundering roar of a low-flying aircraft. The black crosses on wings and fuselage and the swastika on the tail told its identity and later it disclosed its purpose. It was a Focke-Wulf FW 58; we could see every detail, even to the machine-gun protruding from the nose.

At Beachly, on the Severn, is a Boys' Club. The boys were just leaving their school building to enter their boathouse when the Nazi opened fire. Because the boys were between the two buildings and the plane was travelling at such high speed, the loss of life was less than it might have been, but one boy was killed and another and a sergeant injured.

No siren had sounded, nor had the anti-aircraft guns opened fire. A machine-gun in the cleaning shed stood dismantled. Some Home Guard volunteers, however, had fired with their rifles at the ruthless enemy.

Nearly a mile and a half further on, that mighty death-bird crashed. One of those rifle bullets had killed the pilot. This I learned when I cycled to the spot of its swan-dive, seeking souvenirs. It was a case of David and Goliath.

Of course, if a school had to be aimed at, what a pity it was not the school I was about to attend, empty as it was, and cold. Perhaps, too, it would not have re-opened in three days' time.

A. THOMASSON.

---

### AT THE BARBER'S

It is a dingy, poky shop tucked away from the roar of busy traffic, and with the traditional striped pole (sign of blood-letting in bygone days—and to-day) stuck out askew above the door. As we enter a cracked bell tinkles asthmatically.

We stare around, and a dusty mirror, cracked too, reflects our cracked image. Slowly a door opens to admit Martin Taafe, the barber. He is a humpty-backed little man, wizened like a brown apple; his eyes always twinkle, bright like a bird's. He greets us, ruffling our hair fondly. "You want your shave?" he says, in a voice curiously like his own old bell's. That is a stock joke of his.

Gingerly we sit down on the old, Victorian, horse-hair chair, with the hair poking out like whiskers as if it wants cutting too. The image in the mirror stares at us in surprise, and then grins.

Martin deftly produces comb, scissors and clippers from his dingy-white jacket. He flicks a cloth over us and proceeds to cut and talk. His gossip is spiced with topical references and pours without ceasing from his lips. Now and then he cracks a joke. Swiftly and dexterously he clips the thick and hanging locks. "Make a fine sheep-shearer, wouldn't I?" he wheezes. The clippings slide swiftly down the sheet and rest in our lap.

Now he pours oil into his wrinkled palm and rubs our head, wipes his hands and makes a parting, straight to a fraction. He whisks off the sheet. As we hand him his money he makes an obeisance: "Good morning, me lord!" says he. The bell tinkles. We are in the street again.

J. YOUNGER.

## LINES TO A DEAD PET

How liest thou there, so limp and still!  
I scarce can believe thou hast no will;  
Lapped around in a rug of green turf,  
Hearing in dreams the whispering surf.

Rememberest thou beholding the sea?  
How curious thou, excited me?  
And all the frolics we had together  
In the boisterous, friendly weather?

But now thou art gone from mortal gaze  
I only recall thy faithful ways.  
I was the master: thou wert the slave . . .  
Was that the way of it, saucy old knave?

For now thou hast passed beyond human sight,  
Gone before us into the night:  
Ball discarded, kennel forlorn,  
No joyous greeting to herald the dawn.

JOHN A. YOUNGER.

---

## PUPPETRY

A puppet show was given at the end of the Christmas term by members of Forms 4*a* and 4*b*, who had worked hard for many weeks beforehand fashioning puppets, writing the plays, and rehearsing. The performance was probably the best yet achieved, some thirty-six boys taking part. The theatre which had been enlarged by boys in Form 6*a* gave much more scope in movement, lighting, and settings; the latter, designed and painted by members of Form 6*a*, were very effective indeed. The use of a microphone and amplifying apparatus enabled the voices to be heard with ease and greatly enhanced the quality of the sound effects.

Three performances were given; two at different times to our own School and one to the children of the Parish Church School. The performances were greatly enjoyed by our own boys, but more especially by the young visitors for whom the play had really been written. They sat enthralled by the action of witches, giants, skeletons, and mermaids who were met by the hero prince in his travels through seven scenes. The play was followed by a variety of trick puppets, whose antics completely mystified many of the audience.

## TWO THEATRE VISITS

Early last October about forty boys from the Sixth Forms saw John Gielgud's production of "Macbeth" at the Piccadilly Theatre. For many of them this was their introduction to Shakespeare on the stage and it was obviously a revelation: here was business with pleasure, to say the very least of it.

Gielgud's production was, as always, full of clever devices and subtle, sensitive touches; while the setting, lighting (or frequently the absence of it) and general staging were most effective throughout. Gielgud himself, while lacking something of the stature and strength of a Macbeth (he makes a better Hamlet), gave a forceful and earnest performance; and through him the greatness and beauty of Shakespeare's verse could be fully appreciated. Gwen Ffrangcon-Davis was a competent Lady Macbeth and contrived to domineer over her husband without appearing to. The Witches' scenes made a special appeal and Ernest Thesiger excelled as the leading hag. Leon Quartermaine and Thea Holme were also deserving of mention.

A second enjoyable visit took place nearer Christmas when another party saw "The Marvellous History of Young Bernard" at the Grand Theatre, Croydon.

This play was of a religious nature and showed how young Bernard came to be the guardian of the pilgrims who travelled over a mountain infested with devils and evil spirits. The rather serious story was lightened at intervals by a merry jester who acted as the story-teller. His sparkling eyes and sparkling wit caused much amusement. He even turned the absence of scenery to effect by impertinently moving a box about the stage to transform the scene. Everyone enjoyed the lighter moments; and the serious scenes made a deep impression on the majority of the audience.

These two excursions were admirably planned and conducted, and our thanks are due to those who arranged them.

D. CHAPMAN.

---

## JOHN RUSKIN SCHOOL DEBATING SOCIETY

The inaugural meeting of the Society was held on Friday, 28th February. About fifty members of the Fifth and Sixth Forms were present, and a Committee was elected to organise debates and other activities. The officers chosen were:— R. Nettley (VIa), J. Chapman (VIa), J. Basham (VIa), Secretary, and D. Goldhawk (Va).

The first debate was held on 12th March. There were some original and interesting speeches on the motion "That the theatre has a better future than the cinema". The motion was carried by a narrow majority.

At a second debate held on 26th March a marked improvement both in the number of speakers and in the quality of the speeches, especially in those which were extemporised, was a noticeable feature. The motion "That more enjoyment is to be derived from classical music than from modern swing rhythms" was, however, lost.

To the time of writing there has been a steady increase both in membership, and in attendance at the Society's meetings. But there is room for a further expansion of numbers, and all keen boys in the Fifth and Sixth Forms are urged to join. Suggestions for subjects for future debates will also be welcomed.

The future plans of the Society include:— the addition of a Dramatic Section, the holding of a mock trial, and the organisation of a Parliamentary Session, when it is hoped every member will represent a "constituency".

The Society's thanks are accorded to Mr. McLeod for his kind permission to use the Hall after School hours, and to other members of the Staff who have, from time to time, undertaken the onerous duties of Chairman.

---

## POSTERS

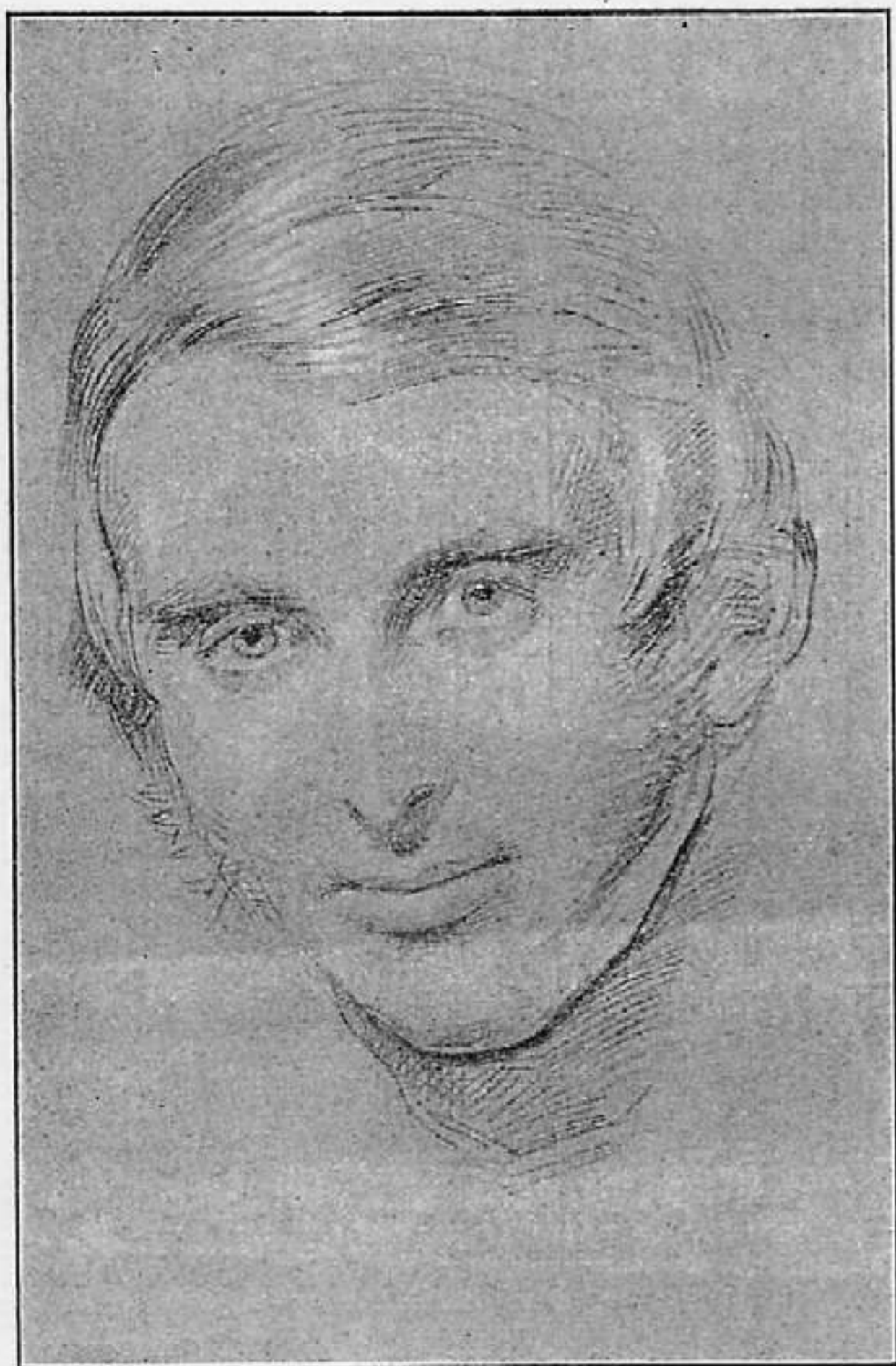
During the "Dig for Victory" week in Croydon, children from all the schools in the Borough were invited to send in posters for competition. Our boys sent in twelve, of which one, painted by Thomasson, gained a first prize, whilst another by P. Joseph was highly commended. These two boys, besides winning a prize each, had the honour to be invited to tea in the Mayor's parlour. Previous to this, posters by John Ruskin boys had been exhibited at Messrs. Kennards Ltd. during the fuel saving campaign week. They aroused such interest and comment that they were later exhibited at Purley, Coulsdon, and Selsdon during similar campaigns.

---

The honest potato  
's our staple of diet;  
And when on the plate O,  
The honest potato  
(I venture to state O)  
Looks best if you fry it.  
The honest potato  
's our staple of diet.

D. PEARCE.





JOHN RUSKIN

*The Best and  
Most Comprehensive  
Shopping Service  
in the District.*

## **SOUTH SUBURBAN CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY, Ltd.**

*Registered Office :  
99, LONDON RD., CROYDON*

*Co-Operative Shopping  
means Fair Dealing  
and Full Dividend.*

*Membership  
is Free.*

**DIVIDEND ON  
ALL PURCHASES**

*Branches  
throughout  
West Kent and  
East Surrey.*

Grocery  
Provisions  
Drapery  
Furnishing  
Outfitting  
Footwear  
Bakery  
Butchery  
Confectionery  
Fruit  
Dairy  
Coal, etc.

*Fit your Boys out for School at*

## **C. HEWITT & SON**

*Croydon Men's and Boys' Outfitters*

**45, 47, 49, CHURCH STREET, CROYDON**

*The Firm with 70 years' reputation for value.*

**ALWAYS IN STOCK :** *John Ruskin School Caps, Blazers,  
Ties and Hose in all House Colours, Football Jerseys, etc.*

**Visit our SPORTS DEPARTMENT**

*We hold the most complete stock in Surrey of  
everything for Sports wear and use.*

**SPECIAL TERMS TO SCHOOLS AND CLUBS.**

*Officially appointed Outfitters to the*

**Croydon & District Boy Scout & Girl Guide Associations**

**PRICE LISTS ON APPLICATION.**